



# THE WRIGHT STUFF

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







# THE WRIGHT STUFF

VOLUME 5 NO. 6

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VOLUME 5

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## CREDITS

PUBLISHER.....	J.R. FISHER
EDITOR .....	JANE FISHER
ASSISTANTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.....	WILLIAM BARRY
	J.R. FISHER
	MICHAEL GLENN
	PAT HEINSKE
	JOHN MILLER
	LARRY PISCHKE
	AUDRA TAYLOR
	ROBERT YATES



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# A VIEW FROM THE CATBIRD SEAT

By J.R. Fisher

Five years ago a shuttle named Kitty Hawk was launched off the U.S.S. Bonaventure. This shuttle was more than twice the size of other shuttles in Starfleet and so it was given tasks that would have made some starships reverse course. But the shuttle and its crew were equal to those tasks and by the time our starship was ready for commissioning in October of 1990, we were one of the largest crews in Starfleet.

Our numbers have swelled as high as 130, and many people have come and gone. But, the true fans and believers in the dream are still around, doing the "Wright" thing. No matter what happens at Starfleet, we know we have the spirit it takes to accomplish that dream, one day at a time, one person at a time. We will continue. We will grow. We will be an asset to our community. We will set an example for Starfleet.

In these past five years we have contributed thousands of our own dollars to worthy causes. We have maintained a section of highway better and more frequently than any group I know of. We have donated thousands of pounds of food to feed the hungry in our part of North Carolina. We have visited the sick and brightened their day with a smile and a kind word. We have volunteered our time to community projects to make events more successful and entertaining. We have assisted organizations in putting on conventions both large and small and have always received only praise for our efforts. We have volunteered our time to the PBS telethon and helped raise hundreds of thousands of dollars

for that cause. We have recycled hundreds of pounds of aluminum to help our environment. We have donated over 1000 dollars to the Duke Children's hospital and assisted them in raising ten's of thousands more.

Who are we? We are all of you. We are the family of Star Trek fans known as the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk. We are a voice in our community, our region, and in the greater family of Starfleet. We represent the finest, the best.

Several years ago, a young new crewman came up to me after a meeting and asked very seriously, "When do I get to see the ship?" I was somewhat puzzled by his inquiry and wondered if he was referring to a model that had been discussed or perhaps the deck by deck plans that were being formulated by engineering. Further careful questioning led to the revelation that the young man was inquiring about the starship Kitty Hawk that he knew was orbiting above us!

I carefully explained to the cadet that the ship was not a physical reality but rather an imaginary one used for gaming and fun. The "ship" is actually the members of the club that comprise the crew.

Looking back on that conversation, I realize that the truth is sometimes too obvious. All the members of this crew are one family. We each have different interests in Star Trek as well as our own lives. But we have a common bond. That bond is a shared dream as expressed in Star Trek.

Please look back at your life in the context of your participation in the activities of our organization. Review all of

the things listed earlier in this article. How many of your non-trek friends have accomplished what you have? How many of them have as many friends as you do in this organization alone? How many other organizations do you know of that have as broad a scope of interests in the community as we do?

There is something for almost everyone who shares the dream. Not everyone has to participate in every aspect and indeed few do. But that is good also because it gives us the same breadth in our constitution as the real world. If we can accomplish all that we do with the diversity that we have, then imagine all that can one day be accomplished in the world when all of us apply ourselves to the problems of the world and beyond.

Each of you has become a part of my life by being a part of the Kitty Hawk. You are very much my family and I am richer for the association.

I congratulate each of you for all that you have accomplished during your tour on the Kitty Hawk. You can be very proud. But what you probably do not realize is a greatness that is more than deeds; rather a unification of spirits that forms a new being. That being is the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk.

It is my great pleasure to have served as your commanding officer for the past five years. I hope we will continue our association for many years to come. I know of no finer crew or better people than you. The U.S.S. Kitty Hawk is the finest ship in any fleet and you have proved our motto: *Esse Quam Videri*" and you do have the Wright Stuff.



# MODELER'S CORNER

By Larry Pischke

I've decided to change the name of this column, since the only information I seem to be able to get is about plastic and vinyl models. I'll leave the collector's stuff in the capable hands of Carey.

So anyway, I was standing around the store the other day, wondering what in the world I could write to put into the newsletter and lamenting the lack of new sci-fi kits, when in walks one of my distributors with a couple of 1995 model catalogs. What a messenger from above! So here, for your enjoyment and drooling, are some of the new releases for the coming year.

AMT/Ertl has a LOT of new kits, especially in light of the upcoming movie. First, however, I'll tell you about the DS9 offerings. There are only two, but they are vinyl personality kits. Both Odo and Quark are due out sometime in '95 in vinyl. The only other thing that I can tell you about them, though, is that they're 1/6 scale; the catalog only shows pictures of the actual characters, not mockups of the models (I don't take much stock in AMT's statement about the pictures that these are "actual photos of future figure kits". No kit is EVER that good.) It should also be noted that Odo, being a shape shifter, can appear as just about anything he wants. If AMT tries to pull a fast one by putting just a model bucket or something in the box, there will be Hell to pay!

There is another DS9 kit that I just found in the catalog. There is another DS9 station model in the offing, but this one is a fiber-optic kit. It appears to be the plastic parts from the previous kit, but they added the electric parts from the fiber-optic Enterprise.

Now, on to the more interesting (and usually more realistic looking) stuff: the ships. First off, AMT is FINALLY coming out with a model of the USS Reliant. For some unknown reason, though, it appears that it is going to be a snap together kit. Of all the ships to be snap together, I don't know why they picked the Reliant, but they didn't ask my opinion.

Next in line is another long-awaited ship. As one of the "Generations" commemorative kits, AMT will release a Klingon Bird of Prey. The completed kit will measure over 10 inches long and 14 1/2 inches wide. The neat thing about this kit is that it will come with hinged, poseable wings.

There is a new three piece display set due out next year. This one will again feature all three Enterprises (original series, movie, and Next Generation). They will also be in scale with one another. There is, however, a new twist. All three will be "flying" through a 13" clear acrylic disc set into a planet base. The effect is the same as those golf balls or super heroes that you stick to either side of a window to make it look like the came through the glass.

Another of the "Generations" offerings this coming year is a ship that, according to the catalog, "features prominently in the new movie". This ship has also never been modeled before. I'm of course talking about the NCC-1701B Enterprise. Supposedly, this Enterprise is an Excelsior class, but the blueprints shown in the catalog (there is not photograph or mockup) do not match those of the currently available Excelsior model kit.

There are some new kits for all you "Star Wars" fans. Continuing the crazy fiber-optic trend, AMT will release a fiber-optic star destroyer model. Once again, it appears that AMT has used the previously available star destroyer kit with the fiber-optic components added in.

AMT has scheduled three new vinyl personality kits for its "Star Wars" line as well. All three will be in 1/6 scale, but that is all that the catalog really tells about them. The three figures are supposed to be Luke Skywalker, Han Solo, and a new Darth Vader. There seems to be a dearth of Vader (get it?) kits on the market, including one already available from AMT. This one is vinyl, though, unlike their previous plastic kit.

AMT is also releasing a limited edition three piece set plated in

simulated gold (oooh!). Don't get your hopes up, though. All this is is a rework of their existing snap together kit containing a B-wing, an X-wing, and a TIE interceptor (which they mistakenly call "Darth Vader's personal interceptor").

The "Star Wars" line will not be left out in the flight display department. Their offering will be an X-wing, mounted through the same 13" piece of clear acrylic, and suspended above the same planet base. Let's hear it for originality.

This is one of the new kits that I'm excited about. For the first time, a plastic kit will be made of *Slave I*, Boba Fett's personal ship. The kit will include a detailed cockpit, a lowering ramp, and even a replica of Han Solo frozen in a carbon block (!WOW!). The finished product will be over 10" long when completed.

This next kit is not new at all, but a re-release, according to our former-local Star Wars fanatic, Pat. The Battle on Hoth Action Scene comes complete with base, AT-ATs, snowspeeders, X-wings, and figures. The base also has a power generator molded in to recreate the battle from "The Empire Strikes Back".

In an unusual twist, AMT is apparently **not** going to do any kits for "Star Trek: Voyager". According to my catalogs, Revell has been given that privilege, a first for them in the Star Trek arena. There are three stock numbers listed, but only one of these is identified. The first kit will be USS Voyager. I have no other information on it at this time; the catalog doesn't have a picture, or a mockup, or anything. The other two kits are just listed as "Star Trek items". These kits also won't be available for some time, probably around October of 1995.

In an entirely different vein, Revell has acquired the licensing for the new "Batman Forever" movie. Again, there are no pictures, so I can't give any details other than the item descriptions. Due for the next year are a 1/6 vinyl Batman figure, a 1/25 Batmobile, a 1/32 Batwing, and a 1/25 Batboat.

As a final note, both the USS  
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# KITTY HAWK: A BRIEF HISTORY

By John Miller & Pat Heinske  
"An Engineering Manual Excerpt"

The word "Kittyhawk" is thought to have been derived from an Algonkian Indian name recorded in 1729 as Chickahawk. Its meaning is uncertain. Kitty Hawk is also the name of a city located in Dare County in Eastern North Carolina, United States, Terra. It was at Kill Devil Hills (so named after the wreck of a ship carrying Kill Devil Rum) in the city of Kitty Hawk where pioneers of flight, Wilbur and Orville Wright, took off in the Wright Flyer to make the first controlled, powered, heavier-than-air flight in documented history on ED 00312.17 (December 17, 1903). Orville Wright later went on to serve as a member of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA), the predecessor of NASA, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration which was formed by the Congressional Space Act of 1958 AD.

## Sea-Faring History

On December 27<sup>th</sup>, 1956, plans were laid down for a new aircraft carrier. Built by New York Ship Building Corporation in Camden, New Jersey, she was commissioned U.S.S. Kitty Hawk, CV-63, on April 29<sup>th</sup>, 1961. She displaced 81,123 tons with a full load and was equipped with four Westinghouse turbine engines that generated 280-thousand horsepower to turn her four screws. This engine complement was capable of propelling the ship to a top speed of 32 knots. Range was four-thousand nautical miles at a constant speed of thirty knots or twelve-thousand nautical miles at twenty knots. She started the Service Life Extension Program in January of 1988 and completed all her upgrades in February of 1991.

## Modern Day

This all brings us up to the late 1900's. On October 7<sup>th</sup>, 1990, a new U.S.S. Kitty Hawk was launched. The first in a new class of starship, and based on the fabulously successful refitted design of the Constitution Class Starship, the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk (NCC-1659) was destined to follow in the footsteps of her ancestors, and to help bring the future of science and technology together to better space exploration by being used as a test bed for current and future scientific and technological experiments. Powered by two brand new design FTWG-1 Warp Nacelles, constructed by Leeding Engines, Ltd., she houses the new M-6 Mark II computer system and is manned by a complement of 72 officers and 428 crewmembers.

## ORIGIN OF THE "KITTY HAWK CLASS" STARSHIP By John Miller

### "Birth"

When the Kitty Hawk was first launched on Stardate 09010.07, she was officially a "Constitution Class Refit" Starship. The "Constitution Class" starship had a long history of faithful service to Starfleet, and when her design had become dated, she was redesigned and brought up to date with current methods and equipment. The U.S.S. Enterprise (NCC-1701) was the first "Constitution Class" starship to be refit to the new design. So successful was this design, that new Heavy Cruiser size ships being built were built from the keel up as a "Constitution Class Refit." So it was with Kitty Hawk. A new ship from the keel up, she was the first Heavy Cruiser to bear the Kitty Hawk name. Details on the particulars of the "Constitution Class Refit" are more deeply discussed in "Mr.

*Scott's Guide to the Enterprise,*" an in depth technical manual on the new Enterprise prepared by her Chief Engineer, Captain Montgomery Scott.

### "Death"

For the first few years of her service life, the Kitty Hawk performed the duties of galactic exploration, humanitarian aid, and the occasional enforcement of Federation policy. Life aboard the Kitty Hawk had been mundane and unexceptional, until that fateful day when the Borg invaded Federation space and began the short-lived, but devastating "Assimilation War." During the Borg incursion, when it became apparent they were intent on attacking the Terran system, a fleet of 42 starships was dispatched to the Wolf-359 system to intercept the invading force. The outcome of the

Battle of Wolf-359 has become common knowledge throughout the Federation: All 42 ships were either destroyed or crippled and the loss of life was close to thirty-thousand people. All this, in thirty-four minutes.

The Kitty Hawk, because of her small size and maneuverability relative to the Borg vessel, was deployed as part of a strike force comprised of several "Constitution Class Refit," "Miranda Class," and "Pogue Class" vessels lead by the U.S.S. Constellation-II commanded by Captain Alexis Rasputin. The Kitty Hawk's battle group was intended at a quick attack "hit-and-fade" strike force; intending to take advantage of the Borg's attention being diverted by the Capital ships in the main force of the fleet. Unfortunately, this strategy only

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# KITTY HAWK CHRONICLES II TO EACH HIS OWN

By Audra Taylor

## The Goddess

The young woman took a small recorder in her hand and began to walk. She wanted to think about what she was going to say. She also was hoping that some answers would come to her. She dryly cleared her throat.

"Journal date," she gave a heavy sigh "I'm not sure, I think it's about thirty five days after our crash, so that would be what, June, no July. I can't even remember. It's not important anyway. This is my first journal entry as head medical researcher of the small band of researchers from the ship Shanandoa. There were a total of fifteen of us that were heading toward a small moon at the edge of the southern quadrant. The Shanandoa was att... " She paused for a moment. This was difficult to say in such a matter of fact tone. It wrenched her, but she went on. "It was attacked and destroyed. The explosion threw the small shuttle into a spin which carried us deep into space."

She sat down on a wide flat rock. Her eyes drifted as she became lost in thought.

"When we finally gained control of our craft, most of the instruments were barely functioning. The explosion had done a lot of damage. It was assumed that we would probably suffocate before we ever found a way to safety. We drifted for about two days before the planet we're on now came into view. We rigged battery power into some of the instruments to get a good reading. We couldn't believe our luck - a planet with a mixed oxygen atmosphere and water. We weren't able to read much more, but it gave us all hope."

Her concentration was broken by the deep breath she took to regain control of her emotions.

"We soon discovered we were caught by the planet's gravitational pull. By the time we reached the edge of the atmosphere our instruments were completely gone.

We crash landed on an area we refer to as no-man's land. There was nothing around it, no water, no plant life, nothing. So we decided to pack up what we could and move. From the scans on the shuttle, we remembered that the largest body of water was to the east. So we left moving in that direction. That's how we drifted to the area we are in now. It looks like an oasis compared to what we landed in. It has numerous plant life, water and animals, that are edible. We called it Paradise. That is until about a week ago."

Her eyes began to water. It was so hard for her to say these things. But she felt like she had to. If something happened, this would be all that was left of them.

"Everything it seems happens all at once. I had begun to notice, in our travel the decline of several of our crew members. Their minds would drift, their bodies became severely dehydrated and their faces were void of any healthy color. I also had assumed that when we reached Paradise that they would begin to recover. That wasn't the case. This is difficult for me, so I'll do the best I can. It began only a couple of days after we arrived here. Dr. Larak and a science officer, Tarren, began to convulse. According to the scan they were severely malnourished and dehydrated. We quickly began feeding them broth from some of our kills and I worked up a vitamin injection. It wasn't much, just a supplement. It seemed to be working at first, but I'm afraid it only prolonged the agony. Five days later, Dr. Larak slipped into a coma and two days later Officer Tarren followed. My knowledge of Vulcan anatomy is limited I must admit, but I had always understood that Vulcans were one of the most resilient people. In only a matter of days both of them were dead."

She stopped to take a deep breath. The tears were flowing and she didn't bother to wipe them away. She wanted to scream 'there was nothing I could do to save them. I tried, God knows I tried.'

"My sorrows were soon shifted to concern for three of our other crew members. I had begun to see similar signs of mental drift, stress and a look of dehydration. But they were eating a healthy amount and drinking extra water at my request. Yet their bodies were still deteriorating. The convulsions started and currently two of them are in a coma. I have made scans of all the other crew members. We all appear very healthy. No one else appears to be showing signs of anything abnormal. But I will continue to scan the rest of the crew on a regular basis. Oh, yes, I almost forgot. During my exams today I have discovered that Shara Hain is pregnant."

She wanted to be happy, to say those words with joy. It wasn't possible, not right now at least. Her mind drifted back to the people that were dying and those still left alive. What a stark contrast it was. Those that were alive were very healthy and those that were sick were almost dead. "The only common denominator in the ten of us that are left, is that we are all human. And may God help us all."

**Dr. Talegrusi**

**"In The Beginning There Is Only  
Darkness."**

Her hands gripped in tight fists as the pain echoed through the woman's body. Her breathing was heavy and labored. A perspiration covered her body with a dampness that comes from great physical exertion. It was time. She could feel that the pain had intensified, but she didn't want to give in. Behind the pain, through the soft muted cries of endurance, she could hear them coming. It was like a distant roar. The scattered sounds of frequent explosions, followed by phasers and then finally the screams and cries of her people. They need her to fight with them. Yet all she could do was lay here helpless. In her own way, the Goddess had a timing for

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# ENGINEERING DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By John Miller

Stardate: 9412.05

U.S.S. Kitty Hawk returned to Earth Station Kennedy following completion of her first five year mission. We are scheduled for a 4 month layover at Earth while the ship is readied for her next mission. Having been on board at her commissioning five years ago, I have seen numerous changes from her initial configuration. Not only in the equipment, but in the people and ideals that truly make up a Starship. My Executive Engineer, Brian Jones, and I will be staying on board after the rest of the Engineering staff leaves for shore leave in order to coordinate with the ESK engineers who will be performing the bulk of the refit work. Once we are satisfied with the way work is progressing, we will also be able to take a much deserved shore leave. I am looking forward to getting back down to Earth and revisiting some old friends and places. Initial refit work should be completed in 8 to 10 weeks. Afterwards, as the crew returns from shore leave, we will begin reintegrating the crew to the new equipment. New officers and crew will be brought on board during this time to allow them to have as much dry-dock time as possible to get used to their new assignments before we head back out into deep space.

One of the primary objectives of this refit will be to examine new technologies utilized aboard the Kitty Hawk since her initial launch. We will attempt to evaluate how well they have held up and make any changes necessary to streamline operations for our next mission.

Work on the Engineering Manual has been put on hold until after final exams. While I had initially hoped to have the manual finished in time for our Anniversary party, life just got in the way again. I hope to get a large amount of it completed over the Christmas break and will be looking for more input from the crew after the first of the year.

## The First 5

Well, as we are fast approaching the end of another year, we have something new to celebrate this time. The crew of the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk is completing her first 5 year mission. I am one of the fortunate ones to have signed on during our shuttle days and have seen a lot of changes during the last five years of life aboard ship. When the Kitty Hawk was first launched five years ago, she was a Constitution Class refit vessel. These vessels are also sometimes referred to as "Enterprise Class" since the Enterprise was the first to be refit. In those years during our first mission, many changes were made. New scientific equipment was added to aid our exploration of the galaxy. New medical technologies were integrated as they became proven to better enable us to fulfill our humanitarian missions. Finally, more sophisticated systems for engineering, weapons, and defense were added to increase our ability to enact Federation policy as a stand alone vessel. Many of these refits were introduced as regular service intervals; however, after the "Assimilation War" and the Battle of Wolf-359, the Kitty Hawk was so severely damaged, it was decided to rebuild her with the latest possible technologies and use her as a test bed for new ideas and methods. After leaving dry dock for the second time, she was officially named the class ship in the new "Kitty Hawk Class" of starships, dedicated to exploration of both the galaxy and the technologies used for that purpose.

Some of the refits that differentiate us from other Constitution Class refits are as follows:

▲ Interior design and furnishings redone in muted earth tones for a more "friendly" environment. This is similar to the interior design of "Galaxy" class starships.

▲ Linear Intermix Chamber replaced with Pulsed Reaction Intermix Chamber. This mod yields

37% more warp energy for ship operations and is less prone to failure under emergency conditions.

▲ Three banks of 2 point Type-7 phaser banks on the top and bottom of the saucer have been replaced with Magnum Industries Model 47 phaser collimator rings. This design is a smaller version of the phasers used on Nebula and Galaxy class starships.

▲ Extra phaser banks added to secondary hull for side and rear arc firing.

▲ Aft torpedo launcher added just underneath hanger bay.

▲ Extra Impulse engines added to secondary hull, at rear of main torpedo bay, to allow for independent operation of Saucer and Secondary hull in the event of ship separation.

▲ "Battle Bridge" added to Deck 10, Secondary Hull.

▲ Auxiliary control on Deck 7 converted to a Systems Evaluation Control Room. This room allows for monitoring of special equipment used in the testing of new technologies, and serves as a backup to the main bridge in the event of catastrophic systems failure.

▲ Starfleet Tactical Weapons Systems Phased Cloaking device installed below the Warp Engineering decks. This system is classified as "Top Secret" and access to P Deck Sections 1 and 2 are restricted to authorized personnel only. Note: only 7 other ships in the fleet currently have this device; however, it has yet been used in actual combat situations.

▲ M6-Mark II Logic system replaced with Daystrom Industries M8 Logic system utilizing isolinear Computer Heuristic Interface Program modules, or "CHIPS".

▲ Warp Intercoolers removed and replaced with higher efficiency Bussard Collectors.

▲ Improved stasis facility in Sickbay to allow for seriously injured crew to be held in stasis until the ship reached a medical facility.

▲ Four Holodecks installed

*(Continued on page 13)*



# OVER THE NET

Submitted By Robert Yates

## The Andorian Assault

By Andrew Clark

(Continued from June 1994)

"Prepare for warp speed."

It was about time. Admiral Newhausen had calmed down, fortunately. Tanaka now owed Captain Gerasev of the Lexington a huge favor and two cases of an appropriate mind-altering substance.

"Ready, sir." The crewman at the helm nodded as she checked her course. It would be quite embarrassing for the Endeavor, a Starfleet vessel, to ignore the traffic lanes they were tasked to enforce.

"Comm, notify StarBase Operations that we're out of their hair."

"With pleasure, sir." Word had gotten around about the reasons behind the sudden cancellation of shore leave. Ensign Chen had blabbed. Tanaka had chosen to not take notice of the fact. Yet.

"Full impulse out to 100 kkm, then engage warp drive. Heading 124 mark 5."

"Aye, sir." Lieutenant Nguyen, the duty officer, watched her bridge crew as they competently performed the tasks their commander set. Nguyen was at the Engineering subsystems console, monitoring the power feeds from the new warp nacelle.

"Purring like a cat picking feathers out of its teeth," noted Lieutenant Reynolds on the link from Engineering.

Tanaka smiled. "Warp 4. The pre-patrol party will commence in one hour. Minimum crew on watch."

The bridge crew tensed. No one wanted to be stuck with the helm during the party.

Ko'ta unwisely chose that moment to enter the bridge. She stood at the rail, blue hands gripping it as she watched the primary screen.

"Lieutenant Commander Ko'ta and Warrant Officer Grover will be on duty." Tanaka figured that Grover wouldn't mind much; he could do his beloved programming from the bridge just as easily as from his usual spot at Damage Control.

As for Ko'ta, Tanaka wanted to send a clear message to the crew. Looks on faces told Tanaka that her message had been received.

The turbolift doors hissed as Ko'ta left the bridge.

Parties on the Endeavor, as always, were a blast. Some of the food had been replicated, but a good percentage of it had been "liberated" from the vast StarBase supplies. Tanaka watched from the sidelines as her crew ate, drank, and made merry. She really didn't like parties but knew they were essential to crew morale. Still, the food was good. Tanaka bit into a cracker and swallowed.

"...and then the Klingon flips over and lets go point-blank with its disrupters right up our asses..." Lieutenant Anetsky was explaining to a new-found friend what had happened during the Glorious incident. His left hand held a Nyopian pastry, and he flipped it in his fingers as he spoke. A glass of wine was in the right hand, and it raced away from the pastry's assault. Anetsky lost control, and it tumbled out of his hand. The glass bounced with a clatter, but the ale it held splashed several people, including Tanaka. The front of her uniform was soaked, and wet fabric tends to cling.

"Uh oh," a crewman noted as she scurried out of the line of fire. Anetsky froze.

"Sorry, Captain. I didn't mean to..."

"No problem. If it hadn't been for one of the best crews in Starfleet, that's exactly what would have happened in the battle. Carry on." A few people chuckled, and Anetsky looked relieved.

On her way to her quarters, Tanaka munched on a pastry. These are pretty good, she thought. Must have been from the StarBase. She changed tunics and decided to check on Auxiliary Control. It would probably be quiet down there; she hadn't inspected it in weeks.

AuxCon was located near the bottom of the saucer. It had been designed as the ship's last defense against boarders and catastrophic

damage; thus, there was no provision for abandoning it in an emergency. The only access was by turbolift.

"Level, please?" The voice of the ship's computer was a husky baritone with an British accent.

"AuxCon."

"Override noted, Captain." Now that was interesting. Someone had placed a security lock-out on turbolift access to AuxCon. The doors hissed open before Tanaka could realize the implications.

Tanaka blinked, as did the ten or so crewmembers in AuxCon. The scene before her could have been taken from any Roman brothel. Most were naked or nearly so, and were engaged in activities normally restrained to two partners and utmost privacy. Packages of food and drink were piled on the helm console.

Lisa Tanaka was frankly amazed at some of the contortions they were in. Captain Tanaka had crew morale - and morals - to consider. The room was completely silent, except for the heavy breathing of two individuals too much involved with each other to notice their commanding officer's presence.

No time to think. Gut reaction.

"Excuse me. Carry on. Remember, the party's over by 0500. I want this compartment inspection-ready then."

Tanaka turned and entered the turbolift with as much dignity as she could muster. Her cheeks turned red instants after the turbolift doors closed.

"Officer's quarters," she said.

"Aye, Captain." The turbolift accelerated to life.

"Computer, reactivate security lock-out on AuxCon."

"Aye, Captain."

Tanaka exited the turbolift and walked towards her quarters. That's funny, I'm not feeling so good. I haven't had that much to drink. I guess I'd better sack it in early.

Tanaka collapsed on her bunk, not even bothering to take her uniform off. Only one thought made it through her mind before she lapsed into unconsciousness.

Something's wrong with me.

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# ST:TOS THE BETTER MAN

By Howard Weinstein

Reviewed by William Barry

In the year 2238, a chance meeting between two eleven-year-old boys on the first day of school marked the beginning of what was then thought to be a lifelong friendship between Mark Rousseau and Leonard McCoy.

In the year 2254, while surveying an unusual binary star system, the exploration vessel U.S.S. Richard Feynman encountered Nova Empyrea, a lost colony of humans. However, this particular lost colony would have preferred to remain just that, as Captain Rousseau and Chief Surgeon McCoy soon found out. For this was a colony of genetically engineered humans whose founder had deliberately sought isolation from the rest of the galaxy as part of a means of attaining a true perfection of the human species. In spite of the odds against their success, Rousseau and McCoy managed to negotiate a treaty with the Empyrean government to study both their colony and its star system. Unfortunately, during these negotiations, a series of unforeseen events occurred which would cause a rift of bitter rivalry to form between the once-steadfast friends.

Now, nearly two decades later, the aforementioned chain of events has come around full circle: The U.S.S. Enterprise has been ordered to Nova Empyrea to resolve a crisis. For no apparent reasons, the Empyreans want the Federation's astronomy outpost removed from

their world, despite the Federation Science Academy's protests on the value of maintaining it. The Empyrean government has grudgingly allowed for an ambassador to meet with them and negotiate for a renewal of the treaty... and the ambassador they ask for is Mark Rousseau.

Curiously, Doctor McCoy has also been requested to aid in the negotiations, though he cannot imagine why. Moreover, he's none too keen about getting mixed up in anything involving Rousseau. Still, he swallows his pride, puts his best face forward, and accepts his duty.

It isn't long before McCoy becomes awfully glad he accepted, for a shocking surprise awaits him on Empyrea... he has a daughter he never knew existed, and her mother is now Empyrea's president. And as if that weren't bad enough, procreation by any Empyrean with any non-Empyrean is expressly forbidden by law, violation of which is punishable by either banishment or execution for both the offender and the offender's offspring.

As the negotiations stall and begin to deteriorate, McCoy must find a way to keep his newfound daughter's genetic impurity a secret while simultaneously helping his rival in a last-ditch effort to preserve the Federation-Empyrean treaty. For he knows all too well that public knowledge of the one could destroy the other...

Over twenty years ago, Howard Weinstein secured his own small

piece of STAR TREK's enduring legacy with the script for one of Filmation's animated episodes, The Pirates of Orion in 1974. Later after the first STAR TREK movie premiered and Simon & Schuster began its own line of original STAR TREK novels, Weinstein got in on the action early with Covenant of the Crown in 1981. Thirteen years and four STAR TREK novels later (Deep Domain, Power Hungry, Exiles, Perchance to Dream), he presents The Better Man, a tale as rich, involving, and compelling as any that he has ever written. And at center stage is Doctor McCoy, whose appeal as a hero character stems largely from the fact that he's far less obvious than Kirk or Spock. But he is by no means any less courageous. When the chips are down and the need to rise to the occasion becomes evident, McCoy is definitely not one to shirk.

From examination of all of his works, it is plain that Howard Weinstein has always held a special place in his heart for a certain good old-fashioned country doctor from Georgia and the man who brought him to life. And in the pages of The Better Man, Weinstein proves once and for all to one and all that, like the more obvious two-thirds of the Smiling Trio, McCoy is definitely a hero, though he'd never admit it. As the good doctor himself would have so declared, "Me? A hero? I'm a doctor, not a sandwich!"

## OPERATIONS REPORT

By Larry Pischke

Finally things are somewhat back to normal. Normal, of course, is a relative term. Let's just say that I now have at least a little time to write my reports for this illustrious newsletter.

Our first "OPS Night Out" two months ago was a quasi-success. All

of the OPS members that attended that month's meeting also attended the after-meeting festivities. The only problem is, only myself and second-in-command Margaret were at the meeting. But that was all right; we had fun. We got together with chief non-com Jeff and members of the Engineering Department Brian Jones and Pat Heinske, as well as my wife, Elaine, for a fun-filled night of poker at Jeff's place.

One last thing before I let you go. As you may have already heard, OPS has taken over collecting

stamps for the Stampede (I'm sure this will come as a surprise to most of the OPS department, as well). Starfleet is requesting a border of between 1/4" and 1/2" around the stamp, so be generous when ripping them out. You can also either turn in the entire envelope, or rip it in half, and I and my staff will do all of the tedious work. Please give your stamps either to J.R., Margaret, or myself; I'm not quite sure where the rest of OPS is right now.



# THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE IS NOW

By Michael Glenn

Most of us enjoy the fantasy of living in the future and the wondrous technology that it holds in store for us. This is one of the reasons that we join groups such as Starfleet — to link with not only our but the future of future generations. Those future generations, moreover, have a big stake in our actions now if they are ever to see the light of day, much less the almost-perfect world that we've envisioned for them.

*"We should all be concerned about the future because we will have to spend the rest of our lives there."* — C. F. Kettering. Those still to come will have to spend all of their lives there (as will those of you who are re-incarnators!).

Will we leave them a clean, healthy planet or will we be declared a slum and be razed in the name of galactic renewal to make way for the intergalactic superhighway? Your Science Department, committed to our fantasies of the future and recognizing the importance of our actions, no matter how small, in the here and now, is the Kitty Hawk sponsor of environmental training and activities.

Visits to the Museum of Life and Science, the Natural Science Museum, the planetarium and geological surveys are interesting, worthwhile and increase our value to ourselves, those around us and the "Jeopardy" search team. What we do for the home planet, however,

is just as interesting, worthwhile and increases the value to ourselves, those around us and our progeny. Our environmental activities, such as Highway Clean-Up and the aluminum can collection are as important to the present as the food drive for the needy, but your contribution doesn't even cost you a can of beans. Moreover, it will have lasting effects that will long outlive you and, perhaps, outlive the planet.

*"Enough, if something from our hands have power*

*To live, and act, and serve the future hour."* — William Wordsworth

## ENGINEER'S PLEDGE

By Pat Heinske & John Miller

I will always multiply the repair time estimates by a factor of 4 before presenting them to the Captain.

When repairing the Holodeck, I will not simply reprogram it to look fixed.

The Executive Engineer is always right.

The Chief Engineer is always more right than the Executive Engineer.

If the Chief Engineer is wrong, please see the previous rule.

The Captain is always more right than both the Chief and Executive Engineers.

Engineers do not loaf; they work so fast they are always finished.

No engineer will speak with a fake Scottish brogue. (Real ones are O.K. though)

Engineers do not abandon their posts; their presence is required elsewhere.

Engineers do not take liberties with their more naive crew members; they educate them.

Engineers subscribe to the belief that is some is good, more is better. Corollary: If more is better, then too much is almost enough.

No engineer will use the Matter/Anti-Matter Reactor for the production of alcoholic products.

NO EXCEPTIONS\*

We hold the above truths to be self-evident; that all beings are created equal — except engineers — without us, the Fleet would be in some deep Flopnitz!

\*except senior engineering staff



# OUR FIRST FIVE YEARS

By Larry Pischke

This December marks the fifth anniversary of the USS Kitty Hawk, NCC-1659. As the date nears, it causes the old-timers among us to reminisce about what has happened. So, sit down, you young whippersnappers, while this old coot flaps his gums.

I joined the Kitty Hawk in the spring of 1989 after joining Starfleet at MOC earlier that year. Back then she wasn't the grand ship you see today. She was just a wee shuttle, not long away from her mother ship. I remember walking into the first meeting (they were eating - imagine

that!) in my Doctor Who sweatshirt and getting some pretty strange looks. Then I realized that these people normally looked like that. I knew that I would fit right in.

I won't bore you with a year-by-year retrospective; let's just say that I've had a blast. Sometimes the "five year mission" has seemed more like "a three hour tour", but I wouldn't have missed it for the world. For all the personality conflicts, the politics, the rumors, the alleged conspiracies (remember those, J.R.?), and the all around griping, I believe that we have also accomplished a lot and had

one hell of a time doing it. I've met more friends through this group than I ever thought possible. I met my wife on the Kitty Hawk. I know I have an extended family that includes all of you (much as it pains me sometimes).

As we put into port at the end of this mission, all that I can say is that I wouldn't have missed it for the world. Some people have already transferred off (farewell, Pat; don't be a stranger, Teresa), but I hope that the rest of you stick around. As for the next five years, I can't wait.

## From the Office of Research and Development

By Pat Heinske

**STARDATE 9411.17** - I've settled in to my temporary quarters out here at the recently redesigned and rebuilt Farpoint Station, and so far, things are running smoothly. The subspace communications systems have not yet been upgraded and are therefore unreliable at this time, so instead, I will be filing my reports on hard copy with the occasional passing federation starship with the request to forward them to the Kitty Hawk or Earth

Station Kennedy, whichever is closer at the time.

The climate here at Farpoint is much colder than that of Earth Station Kennedy, due to the much greater distance from the local star, and we have already experienced about a foot of snowfall. It was wonderful!

Chances are still extremely good that Allison and I will be able to return for the Kitty Hawk Anniversary Party, and we are both

looking very forward to being there. We will probably not be able to stay for New Year's Eve, though, but it will still be a good trip.

Well, that's about it for now. The U.S.S. Excaliber is about to depart, so I must get this to her before she leaves. See you in December!

P.S. - The new address is 2934 York Ave., Denver, CO 80205

## Sign Up For CPR

By Larry Pischke

For those of you who are interested, Diana and I are setting up a CPR class for any of the crew who are interested. It is my opinion that everyone should be able to perform basic lifesaving procedures; you never know when a loved one or a stranger may need help.

As of right now, it looks like the class will be held sometime in January. It should take only one day, so we'll probably set it up for a Saturday. The cost has not been nailed down as of yet, but should be somewhere between \$10.00 and \$20.00 per person.

If you are interested, please contact Diana or myself. Depending on the response, we are also planning a basic first aid course, which will involve a larger time investment. Stay tuned for details.

## For Sale

**Star Trek: Judgment Rites** computer game contains eight missions plus hint book; great graphics and sound. Requires 386SX - 16MHz or better, DOS 3.1 or higher, 2 Megs RAM, 256-color VGA and hard disk (needs 37 Meg to load, resides in 27 Meg). Supports mouse and most sound cards. \$30.

**Space Quest I** computer game with the warped sense of humor you expect from Sierra plus hint book. Requires 640K, hard disk, 3.5 floppy, 286 or better, DOS, EGA. Supports mouse and most sound cards. \$15.

**Starlog Next Gen Technical Journal (1992)** magazine with plans and cut-away drawings of ships, equipment, weapons and uniforms; two fold-out pages. \$7.50

Contact Mugsy 782-6297



# AROUND THE WORLD IN THREE DAYS: PART II

By William Barry

On Stardates 9410.07 through 9410.09, I boarded my personal runabout (having traded in the old shuttle for something a little more...versatile) and set my course for the Raleigh Civic Center, and the ninth Annual International Festival of Raleigh.

This year only forty-three nations and cultures were represented, as opposed to fifty last year. But that certainly didn't stop people from having a good time! Many old friends (and a few new ones) were met as the multitude of ethnic groups who make our city and state what they are, celebrated "Traditions Marking the Passage of Time" with detailed cultural displays of birthdays, weddings, and anniversaries from around the world.

Several new music and dance groups made their debuts this year: "The Tamburitzans of Duquesne University", a Polish-American troupe, "Takisuyo", a band of musicians and storytellers from the Andean region of South America, and "The Ricardo Granillo Carnivalito", a Latin American band. Of course the old standbys, Raleigh's own "Little German Band" and "The Polka Plus Band" weren't far away, and the Caribbean reggae band "Mickey Mills and Steel" returned for its second year at the Festival.

In the Folk Tales Tent, Obakunle the Nigerian, the American Indian Dark Star, the Irish duo of Larry Diener & Sean Gargan, and more than half a dozen other storytellers wove their own particular magic which held audiences spellbound. Down in the Coffee House, cappuccino, espresso, and lattes galore flowed freely as musicians plied their crowd-pleasing trade; accordion-player Willi Grahn belted out German and Irish favorites, Miki McCorkle wove haunting Japanese melodies on the strings of the koto, and the duet of Teresa Fernandez and Tito Restucha regaled their listeners with driving flamenco rhythms on guitar which left people itching to dance on the

tabletops (and several of them did, too).

Mini-language lessons were held alongside stirring videos of Ellis Island immigrants of the 19th and 20th centuries, and children and adults pooled their talents to create "International Understanding" banners for First Night 1995 (Now you know where and when they're made). Adjacent to these activities was a computer complex set up to help people trace their family ancestries with very good accuracy (I'm not saying it was perfect, since a computer system is only as good as its programmers).

The International Bazaar was as well-stocked as ever. (I came away with a bamboo steamer and a cookbook for Mom, among other things.) Right next door, professional chefs demonstrated their various culinary skills with recipes served in some of the Triangle's finest restaurants; Fox & Hound, Pizza Amore, Jamaica Jamaica, Parizade, Mandarin Wok, and Jean-Claude's Cafe.

And while we're on the subject of food... I thought it only right to broaden my horizons with some new tastes. British sausage rolls and jam tarts, Swedish meatballs and kringle, Greek gyros and baklava, Turkish coffee, Iranian tea, and Palestinian hummos were sampled and relished (We definitely don't lack for good cooks in this town, I can tell you that!).

The best, of course, is saved for last, and what was best this year was the dancing. People representing thirty-two of the assembled nations in Raleigh and North Carolina turned out in festive finery to dance and sing the songs of their homelands. As before, I took part (This year, I was invited beforehand). Joining the Triangle Nippon Club members at the stage, we watched as a quartet of older women recreated the Kyo-Odori, a traditional dance of the geisha. A second quartet followed with a Drum Dance, wearing the distinctive garb and headgear of Okinawan natives.

The last two were traditional holdovers from past festivals; first a dozen young women demonstrated the airy steps of Hanagasa-Odori ("Flower-Hat Dance"). Then the men, myself included, ascended to join them for the Tankobushi, or the "Coal Miner's Dance", so named because the steps are derived from the work done in coal mines. At least twoscore of the audience joined us for this one because we invited them, so the stage became a bit crowded for a while!

After the dancing was done, several of us retired to a downstairs room to teach the Tankobushi to any and all comers. (I might put in parenthetically that the Tankobushi is to Japan what the Hokey-Pokey is to the U.S. It's very easy to learn, nearly everyone in Japan knows it, and nearly everyone in Japan has danced it at least once in a lifetime. And people say that Japan and the U.S. will never fully understand each other... Horsefeathers!)

And there was one more surprise in store on the festival's final day... Mugsy Glenn showed up! He'd seen the performance, and said we all looked good on stage. (Well, at least one of you has the sense to let curiosity get the better of him once in a while. Let that be a lesson to the rest of ya!)

To round things off, the festival ended with a Grand Finale. Forty-three couples, representing all the assembled ethnic groups, closed the festivities with a composite dance made up of steps from all the dances performed this year. All in all, it was a fitting conclusion.

But how could the Festival Committee possibly top this? Next year will mark the festival's 10th anniversary, and they've promised a real blowout! I thought up an idea and brought it up with the committee members: "How about a dancing and singing finale?" They thought it was a good idea, but will they act on it? We shall see... and I hope to see all of you there!



*(Continued from page 2)*

Excelsior and the fiber-optic USS Enterprise-D kits have finally been released. The Excelsior looks very good, but unfortunately is not in scale with the other Star Trek kits (AMT has an annoying habit of making their kits "box scale" - the parts are big enough to fit into their standard box, which most of their Star Trek kits come in). From what

I can tell of the fiber-optic kit, it is the same plastic as the normal Enterprise kit, but with the added lighting components. This includes over 2000 inches of fiber-optic filament 6 volt DC power source for 4 C batteries, a micro drill with bit for the holes which requires 2 AA batteries (customer feedback states that 150 different holes need to be drilled for the lighting filaments), a

power source jack and wiring (presumably for AC power), 12 light sources, and 4 chrome reflective strips. This package also seems to be the same one listed for next year's illuminated Deep Space 9 and Star Wars Star destroyer.

That's all that I have for now (at last!).

*(Continued from page 3)*

lasted a little over two minutes. The Borg were able to deal with ALL of our offensive efforts simultaneously, and apparently had enough energy reserves to engage multiple ships with no loss in combat effectiveness. On the Kitty Hawk's first attack run, we were able to get off seven point-blank phaser attacks and three spreads of photon torpedoes. While our attack had negligible effect on the Borg ship, their response was more severe. As we passed the Borg ship at an attack speed of Warp 7, we were hit several times by an energy beam similar to a Klingon disrupter, but much more powerful. As Captain Fisher gave the order to maneuver the Kitty Hawk out of immediate danger, the damage reports started coming in: shields down to 24% front, 54% rear; hull breach on Deck 13, starboard torpedo tube destroyed; hull breach on Deck 6, Forward; hull breach on Deck 17, Aft, Shuttle Bay; anti-matter containment field generators off-line, backup generators maintaining field integrity at 57%. With the ship almost crippled in just one pass, we considered ourselves lucky. Three ships in our battle group were completely destroyed: The Saratoga, Endeavour, and our command ship, the Constellation-II. The U.S.S. Talisman had been disabled and had separated her saucer to try to escape from the carnage. They didn't make it. With only impulse power, the Talisman's saucer had no chance of evading the Borg tractor beams. She was captured and dissected while we watched, helpless to intervene.

Once we were reasonably sure we weren't going to lose containment, and had a chance to get the port torpedo tube back on-line, Captain Loguire aboard the Yorktown assumed command of our battle group and ordered us to make ready for our second attack run. The Kitty Hawk and Yorktown were side

by side as we went in at Warp 8.7. When the Borg tried to grab us with a tractor beam, our evasive maneuver barely managed to get us out of harm's way. It was then we saw the Yorktown get caught in the tractor meant for us. The Borg then used the tractor to throw the Yorktown across our bow and directly into the Melbourne, virtually destroying both ships at once. On this run, we only managed to get off four phaser blasts and only one torpedo spread. It was on our withdrawal from this attack run that we took the bulk of our damage. A Borg cutting beam cut through Deck 15 and severed the Horizontal Intermix Chamber just aft of the ship's dorsal section. Once the ship was Warp-disabled, Captain Fisher ordered emergency evacuation of the secondary hull and prepared to separate the saucer. Since the computer core had been damaged in the last attack, the automatic shutoffs for the Matter/Anti-Matter injectors did not engage when the Intermix Chamber was breached. Warp reaction continued, pumping high-energy plasma into the aft sections of Deck 15 and out into space. The engineering staff was able to get the emergency forcefields up manually, but at this point a warp core breach was unavoidable. At the Captain's order, Chief Engineer Heinske manually ejected the warp core and anti-matter containment pods, only seconds before they detonated. The detonation of the warp core caused a hull breach in Decks 19, 20, and 21; blowing a hole from the keel up through the botanical gardens and into the cargo storage facility. The blast triggered the emergency bulkheads on Deck 9, Secondary Hull, cutting off all access to the Saucer Section. At this point, the secondary hull was uninhabitable without emergency life support equipment, so after the Captain gave

the order for emergency saucer separation, the Chief Engineer and the rest of the engineering staff took their wounded to the escape pods. Due to excessive damage to the docking latches, the escape pods would not jettison, so Commander Heinske and his staff made their way to what was left of the shuttle bay. The landing bay and most of Deck 17 had been destroyed, but the shuttlecraft hanger on Deck 18 still had two shuttles in working order. Commander Heinske piloted Shuttle Earhart with most of the wounded, and Shuttle Chief Miller took the rest of the engineering staff out on Shuttle Yeager. Since both shuttles were warp capable, we were able to rendezvous well outside the battle zone.

After the Borg ship finished destroying the last of the remaining Federation ships, it paused only briefly before continuing on its way. For all our efforts and abilities, 42 ships and 30,000 lives barely bought the Terran system an extra half-hour.

Upon receiving a distress signal from the Kitty Hawk, we were able to locate her in the debris field and rendezvous with the saucer. Barely two years old, and the sole surviving ship from the Yorktown's task force, the Kitty Hawk was all but destroyed. This is where we begin. . .

### **Rebirth**

The decision to rebuild the Kitty Hawk was not a hard one to make. The saucer had received only moderate damage, except for a major hull breach on Deck 6. The secondary hull was also salvageable because Comdr. Heinske was able to jettison the warp core before it totally destroyed the ship. Since Starfleet realized we needed to come up with vastly superior ships to protect the Federation's borders in the event of another incursion, all

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ships that were repairable were updated as much as possible. The nature of the Kitty Hawk's damage allowed her to receive an almost complete metamorphosis from "Constitution Class Refit" into

something entirely different. So different, in fact, that Starfleet decided to make the Kitty Hawk the first in a new class of Heavy Cruiser: The "Kitty Hawk Class" Heavy Cruiser. [The Engineering] manual will detail the equipment and

systems aboard the new Kitty Hawk and serve to aid transition of the crew from her previous configuration to a state-of-the-art vessel with many times her previous capabilities.

(Continued from page 4)

everything. That told Laquin Talegrusi, that it was time to deliver her shadow.

It took every ounce of energy to push the child from her body. It was more than she thought she could bear. All Laquin wanted was to rest, to catch her breath. She had no more strength to give. Yet the strength had come from somewhere. It was the final push, she thought it would kill her, push her beyond her capacity. Her face turned red and her hands were sore, as she whispered the prayer for deliverance. In one final groan the child was set free. Laquin collapsed at the first sign of relief.

Laquin was a doctor and her mind had prepared her for this moment for months. The preparation of her mind had not prepared her body. It was still quite raw and exhausted. That's why she did not fight when they stole her. She'd barely been awake when she saw THEM. People she didn't recognize, people that normally would have been a living nightmare. All she wanted to do, all she could do, was sleep. If they wanted to kill her, then so be it.

It took her a while to realize that they did not want to kill her. That they wanted her for some reason. As she looked out of heavily glazed eyes, she saw nothing but death. She should have assumed she was dead as well. But then they started slapping her, talking to her in a language she didn't understand. Leave Me Alone! she wanted to scream. Laquin noticed that they were pointing at something. It was a shelled shadow. Then down at her wrist. They had done it, the transfer had been completed before the aliens had arrived. Oh thank the Goddess and all her lovers, her shadow, her child was still alive.

She knew how the band worked, quickly she programmed the shell to walk, and follow as they took her and a few others to a nearby shuttle. Laquin wanted to cry, of course there were a lot of things she

wanted to do, but she couldn't. Her head buzzed with a sort of numbing pain. Then she remembered. It was a song of hope in the sight of death and desperation. Her voice was weak as she began to hum the melody. It didn't take long for the others, all women she noticed, to softly join in.

Within the darkness there is always light  
Within death, there is always life  
The joy of enlightenment makes all things right.

It is not silence we project  
But the calming of the heart  
We gather our strength for the coming of the tide.

If is our fight we save  
For your weakness within  
Soon we will strive to go beyond the great moon.

The goddess and her children  
Live not sheltered lives  
We will die for what we believe in  
With out heart in full stride.

The song had always made her happy. She had heard her mother's voice sing it so many times. The times she had come home weeping, not understanding her own emotions. She would take great comfort in that song. Laquin knew that it was a generation song, passed down from mother to child. It told the stories about the great beginning and how hard it was for the Mother to survive. She saw many of her people die, and yet when there was no one left but her and the children, she survived.

#### Taylor and Company

It was quiet and dark in the shadows of the ship. She moved as quickly as she could ducking into corners and unlit passage ways. This ship was not at all like the ships of the Federation. The captain conserved power by turning off lights and life support in areas that weren't

being used. This was the only advantage she had. And she used it whenever possible. Many times she sneaked out just to learn her way around, maybe to a piece of valued gossip. This time was different. She was almost there. She could see the area very well from where she stood. It was lit up like a solar powered sign.

She'd been on this ship for quite a few years now and she knew the passage ways and confines of this ship almost as well as the captain. Yet it hadn't been till Shelly arrived that she'd found a way to escape. Shelly gave her the hope to find a way out. That's why she was here now, risking everything. In her left hand Taylor held a small silver ball, it was smooth, cold and a temporary but perfect distraction.

She let her body slide against the wall till the tips of her fingers reached an angle of light. He was there, practically asleep as usual. It was, what Taylor thought of as, the third shift. A down time on the ship when most of the crew went to sleep. It was a small room, a storage area. Not very important, if it hadn't also doubled as an armory. She wasn't particularly interested in the weapons, not just yet. Besides they were too easily missed. No, she was eyeing something else.

Taylor peered around the corner. She wanted to locate the item first, before using the distraction. Where was it? It was sitting on a second shelf down just yesterday. Scanning the room her heart began to flutter with panic, she needed that piece. She refused to go back empty handed. Now where is it? Wait, there it is. She was looking for it at the wrong angle. Now it was time to use the distraction.

Taylor carefully slid back into the darkness. Pushing a small button on the side, she threw the ball as hard she could down the corridor. It hit the ground and immediately started flashing lights and making noises. It was one of her son's toys. She'd almost jumped out of her skin

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when it hit the ground even though she'd been expecting the noise. Taylor had also been expecting the guard to jump out of his skin and go running down the hall to locate the noise. But, no such luck. He was still there leaning back in a chair snoring louder than ever. Shit, she could tell that he hadn't even altered his position in the slightest.

There was no choice, she'd go in, get it and get out. With one deep breath, she ran over to the shelf. Wait a minute, the item on the shelf wasn't it. Quickly, almost holding her breath Taylor ran her eyes around the room. Then walked quickly from rack to rack. It was here, it had to be. Her heart was pounding so fast now she could feel

it in her throat.

The guard had begun to snore so loud that it finally woke him up. She froze, shifting herself behind a large box. He looked around the room, crossed his arm and promptly went back to sleep. No time for a sigh of relief; she spotted it, picked it up and ran out the door. She was in the darkest part of the corridor when she'd remembered the toy.

Taylor could see the doorway to her room. She ran over, the door slid open, she threw the item at Shelly and ran out. The movements she made were less quiet and concentrating more on getting there and getting back.

As she reached the edge of the shadow she saw the guard, the once sleeping guard, standing in the

hallway talking to one of the officers. The officer was holding the silver ball. She turned and ran at full speed back to her room.

"Shelly, hide everything. I think we're going to have company." Taylor was almost out of breath. "And for God sakes look like you've been asleep."

Shelly didn't even ask. She threw the sack into an air duct just above her bed, along with the item Taylor had brought back. She then proceeded to mess up her hair and snuggle herself into the bed. Taylor, tried, but with much distress to do the same.

**TO BE CONTINUED...**

(Continued from page 5)

throughout the ship for crew recreational use on extended missions.

A Regulation pool removed since swimming facilities can be recreated on the Holodeck.

A Officer and Crew quarters redesigned to offer better space utilization. Junior and Senior officer's quarters now have entertainment systems built in.

A Officer / Crew lounge added to Deck 10, Forward Section.

As the new systems are evaluated during our 5 year refit in dry dock changes will be made as deemed necessary. Some new systems will be brought in to replace inferior or superseded older ones, and other systems will be recertified for use on our next mission. An in depth discussion of all of the changes made to a "Kitty Hawk" Class starship will be included in the Engineering Manual. If anyone has any recommendations as to needed shipboard changes, please contact either me or my Executive Engineer, Brain Jones.

#### **Engineering Away Team Project: Update**

Well, it's officially going to be on the calendar for next year. A group trip to Florida to view a Shuttle launch from Kennedy Space Center. At this time we are planning on going down for STS-71 in May of next year. This mission is the Atlantis/MIR docking mission and is

currently scheduled for launch on May 24, 1995. We are looking at a 4 or 5 day trip if possible. If anyone has any input on the trip, contact me or J.R. directly. More information will be published as it becomes available.

#### **Engineering Staff Honors Their Own**

It is a time of celebration aboard the Kitty Hawk! Having completed our first 5 year mission successfully, the ability of our crew to come through any problem and surmount any obstacle has become evident. It is therefore with great pride that I bestow upon each member of the Engineering staff a reward for their efforts in the last five years:

**Pat Heinske**, Chief of Research & Development: The Golden Light Saber Award for meritorious performance in public and private with The Shadow Players, and for being able to actually win a sword fight. While Pat was in contention for the Kirk, Riker, Bashir Award, he has been disqualified due to events of last October. Pat is therefore awarded to Golden Nose Ring for his upcoming nuptials in Denver CO.

**Brian Jones**, Executive Engineer: The Bronze Light Saber Award, for almost but not quite winning a sword fight with Pat. Nice try, but now that he's gone, you have

a new Chief Engineer to hack at.

**Ed Brady**, Engineering Specialist: The Stealth Engineer Award for being able to avoid all human contact aboard ship since I can remember. Keep up the good work, and remember those reports are still 2 years overdue!

**Steve Motley**, Propulsion Specialist: The Chalice of Erebrus award for proving that no problem, no matter how big, cannot be solved with judicious application of a BFG-9000.

**Robert Yates**, Systems Specialist: Runner-up for the Stealth Engineer Award, receives the "William Shatner" Award for somehow being able to "get a life" and stay involved with Trek.

To anyone who may not have been mentioned, congratulations. What do you want for free? Rubber biscuits?

As the Engineering Staff looks back on our accomplishments we have one thing on our collective minds: Who's going to pay for all of this? Once we figure that one out, we'll hopefully be able to finish our partying in time to get back on board before the ship leave dry-dock. Four months of straight partying...do not try this at your own home. Try it at someone else's!



(Continued from page 6)

The bridge was very quiet. Warrant Officer Grover sat at the sensor console, its normal displays dumped so that he could work on one of his many programs. His fingers danced on the keyboards; voice input is too inefficient for programming purposes. The Endeavor was only at Warp 2, cruising within the heart of Federation space. Earth was only three days away at top speed. There would be - could be - no threats that would not be detected by the navigation computers.

Lieutenant Commander Ko'ta was standing at the security systems display. She really had nothing to do; the running of the ship in a traffic control lane was completely automated. Regulations required that any Starfleet vessel have one officer "able to take command of the vessel upon ten seconds' notice" at all times, even in Spacedock, and she was it for the Endeavor.

Ko'ta decided to break the silence. It was getting on her nerves, to use a human expression.

"What are you working on?"

Grover looked up. His fingers were still typing away busily.

"Trying to make the ship's special encryption a little tighter. Captain thinks there might be a time when the rest of Starfleet doesn't need to know something, and Endeavor crew off-ship do."

Ko'ta nodded, indicating that he should continue.

"Right now, a StarBase's computers could crack this mess in about a week. The Captain wants a longer duration than that, but the program has to fit in a hand-held communicator along with standard Starfleet protocols or it's useless. That's the difficult part."

"I see. Thank you."

Grover shrugged and continued working.

Ko'ta checked the time. 0126 hours.

On an Andorian ship, the time would have been in Andorian references. The shifts would have been designed around Andorian needs for sleep, recreation, and exercise. Ko'ta, like most Andorians, needed only six hours sleep in every thirty - they had evolved in a hostile environment that did not encourage sleep. Therefore, the Endeavor's watch schedule - 8 hours sleep in every 24 - was a constant irritant.

Ko'ta mentally shrugged. On a human ship, she didn't have to tolerate constant slurs on her abilities, talents, and probable lack of a normal sex life. It was not normal for Andorian females to seek out something as risky as space exploration, let alone work to attain command rank. Andorians were about as sexist within their own race as humans in the Terran 19th century AD.

Of course, the fact that she didn't fit in here made her life miserable. Humans seemed to misunderstand

what she said; Ko'ta suspected that some were disobeying her deliberately. The concept was difficult to understand, and she didn't know what to do about it. Andorian personnel under her command would obey, no matter her status.

As for other Andorians, Ko'ta dreaded her next meeting with one. Every single one seemed to be able to identify her as *vetenolaka*. The word meant much more than 'queer' -- it meant a combination of deviant, outcast, and pervert. Unfortunately, she had earned the title.

"Sir?" Ko'ta looked over to Warrant Officer Grover.

"Yes?"

"Permission to leave the bridge?"

"Why?" Ko'ta didn't notice that her abruptness had angered Grover. She wasn't very good at reading human body language.

"To use the lavatory, sir." Ko'ta could notice that his voice was at a lower tone and had slightly more emphasis on the honorific -- she could not tell that a human would call it cold and furious.

"Go ahead."

"Thank you, sir," Grover muttered as he left the bridge.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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## CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

JANUARY 7 .....	Kitty Hawk Meeting
JANUARY 29.....	Superbowl Party
FEBRUARY 4.....	Kitty Hawk Meeting/Highway Cleanup
FEBRUARY 18 .....	Theme Party/St. Valentine's Day Massacre
MARCH 4.....	Kitty Hawk Meeting
MARCH 18 .....	St. Patrick's Day/Green Toga Party
APRIL 8 .....	Kitty Hawk Meeting/Highway Cleanup
APRIL 22.....	Cookout
MAY 6 .....	Kitty Hawk Meeting
MAY 15.....	Atlantis (10th - 15th)
JUNE 3.....	Kitty Hawk Meeting/Highway Cleanup
JUNE 10 .....	Putt-Putt Challenge/Yacht
JULY 1.....	Kitty Hawk Meeting/Pool Party
AUGUST 5 .....	Kitty Hawk Meeting
SEPTEMBER 2 .....	Kitty Hawk Meeting
OCTOBER 7.....	Kitty Hawk Meeting
NOVEMBER 4 .....	Kitty Hawk Meeting
DECEMBER 2 .....	Kitty Hawk Meeting
DECEMBER 17.....	Anniversary Party