



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

Greetings from your captain!

Let's jump right into the important matters this time. If you are reading this, it should mean you have renewed your membership on the Kitty Hawk. Hopefully you have also renewed your membership in STARFLEET. I continue to encourage you to join or renew because I truly believe they are making an honest effort to bring the organization back to its former level of excellence. You can bring about change more easily from within than from outside.

We received a nice note from the N.C. Food Bank thanking us for our recent donation of food. We will resume collecting food immediately. Please bring a can or whatever to our meetings or other events.

All that aluminum that cannot be put in landfills, that you have to save for recycling, can be turned into a donation to the Duke Children's Hospital. Please bring your aluminum to meetings or call Pat Horton.

And speaking of Duke, don't forget the telethon which is coming up very soon: June 3rd and 4th. We will probably work the Saturday night late shift as usual.

Stamps! Larry is still collecting them.

Talk to Elaine Pischke if you can do any highway cleanup. She needs to know now. If we don't get at least twelve people to sign up we will drop this project. I believe eight people have indicated their willingness to work.

We have had a successful five years doing this stretch of highway and it will be a shame to lose this

particular community service. Perhaps some of the new people can help boost our numbers. If we do get the necessary number of volunteers, the next scheduled clean-up is June 3rd. Call Elaine.

Don't forget the convention in July in Atlanta or the one in Charlotte at the end of October. Check last newsletter for all the details of the Region 1 con to get those discount rates. We need a really good showing for this con as we are in part sponsoring it.

The Spring Jazz and Art Festival is May 20 and 21. We have been asked to manage a Coke trailer for both days. This means that at least one Kitty Hawk person needs to be present at all times to supervise other volunteers, as well as pull Cokes. We are covered except for the 3-7 shift on Sunday. If you can help us call me right away.

That covers most of the events coming up or of a continuous nature. We need to plan the second half of the year in terms of our activities. If you have something in mind, please let one of the bridge crew know so we can consider your suggestions before the next meeting in June.

If you are interested in the trip to the cape in June, please get in touch with our chief engineer who is scheduling transportation.

May is a good month for T.V. (sweeps) as all the good stuff has new episodes. There are plenty of collectibles coming out and the new Star Trek models as well as the Star Wars re-release are hitting the shelves this month.

As we enter summer, I would like to congratulate all those who are

in school and are either moving to a new level of education or graduating from an institution. Our very best to all of you, we are very proud of your accomplishments.

By the way, Stephanie has found a boy, so if you can't reach her by phone, be understanding. And Tara wore a dress again, I hear.

The babies are all doing well, I am told. And speaking of such, Jeff Cohn caught the chicken pox from young Ben-Ben. Meg Hale is still with us in the Pacific. Rhonda Rocker renewed from GA, TX, CT (planet earth). Mugsy calls to tell me all kinds of neat stuff. Debbie Herndon says hello from GA and is still stuck on us (renewed). One note of sadness, Pamela Pugh passed away on April 2. She was a former member of the Kitty Hawk and Shuttle Mississippi. She is survived by her mother, Diane Johnson - former shuttle commander, and her fifteen year old daughter Sara, also a former member. She will be missed.

The U.S.S. Kitty Hawk is its crew. We are the ship. She is only as great as our deeds. We have done many fine things over the past five years, and I hope that tradition will continue for many, many more years. But that will only happen when you, as a member, step forward, contribute, and participate. It is up to you. Many have set good examples. Will you? The Wright Stuff is a newsletter. It is also what makes some people different from the rest. Do you have it? Will you make a difference?

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THE WRIGHT STUFF

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VOLUME 6

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THE ADVENTURES OF MYSTERY AND SPOT EPISODE SEVENTEEN



THE END

By Elaine Royal Pischke

Spot was lying on Data's desk, pawing at the computer terminal pad. She had figured out how to get a response and was amusing herself by touching a certain sequence of pads, after which the computer would say, "Please input data." To which Spot would respond with a loud "Meow". The computer would then respond, "Please clarify". Spot would be quiet for a minute, then begin the game again. She had gone on like this for about ten minutes when she felt a familiar presence at the door. She jumped down to the floor as Mystery entered.

The Siamese was clearly in a heightened state of awareness.

"What's up?" Spot asked. She had not seen her friend in a few days and she purred with pleasure and curiosity. Mystery at first did not respond. Instead, she made her way quickly around the room, rubbing against walls and furniture as she went.

Finally she asked, "Where's Data?"

"On duty, I suppose. He's been gone a long time." Spot was even more curious now. Mystery usually could not care less where Data was.

"Something is going on. Something bad." Mystery finally blurted out.

Suddenly Spot was frightened. "What? Why do you think that?"

"Everyone is so busy. No one is paying attention to me," Mystery began.

"Is that all? So you're being ignored. I get ignored all the time." Spot surprised herself. A few months ago she would never have said such a thing to Mystery. Mystery was, after all, her hero.

Mystery was not concerned about Spot's opinion, however. She continued. "It is more than that.

The ship... doesn't feel right."

"I... don't understand," Spot's fur began to rise. Something about Mystery's tone was very ominous.

"We need to explore. Find out what's going on." Mystery was halfway out the door before Spot reacted.

"Wait wait wait!" She shouted and hurried after Mystery. Once in the hallway, she noticed exactly what Mystery had talked about. People were scurrying everywhere. Lights were flashing, and everyone seemed to have one purpose in mind - getting somewhere. But where? And why?

"I think it's time to break some rules." Mystery headed for the nearest turbolift, which somehow was unoccupied. This concerned Spot.

"Shouldn't we be going where all the people are going?" Spot asked. She figured, whatever was going on, those people were headed for safety. There were children among them, and adults usually tried to protect their children.

Mystery considered for a moment, then said, "No. There are no answers there." The turbolift door closed behind them and moved. A moment later it opened to an area Spot had never seen before. It was a large room with a huge viewscreen, and the people were not running. They were very intent on what was going on on the viewscreen and on their computer screens and readouts. There was loud, urgent verbal interchange, but no panic.

"Bridge," Mystery responded to Spot's unasked question. She slid under one of the science stations, and Spot joined her. Terrified now, Spot did not dare to move. Mystery seemed intent on listening to the humans' conversations. Suddenly

her ears shot up. "I can't believe it!"

"What!"

"They're going to crash this thing into that planet! Why don't they eject the warp core?"

"What?" Spot had no idea what Mystery was talking about, but before she could ask, Mystery ran for the turbolift again and was gone. Now she was alone, and scared to death. The deck below her feet began shaking. Things were beginning to fall all around her. Panicked, she dove for cover into an open panel and squirmed her way as deep inside as she could get. The vibrations intensified until Spot thought she would break apart. The pads of her feet buzzed annoyingly, and she wished they would stop. More than she had ever wished for anything, she wished it would stop. Suddenly, it did, and she immediately regretted her wish. She squealed in terror as the ship hit ground, shaking and roaring for what seemed like hours before settling to an abrupt stop.

In that instant, it seemed the universe must have ended. The quiet was terrifying, but brief. In a moment, she began to hear noises - voices, shuffling feet, equipment being moved. But she did not move a hair.

Spot stayed put, quietly assessing her health. She seemed unharmed, but dared not leave the safety of her haven. Instead, she stayed hidden, her mind calling out, "Mystery! Where are you?" over and over again.

Finally, after a long wait, Spot heard a noise close to her head and opened her eyes. The panel directly in front of her slid open and a familiar golden hand reached in and gently extracted her from her

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FROM THE OFFICE OF RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

By Pat Heinske

STARDATE 9503.30 -

Greetings once again! This is Pat Heinske, reporting to you once again safely stationed on the good old U.S.S. Kitty Hawk! Fortunately, John hadn't gotten around to changing my quarters, so I was able to move right back in.

Things didn't go as planned at the new Farpoint Station, I fear. With only 5 people there for the re-startup, when the Chief Engineering Officer fell ill, they (obviously knowing of my illustrious past as Chief Engineer of the Kitty Hawk and my vast knowledge of everything mechanical) asked me to fill in for him.

Ah, these silly new technologies! They had installed that new bioelectrical circuitry in all of the engineering and power supply and distribution areas. I had never worked with it before, but since I'm such a quick study, I was learning on the fly. But I think I did something

just a little, small, bitty bit wrong, because...

Well, no need for boring details. To make a log story short, I only had about 8 seconds to dive headlong into an emergency egress pod and launch it before a little, small explosion...uh... consumed the station.

Now I know what you're thinking, but no, not to worry - all of my stuff was still in storage on the opposite side of the planet, so it all escaped intact. Whew! The aftershocks didn't even rattle a glass in that hemisphere, so everything of mine survived quite nicely. But, unfortunately, the **electromagnetic pulse** wiped out the high scores on my "Discs of Tron" game. Oh, well.

I managed to cobble together a serviceable warp-driven cargo hauler from the large amount of ... um, spare parts... I now had at my disposal, and so, with my belongings inside and my personal 2-seater

warp shuttle in tow, I was able to get back to the Kitty Hawk before she left Earth Station Kennedy. What luck!

So here I am again, researchin' and developin'... uh... stuff, to do... um... neat stuff. Yeah, it keeps me really busy, too. So I better get back to it.

(Oh, by the way, I guess it's never too early for me to start campaigning for this year's awards banquet - when you think of the good ol' Kirk/Riker/Bashir/Paris award, think of me! O.K., maybe it is a little too early... sorry.)

My new mailing address is 500 S. Fayetteville St., Clayton, N.C. 27520, and my new phone number is (919) 553-1736.

So that's about it for now! Good luck, take care, and as Spock always says, "There can be only one!" (No wait, that's not right...) Um... never mind.

SCIENCE DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By Elaine Pischke

During my first month as Chief Science Officer, I have spent a great deal of time settling in. With the two Department Heads and a family, we are entitled to probably the largest quarters on the ship (except for the Captain, of course). It's nice at the top, but moving is a chore. We'll probably be unpacking for quite a while. Thank you to all who helped. In the meantime, I have made contact (by subspace communication) with all my staff members, some of whom seem to have been on

extended leaves of absence (possibly AWOL, but we'll forgive them this time).

Highway cleanup - great fun, great exercise, great way to earn brownie... I mean, promotion points. (Well, two out of three ain't bad.) Actually, it can be fun, especially if enough people show up to make the work go fast. Next one is scheduled for June 3rd.

As your new Chief Science Officer, my goal is to make the environment a priority. We are

already doing highway cleanup, although participation has been waning lately, and aluminum recycling. I would like to find more ways for us to work for a cleaner, safer planet. The political climate these days is very anti-environment, so it is more important than ever that we do whatever we can. We can't just take the Kitty Hawk and fly off to the next solar system if this one becomes uninhabitable.

SECURITY DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By Tara Weaver

Well, I have very little to report this issue, so this will be short. All's quiet, which is good, and I hope everyone is enjoying the spring weather. While I am not a member of the medical department, I would

still like to caution everyone about getting too much sun (it's bad for your skin) and also not getting enough water on these hot sunny days. Finally, please remember that the best thing you can do for yourself

and those around you should an emergency situation arise is to remain calm until the crisis has passed.

KITTY HAWK CHRONICLES II TO EACH HIS OWN

By Audra Taylor

Taylor

She didn't know how long she'd been fighting to get her clothes off. It seemed like forever, especially in the dark. It wouldn't have been as bad, had it not been for those damn Romulan clothes. They were impossible. Forget the fact that they were uncomfortable. And made every woman look like the bride of Frankenstein. Oh, this is impossible, she muttered as she fell on to the bed.

"Shelly, where's my night shirt?" she whispered.

"Here!" She threw it at Taylor "now shut up, act like you're asleep, sound asleep."

"I know the routine. But you don't have to wear those God awful clothes." Taylor took a deep breath and tried to act calm. She nestled her head down and closed her eyes. She could feel her body start to relax.

She desperately tried not to move as she heard the door slide open. Calm, she told herself, you have to be prepared to answer any questions. Calm. The only thing she didn't understand was why the light hadn't been told to come on. Calm. She could hear the footsteps beside her bed. Calm. She could hear someone breathing as the ball dropped onto the edge of where she was sleeping.

It was a motion that took her completely by surprise. In one swift movement, he grabbed her up off the bed, swung Taylor around and had her back pressed tightly against his chest. His hands gripped her mouth so tightly she could barely control her rapid breathing. And yet, he said nothing. His other hand caressed her stomach as his face moved along the side of her neck. When he came to her ear, he stopped.

"One of these days, the captain's going to grow tired of you," he whispered, "and then you're mine."

She knew who that voice was. It was Grun, the captain's second in command.

"How you've managed to hold his interest for this long, I can't even

imagine. But I'm quite willing to find out." He pulled her in hard and tight. "I could take you now if I wanted."

Yeah, she thought, and the captain would kill you, too.

"But I'm a patient man. Soon he won't even be able to stand the sight of you. Then" he said with a widening grin "IT'S MY TURN". He let loose of her body and threw her back on the bed. Grun turned on the edge of his heel and walked out.

"What the hell was that all about?" Shelly whispered.

"I don't want to know."

"At least he gave us the ball back. Hand it here and I'll tear it open in the morning. I could use some of it's parts." Shelly took the ball out of Taylor's hand and shoved it under the edge of her pillow. "Thanks."

"Shelly, is there anything in this place you haven't taken apart?"

"Yeah, the bridge." They both began to laugh.

Taylor was lucky. If it hadn't been for Shelly's knowledge of computers, she'd of been stuck. Shelly was the one who entered a 'back door' code on the lock of the door. So they could get in and out of the room unnoticed. Shelly said every computer on the ship was outdated and stolen. Most of the registries were to federation ships. Some of those ships had been decommissioned because of age. But in other ways the ship was more maneuverable and quicker than most federation vessels of this size. Shelly said most of the wiring had been "souped up" with a personal touch from the dear old captain himself.

Taylor knew the captain couldn't have done it by himself. In fact, she could almost bet that Grun had probably done most, it not all of the work himself. Taylor had learned to keep her eyes open, and because of that she'd seen a great many things.

Grun's Religion

Grun walked quickly and smugly out of the room. He was pleased with himself and the fact that she had not tried to fight him. He knew that she would say nothing to the Captain. Of course even if she did, what would she tell him. Waiting there in the hall was the meek and pathetic Larn. Grun had only spent a few moments chewing him out because he'd been asleep on his post. He should consider himself lucky, Grun thought, if he had been Captain he would have been dead.

"What did she tell you?" Larn asked, his eyes looking down in shame.

"Apparently she had dropped in earlier today, when she took the child to sick bay."

"So the worry was for nothing" Larn replied.

"I wouldn't have had to worry if you'd have done your job properly. Get back to your station and be thankful I'm not going to tell the Captain."

"Thanks, sir." Larn did a polite nod and trotted quickly back to his post.

So many times he had thought that Larn was a waste of flesh. He was weak. Grun didn't care how the ball had gotten there. The excuse he made up was the one she would have given him. It gave him the perfect opportunity to speak with her. The Captain's dear Taylor. Though the Captain had never made any obvious signs of it, everyone aboard the ship knew she'd been his companion for the last five years or so. That had Grun very curious. The Captain was a man with no patience. Perhaps, Grun thought, age had finally begun to catch up with him. Age was one of the reasons the Captain had been giving Grun more and more responsibility aboard the ship. His lack of patience had begun to cost him dearly in the way of health. The Captain was getting old, overweight and slowing down. Perfect. Grun thought, absolutely perfect.

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ENGINEERING DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By John Miller

STARDATE 9504.05 - Earth Station Kennedy has completed servicing and re-supplying Kitty Hawk for her next five year mission. In a brief ceremony in Main Engineering, my Executive Engineer and I officially certified Kitty Hawk ready for her next mission. Where

that mission will take us, no one yet knows; however, if my experiences in the last five years aboard Kitty Hawk are any indication, they will be filled with adventure, camaraderie, service, and a little intrigue. That having been said, it is time to continue on to bold frontiers

never before known to humankind. I hereby certify the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk, NCC-1659, ready to leave space dock. Capt. Fisher, the Kitty Hawk is fully at your command. Give the word.



MEDICAL DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By Diana Waldier

The current resupply has included numerous improvements for the medical department. Some of these include:

- ◆ upgraded computers with 42% more memory
- ◆ new diagnostic beds with full computer interface into medical

library

- ◆ 164 new medicines, serums and drugs from 37 worlds
- ◆ latest Starfleet medical library files to augment what we have
- ◆ 2 additional medical labs (portable)

◆ 1 alternate atmosphere operating room with pressure chamber

- ◆ 6 bed level 4 isolation ward
- ◆ increase of staff by 8

I look forward to working with everyone on my new staff and welcome back returning staff.

ENGINEERING AWAY TEAM PROJECT UPDATE

By John Miller

STARDATE: 9504.05 - The time is rapidly approaching for our excursion to Kennedy Space Center to view the launch of STS-71. I have not been able to verify that we will be able to get a launchpass because the passes have not been issued yet. No matter, Pat Heinske and I, at the very least, intend to go whether we have a pass or not. Launch viewing is still possible from the Indian River, although these viewing sites are about 10 miles further from the pad. Anyone expecting to go, plan on a hotel bill of about \$40.00 per night divided among everyone in your room. Most hotels in the area charge about \$29-\$39 per night plus about \$5 per extra person, up to a

maximum of 4 per room (usually). Launch is currently set for June 9th at 5:14 a.m. That means we will need to be on base (if we have a pass) no later than 2 a.m. or 3 a.m. to get a good viewing site and to avoid the large crowds. The roads into the center are closed one hour prior to launch. We expect to be leaving Raleigh on Thursday, June 8th, early in the morning (before 10 a.m.) so that we can get to Florida and get checked into a hotel before too late. That should give us enough time to catch 3 to 5 hours of sleep before going to the viewing site. Expect to be there at least one hour after launch to allow for traffic leaving the center. It might be a good idea to

have a picnic breakfast on base to pass the time waiting for launch or waiting to leave after launch. Since there is only a 5 minute launch window, almost any weather problems will cause a 24 hour delay. Since we are planning to come back on Sunday, that will give us three chances at a launch before we have to leave. I feel confident that we will be able to fly sometime during the weekend. If I hear of any technical problems that could impact launching, I will relay them to the crew. For more info on the mission itself, see my STS-71 mission briefing elsewhere in "The Wright Stuff".

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sanctuary. Suddenly, all seemed right again... well, except, there seemed to be sunlight streaming into the ship, and everything was a

mess... and where was Mystery? Spot began to cry as Data stroked her fur to calm her down. But nothing would calm her except the sound of Mystery's voice in her head.

Where could she be?

TO BE CONTINUED...

OVER THE NET

Submitted By Robert Yates

The Andorian Assault (Continued) By Andrew Clark

Ko'ta found herself flying into the wall, propelled there by a sudden grab and twist of her ankle. Her phaser flew across the room and skittered underneath the desk console. She pulled herself into a fighting crouch as the hostile stood. For the first time, she got a good look at him. The smell was overpoweringly familiar, and Ko'ta understood why the stun hadn't been very effective.

Lean, muscular, handsome. It almost took her breath away to see an Andorian male after so long. He wore fabric covers over his antennae; humans jokingly referred to them as " earmuffs." He appeared to laugh as he brought his own weapon up.

Ko'ta brought up one foot and kicked it away. The enemy Andorian looked surprised and said something. Ko'ta did not hear his words and had never heard of "reading lips."

He scowled and grabbed Tanaka by the hair. Ko'ta charged him expertly, bringing one hand up to feint at his antennae while the other slammed into the vulnerable nerve plexus where the human belly button would be. He appeared displeased and dropped Tanaka, her head hitting the floor silently.

Ko'ta had had enough. She kicked him below the knee and grimaced savagely as the kneecap shattered. Taking his head in her hands, she grabbed his antennae and ripped them out by the roots. He went into convulsions and began spewing the contents of his digestive system from both ends. A honorable fighter did not strike the antennae; it was the Andorian moral equivalent of kicking someone in the testicles. The damage was usually fatal, however. He finally slumped to the floor across Tanaka's body.

Ko'ta picked up the corpse and dragged it out the door. After making sure that Tanaka had a clear airway, Ko'ta walked to a intercom and activated it.

"AuxCon, I..."

There wasn't anything to say.

She couldn't give orders since she would be unable to hear the reply. Ko'ta stood there helplessly until a petty officer came to get her. He was carrying a report pad and a pen. Good thinking.

"The AuxCon lockout has been broken?"

YES, SIR.

"Hostiles secured?"

TWO PEOPLE DOING THAT NOW. COME THIS WAY, PLEASE, SIR.

Ko'ta walked with him down the corridor.

"ETA to StarBase?"

THIRTY MINUTES.

It had seemed like a lifetime since she had left the Bridge.

"Any information on the food poisoning?"

STARBASE ID'D AS DELIBERATE. SHOULD BE NO ILL EFFECTS. TREATMENT UNDERWAY RIGHT NOW. ARE YOU INJURED, SIR?

"No, other than my hearing."

SIR, IF YOU EXCUSE ME SAYING SO, YOU LOOK LIKE SHIT. LET ME ESCORT YOU TO SICKBAY.

Ko'ta nodded.

Sickbay was chaotic. Nine people were trying to take care of over sixty fellow crew members. No one had any medical experience beyond the emergency trauma stuff taught back in basic training. One wall screen showed obviously frustrated StarBase medical staff trying to communicate with the medically illiterate Endeavor crew.

"Who has the conn?"

WARRANT OFFICER GROVER, SIR. THE STARBASE MED PEOPLE SAY FOR YOU TO LIE DOWN AND PUT "EARMUFFS" OVER YOUR ANTENNAE. HOPE IT DOESN'T HURT TOO BAD, SIR.

"I'm fine." It wasn't exactly a lie. Ko'ta had felt much worse during her life. She was suffering from nausea and dizziness, not to mention a literally blinding headache. It was just physical, as opposed to emotional. That's the deep-down pain that really causes problems.

"Tell Lieutenant Nguyen she is in temporary command. I can't take

charge under these circumstances."

ALREADY DONE, SIR. WE FIGURED THAT DEAF COUNTED AS DISABLED, BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR.

Ko'ta nodded and tuned out for forty minutes. When she woke up, a StarBase medical team was loading her onto a gurney.

"I can walk."

A StarBase orderly held up a pad.

WE KNOW, SIR. IT'S ALL RIGHT. LIE STILL, PLEASE.

Ko'ta decided not to cause a fuss. She was carried off ship as just one in a long line of stretchers. Ko'ta saw Admiral Newhausen in a corridor aboard the StarBase and pretended unconsciousness immediately.

A few minutes later the stretcher was set down. A StarBase medical doctor ran a scanner over her antennae. Ko'ta heard a high-pitched screech and was relieved. The loss would not be permanent. In fact, a few passes of an electromagnetic field rectifier restored her hearing and relieved much of the nausea.

Ko'ta opened her eyes and looked up. The doctor was an Andorian, and she instinctively tensed.

"Lieutenant Commander Ko'ta, I'm Doctor Pydoquoda," she said in Andorian.

"Pleased to meet you, Doctor. Forgive my accent, I'm rusty," Ko'ta replied in the same language. To human ears, the exchange was a combination of clicks, slight hisses, and a jumble of consonants and vowels.

Pydoquoda continued in Basic.

"Don't worry about it. Your hearing will be fine, *vetenolaka*."

Ko'ta stood in one smooth motion and reached for a phaser that was not in its holster. Lacking that option, Ko'ta fluently and roundly exhausted her store of deadly insults and invited Pydoquoda to engage in a very unfriendly unarmed combat match. As her finale, she offered to rip out his antennae by the roots. The whole tirade took perhaps ten seconds and was incomprehensible

(Continued on page 11)

TO ALL YOU "BORN AFTER NEXT GEN" TREKKERS

By Graeme Pischke

All you littlest trekkers, it's time to get off your diapered bottoms and get involved. I'm going to save all my Heinz baby food jar labels and give them to my mommy. She is going to give them to Duke Children's Hospital so they can help sick children the way UNC Hospitals

helped me when I was sick. Each label is worth \$.06, so we need lots and lots of them. And you big people, if you don't have any babies of your own, try to think of someone you know (niece, nephew, neighbor) who may be chowing down on Heinz baby foods on a regular basis. Get them to

save their label for you and give them to my mom. We'd like to get enough to present at the same time we make our annual donation at the telethon in May. If we can't get it together fast, we can always send them in later, so start saving them now.

OPERATIONS DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By Larry Pischke

There is really not much to say this month (so what else is new?). It was nice to see that at least one other person still exists in OPS. Bob Enters was sighted both nights at the recent PBS telethon. This is the first that we've seen him since the Christmas party, so at least we know that he is still alive.

I believe that we lost another OPS while we were in for refit, as well. Phillip Hansma, along with the rest of his family, have disembarked temporarily. We hope to see them

again soon.

In the meantime, I am kept busy organizing my new quarters (as those you who came to the April party can attest); this gets slowed down by a monotonous duty that I have to perform after every refit. Part of the *Kitty Hawk's* recertification involves a sweep for intergalactic microorganisms and the like followed by a thorough cleaning. This makes sense; after all, who wants space herpes? Now, however, I have to go around to all of

the bathrooms on board and remove the "Sanitized for Your Protection" strips from all of the toilets. And who said a Starfleet officer's life wasn't glamorous?

CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

- MAY 20-21..... Spring Jazz and Arts Festival
- JUNE 3 Kitty Hawk Meeting/Highway Cleanup/Duke Telethon
- JUNE 10 Putt-Putt Challenge/Yacht/Shuttle Launch
- 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

STS-71 BRIEFING

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By John Miller

Mission Statistics

Atlantis (OV-104) 14th Flight
69th Shuttle Mission
1st MIR Docking Mission
Launch from Pad 39-A

Crew

Crewmember	Position	Flight Number
Robert L. "Hoot" Gibson	Commander	5th
Charles J. Prescott	Pilot	2nd
Ellen S. Baker	Mission Specialist	3rd
Bonnie J. Dunbar	Mission Specialist	4th
Gregory J. Harbaugh	Mission Specialist	3rd
Anatoly Solovyev	MIR-19 Crew Upload	4th
Nikolai Budarin	MIR-19 Crew Upload	1st
Norman E. Thagard	MIR-18 Crew Download	5th
Vladimir Dezhurov	MIR-18 Crew Download	1st
Gennadly Strelakov	MIR-18 Crew Download	5th

Payload

SPACELAB/MIR, IMAX-10

Mission Objective

First Shuttle docking with the Russian Space Station MIR

Launch

Launch Friday, June 9, 5:14 am EDT (estimated). Launch window is 5 minutes.

Orbit

Altitude: 170 nautical miles
Inclination: 51.6 degrees
Duration: 9 days, 20 hours (estimated)

Hardware

Oribiter: OV-104 Atlantis
ET: SN-70 (ET: External Tank)
SSME-1: SN-2036
SSME-2: SN-2019 (SSME: Space Shuttle Main Engine)

SSME-3: SN-2017

Landing

KSC, June 18, 1995 (estimated)

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Everyone aboard the ship knew that Grun would kill for the Captain. He was the Captain's voice and his right hand. He ran, checked, fixed, and controlled the ship most of the day.

The ship ran better now than it had in years. Grun had been aboard the Master's Play for almost seven years. It was as much his ship as it was the Captain's. He'd put his very soul into every part of this ship. In fact, if it hadn't been for him, Master's Play would have seen the junk yard years ago. When he would sit still and be quiet, he heard every hum and grind of the ship. He knew which belonged and which didn't.

This was his religion. This ship meant more to him than any God ever could. So many times at night he would close his eyes and feel his body becoming a part of the ship. His eyes, his legs, every part of him scattered across the engine, the bridge, and every room in between. He had the power to control her, master her, his ship and all who were within it.

That's what bothered him about Larn. He was weak and useless. But that would all change soon enough, when he became Captain of the Master's Play.

Goddess 3: The Whispering Voices

Patricia Turner was due any minute. In fact by all account the baby was at least ten days overdue. If she didn't give birth soon, she'd have to go in and take it by C-section. Not exactly a safe procedure in this type of environment. Turner looked dull and almost lifeless. Patricia wandered around the camp aimlessly. Her face looked a deathly white. No one said anything about the baby or the fact that she looked so ill. They were all slipping into a sort of mass depression. It was getting dangerous.

"Tal, I'm going to pick some fruit for lunch. I'll be back in a little bit. Keep an eye on her, will you?" She motioned toward Turner.

"Yeah, no problem." Tal's face was dusted in a light coating of lavender. He'd been working on building a storage shack for excess fruit and vegetables.

She headed up the small

familiar hill. 'I should have brought the recorder. Maybe next time.' The edge of the hill gave her a better view of the small valley. There was a small cluster of pear trees, just to the left of the center of the valley. Those delicious pears. They looked like pears on the outside and looked like orange pulp on the inside, but they were sweet. The crew hadn't had fruit in a couple of days. These were perfect.

She looked around for the least amount of incline on the hill. There really wasn't one. 'Oh well the terrain wasn't that rough.' She crouched down on the ground. She looked like a crab, with center of her body lifted slightly walking on her feet and hands. It was the only thing she could think of. It seemed to be working. Except her hands were beginning to hurt. Only a few more feet, she told herself. As the incline slowly lessened she lifted off her hands that were now scratched raw. They were throbbing so hard her fingertips were numb. The closer she was to the center of the small valley the louder the whispering. 'It must have something to do with the shape of the small valley. It's probably acting like an amplifier.'

The walk took her longer than expected to get to the lower edge where the pear trees were located. The rocks down toward the bottom were smooth and black. She shook her head; her ears had started ringing. The whispers were so loud. 'Just a couple of pears and I'll get out of here. It's only a few more feet.'

The ringing had turned into throbbing as her balance became awkward. She was getting so dizzy. 'I need to get out of here!' She struggled to turn and not lose her balance. Her hands dug deeply into the rocky terrain. All she needed was something to hold onto to get out of here. She began a slow climb up. Her head was still so dizzy, and her body shook against the physical struggle of the climb. Every step she took her feet slid just a few inches. Her arms weren't strong enough. After only a few feet her arms gave way and her body slid back down to the valley.

She put her hands over her ears and tried to think. It was so hard; the whispers were so loud. She could hear them in between the throb of her ears. Finally, the throbbing became so intense, so piercing, she

screamed. The scream took all the energy she had left. The dizziness took over and slid her into a world of darkness.

When she woke the whispers were gone, the dizziness was gone. If it wasn't for the stinging of her palms she felt as good as new. She breathed a sigh of relief. That was something she hoped never to experience again. She pushed herself up onto her feet and shook the loose lavender soil from her clothes. 'Well since I'm down here I might as well grab a pear. She climbed up to the tree and discovered that the soil was firmer on this west side of the valley. 'It would be much easier to climb out this way.' She grabbed a couple of pears and put them into the pouch she'd been carrying around her waist.

It was an easy climb out. When she reached the top of the crest she felt as if the loud whispers had never happened. She walked toward the camp and called out to Tal. He had heard her and replied but she did not hear him. She called to him again. He stopped his work on the building and walked over.

"What's the matter, you deaf? What do you want?"

She looked up into his face and saw his mouth move and heard nothing. 'It must have gotten so loud when I passed out it affected my hearing. Damn.'

"Tal, I can't hear, you'll need to check to see if any permanent damage was done, or if this is a temporary state."

Tal nodded and then walked toward the hut. She looked out at the others through the silence. Even without hearing she could see the lost look in the eyes of everyone. It was worse in some. They looked like zombies. All except Tal who was managing to hold everyone together. For the first time since she'd arrived, she felt the same hopelessness. It was over. They were all going to die and there was nothing she could do to prevent it.

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to the humans in the room. A rough rendering of the ending would read like this:

"I ripped out a pair of antennae half an hour ago, and the sweet crunch of nerves separating from the brain and sending out their futile messages of agony was quite enjoyable. I'm feeling the need to enjoy that sweet music once again, but this time I'd like to taste them as well."

Pydoquoda stood transfixed in horrid fascination, then dropped his medical instruments and ran for the door.

Ko'ta smiled in Andorian fashion, but her abused antennae ached as they vibrated gently.

"What did you say to him?" a human ensign asked.

"You don't want to know. I need to speak with my commanding officer."

"Right this way, sir."

Tanaka was sitting up in bed by now, wondering exactly what happened. Ko'ta filled her in as best she was able.

"Newhausen will have my ass chopped, shredded, and turned into Nyopian coleslaw for this one!" Tanaka was very displeased, but mainly with herself. Her ship, her responsibility.

Lieutenant Nguyen stepped in.

"Can you hear me, Lieutenant Commander?"

"Yes," Ko'ta replied.

"Sirs, Admiral Newhausen has had an accident. He apparently fell off a ladder while searching one of the StarBase cargo bays. The head StarBase doctor informs us that he has suffered a mild case of amnesia that will last for two hours more, and strongly urges us to get away from this StarBase while he is unconscious."

Tanaka gulped, and Ko'ta helped her get out of bed and start walking towards a turbolift. Other Endeavor crew were dragging themselves out of Sickbay and back to their ship.

"I think we can get out of this mess, sirs. A skeleton crew is aboard ship now, and what's left of the stowaways has been handed over to StarFleet Intelligence. I have been assured by StarBase Medical, Security, and Intelligence departments that they will not choose to inform Admiral

Newhausen of this new development." The turbolift arrived, and the three officers clambered in with several Endeavor crew. The lift took them to a transporter, and the group beamed into the ship's only transporter room. The officers commandeered a turbolift and went straight to the bridge. It was empty except for them.

"Sir, we're a little shorthanded. Do you think you could take the conn?"

Tanaka collapsed in her chair.

"AuxCon, transfer command in five, four, three, two, one, now."

Ko'ta sat down at the helm console and plotted a Warp 5 course that would get Endeavor out of StarBase scanning range by the time Admiral Newhausen regained consciousness. It would also put them across one of the traffic lanes leading to StarBase 4. Duty first, of course.

"How did this happen, Lieutenant?"

"The two agents were deep-cover agents aboard the StarBase, although we don't know exactly who they were working for. They poisoned the party supplies that we 'requested' from Supply, knowing that we would go and steal them when our request was denied. The two snuck aboard in the confusion of undocking and hid in the starboard cargo bay.

"Based on the equipment they were carrying, they had planned to capture the ship. They would have succeeded except for two things; they didn't realize how horny Endeavor crew are."

Ko'ta turned slightly blue as Tanaka turned slightly red.

"And they didn't count on one Andorian executive officer. By the way, sir, the poison that knocked us unconscious would have killed you in minutes."

Ko'ta shuddered. Tanaka broke the sudden silence.

"So the saboteurs may have been Klingon agents? This does not bode well. Maybe it's revenge for the Glorious incident?"

Ko'ta spoke up.

"Perhaps the Klingons thought we had some new trick up our sleeves. How else could we have destroyed a Klingon battle cruiser? At least to the Klingon mind, sir."

"Quite possible. As it is, we're going to be stuck on contraband

patrol for quite a while. Unless there's a shooting war, of course."

No one in their right minds would want that. Tanaka didn't think that Kirk even had a mind, so he would probably be pro-war.

"Everyone aboard," reported Sergeant Tyrone over the intercom. One of the first to regain consciousness, he had made himself responsible for making sure that no one was left behind. His superior, Warrant Officer Baruch, was still out cold. Gastronomes and food poisoning do not mix amicably.

"Let's get out of here," gasped Tanaka.

Ko'ta complied. After using impulse drive to go 100 kkm out, Endeavor went to Warp 5 and raced for safety like a Tiberian bat running from a bloodwing.

"Whew." The feeling was doubtless echoed ship wide.

"Lieutenant Nguyen, you would be in for a major citation if we could every report this incident. Unfortunately, Newhausen has to sign off on awards. I'll have to think up some other way to reward you for a fantastic job. I may even get to keep my career."

"Thank you. It was Lieutenant Commander Ko'tanavoatoa's idea, sir." Nguyen's tongue tripped over the long name, but it was obvious to both Ko'ta and Tanaka that Nguyen had put effort into trying to pronounce an approximation of Ko'ta's full name. Ko'ta felt a little happier than before, when she was sure that Nguyen was going to take all the credit.

Tanaka swiveled her head to look at Ko'ta in amazement.

"It was your idea to avoid letting Newhausen know?"

To Be Continued...

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