



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

We are mailing this newsletter out so that everyone will know that we moved the July meeting from the 1st to the eighth. We are combining the meeting with the party at Jeff Habrych's club house. Meeting at 5 p.m. followed by the party. Bring side dishes, drinks, etc. as Jeff is serving the main dish. Also, bring your swimsuit if you like to swim. The map showing the location of Jeff's clubhouse is at the back of the newsletter.

There is a new STARFLEET Academy application, so if you need one please let me know as I am having them copied and they will be available at meetings as well as by mail. Remember, you have to buy vouchers again to attend one of the schools.

Highway cleanup. June was a rather poor month for attendance at this event. Diana, Elaine and I were the only ones to show up on the second Saturday, and we only did half of the stretch. The third Saturday, only Elaine showed up and she did the remaining half by herself. The next scheduled cleanup is for August 5th at 9 a.m. The more people that show up the quicker the job is finished.

By the way, we received another certificate of appreciation from the Department of Transportation for our efforts this spring during "The Great Trash Bash". I haven't found a place to hang this one yet, but I will. In case you are wondering if we are alone on these cleanups, let me give you some facts. During this one cleanup (The Great Trash Bash), over 65,000 volunteers participated in all one

hundred counties of the state. Together we picked up over 2,100,000 pounds of litter!

Please check the calendar elsewhere in the newsletter for scheduled meetings and events we are sure of. We did not go to Kennedy for the launch and I guess it is a good thing; as of this writing STS-71 is still sitting on the pad. We will try to schedule another trip for a later launch when more people can go. Check the schedule listed by the Chief Engineer. Let him know what is possible for you.

We would like to thank all of those persons who went to the Duke Children's Telethon and helped out. We were very well received and appreciated. Almost everyone got some air time, the food selection was much better than in past years and the T.V. talent were very friendly. (Security note: Keep an eye on PO/2 Woolley.) We hope even more of you will be inclined to participate next year.

Also, we did pledge and pay our donation of \$250.00 to Duke. Now would be a good time to get the jump on next year by starting to save your change for the Duke jar. By the way, the telethon raised over \$1,483,000.00! Congratulations on a job well done!

For your information: all of the DSA's that the Kitty Hawk and her crew members receive are written up in the monthly memo sent out by Linda Neighbors to all of the C.O.'s in Region One. Please also note that we have been recognized in each of the Communique's that has come out from the new administration.

Those of you who are not

STARFLEET members are encouraged to join or renew. It is through STARFLEET Academy that you become an officer and hold rank on board the Kitty Hawk. Applications are available, please ask for one. When you attend conventions, you can often get a discount as a member of STARFLEET.

We are at the mid-point of the year and we do not have many plans yet for the second half of the year. We have not set a date for our Halloween party as that coincides with the Charlotte convention. No plans have been made for other activities in the fall. If you have a suggestion, please come forward with it. We have done so many things we could use some new ideas.

With a view to the future, please try to attend the July meeting and party, especially if you are a current member of STARFLEET. Our attendance at meetings has slacked off this year and we need to get it back up. There is food there! Further, when we make decisions and plans, it is far more helpful if a majority of the crew makes them. So come on out and let's have some fun!

Speaking of fun, not many showed up for the putt-putt game but we had fun anyway. Remember, this is not supposed to be all work. We probably do more civic work than any other ship in STARFLEET. We used to always close down the parties as well, at the conventions. That's balance, that's the Wright Stuff!

ESSE QUAM VIDERI



THE WRIGHT STUFF

VOLUME 6 NO. 3

is a publication of the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk, the Raleigh, N.C. chapter of STARFLEET, an international STAR TREK fan organization. This publication is provided free of charge, to all chapter members in good standing. Subscriptions for non-members are \$12.00 per year (six issues). Please address all correspondence to CATBIRD Publications, 5017 Glen Forest Dr., Raleigh, N.C. 27612. This publication is a non-profit enterprise and is not meant to infringe upon any copyright or trademark held by Paramount Pictures, Gulf & Western, or any other holder of STAR TREK copyrights or trademarks. Unless otherwise noted, ENTIRE CONTENTS ARE COPYRIGHT 1995 CATBIRD Publications, THE WRIGHT STUFF. Nothing in whole or in part may be used without the written permission of the publisher. THE WRIGHT STUFF assumes all material submitted for publication is gratis. The publisher and editors reserve the right to edit all submissions.



THE WRIGHT STUFF

VOLUME 6

CONTENTS

NUMBER 3

A VIEW FROM THE CATBIRD SEAT 1

FIRST OFFICER'S LOG 3

SCIENCE DEPARTMENTAL REPORT 3

OPERATIONS DETPARTMENTAL REPORT 3

MEDICAL DEPARTMENTAL REPORT 3

THE ADVENTURES OF MYSTERY AND SPOT - EPISODE EIGHTEEN 4

COLLECTOR'S CORNER 4

KITTY HAWK CHRONICLES II: TO EACH HIS OWN 5

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENTAL REPORT 6

SECURITY DEPARTMENTAL REPORT 6

ENGINEERING AWAY TEAM PROJECT UPDATE..... 6

OVER THE NET 7

RULES OF ACQUISITION 8

CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS 9

CREDITS

PUBLISHER.....	J.R. FISHER
EDITOR	JANE FISHER
ASSISTANTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.....	JEFF COHN
	J.R. FISHER
	JOHN MILLER
	CAREY MUSE
	ELAINE PISCHKE
	LARRY PISCHKE
	AUDRA TAYLOR
	DIANA WALDIER
	TARA WEAVER
	ROBERT YATES



TOOL BOX: Trigem Pentium/75; Hewlett Packard Laserjet III; Microsoft Publisher; Logitech Scanman Plus; Word for Windows; Logitech Ansel Image Editing Software.

FIRST OFFICER'S LOG

By Carey Muse

I hope everyone is having a great summer. I have been busy doing other things outside of the Kitty Hawk but after a short leave on Risa I am feeling much more relaxed and ready to continue my First Officer's duties.

Congratulations to the Kitty Hawk for meeting its donation to Duke Children's hospital. We continue to do good work and raise a lot of money for this charity. LET'S KEEP IT

UP!!!!

In talking about summer we are headed toward our rough period - the heat and humidity of July and August. I know that I echo the Medical Department in saying "Please, if you are outside take it easy, drink plenty of liquids and just take things a little slower than normal".

The ship continues to grow. Mr. Chief Engineer, I hope we have

enough room aboard this ship. I would hate for us to have to undergo a refit so soon after our first five year mission. We have just left spacedock from a refit period.

The shuttle launch scheduled for June has been delayed to July because of woodpeckers. Oh well, at least we can't blame NASA for this.

SCIENCE DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By Elaine Pischke

Although we had only nine names on our Highway Cleanup list, we have elected to continue the project for another year and see how it goes. That means those of us who put our names on the list really need to honor our commitment to show up for at least four of the six dates in the coming year. Everyone else - we would greatly appreciate your help. I know a number of people expressed a willingness to participate when

they could, although they could not commit to four times because of work or family responsibilities. We understand not everyone can or wants to take part in highway cleanup, and that some can only participate occasionally. Therefore, I promise not to nag, only to remind of upcoming cleanups from now on.

The Chief Science Officer has been busy on the homefront, still settling into new quarters, so not

much else is new. I have managed to collect, as of this writing, 360 Heinz baby food labels, which will add \$12.60 to our donation to the Duke Children's Hospital this year. I plan to continue saving labels, so if you have access to any, please pass them on to me. Since Graeme is beginning to graduate to table foods, I don't expect to have so many next year, but maybe others will take up the slack.

OPERATIONS DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By Larry Pischke

It seems that the more Starfleet "improves" its technology, the more of a headache it becomes. My department and I are finally finishing up getting the bugs out of the supposed "upgraded systems". This should come as welcome news to those of you who asked me if warp efficiency was improved by the

ventilation system blowing lime Jello into the turbo lifts. I assure you that this is not the case; it should be strawberry.

But seriously folks... things are looking up. We've actually seen someone else from Ops. Bob Enters stuck his head out of an access panel long enough to make a meeting. It

was good to see him again; I was beginning to wonder if my entire department jumped ship. They are just so dedicated that they trekked into the very bowels of the Kitty Hawk, and refused to quit or even to answer hails, until they have accomplished their task. Really. Honest.



MEDICAL DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By Diana Waldier

Now that we are underway again, many of you will be using the Holodeck. During our refit we downloaded over 600 new programs including 200 new worlds that have been explored. Remember to warm up adequately before participating in any physical activity. Crew

members who come into sickbay with repeated injuries related to not warming up will be reported to their department head.

Medical Lab 4 will be conducting biohazard experiments and will be off limits to all unauthorized personnel for 2 weeks.

Yearly level 2 medical examinations will be conducted on the whole crew. Please report to sick bay at your designated time. If unable to do so, contact sick bay to reschedule. Only two reschedules allowed - NO EXCEPTIONS.

THE ADVENTURES OF MYSTERY AND SPOT EPISODE EIGHTEEN

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

By Elaine Royal Pischke



When Spot finally calmed down enough to leave Data's side, she realized what she had to do. Somewhere in this mess, Mystery was lost, perhaps hurt. No one else was likely to think about the fate of the ship's mascot for a long long time, so it was up to Spot. She had to find Mystery.

Data had not tried to confine the orange feline. He was much too busy to spend much time paying attention to the cat anyway. So Spot just slipped away while his back was turned. She ran through the damaged ship, calling to her friend constantly as she ran. Everywhere she went she saw people. Many were injured and medical teams rushed by her several times. She saw Guinan leading a group of children out into the sunlight and decided to follow. The day was dazzlingly bright, and colors seemed more vivid than she had ever seen before. Flowers dotted the countryside. She slipped under some large fluorescent green leaves and watched, amazed, as Guinan led the children, skipping and laughing, toward a pool of water. Spot perked her ears up in disbelief when they danced right into the water. Humans! There was just no telling what they would do next. Spot called out to Mystery several more times, then concluded that Mystery was not here and decided to look behind some nearby rocks. As soon as she was out of sight of the Enterprise, everything changed. The sky was darker, a deep blue, and stars were swirling by, spinning dizzily across the sky. Spot squinched her eyes closed, but she could still see them. "Mystery!" she cried. "Where are you?"

Still, there was no answer.

Spot began wandering further and further from the ship. Soon she could not even hear any voices or

equipment sounds. The night was excruciatingly quiet. Even her feet on the grass made no sound. She thought this was odd, but kept on going, calling out to Mystery as she went. The stars were not swirling as fast now and she was not so dizzy, but she was becoming more and more frightened. Suddenly, she felt, then heard, a deep rumbling sound. She thought at first that the ground was trembling, but no, it was something else. She stopped.

"I'm hungry," she realized. It had been quite a while since dinner. For a moment she debated going back to the ship. She could get Data's attention and surely he would feed her, even as busy as he was. But somehow she could not get her feet to turn around. So she continued onward. She soon found herself approaching a stream. She reached the water and studied the fish. Yes, they would make a lovely meal. She perched herself on a rock and positioned herself to pounce on the next big one that swam by. She picked one out and dove for it - and missed! Her feet slipped off the rock and down she went into the water. It was deeper than she had thought and down, down she went. "Mystery!" she screamed in panic. Suddenly she felt a paw smack her upside the head. She opened her eyes and there was Mystery, looking at her like she was crazy. "Wha?" Spot shook herself off, but there was no water.

"Could you please dream quietly? I need a nap." Mystery circled once then settled down in a corner.

Spot looked around, confused. They were in Ten-Forward. There was Guinan, tending bar as usual. Several crew members were eating their lunches. Spot looked out the window. Stars, blackness, the usual. "What happened? I thought we

crashed. You were lost. I searched and searched..."

"Relax. You were dreaming." Mystery yawned.

"No, really. The ship crashed. There was a problem with the warp core, I think..."

"Spot, don't be ridiculous. It couldn't happen. These are smart people. They know how to deal with those problems. Believe me. It could never happen."

"Are you sure?" She wanted to believe Mystery, but it had all seemed so real.

"Absolutely. Not in all your nine lives, and mine, too. Not in a million cat lives. Now go back to sleep." Mystery closed her eyes.

Spot heaved a great sigh of relief, stood up and stretched. "Not me. I'm hungry!" Spot declared. And she went off to attempt to con some poor ensign out of part of his lunch.

COLLECTOR'S CORNER By Carey Muse

This will be a quick and short Collector's Corner this time.

The movie will be out on video in August. That's the good news. The bad news is that it is for rental only. HOPEFULLY the price will be dropped down to the \$15 to \$20 range in time for Christmas gift giving.

The other note of interest is Playmate is going to be releasing, sometime in the fall, an Enterprise D. This one will be the future version from "All Good Things".

That's all for now.

KITTY HAWK CHRONICLES II TO EACH HIS OWN

By Audra Taylor

Captain 2

It had seemed like only a few minutes when the helmsmen informed JR that they were in visual range of the planet. He tapped his com badge.

"Captain Fisher to Commander Muse. Number One, I need to see you in my ready room."

"I'm on my way Captain." Carey headed up and out. He knew they had changed their course, but hadn't dared to ask the Captain what was going on. Or why they were headed to such an obscure planet. Carey of all people knew what the Captain had been through with this last assignment. Baby sitting a Ferengi ambassador, his wife and six children had turned the whole ship upside down for almost a week. And with the Captain's wife away visiting relatives, he just wasn't himself. He shook his head. That had been the worst week of his life. Reports were still coming in on how people had been swindled out of money and jewelry. That was from the older children. The younger children had gotten creative with the transporter, and it would be another week before it was fixed. He gave a heavy sigh, 'Ferengi's! I can live without them.'

Carey pushed the chime on the ready room door. "Enter," he said aloud. "Commander, please have a seat. I'm sure you're aware of our course change."

"Yes, sir. To a small planet called Tamarous."

"Commander, this planet is of great interest to Starfleet Command. You see the inhabitants of this world are human."

He was astonished. "How is that possible, Captain?"

"I don't know. I do know that the planet is being attacked. I'm hoping we're not too late."

Who would attack and destroy such a small out of the way planet?"

"Romulans."

Carey's face went pale. The captain continued. "Those that aren't killed will be put into slavery."

"But this planet is in our sector."

"Which means that there is something on this particular planet they want. Something that's valuable enough to warrant the risk. If there hadn't been an observation crew there at the time of the attack, they probably would have come and gone without being noticed."

"A whole planet wiped out or enslaved." His stomach started to knot up.

"Most of the observation crew was killed in the attacks. There is one crew member left, she'll be hiding somewhere on the planet. We will scan the planet for her com badge. Commander, I want you to go retrieve her. She has information I need."

"But Captain, the transporters aren't fixed yet."

"Yes, I know. Chief Habrych has been working on a project called a static emitter. It will block all the sensors with static and give you enough time to leave and land the shuttle on the surface. We'll have to do it all over again for your return."

His com badge chirped. "Captain, I've located a com signal on the surface."

"Excellent. I'll be right there."

"Commander, go and speak with Jeff. Make sure he has everything ready." He looked away for only a moment. "And Commander, prepare yourself for anything."

"I understand, Captain." Commander Muse got up and left the room.

He stood still in the quiet, trying to make the minute last. It was time to make his move.

Grun's Little Secret

Everything was working out just fine. Taylor would only be the trophy for a larger victory that would soon be his. Granted Master's Play wasn't one of the largest ships, but she was one of the quickest. Plus with the sale of the minerals and the women to the asteroid station,

Talesin, the bounty would be enough to fix up Master's Play with newer equipment and a fresher crew. Those women weren't much to look at, but human women always brought a higher price and maybe if Shelly were added to the list. Yes, she was a prize. Smart, quick, pretty and fair-headed. Yes, he thought, that might be what I need. A little bonus to see the look on Taylor's face as Shelly is sold to the highest bidder. He leaned back in his chair hearing the hum of the engines.

Grun thought with a smile. "Too bad the men don't fetch as high a price. The only market for them is labor."

The intercom buzzed. Grun growled "What?"

Sava came on the line. She was after all, the only one of the crew who could talk to Grun without fear.

"A message is coming in for you, it's on a secure line."

There is only one person who knows where I am... "Fine, send it."

He looked at the screen over on the far wall. He pressed a button and a Ferengi face appeared. It was a prerecorded message. They were too far out for anything else.

"Well, I bet you're surprised to hear from me." The Ferengi had a smug tone, which meant only one thing. He knew something. I stuck around Talesin after you left, to visit a few old and dear friends."

'Get to the point,' Grun thought, 'you snouted wind bag.'

"I found out that you have a little surprise waiting for you when you get back to the asteroid station. Apparently that little conversation we thought was just between us was overheard. Because your Captain has already sold you and few of the other crew members to the mining company of Ariti. And you know what they say about the company of Ariti, that all they need is a body, no internal organs required. Well, that makes us even." The screen went blank.

The anger that stirred him was

(Continued on page 9)



ENGINEERING DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By John Miller

Stardate: 9505.06 - Well, main engineering is going to need some extra repair and clean-up this week. After going off duty on May 5th, I decided to head over to 10-Forward to see what kind of festivities were going on for the celebration of the Terran "Fifth of May" party. After staying with the group in 10-Forward for a few hours, I got a call to head back down to engineering. Little did I know that my engineering staff was planning on having their *OWN* party. When I got to Main Engineering, I found

about 20 of my crew engaged in various and sundry violations of Starfleet and Federation regulations. Not the least of which was using the Matter/Anti-Matter Reactor for producing alcoholic beverages. I was all set to really lay down the law and make an example of the people. After all, only SENIOR Engineering staff are allowed to make creative use of our M/A-MR. It was about this time that I found the master-mind behind this debauchery: my own Executive Engineer, Brian Jones!! Well, since

he IS a member of my Senior Engineering staff and the rest of the engineering crew was just following his orders, I knew I had only one course of action.

"Lieutenant Jones. Hand over that mug right NOW! And make Bloody well sure it's FULL!"

The rest, as they say, is history. We should have the warp engines back on-line within 12 to 14 hours. The rest of Main Engineering will be back up to par by the end of the week. Or at least after I get rid of this hangover.

SECURITY DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By Tara Weaver

Well, after graduating from Starfleet Academy's Advanced Tactical Training School, vacationing a week on Raisa, and spending a week at a seminar for advanced training in reconnaissance and

infiltration, I'm ready to settle down with my duties for a while.

I hope everyone's summer is going well - I know mine is (except for the job search part). I have very little to report this time around as

only the most routine of the Security Department's services are needed at this time. So, for now, all's clear.

ENGINEERING AWAY TEAM PROJECT UPDATE

By John Miller

Well, it appears that our attempt to travel to Florida to see a Shuttle Launch has been put on indefinite hold. Due to schedule constraints with the Russian Spektr module, the STS-71 docking mission was

rescheduled for June 22, 1995. Unfortunately, not enough people could go, myself included, to make the trip workable. Fear not, brave crew! We can try for another launch later in the year. Below is a listing

of the currently scheduled launches. If anyone sees any that are near a good time for a vacation, let me or J.R. know so we can try to schedule another trip.

MISSION NUMBER	ORBITER VEHICLE	LAUNCH DATE (ESTIMATED)	DESCRIPTION
STS-70	Discovery (OV-103)	7/13/95	
STS-69	Endeavour (OV-105)	7/30/95	
STS-73	Columbia (OV-102)	9/21/95 10:37 a.m.	
STS-74	Atlantis (OV-102)	10/26/95	MIR-2
STS-72	Endeavour (OV-105)	11/30/95	
STS-75	Columbia (OV-102)	2/15/95	
STS-76	Atlantis (OV-104)	3/21/96	MIR-3
STS-77	Endeavour (OV-105)	4/25/96	
STS-78	Columbia (OV-102)	July '96	

OVER THE NET

Submitted By Robert Yates

The Andorian Assault (Continued) By Andrew Clark

"My idea, but Lieutenant Nguyen implemented it. She did the hard work, sir, and deserves the credit."

Tanaka thought of something and frowned. She pressed a key that shut off the automatic bridge recorder.

"Answer this honestly, Lieutenant. Did you arrange Newhausen's fall in the cargo area?"

"Most heinously, sir. It was the Medical section that arranged for the temporary amnesia. Apparently, he was about to run a surprise inspection of the StarBase Sickbay when a sensor report about us interrupted him. A little inter-service collaboration never hurts, especially when it saves a Chief Medical Officer and a Commander from finding new careers in the food service industry."

Tanaka laughed for several seconds, paused, and began laughing again.

"Assault on a flag officer, kidnaping, tampering with his mind... those are all felony court-martial offenses!"

"Sir." Nguyen tried to look hurt but failed. Her grin spoiled the effect.

"Congratulations are in order. Who else knows?"

"Two Medical staff on the StarBase, Petty Officer Fletcher, and now you two. That's it."

"Keep it that way, forever." Tanaka switched the bridge recorder back on.

"I need to speak with the Exec alone. Get one of the other watch officers conscious and turn the mess over to him."

"Lieutenant Anetsky has the bag."

"Whatever. Dismissed." Nguyen turned and left.

"Ko'ta, I don't speak Andorian. However, I do know the most violent curses. Why did you exhaust all of them at that Sickbay doctor? I heard you through a closed door; the entire crew will know by tomorrow."

"Sir, the doctor was Andorian.

He..."

"Struck you? Slapped you? Pulled a phaser on you? Made a lewd sexual advance? Stroked one of your antennae?" This last made Ko'ta turn slightly blue. Antennae are highly intimate organs; to allow another to touch them is an overtly sexual act.

"In a way. The doctor was treating my hearing loss, then told me I was a queer after he was done."

"I see. You didn't hit him, at least. Considering the circumstances, it's nothing to worry about."

Ko'ta nodded, very slowly.

"What happened to your hearing?"

"The Andorian intruder used a shaped charge to blow a bulkhead. He was wearing earmuffs, I was not."

Tanaka winced.

"Painful?"

"Not really, I just couldn't hear."

"Permanent?"

"No, I hope. The diagnosis was by that doctor."

Tanaka growled and strolled over to the communications board.

"StarBase 4 Medical section, I'd like to speak to..." Tanaka turned to Ko'ta.

"Doctor Pydoquoda."

"Doctor Pydoquoda, now. It is urgent. Hello, Doctor. This is Commander Tanaka, USS Endeavor."

"Yes, Commander, what can I do for you?"

"You can give me a precise and professional medical opinion about the medical condition of Lieutenant Commander Ko'tanavoatoa. Everything you say is being recorded and may be used against you in a court-martial proceeding if necessary. Do you understand this statement?"

Pydoquoda let out a short cheep that Ko'ta understood as "!!@%\$." Unfortunately, it was only an audio link. She would have loved to see his face.

"Yes, sir. Lieutenant Commander Ko'tanavoatoa is in excellent physical condition. Her sinister and dexter antennae

suffered a mild concussion caused by an air-carried shockwave. The condition is common in combat situations if an Andorian is not wearing hearing protection. In this particular case, the individual will cease to suffer symptoms approximating nausea and dizziness within the hour. Temporary loss of hearing and headaches will continue for several days but should not interfere with normal duty functions. I did not run a full-body medical diagnostic, so I cannot speak to other aspects of the subject's condition. Ko'tanavoatoa should recover full hearing within six days. I am quite confident that she will not suffer any hearing loss, but this incident should be recorded for review by a specialist at the time of her next physical."

"Thank you, Doctor." Tanaka cut the link.

"Thank you, sir." Ko'ta felt very relieved. It was something she hadn't thought of during her blind rage at the doctor.

"Now, let's see what you didn't hear while your hearing was out." Tanaka entered a security code and ran quickly through the internal security records showing Ko'ta's actions.

AuxCon -- "Sir, he blew the bulkhead leading to officer's quarters. The Captain is in her quarters. Can you hear me, sir?"

Ko'ta -- "AuxCon, use your own discretion in sealing off sections. Hostile is now headed toward officer's quarters."

AuxCon -- "If you can hear us, sir, he went into the Captain's quarters. We have audio in there but no visual pickup."

Tanaka blinked. Privacy has its disadvantages.

AuxCon -- "Shit. How long until we can get that door open?"

Bridge -- "Working on it, maybe three minutes."

(Continued on page 10)

RULES OF ACQUISITION*

Courtesy of the World Wide Web

Submitted By Jeff Cohn

1. Once you have their money, you never give it back. [Rom, "The Nagus"]

1R. If they want their money back, give it to them. [Quark, "Prophet Motive"]

3. Never spend more for an acquisition than you have to. [Quark, "The Maquis, Part II"]

6. Never allow family to stand in the way of opportunity. [Zek, "The Nagus"]

7. Keep your ears open. [Odo, "Hands of the Prophet"]

8. Only a fool passes up a business opportunity. [Vung, DS9 Novel #7 - Warchild (p174)] Note: Non-Canon

9. Opportunity plus instinct equals profit. [Nog, "The Storyteller"]

10. Greed is eternal. [Quark, "Prophet Motive"]

10R. Greed is dead. [Rom, "Prophet Motive"]

13. Anything worth doing is worth doing for money. [From The Making of Star Trek: Deep Space Nine (p27)] Note: Non-Canon

16. A deal is a deal. [Quark, "Melora"]

18. A Ferengi without profit is no Ferengi at all. [Sisko & Nog, "Heart of Stone"]

21. Never place friendship above profit. [Quark, "Rules of Acquisition"]

21R. Never place profit before friendship. [Rom, "Prophet Motive"]

22. A wise man can hear profit in the wind. [Pel, "Rules of Acquisition"]

22R. Latinum tarnishes, but family is forever. [Rom, "Prophet Motive"]

23R. Money can never replace dignity. [Rom, "Prophet Motive"]

31. Never make fun of a Ferengi's mother. [Quark, "The Siege"]

33. It never hurts to suck up to the boss. [Quark & Pel, "Rules of Acquisition"]

34. War is good for business. [Dax & Quark, "Destiny"]

35. Peace is good for business. [Dax & Quark, "Destiny"]

47. Never trust anyone whose suit is nicer than your own. [Quark, "Rivals"]

48. The bigger the smile, the sharper the knife. [Pel, "Rules of Acquisition"]

57. Good customers are as rare as latinum, treasure them. [Quark, "Armageddon Game"]

59. Free advice is seldom cheap. [Quark, "Rules of Acquisition"]

60. Let's you and him fight. [Tunk, TNG Novel #33 - Balance of Power (p87)] Note: Non-Canon

62. The riskier the road, the greater the profit. [Pel, "Rules of Acquisition"]

69. Ferengi are not responsible for the stupidity of other races. [Tunk, TNG Novel #33 - Balance of Power (p179)] Note: Non-Canon

75. Home is where the heart is, but the stars are made of latinum. [Quark, "Civil Defense"]

76. Every once in a while declare peace. It confuses the hell out of your enemies. [Quark, "The Homecoming"]

102. Nature decays, but latinum lasts forever. [Quark & Nog, "The Jem'Hadar"]

103. Sleep can interfere [cut off] [Pel, "Rules of Acquisition"]

109. Dignity and an empty sack is worth the sack. [Quark, "Rivals"]

111. Treat people in your debt like family, exploit them. [Sisko, "Past Tense, Part I"]

112. Never have sex with the boss' sister. [Quark, "Playing God"]

139. Wives serve, brothers inherit. [Odo, "Necessary Evil"]

184. (See 191)

191. A Ferengi waits to bid until his opponents have exhausted themselves. [Tunk, TNG Novel #33 - Balance of Power (p157)] [Tunk was corrected as to the number of this RofA as being 184] Note: Non-Canon

194. It's always good business to know about new customers before they walk in your door. [Quark wasn't sure of the number of this one] [Quark, "Whispers"]

214. Never begin a business negotiation on an empty stomach. [Quark, "The Maquis, Part I"]

217. You can't free a fish from water. [Quark, "Past Tense, Part I"]

218. Sometimes what you get free costs entirely too much. [Quark, ST: DS9 Comic #12] Note: Non-Canon

219. Possession is eleven-tenths of the law. [Tunk, TNG Novel #33 - Balance of Power (p67)] Note: Non-Canon

285. No good deed ever goes unpunished. [Quark, "The Collaborator"]

285R. A good deed is its own reward. [Rom, "Prophet Motive"]

286. When Morn leaves, it's all over. [Quark, "The House of Quark"] [This rule doesn't really exist, Quark made it up.]

In the TNG episode "Bloodlines", Cmdr. Riker mentions that the Ferengi government is debating an amendment to the Rules of Acquisition. (stardate 47829.1)

We know from Quark (The Maquis, Part I) and from Pel, (Rules of Acquisition) that there are 285 Rules of Acquisition.

Quark mentioned rule #223 in "Profit and Loss".

Pel may have invented what she said for the rule #103.

It seems that Quark violated rule #112 when he was younger.

*All rules marked with a R after the number indicates that the rule is one of the Grand Nagus' revised rules in "Prophet Motive". These revised rules were never officially released.

brown@ftms.com

Last rules added: 1R, 10, 10R, 21R, 22R, 23R and 285R

February 18, 1995

Info also compiled from news posting by Michael J. Baker (baker@cs.ou.edu)

(Continued from page 5)

The anger that stirred him was a quiet brewing anger, much more dangerous and deadly than his temperamental outbursts. This anger would help him think, help him get what he wanted. His jaw tightened. No one will ever sell him, he'd die first. But, if all the company needed was a body, perhaps he could oblige them with someone else's.

No one could have overheard their conversation and that meant only one thing. Someone was watching him. Well, if the Captain was aware that his life was in danger, perhaps he could use that to his own advantage. After all, he would not expect a direct assault. Then no more waiting was necessary. At last, his time had finally come. Before the next down time the Captain would be dead. It would be a simple matter of finishing what he'd already started. He'd already been poisoning the Captain slowly through his air duct. He had hoped to watch him suffer. The poison would have made his body shrivel up and his mind hallucinate. Grun would just have to finish the job a little sooner. And he couldn't wait for that. After all, his patience had started growing thin. This new resolution called for a celebration. Perhaps a down time visit with Taylor.

A Taylored Nightmare

Taylor began to pace the floor. She was itching to get out tonight. In fact, she was practically climbing the walls.

"Will you knock it off. I just got the kid to sleep." Shelly looked up at Taylor who's pacing did not slow down. "If you're dying to get out then go. But do it and get it over with. You're making me dizzy watching you pace."

"I can't just yet."

"Why not?" Shelly asked.

"It doesn't feel right. I can't explain it. I just have a feeling."

"Hey, what's with you lately?"

You've been acting really weird ever since you found out they brought those aliens aboard."

Taylor finally sat on the edge of her bed. "I don't know. They've only been here for what, three days? I have this feeling, like I need to see them."

"You're just worried that the Captain's going to replace you." Shelly looked as if she had the answer.

"No, I don't plan to be here long enough to let that happen."

"What's going on in that brain of yours?" Shelly's look was not of concern but one that said, 'do you have a plan?'

"There might be a chance we could live on that planet." Taylor sat down and crossed her legs on the edge of the bed. "I heard some of the crew members say how beautiful the area was. Large trees, soft lavender beaches and lots of fresh air."

"Yeah. But even if we could manage to escape, they'd just destroy us. Even if we got down to the surface, it would be too easy for them to follow."

Taylor carefully eyed Shelly. "That's if they were alive to do it."

"You're not saying what I think you're saying?" Shelly stared into Taylor's eyes, her gaze shifted. "Oh my God, you are. You want me to rig the self-destruct, don't you? I thought we went over this before. Christ, you were the one that talked me out of it!"

"Shelly, I just don't see another way out of this. And I don't think I could handle being traded down to Grun. You haven't seen him at work. Once, the Captain made me watch as they interrogated a prisoner they'd taken from a destroyed freighter. I think he wanted to give me a warning of what would or could happen to me if I tried to leave. I got a chance to see Grun in action as he tortured that poor man. That man had absolutely nothing to offer them. The look on Grun's face, I knew he was enjoying every minute of it. It was like a power game. He was

filled with a sort of demon that was enjoying the pain."

Shelly sat there gaping. Taylor got up and walked across the room into a smaller separate room. There on the bed, sound asleep was her son. If Grun got hold of her she would be able to survive it, for a little while at least. But what would happen to her son. Johnathon was so innocent. She'd been able to protect him so far because the Captain had given her permission to keep the child. But Grun had never approved of having a child aboard and he made that plainly obvious. Grun could sell him into slavery or ... No, Taylor thought. The time to move was now. All she needed was a clear plan. Taylor turned and strolled back to bed. These aliens, she thought, they're innocent, too. From what she could tell, they weren't even capable of defending themselves. She slipped into her night shirt and laid on top of the covers. There was a way out, and it was now or never. Taylor called for lights to dim.

Just as she was drifting off to sleep, the hand once again grabbed her and threw her against the body. The hand was firmly planted across her lips. She wanted to scream. She was lifted off the floor and carried out of the room. It had to be Grun, Taylor thought, no one has that kind of grip but him.

He quickly carried her to an empty cargo bay and sealed the door behind them. He let her drop to the floor. As soon as he did she spun around to look at him. He was grinning with an odd sort of Romulan smile. It was a smile that looked familiar. Taylor thought her heart would stop as the memory flashed in her mind. It was the look on Grun's face, like he was enjoying every minute of it. The power game. Like he was filled with some sort of demon that enjoyed inflicting pain.

TO BE CONTINUED...

CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

JULY 85:00 P.M. - Kitty Hawk Meeting/Party at Jeff's (see map)

AUGUST 54:00 P.M. - Kitty Hawk Meeting

SEPTEMBER 24:00 P.M. - Kitty Hawk Meeting

OCTOBER 74:00 P.M. - Kitty Hawk Meeting

OCTOBER 26-29 Knight Star Con I Region I Summit

NOVEMBER 4 4:00 P.M. - Kitty Hawk Meeting

DECEMBER 2 4:00 P.M. - Kitty Hawk Meeting

DECEMBER 17 Anniversary Party

DECEMBER 31 First Night

(Continued from page 7)

AuxCon -- "Step on it, Grover, or the Captain finds out about your interactive porno video games!"

Tanaka laughed. Now I know anyway. Wonder if they're any good.

audio -- "BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP"

AuxCon -- "Ko'ta overloaded a phaser. Crazy Andorian! She might blow starboard pressurization that close to the shuttle bay!"

Tanaka's face turned white. She looked at Ko'ta and quickly glanced away. Bloodthirsty move. Ko'ta must have been really pissed.

audio -- "jejejejagjehveteno..."

"Computer, enhance and translate into Human Basic. Back point 2."

audio -- "Not you again, pervert. Time for revenge."

audio -- "<obscenity>! Back off, crazy woman, or your Captain dies!"

"I'm still here and you're not," Tanaka murmured as she paused the recording. "Ko'ta, where did you run into him before?"

"StarBase security officer. The one I struck."

"I see." Tanaka pressed the pause key again.

audio -- " A a a a r g h !
AAAAHHHHHH! AAAAHHHHHHH!"

Tanaka winced. Now she understood exactly why Ko'ta was so protective of her antennae.

Ko'ta -- "AuxCon, I..."

AuxCon -- "Damn, Ko'ta, way to go! She can't hear us, damn it. Grover, do you have the override yet?"

Grover -- "Now!"

AuxCon -- "Finally. We need to get those bad guys secured..."

Tanaka shut off the playback.
"Impressive, Lieutenant
Commander. Very impressive."
"Thank you, sir."

"In fact, that was downright heroic. I can't put you in for a citation, but I greatly appreciate it. You literally saved my life. One comment, though. Why did you set the phaser on overload?"

"Sir, if I didn't stop him he was going to destroy or capture the ship. If I had lost he would have killed us both. If the phaser went off, we would have taken him with us and prevented the takeover of the ship."

"Good thinking. One thing that should be clarified; this does not resolve the issue of your previous performance. You're still going to have to work damned hard to stay on this ship."

Ko'ta nodded, slowly. Her antennae were beginning to droop.

"Right now, you need to get some rest. I was looking at the time and I realized you've been up for about thirty-five hours now. When you wake up, report to me. Feel free to sleep in if you want."

"Yes, sir." Ko'ta smiled in the human fashion and left the bridge. She had a lot to think about.

Ko'ta took the turbolift to officer's quarters and walked down the corridor. A repair crew was working on the damaged bulkhead as she passed. As usual, Ko'ta heard their whispers clearly.

"Did you hear what she did?"

Ko'ta stopped when she was around the corner and listened to the repair crew's chatter.

"Yeah, ripped out an Andorian intruder's antennae and ATE them."

"Not that. Yeah, that too. But she threw an overloaded phaser into the Captain's quarters to distract the guy!"

"Damn! Ruthless."

"You heard about what happened on StarBase, right?"

"About that Andorian security officer? The one who cost us all two days of shore leave by filing a false report or something."

What? Ko'ta thought that everyone would know that the mess was all her fault. Tanaka let me off the hook again?

"No, about the Andorian doctor. He gave Ko'ta some crap and she read him the riot act. Fletcher says that the doctor ran like a bat out of hell."

"Maybe she's got some Klingon blood? Hey, it's possible."

Ko'ta grimaced. Klingon? Klingon! I don't think so.

"No way. Andorians don't have those kind of reproductive organs."

"How do they do it then?"

None of your business; let's just say humans and Andorians are sexually incompatible and leave it at that. I know from experience.

"Damned if I know. It's probably in the ship's library."

"Hell, doesn't matter. At least we have an Exec to be proud of. How would you like having a Vulcan as XO?"

"Never. My older sister served on Enterprise. She said that half the women on the ship were throwing themselves at him, and the other half avoided him like the plague."

"Which half was your sis in?"

Let's just say my nephew's ears have a bit of a point to them." The repair crew laughed.

"Here, help me with this weld."

Ko'ta walked a dozen paces to her quarters and entered. The small, cramped space only had one luxury -- it was hers and hers alone. She set the audio to the human equivalent of "white noise," turned down the lights, and collapsed on her bunk.

Sleep struck before she had time to think. There would be enough time for that in a few hours.

The intercom buzzed Ko'ta out of her slumber an indefinite time later.

"Exec to the bridge. Enterprise is in distress; she's all but crippled and has many casualties aboard. We're enroute, Warp 8." Ko'ta pulled herself to her feet and staggered in the general direction of the door.

"So what? Never mind, I'm on the way."

THE END

This story is placed in the public domain. Star Trek characters and the Star Trek universe are the property of Paramount Pictures Corporation and are used for entertainment purposes only. Please do not remove this notice from electronic or physical copies.