



# 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

All the goings on with STARFLEET seem to be at an end. At least, all the questions have been addressed and several people who seemed to be the ones stirring the pot have been removed by the Admiral and the Admiralty Board. Anyway, a cease fire has been issued and the instructions from above are for us to start working on having fun again. I most heartily agree! Engage!

As part of the new emphasis, I am going to try and cover most of the business of the Kitty Hawk in this section of the newsletter and take the time I usually spend at the meetings in more worthwhile endeavors.

Two weeks ago, we had a bridge meeting at my house for all the division chiefs. After dinner we discussed the situations on and off the ship and each person was asked for his or her views, questions, and solutions. The overall opinion was that we need to recruit new people to the Kitty Hawk as well as revive interest in the older and previous members.

One of the solutions as to how to do this is for our meetings to be more fun. We will try to transfer more of the business to bridge meetings and report them in the newsletter and when necessary put out a supplement to keep everyone posted as to the goings on you need to know about.

Secondly, we will try to have some sort of informative or entertaining program at the meeting. Larry Pischke, as OPS, is in charge of this change; so, if you have any ideas or suggestions please talk to Larry about them.

Thirdly, we thought we might need to change our mix of charities and community services. Obviously, this will be the last year for highway cleanup due to a lack of participation. As a side note: cleanup for October is rescheduled for 9 a.m. September 30th. This is moved to coincide with the statewide effort to

get all the highways cleaned at one time. Please come out and help if you can.

More of our "meetings" may become cookouts, etc., in the coming year. This is to try to bring more fun to the group. If you have ideas, please come forward with them. All department heads have been asked to meet with their people and plan departmental activities. Maybe the departments can challenge one another to events such as laser tag, bowling, or putt-putt. Maybe card games or role playing games are of interest to some of the crew. How about a movie night again?

One event that came to light during the discussion was our old T.V. program: Subspace Communique. We stopped production because everyone wanted to be behind the camera and no one wanted to be the talent. We have new people on board, should we try it again?

Another concern of ours was the financial status of the Kitty Hawk. Our main revenue producer has been Artspllosure with the Spring Jazz and Arts Festival yielding about \$150 and First Night about \$300 to \$350. Our gain in the treasury has been about \$500.00 per year with the current approximate balance being \$2500.00. But they may not continue to use the Kitty Hawk for their events.

The cost of printing and mailing the newsletter has gone up more this year than in past years, but we raised the subscription rate to twelve dollars at the first of the year.

We try to rely on members donating some things such as cakes, pictures, printing materials, and paper products to the ship, but other things cost us besides the newsletter. But it is the greatest expense. Therefore, we need to find another source of income: revenue raisers, cake sales, car washes, and auctions have all been suggested. We need your feedback.

In the area of recruiting, I am sending out applications and information about the Charlotte Con to about ten previous members per week. We should consider going back to the malls and bookstores on evenings and weekends and manning tables. When Star Trek conventions are in town, we should press our recruiting more than in the past. Sitting behind the table with the material in front of us has not produced that many new members the last few years. If we have advance notice of a convention in town, we should have STARFLEET send us 12 - 24 membership packets and sell those memberships at the convention. When Marina came to town the first time we did that and we signed up over thirty new people. Some of you are them.

To sell the Kitty Hawk, we have to have a pitch and something to pitch. That is what the bridge crew and their departments will be working on. All ideas are welcome. This has to be a two-way conversation. If you aren't happy with what we are doing, tell us what would make you happy.

Promotions are being moved from the anniversary party in December to the meeting in January. If you have a uniform, wear it. One of the possible goals we are setting is for every member who wants a uniform to have one. Diana will co-ordinate.

This is just another challenge for us. We have met every one in the past as we will meet this one as well; because we have the Wright Stuff.

In service to the fleet and the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk, I respectfully remain,

Joffré R. Fisher, Jr  
Fleet Captain  
U.S.S. Kitty Hawk



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## THE WRIGHT STUFF

VOLUME 6

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# KITTY HAWK CHRONICLES II TO EACH HIS OWN

By Audra Taylor

## GRUN'S PLEASURE

He could see the look of fear in Taylor's eyes. Oh what a pleasure that was. He wouldn't grab her just yet, he wanted to savor every moment. The excitement of her fear and the pleasure he received from it. Yes, he was going to enjoy this. He could feel the sensations growing in his body. It was burning, all the way down to his fingertips.

In one swift action, he slapped her hard. Her body hit the floor. What was that noise she was making? Was it a whimper or a cry?

"Get up!" he shouted. "I said get up!" She made no motion. He growled beneath his breath. She started to crawl away. She looked like a child down on her hands and knees. Grun laughed. "And where do you think you're going?" In two steps he caught up with her. He reached down and grabbed her shoulder in a tight forceful grip. He could feel her wrench with the pain. "You'll do as I say. Now get UP!"

He pulled her to her feet and let go. "Now, we're going to have an understanding..."

Taylor reached up with the silver tool and hit him with all of her force. It struck him across the face. He didn't move, he barely flinched. He grabbed the tool away from her and only stared into her eyes. She froze, all that was in her was motionless. Her breathing even stopped. Grun began to smile. This was the game he liked. A little fight made it interesting. The burning was becoming almost too powerful. This game would end soon, and he would be the victor. He slapped her to the floor and pulled her up with a hand full of hair.

He whispered, "You and I are going to have an understanding. I will tell you what I want and you will do it without question. Understand." he pulled her in even closer. Her body was trembling; he could feel it. His lips began to caress the edge of her neck as his free hand moved across her stomach. Grun finally let go of her hair and slid his hand toward her chest. She began to shake her head no and her body squirmed in his arms. Her breathing was forced as she desperately tried to push his arms away. "Stop, please." Her voice was a lingering cry.

"It's no use," he whispered. "It won't be long before everything aboard

this ship is totally mine. You'd better get used to it. And maybe if you're good enough, I won't let the other crew members pass you around."

"When the captain finds out about this, you're dead."

"You haven't been hearing me, have you?" he whispered. "Everything aboard this ship will soon be mine and that includes you." He spun her around. "So don't be getting any ideas, if you want to live. I've got the whole crew behind me. The captain is as good as dead." Grun's hand reached up like a claw and tore at her shirt.

She struggled hard in his hands, fighting with every ounce of energy. Go ahead and fight, Grun thought, it just gives me more pleasure. It was a move he did not expect. Her whole body put its full weight toward impact as she kicked him in the groin.

He doubled over in pain. This was her chance to get away. She moved toward the door and found it locked. She desperately began to push buttons. Her mind was becoming frantic as she had to get out. She could see him and he was starting to move.

Grun's pain was intense, but so was his desire to have her, to break her. The passion was stronger than the pain and it forced him to move. His body began to unfold from its double position. He forced his body to stand straight. It was time, he thought, no more games.

His walk was more like a stagger. She pounded her hand against the door panel. When Grun got close enough he swung at her with his full strength. He knocked her across the room. He looked at her; she wasn't moving. Her body was limp and lifeless. It didn't matter, he thought, it was time. He would play no more games.

As he stood over her, Grun smiled in victory. This would be the first of many, he thought to himself. A severe blow came from behind.

## LAQUIN'S VISION

Laquin's head was pounding. Her stomach ached from emptiness. The food and water the capturers had given them was the bare minimum for existence. Laquin had two theories about that. Either they did not care what happened to them and only planned to use them as long as needed OR they were going to use this as a way

to create less resistance. At least her shell did not suffer currently, the nutrient pack in the shell would last for three months, but after that she'd have to find an alternative way to feed the child. She couldn't think of that right now. She couldn't think of anything. Her head hurt too much.

The door to the dark room slid open and it was filled with a brightness that hurt her eyes. Laquin curled her legs up underneath her as she tried to disappear in the corner. She buried her head in her knees to kill the brightness of the light. Laquin knew what the guard was there for. Two of the other women had been taken and brought back. From their sobs and bruises Laquin knew what had happened.

Laquin had done the best she could to help heal the women. In both of them the damage had not been too bad. Medically speaking.

The guard stood there staring over the women. Laquin knew eventually it would be her turn. Maybe not now but eventually. The guard had backed out of the room and the door closed, returning the room to blackness. All the women took a gentle sigh. It was over for now. She could hear the guard talking on the other side of the door, but Laquin didn't understand the language. She leaned her head back into the corner and closed her eyes. The voice of the guard drifted off and then disappeared. Laquin's body relaxed as she drifted off to sleep.

Laquin was standing at the stone temple of the goddess. She was kneeling in prayer. It was a simple prayer, one for strength and guidance. It was then that she heard a voice. Laquin looked up at the sky. The voice was filled with terror. She turned and behind her stood her father.

"Father do you hear that? Please tell me you hear that."

His smile was comforting. "You have always been gifted. Even when you were shelled we noticed things about you that made it obvious you had the true gift. I know you were never allowed to use that for anything but medicine. But now may be your only chance."

"Only chance for what, Father?"

"Open up your mind and listen. Then do what you must. No one will

*(Continued on page 8)*

# MOC-10 REVIEW:

## "NA-NAW, DON'T GO THERE!"

By John Miller

SD 9507.13 - .16

Our Away Team headed down for our yearly pilgrimage to Magnum Opus Con the weekend of July 13 - 16. This time we were to rendezvous at a place called "Callaway Gardens Resort" in Pine Mountain, Georgia. I first began to long for the Greenville, SC MOC's of old as I drove right through Greenville on my way to Callaway Gardens. Since MOC-7, my first MOC, I haven't missed one yet, and I wasn't about to let a little thing like 600 miles of driving keep me away. ...Little did we know what awaited us upon our arrival.

I arrived at MOC late Thursday afternoon only to be surprised by the surroundings. This didn't look like MOC. It looked like a retirement resort! There were mundanes and eddies wandering all over the grounds. None of these people knew about MOC or even what MOC is (was). I later learned that there was even a nun's convention of some sort at the resort the same weekend?!?!? Anyone who's been to MOC in the last five years knows something is dreadfully wrong here. When I flipped on the TV to check out the Electronic Message Board, all I could find was the Resort's channel touting their Vegetable Scavenger Hunt in the vegetable gardens, and their Insect and Butterfly exhibit. (DOH!) <Ingest large quantities of alcohol to deaden pain>

Thursday was pretty uneventful. Casino night was a

little slow, but I figured things would pick up on Friday or Saturday. I was wrong. At the biggest event of the con, the Masquerade Ball, only a couple hundred people showed up. Our own Brian Jones won Best of Show for his outstanding Darth Vader costume. And yours truly was awarded the Harty Koeller Memorial Scholarship at the Ball. All in all, the Masque was a great idea. I can only imagine how awesome it would have been in Greenville. Shortly after Brian won Best of Show, he was asked to go over to the dealer's room (closet) to get his award. No mean feat in a quilted jumpsuit and cape in 90 degree heat across the resort. When he returned, I was dumbfounded by his award. Remember the 5 foot trophies of last year? Well, for the amount of work, money and effort Brian, et al, put into that costume, all he got was a MODEL. A friggin' MODEL that was left over from the MOC Store stuff!! :) <Ingest large quantities of alcohol to deaden pain> Later on that night, I found out that Roland had not collected much money for the Scholarship fund this year, what with no slave auction, and only casino night was supplying money. That meant that I wouldn't receive my scholarship until MOC-10A, so he can add some money from its events to make the award "worthwhile" (Roland's words, not mine). :) <Ingest large quantities of alcohol to deaden pain>

After all that fun and glory, I

decided to leave early Sunday morning. Getting away from there was the best thing I could think of to do. I eagerly await MOC-10A at the Adam's Mark Hotel in Charlotte next February. You better believe I'm gong to be partying enough to make up for MOC-10. Rumor has it that Roland was trying to put Dragon Con out of business. I'll give him the benefit of the doubt and say that he tried something new and it just didn't work. If he tries it again, I'll no longer be a member of Magnum Opus Con. Hey Roland, you better have my money waiting at the door when I get there in February!

At each MOC, there seems to be one saying that sticks in your mind for the weekend. It doesn't necessarily mean anything, it just gets repeated over and over in a drunken stupor. Over the last few years they have been:

MOC-7: "It's a buying frenzy!" or "FREE BEER IN THE CON SUITE ALL WEEKEND LONG!" (GOD, I miss MOC-7!)

MOC-8: "\*hic\* Cthulhu!"

MOC-9: "Look at me! Don't look at me! Look at me, Dammit!"

So I thought it fitting that this year's slogan turned out:

MOC-10: "Na-Naw, Don't go there!"

We didn't plan that, It just sorta happened. Like the rest of MOC-10.

Oh, yea, one more think: DON'T EAT THE TUNA! :-)

## CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

OCTOBER 7..... Kitty Hawk Meeting/5-Year Anniversary Cookout (Call for details)

OCTOBER 27-29..... Knight Star Con I Region I Conference

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

# CON REVIEW

## MAGNUM OPUS CON 10

By Elaine R. Pischke

MOC 10 was very different from the usual Magnum Opus Con. Instead of the cozy, enclosed atmosphere of the Hyatt Regency, the place they held it was a very nice resort in a very small town. There was a lake, picnic areas, a train ride, mini-golf and regular golf, swimming pool, fitness center, and various other attractions, most of which we did not use because they charged extra to use the facilities. I did take Graeme swimming in the lake and the pool, and once on the train ride, which were all free for guests. My main complaint was that this place was very spread out and hilly, and definitely not stroller (or wheelchair) friendly. I got very tired hauling the little one around everywhere in the backpack. And having him along also meant I didn't participate in any of the evening activities, which is when most of the good stuff happens at MOC. However, I did get to see Robert Picardo (who is the holographic doctor on Voyager) and get an autograph. Then later I went to get an autograph from Bruce Boxlitter. He brought his wife, Melissa Gilbert, with him and she

was signing autographs, too, but I didn't have anything for her to autograph because we were not expecting her to be there. Anyway, Graeme made an impression. Just as I was approaching the front of the line, I set him down on the table so I could take a picture. Before I got the camera ready I heard a crash and looked, and he had grabbed a pitcher of water and dumped it all over the table in front of Bruce and Melissa. The picture I was getting autographed was soaked. Someone got some paper towels and wiped it off, and Bruce found a dry spot on it to sign, but I thought it was ruined. It dried out pretty good, however. Anyway, Melissa said that he was real cute and she couldn't wait until her baby was born (she's about 7 months pregnant). I made some comment about how they may be cute, but you have to watch them every second. She said, "Oh, I know. This is our fourth." Anyway, I was just glad he didn't actually get Bruce and Melissa wet or ruin anyone else's pictures. As for the rest of MOC - well, all I saw were two performances by the Shadow

Players, and that was it. MOC was not MOC this year. It didn't even seem like a convention. I was there for two days before I really saw anything convention-like at all (the dealer's room was a joke). There were no crowds, very few costumes in evidence, at least when I was out and about. Anyone who has ever been to MOC knows that it is usually the biggest party on the East Coast. Rumor has it that Roland moved MOC to Calloway Gardens in an effort to hurt Dragon Con, which was held the same weekend in Atlanta. Well, it looks like he may have killed MOC instead. But we'll wait until MOC-10A to make that judgment. Personally, I didn't really miss some of the wilder, raunchier aspects of the usual MOC, but this convention seemed like a con without soul - kind of lost and directionless, too spread out, with no focal point. And way too many mundanes everywhere. And too far away. All in all, if MOC continues to be held in Calloway Gardens, I don't think we will be going again.

# TO THE STARS

## The Autobiography of George Takei

Reviewed by Elaine R. Pischke

Enthusiastic, intelligent, friendly, professional, idealistic (but at the same time, practical). If you don't know George, by the end of this book, you will. In person, I was impressed by George's sincerity, thoughtfulness, and friendly demeanor. He is a gentle man and a sweet person. All of this comes through in the book. But also in evidence is his toughness. He has an ability to rise above adversity, buoyed mainly by a positive spirit and a strong example in his father.

He has a strong sense of justice and a low tolerance for its opposite. He believes it is everyone's civic duty to serve when needed and has followed this up by participating in politics throughout his life.

I also recently read Nichelle's book, "Beyond Uhura". I enjoyed it. She also had to overcome a lot of prejudice and put up with a lot. However, Gene figured much more prominently in her story. The tone was very different (although her description of Shatner's behavior on

the set was very similar to George's). The major difference was, whereas Nichelle's story was interesting, George's was inspiring. Here in this story of a Japanese American who suffered the insult of the internment camps of World War II is a uniquely American story of triumph. His life story is a testament to the American Dream - a shining example of what is best about America, even in the face of what is ugliest about us.

# SCIENCE DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By Elaine Pischke

Is it time for another report already? Time sure flies when you're busy busy busy. The Science Department has been hard at work conducting research, and you know how us scientific types get when we're deep into a project - lose all track of time. Besides exhaustive

research (we're about to figure out why hot dogs come in packs of 10, and hot dog buns come in packs of 8), we have been continuing our efforts to keep our planet clean by picking up trash on our little stretch of highway. Won't you consider joining us next time? I'm offering free ice

cream at my house to all participants in highway clean up after the next time, which should be October 7th, 9:00 a.m. Also, don't forget to collect your aluminum cans and bring them to the meetings.

# OPERATIONS DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By Larry Pischke

Things are going smoothly, if secretly, here in Ops. My crew is apparently still rummaging around in the bowels of this fine ship, doing what needs to be done. At least, I hope they are. Of late, there has been no word from them, and sightings of them are becoming increasingly rare. I have not been getting complaints of uncompleted tasks, however, so I assume everything is fine. I'm not one for micro managing. It just seems kind of lonely around here. If anyone

happens to see an Ops, please have them give me a call.

My time has not been devoted solely to pining after my obviously efficient crew. I am involved in a super secret high speed shuttle program. I can't tell you more than that, however; I'd have to kill you otherwise. At times it seems that I am just the source funding for the project, but hope still runs high that I may get my hands dirty sometime soon.

**Stardate 9508.14** During routine maneuvers, the experimental shuttle that I was piloting suffered a malfunction in its braking mechanisms. A fire resulted, but preliminary surveys indicate minimal damage (just a lot of anxiety and fire extinguisher residue). Something had seized up, causing classified parts to overheat (they were glowing red!) and catch fire. Stay tuned.



# MEDICAL DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By Diana Waldier

The crew physicals are proceeding on schedule. In general, they are excellent. However, the accident rate on the holodecks has not decreased. If this continues, I

will be programming a mandatory warm-up into the holodeck computer for any program involving more than minor activity. Also, dehydration has been seen several times on the

hot/humid environments. Large quantities of H<sub>2</sub>O need to be consumed before and during as well as after these programs.

# SECURITY DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By Tara Weaver

Well, as some of the crew heads back to school - including myself (save me, somebody, please!) - it reminds us that this is the time of year a lot of people focus on getting better organized. The Security Department will be having a meeting soon, so any members of Security

who have a time that they would be unable to attend need to let me know. Crewmembers who have not yet chosen a department on the ship are welcome to come. At this time, an Assistant Security Chief will be announced, and plans will be made for improving the department. All

suggestions are welcome.

Aside from the meeting, I have little to report. As the summer draws to a close, just remember to stay smart and safe, and I hope to see more of you at future meetings. For now, all's clear.



# ENGINEERING DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By John Miller

STARDATE: 9508.14 - Well, the summer is coming to a close, and I hope everyone has had a safe and enjoyable one. Down here in Engineering things have been pretty hectic this summer, what with summer classes and all, but that's all behind me now. I am looking forward to getting things back to normal. Basically that means I get to get back to the Engineering Manual, and my classes won't be going at Warp 8. As for progress on the Engineering Manual, I have acquired the use of a scanner and am currently modifying the plans used in "Mr. Scott's Guide to the Enterprise" to fit our ship. This is taking longer than I had expected, but look for a publication date somewhere around this Christmas (I hope).

At Earth Station Kennedy (Kennedy Space Center) things are getting a little hectic. Not only did they have to move Endeavour from the pad back into the VAB due to Hurricane Erin, but the entire fleet

has been grounded due to problems with the Nozzle O-Rings on the Solid Rocket Boosters. Now, before everyone goes rolling their eyes and saying "Here we go again!", let me elaborate. I have seen photographs of the damage to the O-rings. What has been observed during the post-flight inspection of the SRB's for the last two shuttle missions is that the insulation around the O-ring has been penetrated by hot combustion gas, and that gas has caused heat damage to the O-ring itself. Neither the primary nor the secondary O-rings were breached, and only the primary O-ring showed any signs of heat stress. In other words, they did what they were supposed to. It is my personal opinion that the grounding of the fleet until the problem is corrected is more Public Relations than an engineering concern. I personally would not be afraid to fly with the SRB's as they are right now.

The problem with the joints appears to be in the application of

the RTV-like insulation around the O-ring. This insulation is not intended to seal the joint, but just provide a first line of defense against heat damage to the O-rings. According to an interview with Brewster Shaw at NASA-KSC, NASA expects the problem to be corrected by simply changing the procedure for applying the insulation. It is not expected that any design changes or materials changes will be necessary.

I applaud NASA for not taking any chances with human life, but as I've noticed in the past, any problems are likely to be perceived as big problems with the public. I believe that NASA's greatest triumph is also their greatest liability: NASA has made space flight seem routine. Remember there is nothing routine about space flight. It is dangerous, and there will be further deaths in space for as long as mankind has the need to explore beyond his own surroundings.

## HERE IS YOUR CHANCE AGAIN!

PLEASE COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONNAIRE INDICATING WHAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE AT THE KITTY HAWK HOLIDAY BANQUET (DECEMBER 17, 1995 AT PRESTONWOOD COUNTRY CLUB) AND RETURN TO JEFF HABRYCH BY OCTOBER 7, 1995



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

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

(Continued from page 3)  
punish you for that."

"Father, wait. I don't understand." Laquin heard the voice again. This time it was clear. It was a woman's voice begging for help. And it pulled at her.

When Laquin's eyes opened she was standing. The room was bright because the guard had returned. He yelled something at Laquin she didn't understand. Then he reached out and pulled a young woman kicking and screaming to him. She had a look of complete fear on her face and the remnants of bruises.

Laquin lunged at the man, knocking him off balance and to the floor. She reached out and placed her hand on his head and concentrated. She could only guess if this would work, but it was worth the chance. Sleep, she thought. All else that entered her mind was pushed out. Only one word mattered. SLEEP. The oversized guard struggled beneath her and the other women who pinned him down. Then he stopped. As she looked up, she noticed the door was about to close. She ran toward it and barely slid through as it caught the edge of her dress. She pulled. The material started tearing. Finally, she leaned against the wall beside the door. Using all her weight to pull on the edge of the dress. She stumbled to the floor as the door slid open and then closed again.

Face down on the floor, Laquin wasn't sure what had happened. She looked over at the edge of her dress, only slightly torn. She had heard the door slide open but how? She glanced up at the wall. There was a large square that stuck out of the wall just slightly. That must be it. She pressed with her finger, nothing. She pressed it with her full hand and the door slid open. She leaned in and said, "I'll see what I can find to help us."

"I want to go with you," the voice said.

"It isn't a good idea. It's probably safer for a little while if you stay here."

"What about him?"

She knew they were talking about the guard. "He should be out for quite awhile."

"You could need some help. Take the shell with you. It can lift heavy things and it's better than nothing."

That's my shadow, she thought. My only child. No, not even if it meant my life. "Foolish girl," she heard one of the older women say. "It's obvious you don't have any shadows. Go and may the goddess bless you till you return."

"Thank you," she said and then let the door close. Laquin turned and looked up the hall toward the darkness. She noticed that only this section of the

hall had lights.

Laquin froze as she heard voices. No, one voice. The feeling began to pull at her. She allowed it to pull her up the hall. The feeling left her standing in front of a door. She reached down and put her hand on the square beside the door. It slid open. A whoosh of dry hot air hit her.

Laquin saw a woman on the floor. The woman was just laying there not moving. A tall man with brutal shoulders stood over her. Laquin could hear him laughing and talking to himself. That's when a shiny silver object caught Laquin's eye. She stepped in and picked it up. It was good and heavy. Quietly she walked till she stood directly behind him. She didn't even breathe. Laquin lifted the heavy object up over her head. She hit the back of his head with her full weight. He staggered and fell to his knees. She swung up and hit him again. His body swayed for a moment and then collapsed, landing across the legs of the young woman.

#### GODDESS 4: INSANITY WHISPERS

"In the beginning there is only darkness. It surrounds me, encompassing my every thought. It can drain you of all hope for life. Calling to you in the distance beyond the reaches of your mind like the whispering creatures that inhabit a vacant and barren world. The whispers call to me now, in words of unified voices as I slip into a state of insanity. I am losing the grip that I have on all my senses, I see things that I know cannot be there and cannot tell them apart from the things that are there. I dare not tell the others for fear of my fate. I only stay distant, for hours alone with the new found voices that call to me in my head. Eventually I will have no choice but to answer them. When that time comes I know my fate will be sealed. I will die like all the others."

Her eyes drifted into a distant glaze. The whispering voice had been calling to her for days now and for days she had been unable to eat or think of anything else. The others said nothing to her as she wandered around confused and lost. The only comment that she had heard was that 'insanity would be a godsend to thought of spending a lifetime on a lifeless planet like this one'. Maybe he was right. Her thoughts drifted in and out as distant memories were called upon like cataloged files and relived for the audience of the whispering voices.

She saw her father standing over her. There in his Sunday preachin' suit he was young and handsome. The

father of her childhood. The memories she cherished most. He reached a hand out to her. She didn't move.

"Are you going to lay there and die?" he said to her.

"Do you have a better solution?" she replied.

"Yes, I do. Give me your hand." He reached his hand out to her again.

"No! You're just a hallucination."

"Give me your hand and see and feel exactly how real I am." He rested his hand against hers.

She could feel the warmth of his skin. Smell the strong odor of Old Spice. Every detail of his face was perfect. It was just as she remembered. To spend the rest of her life in a memory with him would be much better than watching what was left of the others die. Her finger caressed his hand as she intertwined her fingers with his. 'I am lost now' she thought. 'I will give myself to the insanity.'

"You're not lost. Confused maybe. We've been trying to figure out for a long time how to reach you. You seemed to be the only one that could hear us. We want to help. You could live on this world with us, we are alone and lonely." His eyes drifted down as the sadness became apparent.

"Not any more." She smiled as the edge of her hand brushed the side of his face feeling the prickling whiskers beneath it. "If I have not lost my mind, then who are you?"

"I am the whispers. Even the whispers you thought those funny creatures were making. That's how we knew you could hear us. I am lost far away from home just like you."

"Did your ship crash here?"

"My vessel, yes. But it is not a ship as you think of one. It is made up of light energy."

"I have so many questions. I don't know where to begin." Her mind scrambled as questions popped in and out.

"There will be time to answer them all. But there is something more urgent at hand. The woman is ready to procreate."

"Huh?" She wasn't sure if she heard it correctly. He made a gesture with his hand which showed a fully rounded stomach. "You mean deliver."

"The child will not live unless we can contain him till maturity."

"Yes, I know. But we don't have the equipment. And I'm afraid of what will happen if this child dies. The others are barely existing now."

"Maybe you do have the equipment. Maybe together we can save the life of the others."

TO BE CONTINUED...

# WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A SURVEY?!

By Larry Pischke

It has been determined by the powers that be, that interest and participation in Kitty Hawk activities has been lagging. Why is this happening? What would you rather do? Please let us know. I for one would hate to see this ship disappear. I have made too many friends and have had too much fun to let the Kitty Hawk die. When you are finished, give this form (or send it) to either J.R., me, or your department head.

What exactly *would* you like to do?

- How do you feel about travelling out of the city and/or state for activities?
- Do you have a monetary limit for activities? If so, what is it?
- How do you feel about the community service that we do?
- How do you feel about the *Kitty Hawk* as a group?
- How do you feel about Starfleet?
- What activities that we have done did you like?
- What activities did you not like?
- Put any other comments and suggestions here.