



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

I am writing this aboard a form of transportation with which most of you are not familiar: a train! Our away team is returning from a weekend regional conference in Charlotte, N.C. We decided to avoid the stress and trouble of individual or group shuttle and arrive at our destination relaxed and ready to work. It was great! I highly recommend train travel to all of you; a real adventure!

Now to the conference itself; that is a somewhat different story. Several of the advertised guests had to cancel at the last minute and several of the planned activities were cancelled because some people did not follow through on their commitments. Not an unusual occurrence for a first con effort.

STARFLEET meetings were long and for a good part boring (surprised?). Unfortunately, many ships were not represented and the divisional meetings never occurred. A true loss as most of our department heads were present. However, there were more CO's present than at most cons so it was not a total loss. Most of our meeting time was spent on those surveys you may have heard about. The real work was done in one-on-one meetings with admirals and other CO's and a lot was accomplished.

There were several other things done at the convention as well. A new ship was commissioned and there were several promotions. One of our old Kitty Hawk people, Jack Hopkins, was promoted to Captain as he is now STARFLEET's Inspector General. Awards and DSA's were also presented and the Kitty Hawk received one for its support of this Region I Conference.

One event of particular significance was the presentation of a plaque of appreciation to our own Sue Hampton for all of her hard work and dedication to this organization when it was really down. It is due in part to her efforts that we are where we are today. The plaque was presented by none other than the true mother of STARFLEET, Jeannette Maddox! She is one elegant lady who speaks most eloquently on the subject nearest and dearest to her heart: STARFLEET.

It was nice to be reminded that the reason U.S.S. Kitty Hawk was formed, was to "Let Me Help". It was Jeannette who took a small fan organization and turned it into the embodiment of Gene Roddenberry's dream. I hope each of you will think about how STAR TREK has impacted your life. If it hasn't, then you have missed the message. So many of the actors and actresses involved in Star Trek have taken up the cause as their own. How can we do less? Everyday in almost every place you will hear people complain about politicians; situations, from local to global; and problems that are viewed as great. This is a reminder that one person can and does make a difference. Eight thousand persons can start to make changes.

Reminders of ongoing and upcoming projects and events:

1) Aluminum - We would like to turn in all we have after the December meeting.

2) Stamps - Larry would probably like to turn those in by the end of the year.

3) Highway Cleanup - First Saturday in December - check with

Elaine.

4) Duke Jar - Nothing new in several month.

5) Anniversary party - December 17th - see Jeff Habrych. Dinner will be \$28.00 per person and we need 30 people. Please give Jeff a check as soon as possible.

6) First Night - Buttons are here for those who will sell in advance. \$5.00 each now with a \$3.00 coupon and other discounts. A Real Deal this year. Also, need to sign up if you can man the button booth for a few hours on the 31st.

7) Food Bank - Please bring those can goods, etc. on in; we don't turn ours in until the spring but now is a good time to start giving.

8) Promotions - If you want one in January, get those point sheets in. It will be a uniform occasion. It would be especially nice if you have your proper rank insignia current.

9) Quarters - If you have specific requests, see Engineering.

10) T-shirts - The call has been heard; we will start taking orders for Kitty Hawk T-shirts in Science/Medical blue with silver lettering and black T's with silver lettering.

11) Puzzle books - If you don't have one, buy one.

12) We still have S.F. books to be auctioned off.

13) You have The Wright Stuff in your hands; do something good with it.

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VOLUME 6

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FIRST OFFICER'S LOG

By Carey Muse

THOUGHTS FROM THE XO

Patrick Stewart gave a great performance in Chapel Hill. I'm still puzzled by his lack of an Emmy for ST:TNG.

Voyager, despite a couple of so-so episodes, is still doing well. I like the Captain's new hairstyle.

Best thing about DS9 this

season is the opening credits. The two hour season premier was great! The Klingons are bad guys again. (Yea!!!)

You know those Star Trek character mugs, wouldn't the Jem' Hadar make a great one. They already have handles on the back of their heads.

Finally, in November 1994,

Worf was promoted to Lt. Commander. Sisko was promoted at the end of last season to Captain. Dax has been promoted to Lt. Commander (did we miss something here?) and our very own Captain Fisher has been promoted to Fleet Captain Fisher. Don't forget the Kitty Hawk will have promotions in January.

SCIENCE REPORT

By Elaine Pischke

Things have been mostly quiet in Sciences. We managed to get a few people out for highway clean-up, but due to low turn-out once again, we had to go back to finish up a second day. Thank you to those who showed up. We'll be doing it all again December 2nd, 9:00 a.m. Reminder to new people - we meet at the Food Lion on Leesville Road.

Other than that, I sent out communications to all members of the Science Department. I heard from a couple of you, but I guess the rest are off lost deep in the bowels of the ship (if you see any of those long-lost Ops personnel in your travels, let Larry know). And finally, remember the December meeting, December 2, will be a pot luck at the

Pischke's, 3016 Mt. Vernon Church Rd., Raleigh, 4:00 p.m., and the programming will be games, both Star Trek related and non-Star Trek related. We have lots of both kinds - from Star Trek trivia to Pictionary, Clue, Yatzee, whatever. See you there.



ENGINEERING REPORT

By John Miller

SD: 9510.07 - Not much new to report this time. Graphics production is proceeding on the Engineering Manual, albeit more slowly than expected. I'm still shooting for a release by our anniversary/Christmas Party. If anyone has any suggestions as to material to be added, please contact me or Brian Jones.

Notice: anyone wishing to contact me can now do so over two separate email addresses. I still have my account at NC State, but I've added a personal account at home as well. The addresses are:

NCSU: jpmille@eos.ncsu.edu
Home: LadcoDWB@ix.netcom.com

Feel free to email me at either address, although your best chance for quick response will be the home address, I suggest you cc: the NCSU address to ensure I get it as soon as possible.

Also of interest to you internet surfers out there; here are some USENET groups and World Wide Web sites you may wish to check out:

alt.org.starfleet - The Official "STARFLEET" news group. This group is maintained by the communications officer aboard the U.S.S. Maat.

alt.fandom.cons - This un-moderated group has

information and updates on the numerous conventions going on throughout the year. If you don't see information on your favorite con, just ask and I'm sure someone in the know will either post the information or point you in the right direction to find it.

<http://bantha.pc.cc.cmu.edu/> - The Lucasfilm Archives. This is a great place to catch up on what Lucasfilm has been up to. They also have access to their company store and "The Adventurer", the Lucasfilm catalog.

<http://www.ksc.nasa.gov/shuttle/missions/missions/html> - This page has up to date information on past, present, and future shuttle missions. Missions are listed by STS number and categorized by the year in which they were (will be) launched. Clicking on a mission number takes you to that mission page, providing mission status, crew info, launch and landing data, and inflight reports. For pending launches, this page also has a link to the **Countdown Home Page** so you can view the countdown clock real time and get up to the minute reports on the pending launch.

Well, that's about all I've got this time. Look for an expanding section on Internet sites and goodies in upcoming issues. If there's any type of "stuff" you're looking for on the 'net, let me know and I'll see if I can find it for you.

THE ADVENTURES OF MYSTERY AND SPOT EPISODE NINETEEN THE CAT MAN COMES

By Elaine Royal Pischke



Mystery and Spot had spent many hours wandering the Enterprise. By now, Spot knew her way around pretty well and recognized many of the civilians and crew on board. She had calmed down quite a lot from the days when Mystery had first introduced her to the wonders of the starship outside of Data's living quarters. So Mystery was a little surprised to be awakened from a pleasant dream by Spot's excited voice in her head.

"What's that? What's that? Could it be one of them?" Spot practically pounced on Mystery's sleeping form, determined to wake her up.

Mystery opened one eye and stretched. "What's going on?" She was annoyed but curious. They were in Ten-Forward in the middle of the afternoon. It was usually a quiet time and one of the cats' favorite places to nap and pick up a few leftovers from the lunch crowd.

"There... that... that just came in with the Counselor. See?"

Mystery stretched a little higher to see over a table and immediately became fully alert. Her tail twitched.

"Yes, I see. One of them... cat people." Mystery recalled the adventure she and Spot had had when they had ridden a shuttlecraft to a strange place where there were people who looked like cats. They had fur and tails and little pointy ears, like cats, but they stood up on their back legs and talked like people, and their front paws had fingers like people. This one was gray with white markings, and was almost as tall as Counselor Troi.

Mystery and Spot could not help creeping closer. The Counselor was introducing this newcomer to Guinan.

"Dr. Myoran is from Danis IV," she was explaining. "He is going to

be with us for a few months, in a cultural and scientific exchange program."

"Yes. Now my planet is receiving more human visitors, we wish to learn more about you, how you live, what you value, what you eat, everything," Myoran said eagerly.

Guinan chuckled. "Everything? About humans? In a few months? Is that all?"

"Oh, I am not alone. There are three of us. And Freyor brought his family. Six children."

"Oh, well, in that case..." Guinan conceded with a grin. "So, do you have a drink preference?"

"Well, let's see... what?" The newcomer was startled by the sight of the two cats creeping slowly toward him.

Troi smiled. "That is Mystery and Spot. They are cats. Similar to you in many ways."

"Oh, yes, of course. I heard about them. Fascinating. I was hoping I would see some. In fact, they are like living fossils from my planet. We have the bones of similar creatures in our museums, but none exist on Danis anymore."

"I suppose they are to you much like apes are to humans. Distant cousins," Troi said.

"I suppose. But these came from Earth?" Myoran leaned forward to examine the cats more closely.

"Yes. But we have encountered similar creatures on other worlds. Just as there are reptiles or birds or insects on different worlds, there are similarities in the mammals as well."

Guinan poured a drink. "That's right. Although some worlds have spawned incredibly fantastic creatures vastly different from anything we could imagine, we have found that most Class M planets

tend to develop life in similar patterns, though often with interesting variations. It is what keeps us out here."

"It is fascinating, and so new to me. My first time off world. I'm very excited." Myoran took a sip of his drink. "Oh, this is so... so... 'mey-hew'." The sound was almost cat-like.

Spot's ears flicked. "That almost sounded like 'delicious' in feline!"

"But not quite," Mystery commented. "Still, it was better than any human can do."

Just then Counselor Troi picked up Spot. "I'm sure Data wouldn't mind if you took these animals to show to the children. I'm sure they would enjoy playing with them."

Mystery and Spot froze simultaneously. "CHILDREN? NO, NOT THE CHILDREN!!!" Spot leapt from Troi's arms and almost landed on Mystery's head as both made a mad dash for the door. In seconds they were gone.

Troi looked both baffled and apologetic. "Ah, yes, well... maybe another day?"

THANKS By Jeff Cohn

I'm writing to thank J.R. and all other members of the Kitty Hawk for their contribution to the DeForest Kelly Scholarship Fund on behalf of my brother Matthew, who passed away on August 30, 1995 at the age of 30 from a rare form of liver cancer. Your thoughts and concern are greatly appreciated during this trying time. Thank you once again.

KITTY HAWK CHRONICLES II TO EACH HIS OWN

By Audra Taylor

JOHNATHON AND SHELLY

Shelly woke Johnathon up in the middle of the night, putting clothes on him faster than he could think.

"Johnathon, wake up."

"I want to sleep."

"You can't, I have to find your Mom and I may need your help. Johnathon!" She shook him. "Wake up!"

His eyes were glazed and his balance was severely off, but he managed to stand. Shelly sighed, she didn't like this, Taylor disappearing in the middle of the down time. Shelly had a bad feeling. A gut wrenching bad feeling, especially after what Taylor said about Grun.

Johnathon was almost awake when he looked up at Shelly, "Where's my Mommy?"

"That's what we're going to find out. Now take my hand, and you have to promise to be very quiet."

Johnathon locked his lips tight, turned the key and threw it away. Shelly held his hand in a firm grip, the door slid open and they walked out. Shelly was lost, she didn't even know where to begin.

It was Johnathon who suggested "Let's go that way!"

Why not? Shelly thought, maybe she went to sickbay or to the armory. That was possible, especially the way she was acting earlier. God, Shelly quietly prayed, please don't let her do anything stupid. Shelly knew that if what Taylor said had left a sickening feeling with her, that Taylor must have been hiding a lot of pain. People did stupid things when they were in pain. This just wasn't like her. Shelly always knew Taylor's location. It was in their interest of survival.

The hall was dark and quiet. Nothing unusual. Shelly couldn't stop her heart from pounding in her chest. It was Taylor who was used to wandering the halls. She looked down at Johnathon and smiled. She would not show the child how

nervous she felt.

They quietly slid up to the edge of the armory. Nobody was there. Shelly let her eyes search every inch of the room. No guard in the armory? What was going on? Shelly pulled Johnathon past the door and then started to head toward the sick bay. Suddenly Shelly stopped, she heard voices coming in this direction. Shit! She scooped Johnathon into her arms and ran in the other direction.

The door to their room slid open and Shelly ran in. Her stomach was nauseous. Her heart was till pounding and her breathing was frantic. This is ridiculous, she thought. I can do this, I just have to calm down first. Her arms held Johnathon tightly until he began to squirm. Then she allowed her arms to go limp as she laid him across the bed. Johnathon didn't say a word, he looked up in confusion.

"We'll leave again in a minute, O.K.?"

Johnathon nodded. "Maybe we should go the other way."

Shelly couldn't help but laugh. "I think that's a good idea." She smiled at him. He seemed so calm. Maybe he didn't understand what was going on or maybe he was too much like his mother. Taylor had a way, even when she was scared, of looking calm. Shelly shook her head. Would I love to have that ability right now, she thought.

Shelly leaned back beside Johnathon and took a deep breath. It's funny how the adrenalin of fear can control you. I don't need that right now, she thought, I need the strength of being calm. She took another deep breath.

The minutes seemed like hours as she let the darkness absorb her. Her breathing slowed and the quivering of her body stopped. Her eyes batted away the dryness as her vision began to blur.

God, the stars sure are bright out tonight. She leaned back in the high grass against the wooly blanket. She could hear a soft chirp of crickets off in the distance. She reached out

and pulled up a small piece of grass. It felt soft like a sliver of silk. She took a long slow deep breath wanting to fill her lungs with that sweet country air. Off in the distance she could hear her mother calling. 'Coming Momma' she replied.

She got up and stood in the stillness of the dark room, it was the disappointment that woke her from her dreamy state. It had been a long time since she'd had a memory so vivid.

She reached out in the darkness and with a gentle sigh said "Johnathon, you ready?"

He quickly grabbed her hand. He jumped off the bed onto the floor. Shelly took one more deep breath as she cautiously went out the door.

STARING FACES

Shelly looked down the hall as far as her eyes could see. She expected to see nothing. What she did see made her freeze in her tracks. She swallowed hard, she wanted to run, but she promised herself she wouldn't panic. Johnathon followed her close behind. She looked down and pressed her finger against her lips signaling for him to be very quiet. Her pace quickened and the boy had trouble keeping up. The closer she got the more her eyes confirmed what she thought she had seen. Taylor was being dragged out of a shuttle bay.

The seconds it took her to quietly slide behind the assailant was not time enough. The assailant had looked up and seen Shelly coming. Shelly dove at the woman slamming her to the ground. They wrestled as Shelly struggled to gain control. The struggle was almost lost as she heard Johnathon desperately trying to wake Taylor. Finally, Shelly pinned the woman's arms beneath her knees. Shelly pulled her fist back to strike.

"Shelly, don't!"

Shelly looked over to see Taylor struggling to sit up. "I think she saved me."

(Continued on page 8)

INFORMATION ON UPCOMING STAR TREK MOVIES

Courtesy of the World Wide Web
Submitted By Jeff Cohn

This posting is intended to cut down on questions that seem to pop up daily asking what is known about the new Star Trek movies. For a full list of informational postings, please read the "LIST OF PERIODIC POSTINGS" article in rec.arts.startrek.misc. For a list of acronyms used in this (and other) postings, please refer to the "ACRONYM LIST" which can be found in rec.arts.startrek.misc.

5 March 1994: Paramount will build all-new sets for the second TNG film with the 1701-E ("The big E^2?").

12-13 March 1994: South Bend Creation con: Mike Dorn said he has signed on for three TNG films.

25-27 1994 UK convention: The second TNG movie is a Borg script.

3 December 1994 Indy Creation Con: Doug Murray said there was a rumor that in the 8th movie we would see Picard promoted to Commodore and Riker would finally get the Captain's seat permanently (on board the Enterprise-E). He said that both would still serve on the ship.

December 1994: The following was found in the York Multimedia Society database (<http://www.york.ac.uk/~socs107>): According to Richard Arnold (who isn't always right, but when he is, he's usually very accurate), a script is already in preparation for a second Next Generation movie. This will show that the rest of the Borg were unaffected by Hugh's return (in "Descent") and are still a dangerous force. This time they will arrive in force to assimilate [sic] the Federation and the film will include some spectacular space battle scenes.

Mid-January 1995 Creation con: It was apparently stated that all of the next generation cast has signed up for at least five more motion pictures, to be produced over a period of ten years. All, that is, except for Brent Spiner (Data) and Patrick Stewart (Picard). Spiner has expressed concern over being typecast as Data and Stewart just doesn't know if he can get into a movie that will pay him more. In

any case, Picard will not be commanding the new Enterprise (which definitely will be commissioned in the next film). Riker is definitely going to be the captain, with Picard (who will be promoted to commodore if he appears) as the leader of a fleet of ships brought together for some undisclosed purpose. [A lot of this info seems to conflict with just about everything else that has been reported, so I'd take this with a grain of salt. --ed]

Early February 1995: London convention: Murray Park mentioned that it was reported that there would be a new ship for the next movie, and that all but Patrick Stewart and Brent Spiner had signed on for a three-movie contract. Rick Berman is hoping to release a "Producer's Cut" of Generations on LaserDisc which will put the 30 minutes back that were cut from the movie [looking at the script, that would probably be the opening mix of Kirk's orbital skydiving, the footage of Soran operating on Geordi, and possibly the original ending of Kirk's death that was shot. --ed] It also looks like they plan to use the Borg script (with multiple Borg ships) for the 8th Trek movie.

Mid-February 1995: The Hollywood Reporter states that Paramount is reportedly aiming for November 1996 as the release of the next TNG film.

Mid-February 1995: Rick Berman said (in an interview in "Star Trek Communicator," about the next movie: no writers, directors, or guest cast have been discussed yet in what he expects would be an all-TNG film. At the time of the interview Berman was still in negotiations to co-write and produce the film.

Mid-February 1995: The next TNG movie is in "pre-pre-pre-production" and *might* be written by Brannon Braga and Ron Moore.

Early March 1995: The next Trek movie is scheduled for a Christmas 1996 release according to Berman.

Mid-March 1995: Edmonton convention: Denis F confirmed that most of the actors were signed for a three-movie deal, that

they are planning to have the 1701-E, that Captain Riker will be at the helm with Picard promoted to Commodore with a fleet of ships headed by the Enterprise-E, and that Spiner and Stewart are the only ones not to have signed multi-film contracts. Also mentioned at the convention was that Paramount is allowing Spiner time off for other projects in return for him doing future movies, there is a *completed* script in which Q brings together the crew of TOS and TNG (which will not be used for the 8th movie because John De Lancie (Q) is currently involved in a new sci-fi western type series with Richard Anderson (MacGyver) and won't have the time), and that the time frame for the action in ST8 will be about 1 year after the occurrences from ST7.

21 March 1995: Paramount Pictures has entered into an agreement for Rick Berman to produce and co-write the next "Star Trek" film, with principal photography projected to begin in 1996. Berman produced and co-wrote the story for "Star Trek Generations," which has achieved a worldwide gross to-date of \$101,117,380 (U.S.\$) for the Motion picture Group of Paramount Pictures. The film is being released internationally by United International Pictures (UIP).

22 March 1995: Extra reports that ST8 will start filming this summer.

August 1995: Many reports about the next Trek film. With Dorn joining the DS9 cast, he probably won't be in the movie.

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STAR TREK LOST EPISODES

Submitted By Jeff Cohn

Transcript

(Picard) "Mr. LaForge, have you had any success with your attempts at finding a weakness in the Borg? And Mr. Data, have you been able to access their command pathways?"

(Geordi) "Yes, Captain. In fact, we found the answer by searching through our archives on late Twentieth-century computing technology."

(Geordi presses a key, and a logo appears on the computer screen.)

(Riker looks puzzled.) "What the hell is 'Microsoft'?"

(Data turns to answer.) "Allow me to explain. We will send this program, for some reason called 'Windows', through the Borg command pathways. Once inside their root command unit, it will begin consuming system resources at an unstoppable rate."

(Picard) "But the Borg have the ability to adapt. Won't they alter their processing systems to increase their storage capacity?"

(Data) "Yes, Captain. But when 'Windows' detects this, it creates a new version of itself known as an 'upgrade'. The use of resources increases exponentially with each iteration. The Borg will not be able to adapt quickly enough. Eventually all of their processing ability will be taken over and none will be available for their normal operational functions."

(Picard) "Excellent work. This is even better than that 'unsolvable geometric shape' idea."

(Data) "Captain, We have successfully installed the 'Windows' in the command unit and as expected it immediately consumed 85% of all resources. We however have not received any confirmation of the expected 'upgrade'."

(Geordi) "Our scanners have picked up an increase in Borg storage and CPU capacity to compensate, but we still have no indication of an

'upgrade' to compensate for their increase."

(Picard) "Data, scan the history banks again and determine if their is something we have missed."

(Data) "Sir, I believe their is a reason for the failure in the upgrade."

Apparently the Borg have circumvented that part of the plan by not sending in their registration cards.

(Riker) "Captain we have no choice. Requesting permission to begin emergency escape sequence 3F..."

(Geordi, excited) "Wait, Captain I just detected their CPU capacity has suddenly dropped to 0%!"

(Picard) "Data, what does your scanners show?"

(Data) "Apparently the Borg have found the internal 'Windows' module named 'Solitaire' and it has used up all the CPU capacity."

(Picard) "Lets wait and see how long this 'solitaire' can reduce their functionality."

(Riker) "Geordi what's the status on the Borg?"

(Geordi) "As expected the Borg are attempting to re-engineer to compensate for increased CPU and storage demands, but each time they successfully increase resources I have setup our closest deep space monitor beacon to transmit more 'windows' modules from something called the 'Microsoft fun-pack'."

(Picard) "How much time will that buy us?"

(Data) "Current Borg solution rates allow me to predicate an interest time span of 6 more hours."

(Geordi) "Captain, another vessel has entered our sector."

(Picard) "Identify."

(Data) "It appears to have markings very similar to the 'Microsoft' logo"

(Over the speakers) "THIS IS ADMIRAL BILL GATES OF THE MICROSOFT FLAGSHIP MONOPOLY."

WE HAVE POSITIVE CONFIRMATION OF UNREGISTERED SOFTWARE IN THIS SECTOR. SURRENDER ALL ASSETS AND WE CAN AVOID ANY TROUBLE. YOU HAVE 10 SECONDS"

(Data) "The alien ship has just opened its forward hatches and released thousands of humanoid shaped objects."

(Picard) "Magnify forward viewer on the alien craft"

(Riker) "Good God captain! Those are humans floating straight toward the Borg ship with no life support suits ! How can they survive the tortures of deep space ?!"

(Data) "I don't believe that those are humans sir, if you will look closer I believe you will see that they are carrying something recognized by twenty-first century man as doe skin leather briefcases, and wearing Armani suits"

(Riker and Picard together horrified) "Lawyers !!"

(Geordi) "It can't be. All the Lawyers were rounded up and sent hurtling into the sun in 2017 during the Great Awakening."

(Data) "True, but apparently some must have survived."

(Riker) "They have surrounded the Borg ship and are covering it with all types of papers."

(Data) "I believe that is known in ancient vernacular as 'red tape' - it often proves fatal."

(Riker) "They're tearing the Borg to pieces!"

(Picard) "Turn off the monitors. I can't stand to watch, not even the Borg deserve that."

*coming soon(er or later):
http://www.seds.org/~bryce
finger bryce@seds.lpl.arizona.edu for
pgp public encryption key
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OPERATIONS REPORT

By Larry Pischke

I really don't think that they're out there anymore.

As I sit here, riding the transport back to the Kitty Hawk after the Region I Conference at Knight Star Con, the realization hits me. I really don't think that the rest of my department is out there anymore.

The reported sightings of Bob and Suzanne and the rest are getting few and far between. I've already

resigned myself to the fact that Margaret has transferred (at least in body). I still hope to see her back on board in the future, but that doesn't do a thing for today; the paperwork is really starting to pile up.

I really don't think the rest of my department is out there anymore. Anywhere.

One of the reasons for going to the Region I Conference was to attend departmental meetings. To

meet other OPS chiefs, and to see what they were doing on their departments. To prove that we are not alone.

There were no meetings. In fact, no one else would admit to being in OPS; myself and others checked name tags.

I really don't think that the rest of my department is out there anymore. Anywhere.

SECURITY REPORT

By Tara Weaver

Well, I'm sorry to say I haven't gotten much done since my last report. I'm still working on organizing Security into a more efficient department. I have considered who to appoint as my Assistant Chief, and after I speak to this person, I will announce who it is.

One thing I would like to do is

compile a list of people interested in working security for future conventions. I would like to ask anyone who is interested to write your name on a sheet of paper and list what sort of experience you might have - either working past conventions or experience you may have gained elsewhere. Please

don't worry if you have no experience what-so-ever! It's definitely not required.

I hope everyone who went to the convention in Charlotte had a good time. I wish I could have gone. Since I have nothing more to report, I'll close now with an "all Clear!"



MEDICAL REPORT

By Diana Waldier

I am happy to report that the crew physicals are complete and the overall health is excellent. The holodeck problems have ceased. The zero-G recreation area will be closed for maintenance next week.

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Taylor looked over at the woman who was looking helpless. "Saved you from whom?" Shelly gasped.

"Who do you think? Grun. The last thing I remember was looking at his ugly face before he hit me. He knocked me out. Shelly, get off of her."

"Sorry, I thought she..." Shelly suddenly felt awkward. She moved over to Taylor to try and help her

stand.

"Shelly, what am I going to do with you." Taylor smiled, the side of her face slightly swollen.

"So where do we go from here?" Shelly asked.

It was a loud roar that interrupted the silence. All three of the women turned pale as Grun pounded on the door. Johnathon grabbed onto Taylor's leg.

"We've got to get out of here, but you can't go far."

"This way," the woman said. She motioned to a small door a few feet away.

Shelly looked at Taylor confused. She spoke the standard Federation language. How is that possible?

Taylor wrapped her arm around Shelly's neck as she limped down the hall.

The door slid open. "Just in time," Shelly said, "someone's coming. They probably heard Grun's mating call."

The room was dark. Shelly hadn't paid much attention to the

face she'd lunged at when the door opened. The soft cries though, were unmistakable.

Taylor whispered "Help me to the floor."

"Let me turn on the lights." Shelly called out the Romulan word for lights and the room became bright. Shelly looked at the faces around her and noticed most of them were looking back. Dear, God, she thought, these are the women from the planet below. They looked scared, hungry and hurt. Instantly, her heart sank. "We've got to get out of here," she whispered to Taylor. "All of us."

"Absolutely." The look on Taylor's face told Shelly she was feeling the same way.

It was a strong voice of the enemy that made Shelly automatically recoil from the door. Grun was passing by and he was ranting and raving. The words could not be heard, but the tone was unmistakable.

Within a few moments his voice

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had passed and she began to feel safe. That was until she saw the guard asleep on the floor, which almost made her jump.

"It's safe, he's asleep. Set her down here. I'll see what I can do." The woman spoke clear enough even though her accent was strange.

Shelly helped Taylor to the floor and tried to pull Johnathon away. "Just back up a little Johnathon, she'll be all right."

"No, I want to stay by Mommy."

"You'll be right with her. Just back up a little."

The child wouldn't budge. "Johnathon, honey, it's all right. I'm not going anywhere. Here, hold my hand."

Reluctantly the boy moved back a little and held the hand with a firm grip. Shelly carefully wrapped the boy in her arms and breathed a sigh of relief. She looked out at the gazing faces but, as she began to concentrate on the eyes, she realized they weren't staring at her. It was Johnathon. Even the woman who was patiently examining Taylor, was trying hard not to stare at him.

GODDESS 5: A NEW FRIEND

It was true that the man or rather the being who spoke to her was in a human form. A form that looked just like her father. But his personality was very different and she found that she no longer looked at him as a father image, but as a friend. This friend was just what she needed to get back the hope she had lost.

It was amazing that he knew so much about human anatomy just from his observation. And the ideas he had for saving Nelson's baby were radical at

the very least. He had also explained to her what caused the deaths of the two Vulcans and other aliens. She knew that the purplish material that covered the planet was a form of bacteria, but she didn't realize the nature of the bacteria. It was a primitive intelligence which altered its host in minor ways to make its temporary existence more comfortable. The reason the humans survived and the others didn't was because the alien immune systems fought too hard against the bacteria. And because the bacteria was so numerous it caused their bodies in some cases to shut down and in others to attack itself. Either way the result was fatal. With the infants, the immune system would get out of control and within 24 hours it would cause a state of apnea. It was only the adults who seemed to be able to accept the bacteria comfortably.

It was the next idea that caught her off guard. He had suggested that the large creatures called the d'ings would be acceptable hosts for the children. The creatures could be altered slightly to allow the children to grow into full maturity without killing the creature.

"What about rejection?" she asked.

"What rejection?"

She looked at him. "Where the immune system attacks and tries to kill the alien object. It's fatal without immunosuppressant drugs. And all we have is a few antibiotics."

"These creatures aren't human. They don't have that type of immune system. Their bodies are more accepting. A bacteria or even virus could live in their body comfortably without affecting the creature or harming the bacteria. The creatures' immune system doesn't attack, it guards. Preventing the bacteria from causing harm, but still accepting it. So there would be no rejection."

"So it could work. Really work. The hard part is going to be getting the others

to accept the idea."

"If they wish for the children to live they have no choice."

"I understand. That's no guarantee they will. But like you said we have no other choice, so I'll be convincing."

A soft smile crossed his face. "I see that you're feeling better."

"Knowing that I'm not going insane. Yeah. It's also nice to know that there may actually be a way of beating the odds."

"Odds? We are not familiar with that word?"

"It's an expression, a type of slang. It just means that there is hope for survival."

"You'll have to teach me all about slang."

She started to walk away and stopped. It seemed strange but in her eyes he looked different, an individual, totally unique and very attractive.

"I know that you look human and that you're not. What are you?"

"As long as I am in human form, I am human. Your scanner could not tell a difference, not even at a genetic level."

"You still didn't answer my question." She became somewhat nervous as she looked at him.

"Is it that important to you?"

It took a moment for her to answer, as thought about what the answer could be. As long as he was in human form, he was human. "No, it's not that important." She reached up and kissed the side of his face. "I've just got to figure out how I'm going to explain you to the others."

"You think they'll believe the truth?"

"I doubt it, but what choice do we have."

TO BE CONTINUED...

CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

NOV. 4 - Kitty Hawk Meeting

DEC. 2 - Kitty Hawk Meeting
and Pot Luck at Pischke's

DEC. 17 - Anniversary Party

DEC. 31 - First Night

JAN. 6 - Kitty Hawk Meeting
& Promotion Ceremony

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