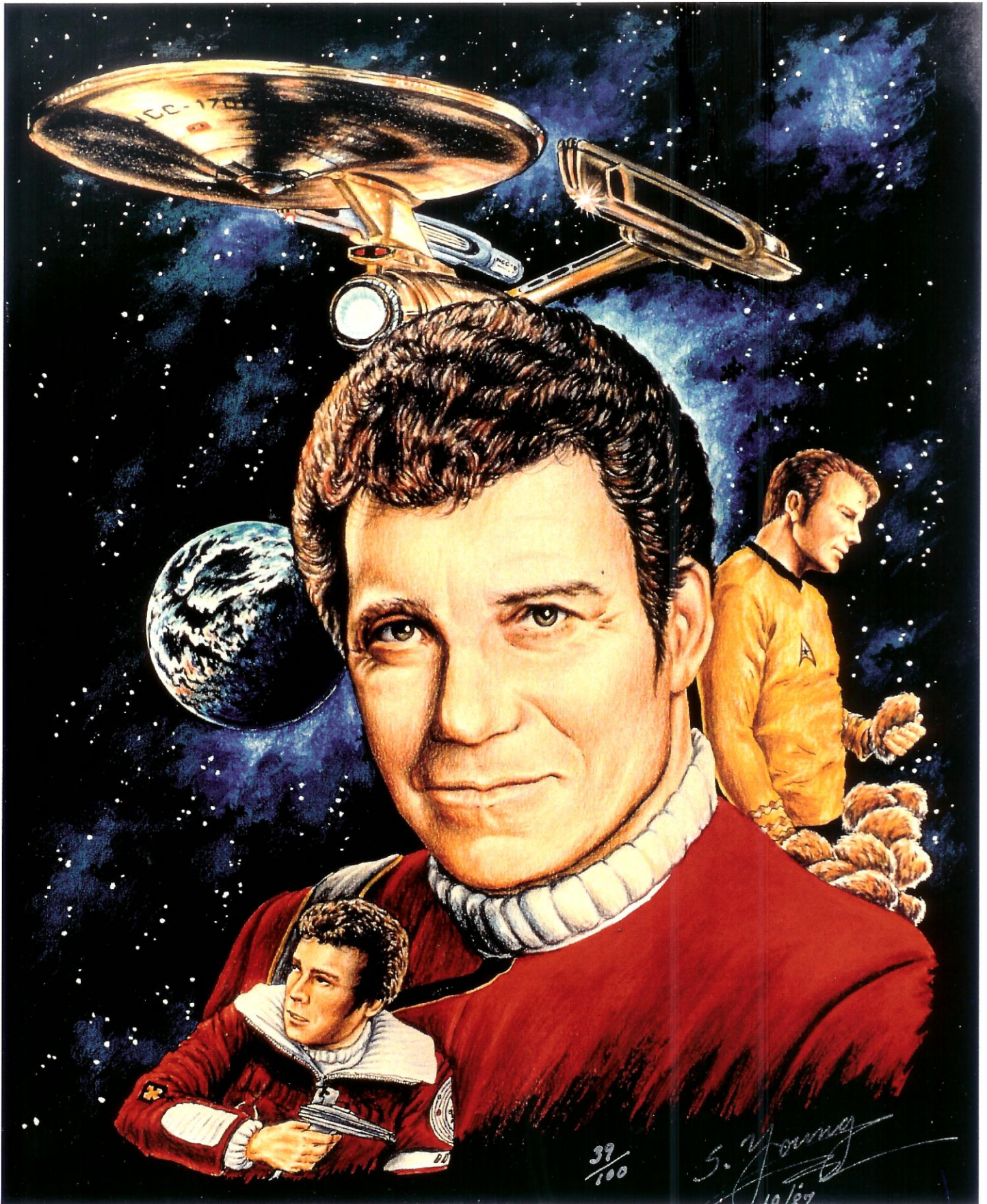
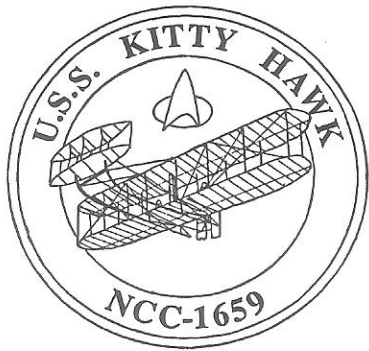


THE WRIGHT STUFF

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





THE WRIGHT STUFF

VOLUME 7 NO. 3

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THE WRIGHT STUFF

VOLUME 7

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CREDITS

PUBLISHER.....J.R. FISHER

EDITORJANE FISHER

ASSISTANTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.....WILLIAM BARRY
 J.R. FISHER
 MARGARET LAMB
 CAREY MUSE
 ELAINE PISCHKE
 LARRY PISCHKE
 AUDRA TAYLOR
 DIANA WALDIER
 TARA WEAVER

Our color cover for this newsletter was done by the very talented SHARON YOUNG, who allowed us once again to use her work. If interested in obtaining some of her work, please contact:

SOLAR WINDS
1702-C PENNWOOD DR.
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA 23666



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A VIEW FROM THE CATBIRD SEAT

By J.R. Fisher

We would like to welcome to the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk our newest, and smallest, member: Galen Lawrence Pischke, 3 pounds, 7 ounces, 15 3/4". Galen is the newest recruit of Commander Elaine Pischke and Lt. Commander Larry Pischke (Chief of Science and Chief of Operations, respectively). Galen became a member of the next generation at 3:46 p.m. on June the 19th, 1996.

Other new recruits include: Douglas A. Rose of Oxford, N.C. and Kelly Marie Hightower, also of Oxford. Both come to us by way of Audra Taylor, your Captain and Diana Waldier. Welcome to both of you! Please assist them in any way possible so that they can settle into our routine and begin work as soon as possible. By the way, they may look like "critters", but don't let that bother you-all.

A genuine "Thank You" to all who worked the Shatner convention. The raffle netted us enough money to donate \$500 to the Duke Children's Hospital telethon. That is twice what we normally are able to give and it felt great! The nine crew members who went to the telethon and worked the four shifts are to be congratulated as well. Of course, we had a lot of fun doing the telethon but don't let the rest of the crew know or they might start showing up and we would have 20 or more for this event like we do for PBS.

The book drive is complete and our total haul was 350 volumes for the Northern Nash Senior High School Library. This will be turned over to Lt. Martha Lee for inspection and cataloging this summer so that they will be available to the students when the new school year begins in late August. Thanks to all who contributed.

A sad note to report is that Martha Lee recently lost her mother, Leota Hux. The ship has sent the

usual \$25.00 donation to STARFLEET's Montgomery Scott Engineering Scholarship Fund, as per Martha's request.

T-shirts are here and we made a second order so please pick up those that you ordered and if you need extras, we have plenty; \$7.50 each.

We have only one promotion to make this period and that is Lt. William B. Barry to the rank of Lt. Commander. Bill is a ceaseless worker in our community and richly deserves this promotion. Congratulations, Bill!

Our Chief Engineer, John Miller, has found that the real world is making unreasonable demands on his life and time which has led him to the decision to step down from his lofty perch in engineering to tend to those necessary mundane things. He will remain in an advisory capacity on the Kitty Hawk. To fill the void, we asked his assistant Brian Jones to step in, but Brian does not feel his work schedule would permit him to commit the time that will be required in the near future. So, we have asked acting ensign Brad McDonald (Scotty?) to take the reigns of engineering. As a civilian, Brad built starships! His expertise should be a true blessing to the Kitty Hawk with its patchwork of designs.

My former XO, Teresa Tuel, has a new posting. Family matter have called Teresa to the home planet and the homestead in the old state of Ohio. We hope she will drop us an occasional article or report so that we will know she is well. Her new address:

Teresa Tuel
13545 Caldwell Ave.
Alliance, Ohio 44601
1-330-821-3909

Another away team reports that the U.S.S. North Carolina is sporting a new paint job and is looking great. Perhaps a landing party to Wilmington to see the old girl is in order. Anyone care to organize this venture?

As I mentioned at the last meeting, UPN has expressed an interest in doing an annual sci-fi con here in Raleigh. They are asking us to help. To do so will require a doubling of the size of our crew along with a commitment by every crewperson to make this happen.

Part of the process is to get as many of our people familiar with the workings of a real con as possible in the shortest amount of time. Therefore, we are encouraging each member to attend as many major cons as possible in the coming months. Shore Leave is the second weekend in July and provides an excellent example. We are encouraging UPN-28 to send some of their people to this event as well.

The July 6th meeting is at 4 p.m. at the Fisher house as per usual. Department heads need to be prepared to give their monthly oral reports.

Jeff Habrych is having a "Fourth of July" party at his pool house that evening at 6 p.m. and members of the crew are invited. It is not a Kitty Hawk function so there may be alcohol. Jeff asks that you bring your own beverage and a side dish to share. Bathing suits are recommended.

Remember to bring your cancelled stamps for Larry and your clean crushed aluminum cans for recycling to the meeting.

We have the Wright Stuff. Now let's go out and find about 50 more people who have it and get on with what we started out to do!

ESSE QUAM VIDERI

Personals:

KITTY HAWK CHRONICLES II TO EACH HIS OWN

By Audra Taylor

True Faith

"Michael did not return with me to the camp. I had decided on the name Michael for Him because of what it meant, a gift from God. I thought it was appropriate. It didn't take long to get to the camp. It did however take me a while to walk into the camp. I was with in sight of it and I froze. My stomach went in knots. I even began to shake. Perhaps I just convinced myself of how the others saw me, so much so that I hesitated to approach them. That is until I heard the scream."

The woman's voice caught her ears at a piercing tone. Without thinking, without remembering, she ran. She had expected a crowd crouched around a body. Tal sat on the ground holding Nelson's hand. He was the only one there. Nelson was in labor. She was pale and weak. And something was wrong, her swollen stomach was much larger than she remembered. As she leaned over Nelson, Tal looked up. His eyes studied her. He even hesitated a moment to allow her to touch Nelson until he was sure everything was all right.

He glared. "Where the hell have you been? I have been searching for you for days."

"I can't explain right now. But I will tell you everything. I need to know how far apart are her contractions?"

"About seven minutes. She usually collapses in between."

"She looks awful." She took a stone out of her pouch and held it tight. "Her blood pressures up. There are also some signs of diabetes. How long has she looked this bad."

"What is that?" Tal pulled open her hand and looked at the rock. It was soft and smooth.

"Don't press too hard. I need that. If you press too hard you'll kill it."

"It's alive?"

"Yes. Now, answer my question how long has she been like this?"

"About two days I guess. At least that when I noticed it." Tal looked down. He was worried. "I don't want her to die."

"Well it's not going to happen if I can help it. We can't move her. Tal where are the others?"

"Gwen and Jose went to get some fruit and stuff. The others went back to

the shuttle."

"All the way back to shuttle? Why?"

"Medical scanner. When Nelson started getting sick, I tried to take a reading and discovered the energy packs were low. We had to take a chance that they'd be back before the baby was born."

"I need you to get her a blanket, whatever medicine is left and I need a d'ing."

Tal got up to comply and stopped. "A d'ing? Why?"

"Tal, you and I have been friends since OCS. I need you to trust me, and know that when this is all over, I'll explain it all. I can save this baby. In order to do that I need a d'ing as a host. There's no other way, Tal. So please trust me, and believe that I'll do what's right."

Nelson began to cry out with the pains of another contraction. Tal looked down at Nelson. He said nothing, only walked away.

A few minutes later, he returned with the blanket, medicine and a piece of fruit. She glanced up at Tal and spotted the fruit.

"I'll need it to catch the d'ing." Tal's remark said nothing about how he felt. But she was relieved that he still had faith in her.

"Hurry. I'll do what I can to slow the contractions. I have to keep the sac from breaking. But I need that d'ing, now."

Tal nodded and ran off. It was a dangerous game she was playing. Michael had come up with all of these ideas and they made sense. But if they would actually work was still an unknown. She needed for them to work. She took a deep breath and cleared her mind.

"Michael, please tell me you are here."

"We are." His whisper was clear and compassionate.

"Tell me everything is going to be fine. That this will work and that I'm not going to regret it."

"Have faith."

The Monarch

Grun could feel the fire in his stomach as the lift rose. The bridge was only a second away. He couldn't believe

the Captain was on HIS BRIDGE. The time had come. Grun had returned to his room and picked up the phaser.

The Captain was always so lazy. Grun was the man who had always completed the Captain's orders, seen to it the work was done. The only thing the Captain did personally was the only thing that kept the crew in fear of him. The Captain had a strong taste for pain. He enjoyed things that even made Grun's stomach turn. Grun had destroyed much evidence of that perversion. True, Grun like a bit of fear and pain mixed with his pleasures, but the Captain was a man who tastes far exceeded that of Grun's. The Captain was like a cruel monarch who rules his subjects with fear from afar. His twisted disposition only made the prize of Master's Play more valuable.

The lift doors slid open and Grun stepped out onto the bridge. The Captain swerved around in his chair and smiled.

"I see you underestimated her. Maybe next time, I'll let her kill you. Oh I'm sure she would enjoy that. And I would enjoy watching her do it. Don't look so surprised, I'm aware of more than you realize."

Grun's face showed no expression. Nothing that could give him away. It was a poker face he had perfected with the Captain years ago.

"Now," the Captain stated with a disposition of royalty. "You should get back to doing your job and get these systems back on line."

What was it that made Grun hesitate? He should have just pulled out the phaser and killed him. But something told him it wouldn't work. If the Captain had known about him and Taylor, he would also know about the phaser. Grun decided to check the system first for any field that might screw up his phaser. He ran a system check and sure enough it was there. Damn, his phaser wouldn't work. There was of course another way.

A few repairs and the system would be back on line. He didn't have time to think about what could have overloaded the system like that. And right now he didn't care. All it would take was a moment for his back to be turned.

"Grun" the Captain shouted. "Get

(Continued on page 8)

FIRST OFFICER'S LOG

By Carey Muse

Another convention has come and gone. The latest convention was discussed at the June meeting. For my full opinion on the convention, please contact me and I will be more than happy to discuss my views and opinions.

We have an opportunity before

us concerning future conventions in this area. In order to fulfill this opportunity, we need more people to join our ship. I know I echo Fleet Captain Fisher's request that we bring more people into this by bringing at least one new person to the meeting. Please try to

accomplish this over the remainder of the year. We have no more activities scheduled, such as telethons, etc., until First Night, should we be involved in this activity. Therefore, we need to place recruiting at the highest priority.

SCIENCE REPORT

By Elaine Pischke

Now that we are no longer involved in highway clean up, the Science Department is pretty quiet. Our last cleaning session was one of our best - we had a good turnout and were able to complete the job in a reasonable length of time. Thank you to all who participated. About the surveys - I have received only one

response so far, so please turn them in as soon as possible. We would like to have some idea what you people want to do over the next year or so. It is hoped that we will have a few new recruits from the recent Trek-O-Rama, and we don't want them to think all we do is sit around, eat, and complain. Speaking of the Trek-O-

Rama - thank you to all who participated. We worked very hard and received no thanks or special considerations from the promoter, but from what I could tell, we did an excellent job. Our raffle brought in \$375 for the Duke Children's Hospital.

OPERATIONS REPORT

By Larry Pischke

Is it my imagination, or are we becoming a ghost ship? I see fewer and fewer people, and the people that I do see seem preoccupied. The final piece of evidence was the appearance of my long lost second, Margaret. If she is not a ghost all the way from merry old England, I don't know who is.

Entropy is beginning to set in. Lack of manpower means lack of maintenance. Put simply, this ship is falling apart. Already, the computer in our quarters is on the fritz. For a while, the computer in my office was down as well. I'm typing as fast as I can, before it goes down again.

There is only one remedy for a rapidly disappearing crew: **RECRUIT NEW CREW!!!** If we can't get the existing people to do their jobs, then space them! I'm tired of all of these people, just sitting ... OH NO!! Computer Craaaaaaash!

SECURITY REPORT

By Tara Weaver

First order of business is to thank all those who worked security at the convention on May 19th. My deepest appreciation goes to Larry and Elaine Pischke, Diana Waldier, Jeff Habrych, Ray McAlister, Patti Rieser, Adam Woolley, Carey Muse, Stephanie and Melissa Fleck, Bill Barry, Bob Enters, Celeste Toombs, B.J. McDonald, Robin Dinnes,

Howard Posner, and -of course- our captain, J.R. Fisher. Despite the long hours and a few minor conflicts, the Kitty Hawk's involvement went rather smoothly, and I couldn't have done it without each and every one of the above named people. Again, Thank you. I look forward to working with you again in the future.

Aside from the convention, I have little to report. Having been on leave in another sector for a couple of weeks, I'm trying to catch up on what I missed. So I'll just remind everyone to be safe as summer starts in full swing, and close with an "All Clear!"

COLLECTOR'S CORNER

By Carey Muse

There are a lot of new items coming out! Some of which are already available. There are more books available including an interesting experiment. There will be a four (4) part story running through all four (4) series of books. It begins with the Classic Trek and goes to Next Generation, these two books should already be out. Then it goes to Deep Space Nine and Voyager books, these two books should be out by the time you read this.

Marvel comics will be releasing a one shot comic book in August which will be Star Trek, X-Men which will be titled X-Men Star Trek. I have no other details. Again, release date is in August. This will begin the Marvel era of Star Trek

comics.

Lastly, Playmates. Playmates is issuing new figures under their general Star Trek heading. Also coming out will be a shuttle craft from the original series. Also Playmates has plans to issue a set of Dr. McCoy's accessories. My understanding is that this will be a three piece set, including hypospray and "salt and pepper shakers" medical equipment. One note, on the figures that are available, in the movie Generations Worf was promoted to Lt. Commander. Evidently Playmates has gone ahead and decided to promote him to full commander. There are three gold pips on the Worf figure.

From Pocket Books there will be four Star Trek calendars again

this year.

Hallmark continues its ornament series. They are following last year's two captains with the first officers. There will be a Riker ornament and a Spock ornament - \$14.95 each. The ship this year is Voyager, it lights up and is also dated - costs \$24.00, and the big collectible this year from Hallmark is a special Star Trek 30th Year two ornament set. It comes with a display base in the shape of the Star Trek delta shield. It is a die cast metal Enterprise and it is hovering over a Galileo shuttle craft. It also features the voice of Captain Kirk - \$45.00. There four collectibles will be available very soon.

A HEAVENLY WARNING SHOT?

By Elaine R. Pischke

It was a close call for planet Earth, and most Earthlings were blissfully unaware of the near miss. Did you know that, early last week, an asteroid a third of a mile across came within 280,000 miles of striking Earth? Sounds like a long way, but in astronomical terms, its a hairbreadth. The asteroid was the largest object ever observed to pass that closely to Earth, and if it had struck, astronomers calculate that it would have hit at some 58,000 MPH with the equivalent of a 3,000-12,000 megaton explosion (like taking all of

the U.S. and Soviet nuclear weapons, putting them in one big pile and blowing them all up). As if that's not scary enough, the astronomer who spotted this asteroid headed for us saw it only four days before it passed us by. If it had been headed for Earth, there would not have been time to do anything about it. Which is why some astronomers are trying to get more funding out of congress for cataloging and tracking these asteroids. It is estimated there may be 2,000 or so out there that could do that kind of damage, and hundreds

of thousands of smaller ones as well. Currently only about \$1 million is budgeted annually to tracking asteroids. There are a couple of strategies which could be employed to destroy an incoming asteroid, given enough warning. Granted, the odds of one of these hitting us any time soon are very small, but the potential damage one could cause makes it seem worth the effort to be prepared.

(Information on this event was taken from Time, June 3, 1996.)

MEDICAL REPORT

By Diana Waldier

The Recreation Department has reported a significant drop in group activity participation among crew members recently. Duty rotations and schedules account for some of the drop. But not all.

Since the beginning of space

flight, it has been known that a well functioning ship depended on its crew having a balance of duty time, personal time and group activity participation time. No ship functions well without this balance. We are out of balance.

As CMO, I am encouraging all crew members to participate in more of the ship's group activities. If you have suggestions for activities, please bring it to the attention of myself, the rec officer or any of the command staff.

ST: DS9 PROUD HELIOS

By Melissa Scott
Reviewed by William Barry

PIRATES.

Since the days when small, clumsy wood-and-canvas vessels wandered the oceans and waterways of our world, nothing has generated more romantic illusions of adventure, yet in reality, proven more capable of ruthlessness and cruelty. Throughout history, may of these sea-raiders waged irregular warfare against the foes of sovereign states as privateers, bearing letters of marque and reprisal. Others have preferred to be their own masters, coming and going as they wish. Yet the desire to prey upon the weak for material gain and a predisposition towards violence is the common thread woven into the character of all of history's wolves of the waves. As times have changed, pirates have become more sophisticated in their criminal pursuits, a trend which will no doubt increase with the advent of space travel. Law enforcement's efforts to deal with pirates will doubtless become more difficult as well, as illustrated in the ninth and newest STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE novel, **Proud Helios**.

Commander Benjamin Sisko and the combined Starfleet-Bajoran crew of Deep Space Nine have finally gotten their broken-down, deliberately-sabotaged home functioning at a level of efficiency approaching Starfleet norms. An urgent distress call from a freighter under attack gives them no time to celebrate, however. According to the beleaguered ship's captain, his pursuer is a combat vessel of unknown origin; big, fast, well-armed... and it carries a cloaking device.

With the **U.S.S. Defiant** on down-time at Utopia Planitia, Sisko's only recourse is to send one of his runabouts to the rescue, with Major Kira Nerys and Doctor Julian Bashir at the helm. Though the crews of both the runabout and the freighter push their ships to the limit, their efforts are to no avail: Kira and Bashir arrive at the projected rendezvous point only to find the freighter vaporized, its mysterious attacker long gone and far away.

All preliminary data gathered on the attacker points to the strong possibility that her crew's objective was spare parts, not the freighter's cargo. Furthermore, analysis of the ship's markings suggest an unconfirmed name... **Helios**.

Having been assigned the task of checking all ships in the docks for any in-transit "incidents", Security Chief Odo encounters problems of his own: interviews with several captains leave him with the impression that either they don't know anything, or they know and aren't telling. A little spice is added to this simmering pot of suspicions in the form of a heavily-veiled alien noblewoman, whom the station grapevine immediately classify as everything from a runaway princess to a Cardassian spy, with the Bajorans opting for the latter choice.

Subsequent surveillance by the constable reveals that the mystery woman is meeting with Quark... and not acting quite as one of her race and social status should, at least

not when behind closed doors.

What is already a puzzle of an issue for Sisko becomes even more so when several more pieces manifest themselves. Lieutenant Jadzia Dax picks up an unusual energy signature several times on DS9's sensors while scanning the Denorios Belt... a signature whose source may be a cloaked vessel. The latest of Bashir's liaisons with Farak, DS9's sole Cardassian, yields further data: the pirate ship's name is indeed **Helios**, and a Cardassian pursuit squadron under Gul Dukat has been hunting her for days. And Sisko himself gets the official word from Starfleet Command and Starfleet Intelligence; the crew of **Helios** are to be captured if possible and tried in a Federation court... even if it means working with Dukat.

Odo's suspicions concerning the mystery woman are doubled when two former gunrunners for the Bajoran Resistance come calling... and proceed to secretly meet with her at Quark's bar. Arrangements are made to arrest the smugglers and the suspected spy, but the plans go quickly awry when the bogus noblewoman fakes an escape attempt, then turns the tables on her would-be captors and kidnaps two of Sisko's staff, spiriting them away via transporter. An already bad situation turns downright awful when Dukat and his task force arrive on the scene; his orders are to capture or destroy **Helios**, and he will consider any interference with his mission as an act of war.

Caught between the hammer of the pirate ship and the anvil of Dukat's hunters, Sisko must find a way to rescue his hostages and fulfill his orders without negating the treaty between the Federation and Cardassia, or putting Deep Space Nine smack in the middle of a hopeless fight with no chance of survival...

Though something of a veteran in the field of science-fiction and fantasy writing (with no less than eight novels under her belt), Melissa Scott is a newcomer to the world of STAR TREK. Nevertheless, she pulls off her debut brilliantly, crafting a no-holds-barred contest of wills with a tension-filled, suspense-laden and menace-ridden atmosphere which will leave the reader as wary, on-edge, and ready to jump at shadows as any of the characters. In particular, her Sisko and Kira are very much in character; two disparate individuals united in a common struggle against a faceless and shadowy foe. To win, they must walk a delicate line between subterfuge and all-out war... and no two people in the Bajor Sector can do that better.

If novels like **Treasure Island**, films like **The Sea Hawk**, and tales of Blackbeard, Captain Kidd, and Jean Lafitte pique your interest, **PROUD HELIOS** certainly will (and I say that with a hearty and heartfelt "Arr, matey!")

CONVENTION REPORT WOLF 359 THE ENCOUNTER

By Margaret Lamb

June 7, 9, 1996 - Blackpool, UK: As many of you know, I am not a fan of conventions. But I felt that I had to try at least one B5 convention before vowing to never waste my money again as I have done with other genres. So, off to Blackpool I drove one sunny Saturday morning to attend one day of a three day B5 con. It ended up being a pleasant and enjoyable day. The con had an impressive guest list consisting of J. Michael Straczynski (B5 creator), Bruce Boxlietner (Sheridan), Stephen Furst (Vir), Bill Mumy (Lennier), and Andreas Katsulas (G'Kar) who filled in for Michael Hareñ (Sinclair) at the last minute. Other guests were Rene Auberjonois (Odo), Peter David (author), Jackie Edwards (Patrick Stewart's personal assistant), and Greg Funk and Fionagh Cush of Optic Nerve, the Emmy Award winning team responsible for alien makeup on B5. Supposedly there were several additional guests but I didn't see them. My day started off with Bill Mumy and Peter David pitching their new show Space Cases, which I had never seen or heard of so it wasn't overly interesting to me. Then Straczynski had the stage for a while but halfway through, I wandered off to another room to watch Optic Nerve spend 90 minutes turning Bill Mumy into Lennier. This was by far the highlight of the convention as I had never seen the process. There was then a dead period which I spent searching Blackpool for an ATM machine that would accept my card as I only had 3.87 Pound Sterling (\$5) in my pocket. This task finally accomplished, I headed to the dealers room. As expected, not much B5 stuff is available. There was a wide selection of Red Dwarf, Dr. Who, Star Wars, and Trek. Of the B5 things, I discovered a small run of B5 trading cards was produced by Fleet(?) earlier this

year. I would have loved to get my hands on them as only one dealer even had them and even he couldn't get many. Being my usual extravagant self, I purchased the latest B5 book and called it a day. I was also on a mission from Jeff Habrych to find a B5 costume pattern. I stopped a number of people wearing the various B5 costumes to find that they had all purchased them over the past two years from a costumer who was in the dealers room. They were all impressed by the combination of durability, comfort, quality and price of her work. Several people had purchased several costumes of different genres from her with none ever disappointed. They also liked the fact that she contracted out to provide all the buckets, patches, pins etc. required to finish off the look for each of the costumes. I had a talk with her and got some info which I am sending about custom fit mail order for anyone interested. She indicated that she had not heard of any patterns being available and hers were not for sale. Then it was back to the main hall for Jackie Edwards who had clips and information on the new ST:TNG movie and a lot of information about Patrick's cat. (Being the type of person not overly interested in the stars lives, the bit about the star's pets was a real snoozer!!) Then Rene, Stephen and Bruce each gave an hour long talk. Stephen auctioned off a black and white print autographed by the cast for 300GBP (\$465), Bruce auctioned off an autographed poster from the first season and two from the second season for about 850GBP (\$1320) each. Then they closed the hall for an hour to setup and when it reopened, it was a panel forum with all the attending B5 guests. They all had matching third season crew and cast jackets on and the prevailing question throughout the day was,

Can I have your jacket? Stephen decided to take advantage of this desire and auctioned off his jacket for his favorite charity, the American Diabetes Society, as he is diabetic. The hardly worn jacket went for a whopping 1000GBP (\$1550). After this, the panel was open for suggestions, but after the reorganization of the hall, the sound was crap so I decided I had seen enough for the day and headed home. The con had the usual problems of things running over/late, not much going on except the main hall and the dealers room, huge lines for autographs. But they had done a few good things like installing three big screen TV'S in various parts of the main hall with closeups of the action on stage shown on screen. Overall, I decided that I just don't like cons. But for not liking them, this was the best I'd attended mostly because of the interesting presentation by Optic Nerve and the little discussion a few of us had with Peter David about the state of B5 in the USA vs UK. It appears the B5 fan contingent is either larger or better organized in the UK. This is about the 4th B5 con and there are 4 more this year over which all the cast and main guests will have attended at least one. The UK B5 fan club has been running for 3 years now and have several UK B5 web sites. Peter has yet to hear of a US B5 convention. He has been to several Star Trek ones with one B5 guest but nothing like the one WOLF 359 puts on. If you are yearning for a B5 con, the Raleigh to London plane tickets run between \$400 and \$1000 depending on time of year. The guest lists are good and some of the locations ideal. I can provide more info if desired or it is all on the net.

ROC REVIEW

By Elaine Pischke

Mother's Day weekend a number of Kitty Hawk personnel rendezvoused at the Airport Sheraton hotel in Charlotte for a new convention. This convention was patterned loosely after MOC, which seems to be making a last gasp for life, having been killed by it's creator, but that's another story. As for ROC of Ages, it was not bad for a new convention being put on by people who had never done this before. There were some Snafu's, as would be expected. The biggest one was that many of the events were scheduled to take place in a large tent which had been set up in the parking lot. Unfortunately, on Saturday afternoon, a big storm blew through and knocked the tent down, permanently. That left only the atrium of the hotel available for the larger activities. Of course, there were already activities

planned for that area, so everything had to be rescheduled and shuffled. This pushed some activities, such as the costume contest and dance, back quite a bit. However, eventually everything was worked in. The guest list for the convention included James Doohan, whom I got to meet, and even got a kiss from him. (Of course, so did every other female in the place. He is quite a flirt!) I told him that Graeme's middle name was Montgomery, after Montgomery Scott. He said that was his middle name, too. He named the character after his maternal grandfather. Other guests included David Prowse, Gunner Hansen, and numerous others associated with movies and comic books. The dealer's room was rather heavy on comic books, and not a lot else. Autographs were available from all the guests and the lines

were not too awfully long.

As for the facilities - beautiful hotel, nice pool, good layout and facilities, terrible, expensive food, lousy service. Since we were guests of the convention, our room and food were paid for. We ordered room service several times and got the buffet one evening. All I can say is, if we had been paying for the food ourselves, we would have been very unhappy. Also, we had to ask 3-4 times to get someone to come change the bed, and when they finally came, they grumbled and complained, and it took 2 people an hour to do it!

Over all, it looks like these people could have the start of something good here, if they learn from their mistakes and can make things go a little more smoothly next year.

YOUR STARSHIP CAPTAIN JUST MIGHT BE A REDNECK IF...

- ♣ Your shuttlecraft has been up on blocks for over a month.
- ♣ He paints flames and a NRA sticker on the warp nacelles.
- ♣ You have a shuttle called "Billy Joe Bob".
- ♣ He refers to Klingons as "Critters".
- ♣ He refers to Photon Torpedoes as "Popguns".
- ♣ He has the sensor array repaired with a bent coathanger and aluminum foil.
- ♣ He installs a set of bullhorns on the front of the saucer section.
- ♣ He says "Got your ears on, good buddy" instead of "open hailing frequencies".
- ♣ He hangs fuzzy dice over the viewscreen.
- ♣ He rewires his communicator into his belt buckle.
- ♣ He keeps a six-pack under his command chair and a gun rack above it.
- ♣ He says "yee-Ha!" instead of "Engage".
- ♣ He has a hand-tooled holster for his phaser.
- ♣ He insists on calling his executive officer "Bubba".
- ♣ He sets the fore viewscreen to reruns of "Bassmaster".
- ♣ He programs the food replicator for beer, ribs and turnip greens.
- ♣ He paints the starship John Deer green.
- ♣ He refers to a Pulsar as a "Blue Light Special".
- ♣ He refers to the Murara Nebula as a "swamp".
- ♣ His moonshine is stronger than Romulan Ale.
- ♣ He sings "Lucille" instead of "Kathleen".
- ♣ His idea of dress uniform is CLEAN bib overalls.
- ♣ He wears mirrored shades on the bridge.
- ♣ His idea of a "gas giant" is that big ol' XO Bubba after a meal of bean and weenies.
- ♣ He sets phaser to "Cajun".

(We aren't sure who to credit for this jewel of the internet because it has been e-mailed around so much. Anyway, thanks to its anonymous author. Well done!)

BOOK REVIEW

By Elaine Pischke

POSSESSION by J.M. Dillard and Kathleen O'Malley

This Star Trek: The Next Generation novel is one of the best I have read in a while. The story was compelling, and kept me engrossed right from the beginning. I could find no major flaws in the writing, which was smooth and unobtrusive. (There was one question left unresolved, but I won't mention it as it would give away too much of the ending.) The plot involves a Vulcan

scientist who comes aboard the Enterprise along with a number of other scientists all on their way to a Technology Fair. The Vulcan scientist's research surrounds some artifacts which contain a deadly entity which infected Vulcan 80 years ago, killing his parents and many others, and which he has devoted his life to studying. While some plot points were obvious (of

course the entity was going to escape and infect people - otherwise, there would have been no book), the specifics were still interesting. Who would be infected, who would be left to save the Federation? How would they accomplish this task? I recommend this book as good summer reading. ★★★★★

(Continued from page 2)
those system up now!"

The screen began to clear of static and return to normal. The Captain turned to look at Sava. He had a choice; he could remove the field that protected the Captain or kill him with blade he had stashed under the control panel. Killing him the old-fashioned way would be much more pleasurable. Grun moved his hand under the control panel and felt for the knife. He couldn't feel it. He checked again. It wasn't there.

The Captain started to laugh. "Looking for something?"

Time Enough

Taylor heard something. She closed her eyes and concentrated. It was getting closer. For a moment she stopped breathing. The rhythmical thud began to echo in the room. It's vibrations shook the floor. Deep in her gut she knew. He was coming. Coming for her. She looked around, there was nowhere to go. There were no air ducts large enough to crawl in, and only one door. The vibrations were getting louder, her ears began to ring. Taylor crouched down on the floor and covered her ears. It didn't work, she could still hear those damn footsteps. It was Grun. The evil laugh that rolled down the empty hall and into the room only confirmed it. She was shaking, almost to the point of losing control. No, she thought. I'll take you down even if I

have to die trying. "NO!" she shouted "NOT THIS TIME!"

"Taylor wake up." Laquin shook her hard. When Taylor's eyes open she was relieved to see the faces of the women and not Grun's. Johnathon looked over. He was frightened, she must have been shouting. She reached her hand out to him. He ran over and buried himself in her arms. Taylor took a deep breath. It was just a dream.

"Is Shelly back?"

"No" Laquin replied.

"How long was I asleep?" Taylor looked over at the guard, who was starting to snore.

"Not long."

"Just long enough to dream."

Taylor should have grown accustomed to the nightmares. She had one almost every night. Yet every new nightmare brought with it a whole new set of fears. Taylor took another deep breath. "We've got to get him out of here. Any suggestions?" Taylor glanced over at Laquin.

"None."

"I think I know a place. We could leave him there and lock him in for a while. That way even if he wakes up..." Taylor caught her breath midstream. The fire in the pit of her stomach told her something was wrong.

"Are you all right. If you're in pain..." Laquin was interrupted by Taylor's "Quiet."

Then she heard it. The pounding, like a hard thud coming from down the

hall. Taylor's face went pale. She tried to stand up, but the pain in her ribs made that impossible. The other women started to become frightened at Taylor's reaction. They had watched every move and expression on Taylor's face. 'Get hold of yourself Taylor' she thought. 'Don't scare them unless you have to.' It took everything she had to fight back the fear.

"It's all right" she whispered, hoping the others would hear her. She closed her eyes to concentrate on where the noise was coming from and if it was getting closer. That's when she heard it. They all heard it. The scream, deep and resounding, it sounded like the cry of a wild animal that had been captured. Capture in a cage that could keep it from running free.

Some of the women began to cry with tears and sobs, almost matching that of the scream.

"Please," Taylor said "You have to be quiet." Out of the corner of her eyes she saw Laquin get up and walk over to the frightened women. They were too young and too innocent to hold back their fears.

The scream stopped, as if it had never existed. No residual noise, no nothing, just quiet. That's what worried Taylor. The quiet. For she knew the beast who had screamed out at captivity. The one who had roared out for freedom. That beast had only one name, Grun.

CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

JULY 6 : 4:00 - Kitty Hawk Meeting
AUGUST 3 : 4:00 - Kitty Hawk Meeting
SEPT. 7: 4:00 - Kitty Hawk Meeting