

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

At the October 2nd meeting at the Fisher's home, a number of things were decided for the ship, as far as activities for the coming year. As I have not been contacted by those not attending the meeting, I will take the consensus of those in attendance as the will of the crew.

This week is the state fair at the fair grounds in Raleigh. Crew wishing to attend as a group will meet at the Nationwide parking lot at 6:00 p.m. on Wednesday evening to ride the shuttle buses to the fair and return at the time of their choosing. We always have a good time at this show and of course the food is great.

The following Saturday morning at 9:00 a.m., we will meet at the Food Bank of North Carolina at 3808 Tarheel Drive off Atlantic Avenue. If Margaret Lamb has not contacted you, please give her a call as soon as possible so we will know how many members are volunteering to work from 9 to 12. Margaret's telephone number is 851-7574. Let's have a really good turnout for this project as we have not done as well with other projects this year and we can have a real impact here. Margaret informs me that for those early risers, breakfast at Denny's on Old Wake Forest Road, Saturday morning at 8:00 a.m. Just a chance to get together for some nourishment before jumping on all those cans of food.

Speaking of attendance; Janet Williams, along with Nick and Alex, are hosting this year's Halloween bash at their home. There is a map enclosed in the newsletter showing you how to find them and their telephone numbers. Please call Janet with information on what you will bring to the party; i.e. main dish, dessert, drinks, etc. She is coordinating the food so if you have a special dish you want to share with the crew, call her early so you can bring that special dish. We don't

want 10 casseroles and no drinks. She may also ask you to bring something decorative. Remember, no alcohol, no nudity, and no STARFLEET uniforms. Obey her rules regarding where food is permitted. 6 p.m. on October 30th.

A number of the crew gave me checks at the last meeting to reserve a space at the 10 year anniversary dinner on the 17th of December at the Kanki. If you want to be assured a seat at the dinner (maximum 35) you need to get me a check for \$10.00 for each person. Make it out to the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk; we will not cash them unless you do not show up on the 17th. We will return them to you when you do show up.

Remember, this is an open menu - you get whatever you want and you are responsible for your own bill and tip. Let's have a really great turnout as we will never have a ten year anniversary again. And good food and good company is a great way to begin the holiday festivities.

The trip to Charleston seems to be on hold for the time being as does the overnighter to Wilmington. Guess the holidays will be here before we know it and there is never enough time to do all the things we want to do.

We considered a train trip from Spencer to Asheville, but the price turned out to be a bit prohibitive, and there was no guarantee that the engine would be a steam engine.

Let's start considering a return trip to the Smithsonian for early spring, say March or April. That was one of the best trips we have ever gone on and we know that there is that much more to see in D.C. So, start checking your calendars and let's see what weekend the most people can get away for three days.

As far as the other topics discussed; the following was decided by the crew present at the last meeting. We have so many people on board now who were not with us ten

years ago, that the majority wanted us to re-issue the maroon t-shirts we first had as crew duty shirts. Same designs as black and blue shirts currently worn; gold on maroon.

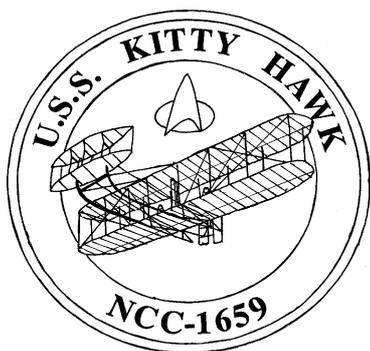
Hats were also asked for; naval or baseball type with ship I.D. on cap: i.e. U.S.S. Kitty Hawk, NCC-1659, and silhouette of ship class. Nothing on the bill of the cap. We are also going to explore the possibility of doing coffee mugs with the ship's logo on the side. If this does well, we could explore doing other pieces as well.

The other suggestions were liked by the crew but we can not do all of these things at once, so we will try the ones mentioned and see how well they are received (purchased) and then maybe we will try other fund raising adventures.

I have not contacted Joe Motes about Vulkon, Raleigh, for February 4 - 6, 2000. But I expect to be talking with him around the first of November. So, be thinking about what you would like to do at this convention. We may not get to do all the panels and talks that we did last year, or we may be asked to do more. But we have to be prepared for more, so dust off those presentations and start practicing.

In some ways, this has been a most difficult year, especially personally. The ship has done well with what we have done, particularly with conventions, but we really have become slack in our community service work. There is only \$20.00 in the Duke jar, we don't do highway cleanup anymore and attendance at the UNC-TV and Duke Telethons is down. I hope we are only catching our breath before starting another ten years. If there is something I can do to improve the ship, please let me know. It is hard to always have the Wright Stuff, sometimes we need a little help.

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THERE'S TRIBBLE IN THE COLLECTIVE

By Jeff Cohn

Part V: Tribbles 'N Bits!

"...and I have decided, therefore, to proceed with the Cardassian option. Despite the unknowns associated with these latest developments, Lieutenant Satrel is confident that once the communications network is penetrated, all the tribble vessels will comply with the command to seek provisions in the vicinity of the home world. End Log." Commander Lawrence completed his log entry with an emphatic jab at his command chair's PADD, then stared out at the viewscreen, where twenty Borg, err Tribble, err Triborg? ("Yeah, that's it" he decided) vessels polished off the remainder of the asteroid. He was just about to get up for quick trip to the ship's workout area, when a curt beep was emitted by the Communications console. "We have a response, Sir" said the Vulcan, peering into his station's viewer. "I am detecting an energy build-up in the first vessel's propulsion system. "Confirmed, Sir", interjected Ensign Nephila, at OPS. "There's a definite change in their energy allocations". "Sir", added Ensign Brett, "They are going to warp".

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A few thousand kilometers off the starboard side of the *Redoubtable*, the last of the Triborg fleet entered subspace. The little Federation vessel quickly made way to follow. The trip to Cardassian space would take several days. Captain Lawrence settled back into his chair and turned to complete a report when his Comm badge chirped "Sick Bay to Commander Lawrence." "Lawrence here." "Sir, can you come down? There's been a development regarding Ensign Kenney." "On my way," replied the Commander, who quickly headed aft, leaving the Con in Satrel's care.

Entering Sickbay, Lawrence observed closely as, behind the force field, the EMH removed the last of several devices from Kenney, still very much resembling a large, shaggy ottoman. The *Redoubtable's* medic gestured with a nod as the holographic physician completed the work. "Without the EMH we'd never have gotten to this point, Sir". If any of us had tried to work that closely with Kenney, we'd have been at significant risk." Lawrence nodded. "What is the development you mentioned?" "Well Sir, the EMH was able to modify a sample of the Borg nanoprobe to function as antibodies. They are now programmed to seek out and destroy any unmodified nanoprobe they encounter. This technique has been tried before, but was never entirely successful. They couldn't remove enough of the nanoprobe and the survivors quickly reproduced." "What's different this time?" "Well Sir, It occurred to me that Ensign Kenney's transporter pattern was still in the Buffer." "How's that possible?" questioned Lawrence, "It would have been erased when we beamed him back on board!" "Well Sir, it turned out that when his accident occurred, his structure was altered so fundamentally, that the Transporter considered him to be a novel object. His pattern was not overwritten as normally occurs. Instead, a new pattern was created, and the old one retained for use when the actual Kenney (as far as the Transporter was concerned) next beamed on or off the ship. The EMH and I feel that if we remove as many of the nanoprobe as possible using the standard treatment, and then quickly pass him through the Transporter, we can use his original pattern to filter out the remaining nanoprobe and the changes they induced." "Is it safe?" "We believe so, Sir. A similar technique has been used before on Starfleet personnel to filter out altered DNA. It worked quite well from what I have read." "Very well then. Let's try." "Aye

Sir". The medic turned to the Medical console and activated several controls.

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Refreshed now, the Borg Queen was lifted from her regeneration chamber. Reconnected to her humanoid body she instantly assimilated the information received from the modified scout vessel. Its enhanced telemetry had detected the changes in the number and structure of the infected Cubes even before their decks were occupied by likewise infected Drones. The Scout vessel also detected the presence of a Federation vessel, and its attempts to influence the communications interlink. The Queen surprised herself by feeling a millisecond of irritation. She attempted to override the instructions being passed on by the insignificant vessel, however what should have been accomplished instantly and without question was unsuccessful. The response she received was nearly... painful in its intensity as the Drones refused her command to stand down and await the Borg fleet. The Queen realized that she lost all control of the wayward vessels. It was clear the infected Cubes would continue to multiply as resources permit, and that she no longer had any influence over them. Without immediate intervention they would certainly now increase in numbers until they pose a direct threat to the health of the Collective. While unfortunate, this outcome had been anticipated. With a thought, the associated contingencies were set in motion.

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In the *Redoubtable's* Sickbay, the tension was palpable. Lawrence, the medic, and two of Kenney's friends watched as the familiar Transporter shimmer enveloped him. "Computer" said the EMH, "Engage protocol Kenney

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FIRST OFFICER'S LOG

By Carey Muse

I hope that everyone is making plans to participate in our Anniversary Party at Kanki in Crabtree Valley Shopping Center. I would like to thank Brad McDonald for his assistance in arranging this party.

On a more serious note, I hope

none of you or your family had damage from Hurricane Floyd. If you have extra time it would be very helpful if you could volunteer to help clean up eastern North Carolina (if you are physically unable to do clean-up, the food banks need help sorting food). There is still plenty to do and

one day can make a real difference in helping these people to clean up. If you are unable to volunteer your time many places are still collecting food and cleaning supplies. Also, monetary donations are still being accepted.

SCIENCE REPORT

By Elaine Pischke

The news in science is both good and bad. NASA has been embarrassed by the loss of the Mars Climate Orbiter. In case you didn't know, the Orbiter was lost because the spacecraft was programmed by Lockheed Martin to operate in the English system of pounds of thrust, and the JPL navigators were using the metric units of newtons, as specified by NASA policy. The

spacecraft became confused and crashed into Mars. Oops. The good news is that because of NASA's new policy of sending out lots of cheaper spaceships rather than more elaborate, expensive crafts, the loss was not catastrophic. And NASA has had some success this week. The Galileo space probe passed within 380 miles of Jupiter's moon Io, sending back some spectacular pictures of one

of the most violent pieces of real estate in the solar system. In other science news, two separate teams of scientists have noted what may be a tenth planet in our solar system. If it is indeed a planet, it is huge (4-10 times the size of Jupiter) and it is way out there... half a light year from the sun. They are not sure that it is a planet, but the evidence points in that direction.

OPERATION'S REPORT

By Larry Pischke

Greetings from the bowels of the department we like to call OPS. Lucky you, you caught me in a good mood today. I'm not nearly as bitter as I usually am. I guess I'm still overcoming being sedated for all of yesterday.

And guess what? There's NOTHING new going on in OPS! Isn't that a surprise!

So this is me, signing off, reminding you to always properly ground your equipment with a surgeprotector or power supply. And get a really good one, with a guarantee. So even if you do get hit by lightning, like we did, both your homeowner's insurance and the surge protector company will send you money!



MEDICAL REPORT

By Amy DeJongh

"Water, water, everywhere nor any drop to drink."
Samuel Coleridge

We can go without food for almost two months, but without water only a few days. Up to 60 percent of the human body is water, the brain is composed of 70 percent water, blood is 82 percent water, and the lungs are nearly 90 percent water. There just wouldn't be any you, me, or Fido the dog without the existence of an ample water supply on Earth.

Without water, we'd be poisoned to death by our own waste products. When the kidneys remove uric acid and urea, these must be dissolved in water. If there isn't enough water, wastes are not removed as effectively and may build up as kidney stones. Water also is vital for chemical reactions in digestion and metabolism. It carries nutrients and oxygen to the cells through the blood and helps to cool the body through perspiration.

So if you don't drink sufficient water, you can impair every aspect of your physiology. Bariatric specialists agree that by not drinking enough water, many people incur
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SPACE FRONTIER CONFERENCE #8

By Alastair Browne

On September 23 - 26, at the Sheraton Gateway Hotel in Los Angeles, the Space Frontier Conference was held. Guests included Don Goldin, the head of NASA, and writer Ray Bradbury. Bradbury appeared on Thursday, the 23rd, selling and autographing his books, and people took pictures of him with his fans. At his speech during a luncheon, Bradbury asked, "How many of you have read me in high school?" Almost every hand had shot up. Afterwards, Mr. Bradbury went on to tell of his life, writing the script for Moby Dick, his books, and telling some of his anecdotes.

Among the subjects covered during the conference were CATS-Cheap Access to Space, the International Space Station, and space tourism.

First, our world is at an impasse. What are our choices for the future? The rest of the world wants what we, the developed nations, have got - a middle class home, a car, ivy league schools. Unfortunately, with a population of six billion, the world does not have the resources to make the worldwide standard of living equal to that of the U.S. So what are we to do? There are three options.

First, we can do nothing - we can continue to strip the Earth of its natural resources and go down the tubes.

Second, we can ration things - everybody gets an equal amount of everything - but we don't have the resources.

Third, we can open up the high frontier of space - exploit the resources of the Moon, Mars, the asteroids and beyond, thereby increasing the quality of life for anyone who wants it.

The problem with the space shuttle are high launch costs, \$10,000/lb., long turnaround time, and too large a turnaround crew. What we want is to have a spaceplane that will put satellites in orbit for \$1000/lb., or even \$100/lb. We also want a quick turnaround time, say one week or even immediately, with a small maintenance

crew.

There are many spaceplanes on the drawing board to replace the shuttle, from both public and private institutions. There is a projected launch market of 1000 satellites over the next decade, so all these proposed systems will have plenty of work. Aside from the VentureStar that will replace the shuttle, there will also be the x-34 and Future-X spacecraft, and private companies like Pioneer Rocketplane will also get in on the market.

The launch business should now be out of NASA's hands and into that of private industry. NASA's job is simply to implement new technology, turn it over to the private sector, and then get out of the way.

The International Space Station (ISS) is another example of this. As soon as it is built, space on the station should be leased out to the private sector. An example of this are pharmaceutical companies that can manufacture medicines in a zero gravity environment, that cannot be manufactured on Earth due to Earth's gravity. Ultra-pure crystals for computers and alloys can also be made.

Yet for all this, space industries can only flourish if there is a profit to be made. Profit is the key word for getting us all into space.

Tourism may be the first to do so. This can make the public regain interest in the space movement. Proposals include a space plane to take passengers to Earth orbit to observe the "blue marble". This will lead to Earth orbiting hotels and eventually, a resort on the Moon. At first, space tourism will be only for the very rich, but as launch costs go down, it will then appeal to more of the general public.

The conference lasted four days, with writers, astronauts, and a congressman as guest speakers. There were luncheons and evening banquets each night, all with different subjects of broad interests.

(Continued from page 4)

excess body fat, poor muscle tone and size, decreased digestive efficiency and organ function, increased toxicity in the body, joint and muscle soreness and water retention.

Wait! What do you mean water retention? If you're not drinking enough, your body may retain water to compensate: paradoxically, fluid retention can sometimes be eliminated by drinking more water, not less.

If people who are trying to lose weight don't drink enough water, the body can't metabolize the fat adequately.

The minimum for a healthy person is eight to ten eight-ounce glasses a day. You need more if you exercise a lot or live in a hot climate. And overweight people should drink in an extra glass for every 25 pounds they exceed their ideal weight. Consult your own physician for his recommendations.

Your intake should be spread

throughout the day and evening. So now you may wonder: If I drink this much, won't I constantly be running to the bathroom? Yes. But after a few weeks, your bladder tends to adjust and you urinate less frequently but in larger amounts.

And by consuming those eight to ten glasses of water throughout the day, you could be on your way to a healthier, leaner body.

Be safe, be happy, be healthy.



SECURITY REPORT

By Spring Brooks

Halloween

Ancient peoples followed the wheel of the year. Festivals were held seasonally. Fall Festivals generally included ideals of resting, death, harvest, insight, the mysteries of life/death/rebirth.

Halloween can be traced to an ancient Celtic ritual known as Samhain (sow-in). November 1st was the end of harvest and beginning of the cold, bleak winter, the start of a new cycle. This was the start of the Celtic New Year. The night before, October 31st, the boundary between the living world and the dead was opened and the dead mingled among the living. The spirits were powerful and wise. This was the time when the veil between this world and the next was at its thinnest. The Celts believed that upon death, everyone went to a beautiful place free of hunger, pain and disease. It was called "Tir nan Og", sometimes translated as "Summerland". They had no concept of Heaven and Hell that was adopted in the first century CE by Christianity. Many believed that two separate and nearly identical worlds existed. When a person died, they were transferred to the "ghostworld"; when they were born." The pagan idea used to be that crucial joints between the seasons opened cracks in the fabric of space-time, allowing contact between the ghostworld and the mortal one." The Celts celebrated rituals at this time to make contact with their ancestors who had died before them. This contact was not made in an atmosphere of dread, fearing some retribution from the dead. Rather it was done in a spirit of expectation, in the hopes of obtaining guidance from those in the next world. Rituals were performed to foretell future events, through various methods of divination.

Later some groups like the Druids came to believe that the dead could play tricks on mankind and cause panic and destruction. They had to be appeased, so country folk

would give them food as they visited their homes.

In the 800s, Pope Boniface IV created All-hallows (from Middle English, Alhallowmesse meaning All Saints' Day) to be celebrated on November 1st in an attempt to end Samhain. However, Samhain became known as All Hallows Eve and eventually Halloween.

In the late 1800s, there was a strong effort to change Halloween from a scary, superstitious festival to a family and community holiday. Families held parties for children and scary decorations were abandoned.

But it being Halloween that didn't last. Trick-or-treating originated in England when the poor would beg for food on All Souls' Day. Beggars would receive special treats in exchange for prayers for the dead. In time, children began "begging" for treats. To avoid tricks, treats were and are given to children to avoid those pranksters!

Around the 19th century, children did begin to play pranks and the "ghosts" of dead were feared as evil.

The Jack-o'-lantern: The tradition of carving out pumpkins started in Ireland. Originally large turnips, rutabagas, and potatoes were used. Legends tell of an ornery man named Jack. He was a mean sort, so when he died Heaven didn't want him. He had played terrible tricks on the devil, so he was not wanted in Purgatory either. He was doomed to walk the land with a lantern made from a hollowed out turnip and a lit piece of burning coal. He became known as "Jack of the Lantern," or "Jack-o'-lantern." To scare away Jack and other spirits, jack-o'-lanterns are placed outside the front door on the one day where spirits roam the land--Halloween. The tradition of using a pumpkin was started in the United States by immigrants.

In Mexico, the Day of the Dead has become, like Halloween in America, a popular festival. The original celebration can be traced to

the festivities held during the Aztec month of Miccailhuitontli, ritually presided by the goddess Mictecacihuatl ("Lady of the Dead"), and dedicated to children and the dead. In the Aztec calendar, this ritual fell roughly at the end of the Gregorian month of July and the beginning of August, but in the postconquest era it was moved by Spanish priests so that it coincided with the Christian holiday of All Hallows Eve in a vain effort to transform this from a "profane" to a Christian celebration. The result is that Mexicans now celebrate the day of the dead during the first two days of November, rather than at the beginning of summer, but remember the dead they still do, and the modern festivity is characterized by the traditional Mexican blend of ancient aboriginal and introduced Christian features.

Halloween, no longer just for children, now rivals Christmas as the most popular holiday in sales alone. Because of the pagan origins of Halloween, many strict Christians choose not to celebrate the day at all. Others have decided to "redeem" the day with Harvest Celebrations, Reformation Days, and Hallelujah Nights at their churches. Unfortunately it is a time when evil or stupid people feel the urge to do bad. (I keep my black kitty inside during this time.) Some believe that Halloween is a time for Satanists. Satanism came about as a direct reaction to Christianity and had nothing to do with this ancient festival. Neopagans, some which call themselves witches and wiccans, celebrated Halloween as the Witch's New Year. A time of feasting, resting, insight, foretelling of the future, casting spells, visiting and honoring their dead particularly the thousands murdered during the Burning Times.

Happy Halloween! Get a costume, and get that candy. And remember your friends and family that have crossed over.

ENGINEERING REPORT

By Brad McDonald

It's been a rocky road this year. One thing after another, both personally and in general. Someone at work once asked me if I was concerned over the Y2K thing. With all that has happened to me personally and to the world in general, I'm looking forward to the end of the year. The Y2K bug will be anticlimactic in comparison. Seriously, all the preliminary problems, the 9-9-99 pitfall failed to turn up anything, neither did the 99th day of the 99th year. Oh well, time marches on.

Related to the above, I was asked what I thought was the biggest problem concerning the Y2K situation. My response was quick and easy. No more reverible years. A reversible year is one that looks the same upside down and right side up. I remember my amazement when someone showed me 1961 looked the same when viewed up or down. Wow, as a grade school student I thought that was really nifty. So I did some quick figuring and the following years came to mind: 0, 1, 69, 96, 101, 111, 609, 906, 619, 916, 1001, 1111, 1691, 1961. But now, it will be a long time until the next 'magic year', 6009.

In other news, the latest Hallmark ornament is out. The U.S.S. Rio Grande, DS9's runabout features a recording of Worf offering us an 'honorable holiday'. Also, on QVC last night, I watched part of a 2 hour special on Star Wars collectibles. While I didn't buy anything, it was interesting to see how much merchandising can be had from a single mediocre movie.

On the prior topic, I'm finally ready to give my 'incredibly incisive' views on Star Wars I. After I saw the film once, I decided to watch it again, just to see if I could figure out what went wrong. I have a few observations. First,

no bad guy. In the opening minutes of Star Wars, we met Darth Vader and watched him lift a man off the floor and strangle him. Baaaaad! He remains one of the most recognizable characters from film. He was the ultimate image of evil, an unstoppable force and a focal point for us. We had Vader to compare Luke, Han, Leia, and the other characters to, as forces of good and evil. The fact that Vader was such a formidable foe, made the victory, his turning back to good, even more significant and made the defeat of the Empire a possibility. What did we get in SW I? Not much, no appreciable bad guy until Maul appears, over half way through the film. Then, in a battle scene that defies explanation, the old master is dispatched by Maul, while the newly 'graduated' Obi-Wan takes out this bad guy in a few easy steps. Our sole focus for evil is a group of trade merchants who have set up a blockade and use robots to fight because they are such transparent cowards, no one could take them serious as a threat. (Just a bit too reminiscent of our Ferengi friends in Star Trek, right?) Also, any sort of focus on the bad guys is negated by grade school humor from the three lead characters, the master, his pupil and their tag along companion. The second source of irritation is the lack of a strong female lead. The princess was slow to react, slow to act and not very forceful. Not until the final sequence does she get her act together, a bit too late for many of her citizens. Remember Leia? From the first scene she defied Vader, Mr. Bad! She took charge of the troubled rescue operation on the Death Star and practically ran the Rebel Alliance. Now that's a take charge female. Obviously she takes after her dad and not her mom.

Inconsistencies are rampant in this episode. We are led to believe that a little kid is a mechanical genius, okay I can handle that. Then how come the little brat can't figure out what buttons to push in the fighter? Everyone in the original trilogy jumped from one ship to another without a manual, and they weren't even gifted! My biggest complaint centers around the whole Force issue. I was taken with the idea of an unseen whatever that surrounds us, penetrates us and binds the galaxy together. Now we find that you can take a blood test and find out if you qualify to be a Jedi. Sort of takes the magic out of the whole Force thing. Once the magic is gone, there's not much left. Star Wars was founded on the premise of the magical and mystical. That's what made it so wonderful to watch. There is much to say about what was wrong with the movie, but in a nutshell it was visual candy. Nice to look at for the moment, but not capable of creating a lasting impression. More like a sense of temporary satisfaction. Unfortunate. There was so much potential.

On a final note, my wife's treatment has reached the final stages, radiation therapy. Unfortunately, she's not doing real well with this part of the treatment. As a result of the treatment, she's experiencing a side effect of swelling. Now she has to undergo therapy for the swelling. Oh well, at least her hair is starting to come back. One step forward, one step back. Thanks for the inquiries and the concern. We appreciate the interest.

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alpha - 2." "Kenney alpha - 2 protocol is now engaged" it responded. The shimmer brightened and faded several times as light from the Medical Console reflected off of it, producing a kaleidoscopic array of visual effects. The process continued for approximately one minute, after which the computer announced "Kenney alpha-2 protocol is now complete." The small group watched as a large round shape began to rematerialize upon the sensor bed. "It didn't work!" sighed the medic "I guess we'll..." "Wait, look," interrupted Lawrence, as the rematerialization completed. Over on the bed, the Transporter effect subsided. Curled in a fetal position lay Ensign Kenney, unconscious, but definitely human.

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72 hours later, the *Redoubtable* was continuing to follow the large fleet of Triborg vessels. Ensign Kenney was progressing in his recovery and would soon be able to return to duty. Commander Lawrence was in the main conference room, eating a replicated cheeseburger and a large pile of fries. He had 20 minutes left for lunch, before tackling yet another pile of reports and other bureaucratic nightmares. He reached for another French fry. "Red Alert - Commander Lawrence to the Bridge!" The fry landed on the floor as Lawrence complied with the urgent request.

"What do we have?" The question leapt from his lips as Lawrence settled in his chair and looked to the main viewscreen where a tactical map was displayed. He noted the *Redoubtable*, the large group of Triborg vessels and a similarly large group of contacts several light years distant. "It is a large fleet of Borg Cubes Sir" responded Ensign Brett. "They just entered sensor range. All of the tribble ships have dropped out of warp and seem to be waiting. The Borg are on an intercept course with the tribble ships. Estimated time to contact is three hours."

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The Drones aboard the Borg Scout vessel complied with their instructions. The large communications array began transmitting, sending the tribbles a message they couldn't refuse. Additional communications went to the Cubes. One of them disgorged a small pyramid shaped vessel. It accelerated and leapt ahead of the fleet. The Sphere and the Cubes increased speed to keep pace.

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Feeling powerless to influence what was about to transpire, Lawrence ordered Ensign Nephila to copy the ship's logs and all relevant data to a probe to be released in the event of catastrophe. The *Redoubtable* maintained its communications link with the

Triborg ships, attempting to keep them on their path towards Cardassian space. A warning alarm chirped. "Here they come, Sir" said Ensign Nephila. Several thousand kilometers ahead of the Federation and Triborg ships, space shimmered as one then another, then a third vessel dropped out of warp. Lawrence stared. This was not what he expected.

The vessels stood in an array, a Sphere, a Pyramid, and a Cube, like some strange set of children's blocks. Then, faster than the startled Starfleet Commander thought possible, the Pyramid left the group and sped towards the Triborg vessels. It whirled through the fleet, scanning, according to Satrel, each and every vessel at extremely close range. It then retreated back to join the other Borg ships.

"What was that?" asked Ensign Brett. "A quick assessment before the attack would be my guess" answered Commander Lawrence. "I think you're right Sir," added Ensign Nephila. "Here come the rest of them." Space again shimmered in front of the *Redoubtable*. This time, well over a dozen cubes appeared. Dozens of the little Pyramid craft darted out from several of them and swarmed towards their targets. Other Cubes moved to encircle the Triborg. "Orders Sir?" inquired Ensign Nephila, doing his best to conceal the tremor in his voice. "Lay low" came the reply. "Lay VERY low."

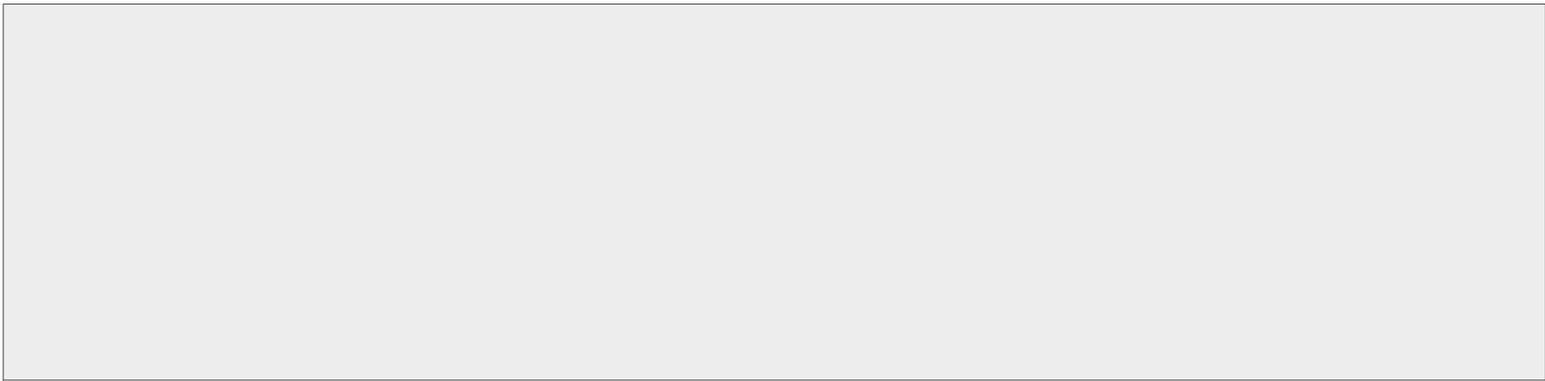
UPCOMING EVENTS

- October 20:** N.C. State Fair, 6:00 at Nationwide
- 23:** Food Bank
- 30:** Halloween Party at Janet Williams' home (see map)

- November 6:** Kitty Hawk Meeting
- 7:** Laser Tag

- December 4:** Kitty Hawk Meeting
- 5:** Laser Tag
- 17:** Anniversary Party at Kanki

**THE WRIGHT STUFF
U.S.S. KITTY HAWK
P.O. BOX 52112
RALEIGH, N.C. 27612-2112**



DEPARTMENTAL REPORTS

COMPUTER SCIENCE By John M. Troan

SECURITY BY Carey Muse

We are looking forward to a busy spring. We have Creature Feature coming up in April and we might be working Creation's convention in May. Otherwise, all is quiet in the Security Department.

OPERATIONS BY Larry Pischke

MEDICAL By Liz Read

FROM THE
CMO...
R

SCIENCE By Michael Glenn "Basic Science"