

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 our last meeting on June 3, we were unaware that the N & O had run an article the day before in their North Raleigh News section, on

the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk. Staff writer, Melissa Carter, did an excellent job in pulling together all the interviews she did with various members of the crew and painted a positive picture of what we are all about. While some of the information has changed, she was accurate and we did not come off as people who needed to "get a life", as is usually the case when media come looking to do an interview.

We had hoped to reprint the article in this month's newsletter, but inquires sent us to their legal people, who sent the legal forms, which basically stated that if we wanted to reprint the article as a non-profit organization, it would require permission and a \$25.00 charge. Somehow paying them to let us reprint an article on us, just did not sit well with us! So, we are not reprinting it, either here or at regional or fleet level.

Instead, we are telling all interested people to look up the article on the internet archives of the N & O. Go to <http://www.newsandobserver.com>; select "Full Text Archives"; select "SEARCH"; type "kittyhawk" (the entire article kept referring to U.S.S. Kitty Hawk as one word "Kittyhawk" - if you put in "Kitty Hawk" you will wind up with a lot of stories) and "return most recent matches first"; select the June 2, 2000 article by Melissa Carter. Before viewing the article, you will have to register. **Note that the archives services are only free until September, 2000.**

Also, there is no picture of Brad in the archives, only in the paper. This was probably done to protect the viewing audience and their computers, particularly the monitors and printers. A laminated copy could be very

beneficial if you have a small garden.

Our upcoming meeting, on July 1, at 4 p.m. at the Fisher home on Glen Forest Drive will be our usual cookout. We will furnish the hot dogs and hamburgers with buns and condiments. Crew are asked to bring various side dishes and deserts and soft drinks. Suggestions would include salads, dips and chips, deviled eggs (always a favorite of your captain), brownies, cake, melons, vegetables, etc. Almost everything gets eaten, so come enjoy, fill up (no alcohol) and help us celebrate the Fourth of July early.

We had some nice people visit us from the decommissioned Imperial Star last month and we hope they return. Several other people have contacted me about coming to this meeting, so introduce yourselves and make all of our guests and visitors feel at home and welcome. They may become you new shipmates.

Last month, we volunteered to man the phones for the Duke Radiothon on Saturday night, but only three crewmembers showed up. Fortunately, the phones were not busy, if they had been, we would have been terribly embarrassed as we were the late shift. Next year we hope more of you will see fit to help us with this cause. The TV version of Sunday did not fair any better as only four people showed up to work the phones. If we are not committed to this event/cause, then we need to examine our mission statement and make changes. We barely made our minimum contribution of \$250.00 this year and our importance to this event is dropping.

I am putting Amy DeJongh in charge of organizing the ship for next year's event, as she is dedicated to the cause. Please assist her in making this an event we can showcase in our community service portfolio. I wish to thank Amy DeJongh, Alastair Browne, Bill Barry, and Spring Brooks for helping with the phones. And a special thanks to Lynn Stone for her contributions which enabled us to reach our financial goal.

We need to make our final plans for the upcoming convention at the end of September, Trinoc*Con. So far, a modeling panel, collecting panel, and a kids room are our presentations. We have had people volunteer for security and guest relations. A final list should be drawn up at this meeting.

Shore Leave is July 7th—9th. Only about four people have expressed an interest in attending, so make up your minds now.

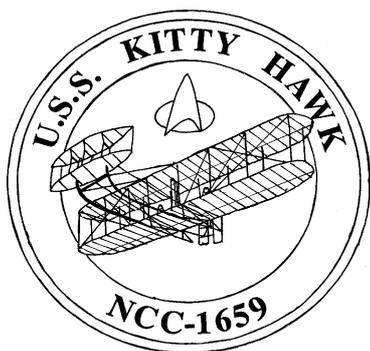
This fall is going to be extremely busy for the Kitty Hawk. We have two local conventions in September; suggested trips to Charleston, S.C.; Wilmington, N.C.; Spenser, N.C.; and several out of town conventions; plus throw in a few parties and dinners (remember, this is our tenth anniversary of our commissioning on October 7th).

We are including a roster at the back of the newsletter since so many people have asked for one. It is limited in that it does not include all family members or correspondence and associate members, but it will get you in touch with the more active people. Please use it only for ship's business.

Finally, as has become habit for us, we will put into port on July 1st for overhaul and refit. This means that we will **not** have an **August meeting**. Crew and their families will have a chance for some R&R while the lady gets her new coat of paint. Various department heads will be busy during this time and reports from all departments will be due on August 15th for that month's newsletter. The next meeting will be September 2nd (I know, it's Labor Day weekend, but the next weekend is the Durham convention). It will again be a cookout with all the trimmings.

Try to make this meeting, but if you can't, have a safe and healthy summer and remember to always have the Wright Stuff in everything you do.

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VOLUME 11

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THERE'S TRIBBLE IN THE COLLECTIVE

By Jeff Cohn

Part IX: Tribble-Down Economics

The Queen became aware of the analyses' conclusions the instant they were completed by the Tertiary Adjunct of Unimatrix 05. Unfortunately, all 240 million Drones in the remaining Adjunct entered regeneration alcoves upon conclusion of the complex process. As the regeneration cycle initiated, each member of the Tertiary Adjunct was injected with the newly improved nanoprobes. The infection was passed on. A smile played at the Queen's lips at the thought of their fate. She had assimilated the concept of irony from several species during her long existence. She looked at a viewscreen, currently displaying an external image of the vast construction and assimilation facilities. Her hive was the fifth in a series of unimatrices reaching from the most distant arm of the galaxy. Her smile faded as she observed another large group of transformed Cubes, their perfection degraded into parody, leave slowly in their search for additional food resources. Hundreds of them had departed, and by now only a small number remained. Closing her eyes, she reached out to the few remaining intact Drones. Together, they focused the few interlink nodes which remained intact and sent a message towards Unimatrix 004. It contained the results of the final data analyses, and a warning about species 52339. By the millions, then the thousands, then finally one by one, the remaining Drones fell silent; the Queen detached their connection to the Collective as the infection spread. It was a shame, she mused. She had been anticipating the assimilation of the fluidic life forms from the far quadrant of the galaxy. *If the Borg do move against them, she reflected, it will be later. Much later, and initiated by a different Unimatrix.* The Queen turned at a soft scrabbling noise behind her. Several infected Drones appeared, and moved towards her. Drones, which had once instilled fear and horror across thousands of star systems, cooed softly

and rubbed ermine prosthetics against each other. The Queen sighed and detached herself from her encasing cybernetic body. It fell, lifeless, to the floor as she was lifted to her regeneration chamber at the apex of the command chamber. She could not regenerate without becoming infected. She could not survive much longer without regeneration. The few remaining voices fell silent as the last of the intact Drones succumbed. Looking down, she saw the tribbles, dozens now, milling about the command node consuming grain as it began to pour from re-engineered supply ports. The Queen was alone.

-----{*}-----

"It's good to see you again, Professor." Commander Benjamin Lawrence smiled warmly at the main viewer as Professor Fisher nodded from behind his cluttered desk. "Likewise Benjamin. I trust you've been stirring up quite a bit of trouble for the Dominion and the Cardassians?" "We do are best Sir." "To what do I owe the pleasure of this call, Benjamin? It's been many years. And on an encrypted line no less! I haven't had to update my security clearance in years!" "Well Sir, it has to do with tribbles." "Tribbles??" "Yes, Sir." Commander Lawrence relayed the tale, transmitting relevant pieces of data from the logs of the *Redoubtable* as well as the *Edmund Fitzgerald*.

"My word! I'd give up my retirement to be able to see what you've been describing! The implications are enormous!" "Well Sir, I'd love to be able to show you, unfortunately events are getting in the way. Our immediate concern is, what are the Tribbles going to do? Each of the 30 vessels we had two days ago has reproduced! There are now nearly a thousand vessels! If they decide an inhabited planet looks appetizing, there's nothing we can do about it." His voice dropping, Lawrence continued. "This was my plan, and things have spiraled completely out of con-

trol. Is there anything you can tell me that might help us regain control of the situation?" "Well," replied Dr. Fisher, "what can you tell me about their current behavior?" "They are consuming large volumes of material rich ferrous ores. We assumed they're motivated simply by a need to eat and reproduce, like normal tribbles, however they have bypassed several iron-rich bodies in the past two days. We then thought they were heading towards Cardassia Prime, perhaps in retaliation for the recent attack, but their current course is away from Cardassian space and towards the Pegasus sector in Federation territory." "The Pegasus sector you say?" "Yes Professor, does that mean something to you?" "Well, the tribble home world is located in the Pegasus sector, and on that planet, according to the local calendar it's... Yes, most definitely." "Professor?" "Well, Benjamin, I believe you're tracking a migration. The "Borg-tribbles" are coming home."

-----{*}-----

Jem H'Adar do NOT cover thought Group Leader Tefaan. Nevertheless, the anger in the Founder's eyes tested severely this basic assumption. One does not suffer a god's wrath lightly. "Nine of our front-line attack groups and twelve Cardassian battle squadrons and you did not destroy a single one of these vessels?" The Founder's voice lowered. "You are sure they were not Borg?" "Yes Founder. There were technological similarities, but our scans failed to detect the presence of Borg aboard any of the vessels. The life signs we detected suggested a parasitic infestation rather than intelligence. Looking at the hulking Jem H'adar, the Founder smiled at that. "Very well. You say that the ships did not demonstrate aggression during your final scan?" "No Founder. They only retaliated after being fired upon. They never initiated hostility." "Then prepare your vessel,

(Continued on page 6)

FIRST OFFICER'S LOG

By Carey Muse

Thanks to all who volunteered for the Duke radiothon, telethon, and fair.

Voyager has one season left. All interviews and articles I've read indicate that storylines will be resolved through out the season with a two-hour series finale.

Hallmark is releasing more Star Trek and Star Wars ornaments this year. They are listed below.

Seven of Nine
Borg Cube (light up and message)
Worf (blown glass ornament)

Stormtrooper
Ben Kenobi
Gungan Submarine (lights up)
Episode I
Jedi Council (miniature) Episode I
Qui-Gon Jinn Episode I
Darth Maul Episode I

SCIENCE REPORT

By Elaine Pischke

Summer is here. If you are looking for things to do, there are a number of educational/scientific possibilities in the area: Discovery Place in Charlotte, Museum of Life and Sciences in Durham, aquariums at the beach, the new Museum of Natural History in downtown Raleigh. In science news, hurricane season is here. Predictions are that this will be an above average year for hurricanes on the east coast, gulf coast and the Caribbean. That means probably 11 storms, 3 of them likely to be category 3 or above. Be prepared! News from NASA: lasers inspired by NASA research may soon replace your dentist's drill. No anesthesia will be required. (Much cheers and rejoicing). Also this week NASA plans a controlled return to earth of the Compton Gamma Ray Observatory, which has completed a successful 9 year mission. This is the second of NASA's great observatories, after the Hubble telescope. Compton is being recalled due to a gyroscope failure. Also,

NEAR Shoemaker continues to explore Eros from a 50 km orbit. Galileo continues to send back images from Jupiter and it's moons. These are a few of the space programs successes, which are not publicized nearly as spectacularly as it's failures.

Have a great summer everyone. Have fun and keep exploring!



MEDICAL REPORT

By Amy DeJongh

Since JR was upset there were only a few articles on the DC trip in the last newsletter, here's another... better late than never!

At the Museum of Natural History, one of the most visited exhibits was one on the evolution of man and the various theories that have evolved over the years. Rather than leaving out of date material on display, the museum decided that the public would be better served by learning new information along with the old. In the exhibits, signs stating "New Development" were placed next to the original signs. In this way, people were able to see how new discoveries changed the theories currently believed by researchers.

Also at the museum were exhibits for various regions of the world. Development of the African

nations, Asian Pacific culture, and Native American (North and South!) immigration were all discussed in detail. Of special interest to our family was a ballot from the 1994 election in South Africa, especially since the election occurred only a few weeks after my sister-in-law and her family immigrated to the US. This is an exhibition I hope will be around for a while for when my children are old to learn about this part of their family history.

Along that line, our trip to the National Archives was awe-inspiring. To see the actual documents that founded our country made me grateful for the liberty that Americans enjoy. I have heard stories about the men who risked their lives to sign the Declaration of Independence and how it really did

change their lives forever. What would life be like if things had turned out differently during the Revolutionary War?

I have a friend at work who described a situation to me that I believe sums it up. When she met her husband, a Czech immigrant, one thing that she noticed was how he constantly criticized the government; how it worked, the tax system, pork-barrel spending, you name it, he complained about it. When she asked him why he moved to this country if he hated everything about it, he explained it in a way that many Americans forget to see. He loved America because he could voice his opinions without fear. His political opinions had been suppressed for so long, he was going to use every opportunity he could to speak up.

How best for us to remember how we are able to live the way we live - visiting the capital of this wonderful country. If you can go, do it. You won't ever forget.

Be safe, be happy, be healthy.

OPERATION'S REPORT

By Larry Pischke

Hello, and welcome again to my column. This is the second installment for this month. The first covered the solutions to world hunger and the rest of the world's ills, as well as the Grand Unification Theory and the ultimate resolution to the "Chicken/Egg" debate (You think we're sleeping here in Operations? We're WORKING nights!). The details are too boring to go into again here, so look for the last article if anyone is interested.

Now, on to less mundane topics. By now I'm sure many of you have realized that summer is here in all of its make-a-corpse-sweat, spontane-

ous-combustive glory. There's nothing like oppressive heat to make vacations a pleasurable experience.

Ah, but there is one thing to break up the melting monotony: a hurricane. And since it's summer, it's also hurricane season. I personally have had my fill of these little quirks of nature. Actually, it's not the weather so much as the aftermath that irks me. Whether it's being without power for a week with Fran (and because of where we live, we were also without water and sanitation because of it), or slogging through all the water from Floyd (fortunately, we were missed by most

of this), hurricanes just get on my bad side.

This time around, I'm going to be more prepared; I suggest everyone do the same. Get extra batteries for flashlights and radios. Safely stockpile propane for grills if you can use it. Lay in water and food (and don't forget the can opener!). In our case, the most important thing is stockpiling gasoline for the generator we purchased AFTER Fran. If I'm going to have to suffer, I want to be comfortable.

Then again, we could all just crack into our Y2K survival kits....

SECURITY REPORT

By Spring Brooks

If Dr. Seuss wrote for Star Trek: The Next Generation...

Author: unknown (so if you wrote it, mail me...)

Picard: Sigma Indri, that's the star, So, Data, please, how far? How far?

Data: Our ship can get there very fast But still the trip will last and last We'll have two days til we arrive But can the Indrans there survive?

Picard: LaForge, please give us factor nine.

LaForge: But, sir, the engines are offline!

Picard: Offline! But why? I want to go! Please make it so, please make it so!

Riker: But sir, if Geordi says we can't, We can't, we mustn't, and we shan't, The danger here is far too great!

Picard: But surely we must not be late!

Troi: I'm sensing anger and great ire.

Computer: Alert! Alert! The ship's on fire!

Picard: The ship's on fire? How could this be?

Who lit the fire?

Riker: Not me.

Worf: Not me.

Picard: Computer, how long til we die?

Computer: Eight minutes left to say goodbye.

Data: May I suggest a course to take? We could, I think, quite safely make Extinguishers from tractor beams And stop the fire, or so it seems...

Geordi: Hurray! Hurray! You've saved the day!

Again I say, Hurray! Hurray!

Picard: Mr. Data, thank you much. You've saved our lives, our ship, and such.

Troi: We still must save the Indran planet --

Data: Which (by the way) is made of granite...

Picard: Enough, you android. Please desist.

We understand -- we get your gist. But can we get our ship to go? Please, make it so, PLEASE make it so.

Geordi: There's sabotage among the wires And that's what started all the fires.

Riker: We have a saboteur? Oh, no! We need to go! We need to go!

Troi: We must seek out the traitor spy And lock him up and ask him why?

Worf: Ask him why? How sentimental. I say give him problems dental.

Troi: Are any Romulan ships around? Have scanners said that they've been found?

Or is it Borg or some new threat We haven't even heard of yet? I sense no malice in this crew. Now what are we supposed to do?

Crusher: Captain, please, the Indrans need us. They cry out, "Help us, clothe us, feed us!"

I can't just sit and let them die! A doctor MUST attempt -- MUST try!

Picard: Doctor, please, we'll get there soon.

Crusher: They may be dead by

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ENGINEERING REPORT

By Brad McDonald

Sorry I missed that last meeting, but I was on official business. Well, almost. I was on vacation at the Outer Banks and while there, I looked into the what was planned for the Centennial celebration of first flight. So far, plans are sketchy at best, but they are hopeful that the celebration at Kitty Hawk will be well attended and covered adequately by the media. My personal concerns center on the area being a bit overwhelmed by the celebration and that the folks in Ohio don't try to steal some of the thunder from us.

I'm not sure if you are aware of this, but the good people in Dayton are trying to claim the title of 'first flight' or the 'birthplace of flight' or however they choose to word it. Not that I blame them, Ohio has little to brag about historically speaking, but in this particular battle, they lose. Ohio did not witness the flight of a Wright brother's plane until September 20, 1904. While the original plane was built in Dayton, it did not fly there. It was another plane, (the original had been damaged in a North Carolina wind), that flew over Huffman Prairie nine months later. This plane was an improved version of the original, with a bigger engine and a stronger frame. The intent of the improvements was to have an airplane capable of executing turns.

So let's make a few comparisons. The Monitor was constructed, where? But it fought at Hampton Rhodes in its first battle with C.S.S Virginia. The Spirit of Saint Louis was built, where? (No, not St. Louis) But it took off from New York and landed in Paris. The Mercury space capsules were built, where? But the first US space flight took off from Cape Canaveral. There are many more examples, of course, but these will do to illustrate the point. The historical significance of the invention was not in its construction, but in its actual, successful, first use. Now, I can name the actual construction sites, and they are historically significant in their own way, but the residents of Ohio can not claim first flight honors, no matter how they try to bend the facts. My only hope is

that the U.S. Parks Service, who manage the Wright Memorial site, won't be sidetracked by the Ohio claims. The limited resources allocated for the Centennial should be devoted to the Kitty Hawk site. I hope I haven't bored you with my little 'sermon', but in case you can't tell, I have a definite opinion on the matter. In any case, if you haven't been to the Wright Memorial, it is an amazing sight. By the way, there is a duplicate flyer in the museum. In a cost comparison, the original flyer was built and transported to North Carolina at a cost of under two thousand dollars. The duplicate cost about half a million. I suppose there is inflation to consider, but really!

I mentioned to J.R. that the in-laws have a place at the beach, and should we be asked to participate in the Centennial festivities, we will probably be given use of the place. Still a few details to work out on this, but it shouldn't be a problem. It's plenty big, four bedrooms, 6 beds, a loft, two bathrooms, a full kitchen and a great room with cable TV. Once we get a better idea of what we will be doing, I'll finalize the plans.

In other news, both figuratively and actually, the News and Observer ran the interviews and pictures about the club. J.R. said he would try to get it reprinted in the newsletter and on the web site. I was really surprised by having two pictures and the interview. I had thought that they would do one or the other. Before I left on vacation, I worked a half day, Friday. Several of my co-workers presented copies of the article and kidded me about being a celebrity. I suppose I've had my 15 minutes of fame, such as it is. In any case, we'll have a few copies at the next meeting.

Well, I've gotten windy again. That's all for now. See you all at the next meeting and as usual, long live and prosper!

(Continued from page 3)

Group Leader. You will be intercepting them once again. This time, however, I will be accompanying you."

-----{*}-----

"Coming home? As in to breed? But they're breeding all over the place! Tribbles are famous for that. Why would they need to migrate?" "Ahh, Benjamin you're forgetting that these tribbles are simply bearing their young. Tribbles are not asexual, although one mating in this species provides enough genetic recombination to last for several generations. It's a mechanism that is particularly adaptive on their home world, with its high predation rates and periods of drought and other climactic extremes. Unfortunately, every time tribbles are removed from their natural surroundings... Well, you know the stories as well as I." "The question, I suppose," responded Commander Lawrence, "is what will happen if they reach their homeworld." "I couldn't venture a guess, Benjamin." "We'll have to find a way to stop them, Professor. My crew was successful in influencing their behavior, and they are continuing the research." Lawrence explained how they induced the tribbles to search for food in Cardassian space, and the plan to induce a regeneration cycle that would shut down the Triborg vessels. "Well, Benjamin, if I can be of any assistance, please don't hesitate." "Thank you professor. I may well take you up on that. Take care, Lawrence out."



THE INTERNATIONAL SPACE DEVELOPMENT CONFERENCE IN TUCSON, ARIZONA

By Alastair Browne

The ISDC 2000 kicked off on Friday with tours, book signings, and presentations. Not only were there the usual lectures, but other activities. There were tours of the local area. The area is a desert, the Sonora desert, the greenest desert in the world. I went on three of these tours: a tour of underground caves, and a decommissioned Titan missile silo, with the missile still there. Note: this is the same type Titan missile used to launch the Gemini space missions, so it was used in both in a destructive and constructive manner. On the last day of the conference, I went on the Biosphere 2 project, the giant greenhouse holding all the Earth's environments under one roof.

After a tour of the caves, I ran into Buzz Aldrin (again) where he was doing a book signing on his new book he co-authored with John Barnes, titled "The Return." He then gave a lecture on his book and its contents. Although a work of fiction, Aldrin does mention his private space endeavors, Starcraft Enterprises. What his dreams are 1) to have a private orbit space hotel for tourists (greatly covered in this conference) and 2) to be able to ship them by way of his new dream machine, the Starbooster. Quite simply, it is two rocket ships, front to front, launched simultaneously, one boosting the other, and one returning to Earth while the other ignites and journeys into space. It's a lot more complicated than that, but that's the general idea.

There were also art shows, with many artists showing their paintings of space and the wonders of the universe, and on both Saturday and Sunday night, parties were held exhibiting the paintings, some with Buzz's signature. Of course, there was lots of food and drink.

At the same time, there was space music. Musicians with guitars and synthesizers playing futuristic

(no, NOT techno, or even disco) folk music, with words about venturing to the space frontier. One musician named Elaine Walker sings:

To Mars, to Mars,
We're off to Mars today~
It's just one world away,
It's calling out our name.
To Mars, to Mars,
We're going there to stay~
When we're on Mars,
We'll be halfway to the stars.

-Elaine Walker

Ms. Walker not only put on a concert, with the above singalong, she also sold CDs that she made, both of which I bought.

Of course, there were dinners, honoring the various L5, National Space Society members.

The vendors, myself included, sold their books on space settlements. Robert Zubrin, Engineering Professor and Mars advocate, sold and autographed his new book "Exploring Space." As stated in a previous essay, he proposes going directly to Mars to settle and eventually terraform.

One table had a space shuttle simulation, where you can land the shuttle. It's harder than you think, and if you go off course-that's it! There is no correction!

Some kids put on a play titled "Fairy Tales on the Mars Frontier," about life on Mars.

Of course, this conference was not just about Mars. There was a panel discussion on WHY we should go to space. It covered launch systems, propulsion systems, the salvation of Mir by Mircorp (a division of Energia), asteroids (how some could possibly hit the Earth in the future, and how we can deflect them) and of course, space tourism.

Me, I covered the Moon. I gave a lecture titled "A Permanent Moon Base and a Mission to Mars." I also

sold copies of my book with the same title. My lecture was a hit-after that, I went back to my table and was swamped. I sold out all my book and floppies containing the books.

Many other topics were covered in the forums (e.g. a Mars simulation research station on Devon Island in the Canadian Arctic; space medicine) but I deliberately didn't cover them in this report. I figured I have covered them in other reports I have given of other conferences, so I decided to try something different. These conferences can be a lot of fun, and we are trying to make the world of "Star Trek" a reality.

(Continued from page 5)
Tuesday noon.

***COMMERCIAL BREAK,
COMMERCIAL BREAK
HOW LONG WILL THESE DUMB
ADS TAKE?***

Worf: The saboteur is in the brig.
He's very strong and very big.
I had my phaser set on stun --
A zzzip! A zzzap! Another one!
He would not budge, he would not fall,
He would not stun, no, not at all!
He changed into a stranger form
All soft and purple, round and
warm.

Picard: Did you see this, Mr. Worf?
Did you see this creature morph?

Worf: I did and then I beat him fairly.
Hit him on the jaw -- quite squarely.

Riker: My commendations, Klingon
friend!
Our troubles now are at an end!

Crusher: Now let's get our ship to fly
And orbit yonder Indran sky!

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(Continued from page 7)

Picard: LaForge, please tell me we can go...?

Geordi: Yes, sir, we can.

Picard: Then make it so!

author: unknown

If Dr. Seuss had written for Babylon 5....

Author: Kevin Freels

(...Intro music starts up when we see the network of P-TEN...)

We live here on Bab'lon 5
to keep our last great hope alive.
So far, it seems, since Season One,
The war of Shadows has begun.
So victory now is what we need
if Bab'lon Five is to succeed!

This Minbari, she's DeLenn.
She speaks in riddles now & then.
She has a bone upon her head.
She'd rather have some hair instead.

DeLenn:
"Hi there! Ho there! My old friend!
It's nice to see you once again.
Come, let's talk of Councils Gray,
And Crystal candles as we pray.
I live here on Bab'lon Five
To keep our last great hope alive."

This is DeLenn's friend, Lenier.
You may ask, "Why is he here?
He looks familiar! I know his face!
He used to be on 'Lost in Space!'.
Just like her, he's real verbose,
And smells like fish-heads when
you're up close.

Londo:
"I am Londo, tall and proud!
(though some might say that I'm too
loud!)
I'm Centauri, so you see.
My hair defies all gravity.
We Centauri will someday rule.
(Actually, we're just a tool.
The Shadows really run the game.
Alas! Such is the price of fame!)
I like women, game, and drink.
I drink and drink 'till I can't think!
I live here on Bab'lon Five
To keep my ego hopes alive.

This is my assistant, Vir."

Vir:
"I would like--"

Londo: "Get out of here!"

This green lizard is G'Kar.
He has come from very far.

G'Kar:
"I'm not a lizard! I'm a Narn!
Time is crucial! I must warn!
We're all in danger! Londo's nuts!
His henchmen shadows kicked our
butts!
They've driven us down to our knees!
Send lawyers, guns and money,
please!
Ion cannons! Ruby lasers!
Even dusty Star Trek phasers!"

This is Kosh. He gives me creeps!
He barely speaks, just whirrrs &
beeps.

Kosh:
clakkity *clakkity*!! *whirrr*
buzz Beep!
"You've always been here!" *ka-
chunk* *gleep*!

He always says that in fog-like
scenes.
I still don't know just what it means!
He wears that suit to hide from us.
Does he wear it on the bus?

Garibaldi:
"They're all guilty! Every one!
I'll bust 'em up to have some fun!
I'll bring in those bad beserkers,
All those liars, thieves and lurkers."

He's my Chief Security.
Testosterone flows in him free.
He's pretty edgy. I know why.
Since Mars was home, well, he's been
dry.
He's really hyper, so I think.
But imagine if he had a drink!

This is Susan--

Ivanova:
"As you were!
I'm Ivanova! And call me 'Sir'!
I'm delicate, on one small side,
But touch me and I'll tan your hide!
And though to you I might appeal,
I once faked sex to clinch a deal.
So stand your post and keep your
ground,
Or, I promise, you I'll pound."

Meet the Doctor. He stays up late,

And works for forty hours straight!

Dr. Franklin:
"I heal aliens, those are my jobs.
Humans and Martians, Reptiles and
Blobs!
Wozzles and Snangles and Bug-eyed
Kertunkers!
Yellow-faced insects with Red-
winged Dondunkers!
Centauri! Membari! Vorlons and
Narn!
I'd even help creatures made out of
yarn!
So I will stay living on Bab'lon Five
To keep all these strange little
creatures alive!"

Talia's a telepath.
She once followed in our path.
But a time-bomb in her mind
Has made her evil and unkind.
It's doubtful she can be our friend.
Our trust in her is at an end.

The Psi-corp has a man named
Bester.
He could be labled "Mind Molester".
He's evil, mean, and nasty, too!
He can read the thoughts of you.
We must give him credit, tho.
He drove a starship years ago.

Bester:
"I've known your kind and what to do.
So I'll be back. Be seeing you."

This man Morden, standing here.
He is one that you should fear.
He has shadows for his brothers.
He doesn't play so well with others.

So that's my story. It's lonely here.
We're so far out, there is no beer.

I'm stuck out here on Bab'lon Five
To keep our last great hope alive.
I'm stuck out here, it's just not fair!
It's all the fault of that Sinclair!
He bailed out, I took the fall,
And now he won't return my call!

But...

It could be worse, it's just five years.
Or I could have Ferengi ears.
And when all is said and done,
I'm not Harlan Ellison!

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