



**TICONDEROGA  
TRANSMISSIONS**




VOL. 16 - SPRING 2004

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**DUE DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE:**

June 1<sup>st</sup>, 2004

## LOG ENTRIES

### Captain's Log- Stardate: 57031.3



The photo posted here is from the very first meeting of the U.S.S. Euphrates back on Saturday, March 9, 1996. That was eight years ago that our club, later known as the U.S.S. Ticonderoga, first started. This was the first Command Staff to lead us forward. From left to right, Lt. Mark Boone (Second Officer), Lt. Robert Shaffer (Executive Officer) and Lt. Commander Carl Stark (Commanding Officer). It took place at the Davis County North Library in Clearfield, Utah. Our activity that day included the launching ceremony with our sponsor ship, the U.S.S. Kelly in attendance. Afterwards we went to the Hill Air Force Base Museum and to Village Inn for dinner (thus starting the tradition of eating after each activity). We had fun. We continued to have fun for eight more years. To all of the members of the Ticonderoga family, thank you. I'm looking forward to eight more years of fun.

So far, the schedule for this summer is turning out to be the busiest I've seen in years. An autograph show in March. The Utah Toy Show in April, Starfest in Denver in April, The Seventh Fleet Campout in May, a Star Trek wedding in July at the Star Trek Experience, The Seventh Fleet Olympics in August at Bear Lake, the largest Star Trek convention seen in Utah in September and topped off by the Ticonderoga Auction in October. Get your calendars out and make sure you get the latest news from your Department Chief. It's going to be fun. Who knows what else will come up?

### Executive Officer's Log:

Greetings All, and happy New Year! In case you're wondering what's up, allow me to explain. The Chinese New Year celebration has recently ended, and this year is the year of the "Golden Monkey." According to Chinese lore, this is supposed to be an excellent year for restoring your financial life to a happy place, and getting a jump on making your dreams come true.

"The choices and chances are all yours to make; The mold of your life is in your hands to break."\*

Remember that <Gaia, Fate, god, Karma, etc.> helps those who help themselves, so, if there is something in your life that you don't like, figure out something you can do to change it, and the Universe will help you make things better – or will let you know you're doing the wrong thing – if you just watch for the signs.

Here's to year full of happy changes and lots of excitement.

May the Universe bless you in all your endeavors.

Blessed Be!

### Second Officer's Log:

As of this log, we are still pregnant. She is a week late at this time. Hopefully, we will have a baby by the time this newsletter has been distributed. **UPDATE:** Tabitha Sullivan was born at 4:50am on March 8<sup>th</sup> 2004. She was 7 Pounds, 8 Ounces and was 20 inches long. Mother, Daughter and Father are doing fine.

Concerning the ship, my main project is putting together a nice jacket. One, first, for the ship and second for the fleet. I'm working on the prototype of the back image and Lt. (j.g.) Brad Jacob's game me a great idea for the front look. We should have one for the auction in October. Keep your hailing frequencies open.

### Editor's Log:

Greetings and Happy Spring, everyone! This time around, we've got some fun stuff for all. This issue's *Mission Logs* are a lot of fun, and we have some great events coming up in the next several months – look for details in the *Away Team* section.

A big "Thank You" goes out to all who contributed to this quarter's edition – you know who you are. (And, you're listed in the *Contributors* section.)

Without further ado, here are the newest *Dabo* numbers. <Don't forget that in order to claim your prize, you – or someone representing you – must yell out "Dabo!" at either the March or April meetings when your service number is called.> Good Luck!

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## **AWAY TEAM**

This article will list the upcoming special events for the warmer months of 2004. Most are Star Trek related while there are a few that are of interest to general Science Fiction fans. If you would like to write up any future articles for the Away Team section, here are events that you can report on.

**EVENT: Celebrity Autograph Expo**

**DATE:** March 20-21, 2003 (Saturday-Sunday)

**TIMES:** Sat- 10am to 6pm, Sun- Noon to 5pm

**LOCATION:** Jordan Commons (9400 S. State St. Sandy, UT on Saturday 3-20) and the Megaplex 12 (The Gateway in downtown Salt Lake on Sunday 3-21)

**GUESTS:** Ray Park (Darth Maul, Star Wars Episode I/Toad, X-Men), Daniel Logan (Young Boba Fett, Star Wars Episode II), Sala Baker (Sauron The Dark Lord, The Lord of the Rings), James Phelps (Fred Weasley, Harry Potter), Matthew Lewis (Neville Longbottom, Harry Potter), Devon Murray (Seamus Finnigan, Harry Potter) and Oliver Phelps (George Weasley, Harry Potter)

**COST:** No admission cost, autographs are \$20/per autograph.

**NOTES:** Costumes Encouraged.

**WEBSITE:** <http://www.entertainmentlegends.com/CelebrityAutographExpo.html>

**EVENT: Weber County Toy Show**

**DATE:** April 2-3, 2003 (Friday-Saturday)

**LOCATION:** Weber County Fairgrounds, Ogden, UT

**TIMES:** Fri- 5pm to 9pm, Sat- 9am to 5pm

**COST:** General Admission is pretty cheap. Usually 2-3 dollars.

**NOTES:** Held twice a year. The second show is usually held in October.

**EVENT: Starfest 2004**

**DATE:** April 16-18 (Friday-Sunday)

**LOCATION:** Marriott Denver Tech Center. Denver, CO

**GUESTS:** Dominic Keating (Lt. Malcom Reed, Star Trek Enterprise), Michael Shanks (Dr. Daniel Jackson, Stargate SG-1), Peter Mayhew (Chewbacca, Star Wars), Lexa Doig (Andromeda, Gene Roddenberry's Andromeda), Lani Tupu (Captain Crais/Pilot, Farscape), David Franklin (Captain Braca, Farscape/Brutus, Xena), Roland Emmerich (Writer/Director, Stargate/Independence Day/Godzilla/Universal Soldier), Christie Golden (Star Trek Author), Dayton Ward (Star Trek Author), Kevin Dilmore (Star Trek Author), Dave McDonnell (Editor, Starlog Magazine), Walt Faulconer (Director of Space Exploration Business Development, Lockheed Martin) plus more guests to be announced.

**COSTS:** Thanks to our friends at the USS Pioneer, the General Admission cost is discounted. Reserved Seating starts at \$75/person in advance.

**NOTES:** A ton of Seventh Fleet members are planning to caravan to Denver and share hotel rooms. Let Captain Stark know if you are interested in attending or if you have hotel/car room available for others.

**WEBSITE:** <http://www.starland.com>

**EVENT: CONduit 14**

**DATE:** May 28-30 (Friday-Sunday)

**LOCATION:** Wyndam Hotel, Salt Lake City, UT

**GUESTS:** Sharon Lee & Steven Miller (Authors)

**COSTS:** General Admission 3-day pass is \$40 at the door

**WEBSITE:** <http://conduit.sfcon.org>

**EVENT: Slanted Fedora-Science Fiction Celebration**

**DATE:** September 17-19 (Friday-Sunday)

**LOCATION:** The Holiday Inn Downtown, Salt Lake City, UT

**GUESTS:** Garret Wang (Harry Kim, Star Trek: Voyager), Robert O'Reily (Gowron, Star Trek: TNG/DS9), J.G. Hertzler (Martok, Star Trek: DS9), Mary Kay Adams (Grilka, Star Trek: DS9), Max Grodenchik (Rom, Star Trek: DS9), Aron Eisenberg (Nog, Star Trek: DS9), Casey Biggs (Damar, Star Trek: DS9), Robin Curtis (Saavik, Star Trek III & IV), Jerry Doyle (Garabaldi, Babylon 5), Richard Biggs (Dr. Franklin, Babylon 5), Jason Carter (Marcus, Babylon 5), Tony Amendola (Bra'tak, Stargate SG-1), Julie Benz (Darla, Buffy/Angel), Greg Evigan (Jake Cartigan, Tek War), Dee Wallace Stone (The Mom, ET The Extra Terrestrial) plus more guests to be announced.

**COSTS:** \$10 (General Admission in advance) to \$100 (Reserved Seating in advance)

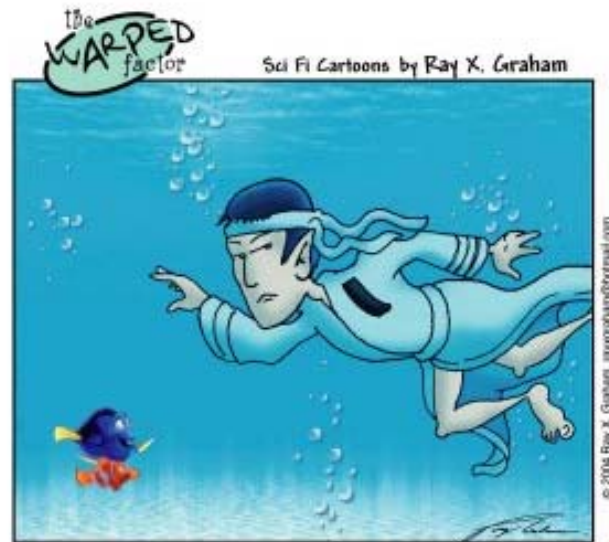
**NOTES:** A group of local fans have volunteered to help with this con to give it a local feel. Please contact Captain Stark if you are interested in participating.

**WEBSITE:** [http://www.sfedora.com/salt\\_lake\\_city.htm](http://www.sfedora.com/salt_lake_city.htm)

## THE PROMENADE

In this section, we have a variety of items being sold by various crewmembers. If you are interested in any items listed, contact information will follow each entry. For most items listed, there are no set prices – just contact the seller and make an offer. Remember that the seller does have the right to reject any offers not considered reasonable.

- 1- Child's Race Car bed – takes twin-size mattress. Contact Karrie Buck at 544-7393 or [fjbuck@att.net](mailto:fjbuck@att.net)
- 2- Seventh Fleet CD-ROM Photo album - more than a decade's worth of photos on 4 CD-ROMS - \$10.00 for a set. (According to LT Frank Buck, it works out to about 3 pictures for a penny.) Contact Frank Buck at 544-7393 or [fjbuck@att.net](mailto:fjbuck@att.net).
- 3- "Star Trek: The Next Generation" episodes on VHS – the list is large and varied. Please contact Doug Pratt at [PrattDoug@aol.com](mailto:PrattDoug@aol.com) for further information.
- 4- 2 gallon octagonal aquarium, no pump; Precious Moments Tender Tail Beanies <assorted>; gold plated heart candle holders, set of 3, 2 taper and 1 unity or pillar candle; *Hard Rock Café* Hurricane glasses from: Washington DC, Chicago, Las Vegas, 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary; assorted character glasses. Contact Danielle Andrews at [Poohbear\\_UT@comcast.net](mailto:Poohbear_UT@comcast.net).
- 5- We are still looking for any videos of Ticonderoga/Seventh Fleet activities to put in a compilation video. Please contact Tonya Wright at [IamSoL8@msn.com](mailto:IamSoL8@msn.com) for further information.



Finding Nimoy.

## QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"I don't believe it. GagH for breakfast, gagH for lunch, gagH for dinner. Am I the only one who thinks Klingon menu needs to have more variety?" Quark- Shadows and Symbols, Stardate: 52152.6

## ***THE REPLICATOR***

### Quark's Cucumber Slaw

½ cup rice vinegar

¼ cup sugar

2 tablespoons Thai Sweet Chili Sauce

3 medium English (seedless) cucumbers

1 tablespoons black sesame seeds, lightly toasted

In medium bowl, stir rice vinegar, sugar, Thai chili sauce, and ½ cup cold water. Cut unpeeled cucumbers into 2 inch lengths. With food processor or sharp knife cut cucumbers into ¼ inch wide matchstick thin strips. Add cucumber strips to dressing in bowl; toss to coat. Cover and refrigerate at least 6 hours or overnight to blend flavors, stirring occasionally. To serve, thoroughly drain cucumber strips; transfer to serving bowl and sprinkle with sesame seeds. Serves 6 – each serving has about 20 calories, 1 g. protein, 4 g. carbohydrates, 0 g. total fat, 1 g. fiber, 0 mg cholesterol, 15 mg sodium

### Rocky Road Cake Recipe submitted by Lt. Nicki Handley

1 3/4 cups all-purpose flour

1/3 cup unsweetened cocoa powder

2 teaspoons baking powder

1 teaspoon baking soda

1/2 teaspoon salt

1 cup granulated sugar

3/4 cup Mott's natural applesauce

1/2 cup skim milk

4 egg whites

1 teaspoon vanilla extract

powdered sugar

3/4 cup marshmallow topping

1/2 cup frozen light non-dairy whipped topping, thawed

2 tablespoons unsalted chopped peanuts

fresh red currants(optional)

mint leaves(optional)

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Line 15 1/2 x 10 1/2 inch jelly roll pan with waxed paper. In medium bowl, sift together flour, cocoa, baking powder, baking soda, and salt. In large bowl, whisk together granulated sugar, applesauce, milk, egg whites, and vanilla. Add flour mixture to applesauce mixture; stir until well blended. Pour batter into prepared pan. Bake 12 to 15 minutes, or until top springs back when lightly touched. Immediately invert onto clean lint-free dish towel sprinkled with powdered sugar; peel off waxed paper. Trim edges of cake. Starting at narrow end, roll up cake and towel together. Completely cool on wire rack. In small bowl, whisk marshmallow topping until softened. Gently fold in whipped topping. Unroll cake; spread with marshmallow mixture to within 1/2 inch of edges of cake. Sprinkle peanuts over marshmallow mixture. reroll cake; place seam side down, on serving plate. Cover; refrigerate 1 hour before slicing. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and garnish with red currants and mint leaves if desired, just before serving. Cut into 14 slices. Refrigerate leftovers. Makes 14 servings. Nutritional information per serving: calories: 190 total fat: 1/2 gram cholesterol: 0 mg sodium: 210 mg

### Brownie Turtle Cookies Recipe submitted by Lt. Nicki Handley

2 squares ( 1 ounce each) unsweetened baking chocolate

1/3 cup solid vegetable shortening

1 cup granulated sugar

2 large eggs

1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour

1/2 teaspoon baking powder

1/2 teaspoon salt

1 cup M&M's milk chocolate mini baking bits

1 cup pecan halves

1/3 cup caramel ice cream topping

1/3 cup shredded coconut

1/3 cup finely chopped pecans

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Lightly grease cookie sheets; set aside. Heat chocolate and shortening in 2-quart saucepan over low heat. Mix in sugar, vanilla, and eggs. Blend in flour, baking powder and salt. Stir in 2/3 cup M&M's milk chocolate mini baking bits. For each cookie, arrange three pecan halves, with ends almost touching at center, on prepared cookie sheets. Drop dough by rounded teaspoonfuls onto center of each group of pecans; mound the dough slightly. Bake 8-10 minutes just until set. DO NOT OVERBAKE. In small bowl, combine ice cream topping, coconut, and nuts; top each cookie with about 1 1/2 teaspoons mixture. Press remaining 1/3 cup M&M's milk chocolate mini baking bits into topping. Makes about 2 1/2 dozen cookies.

## ***GARAK' & TAYLOR SHOP***

By Lt. Karrie Buck

Wearing costume uniforms is one of the unique opportunities you have as a Star Trek fan to express your enjoyment of the show. It's a great feeling strutting your stuff looking sharp in your favorite series outfits! There is also nothing worse than getting mustard on the front of your dress whites! What do you do when that uniform is looking a little worse for the wear? "Life's messy, clean it up!"

Trek uniforms (and costumes in general) come in many different fabrics, with many different ways of taking care of them. Most of the 'off the rack' uniforms are made of polyester. Polyester is easily machine washable. Be careful of metallic trims – some iron-on insignias require gentle hand washing. Just fill a basin with cool water with a cap full of Woolite, immerse your uniform and soak overnight. Rinse thoroughly, and hang to dry. If you have 'tailor made' uniforms, check with your seamstress to see what fabric it's constructed of. Most cotton or cotton/poly blends can be machine washed on cold, hang to dry. A wool fabric requires dry cleaning – break down and have your uniform cleaned by a professional! And don't worry about having it done often. Today's dry cleaning techniques are safe and gentle for fine quality fabric. Leather/suede also need professional attention. Look for a cleaner that specializes in leather.

Let's talk stains! Most grease based stains (makeup, food, etc.) are easily removed with a pretreatment product – Shout, Spray-n-Wash, and Chlorox gel all work great. Sweat stains come out with a pre-wash spray of white vinegar. Rit (the makers of those little boxes of fabric dye) has come out with a miracle worker for really tough stains – hair dye, ink, grass, wine, Koolaid – you name it! Rit dye remover comes in a dry powder – dump into a large pot of boiling water and immerse your garment for a short time, and it will remove almost any difficult stain. Beware – it can also remove some original dye from your garment so be sure to test on a small area prior to treating the entire uniform. The key to stain removal is to do it as soon as possible! Don't hang up your uniform after wearing it without checking it over for stains, rips, torn trim, and lost buttons. If you're at a convention and must wear your uniform the entire weekend – either hand wash and allow to hang dry over night, or try one of the new fabric 'refreshers'. A quick spray at the end of the day and your uniform will smell fresh tomorrow.

It's so easy for the devoted fan to keep those expensive uniforms looking great. Care and simple cleaning will make sure your looking 'ship shape in Bristol fashion'!

### **AN EXAMPLE OF VARIOUS COSTUMES AT SCIENCE FICTION CELEBRATION 2003**



## A NOTE ON PERSONAS

Recently, a lot of people have been asking about ship personas. “Do I need one?” “How do I make one?” “How in-depth does my persona have to be?” Here, I will endeavor to answer some of these questions, and give you some tips on creating personas, along with a few examples of persona bios from a predecessor, the USS Dominion.

First, no, you do not need to create a persona. Like uniforms and costumes, it simply adds another level to the Trek experience.

Next, your persona, should you choose to create one, can be as sketchy or as in-depth as you want to make it. As you will see in some of the following examples, some shoes to simply give a physical description and name, others went further into depth, giving their personas entire histories.

Now, in my personal experience, there are one or two things you need to keep in mind when creating a persona.

First, you need to decide if you want your persona to be a paper creation only, or if you might want to create a costume around that persona. If you do want to go on and create a whole costume for that side of your fan experience, keep in mind the makeup that will be necessary to bring it to life. Remember, if you hate wearing prosthetic makeup, you are probably better off not going for a Ferengi or Klingon alter ego.

Next, for me, anyway, it was easier to decide upon a race first, then flesh out the character from that point. Add in any racial traits or special abilities, and decide on a physical description. You now have a basic persona. If you would like, you can keep your character at this level, or you can go ahead and “discover” a back story for your alter ego. Once again, it’s your choice. Happy creating!

Here are some samples of personas, written by members of the USS Dominion:

*Real name: Jered Frahm Persona name: Tocar Department: Engineering Rank: Midshipman*

*Position: Captain’s Yeoman Species: Caitian Homeworld: Cait Eye color: brown*

*Hair color: white, blond, tan Height: 6’1” Weight: 130# Age: 16*

*Unusual mental or physical abilities: Premonition: I sometimes receive ideas something will happen right before it happens. I only realize it was a premonition after it happens, so it’s of little use.*

*Biography: (As seen by Kelena be Zight.) Tocar is really the CAT’S MEOW! He is also the Captain’s kitty. She has a thing for cats. Contrary to popular belief, he has graduated from the kitty litter stage. He can use the same facilities as everyone else. He is also neater. Typical of his species, he is constantly cleaning himself. He drives Support Services crazy with all the hair he sheds.*

He graduated from Starfleet Academy with an impressive score in spite of frequent illnesses, (hairballs, etc.) Don’t tease him about it though. Also typical of his species, he has NO sense of humor; especially when one teases him.

He is very independent and quite affectionate when HE wants to be. Smooth his fur, he purrs; ruffle his fur the wrong way, he squalls. He also squalls (he calls it singing) whenever he sees a full moon. Thankfully, we’re in space most of the time.

*Real name: Jason Gardiner Persona name: Siege T’Cal Department: Engineering*

*Rank: Midshipman Position: Damage Control Species: Romulan/Vulcan Homeworld: Vulcan/Earth Eye color:*

*Brown Hair color: Black Height: 5’9” Weight: 136# Age: 15*

*Mental or physical abilities: Usual for a Vulcan Languages spoken: Federation Standard*

*Biography: I, Seige T’Cal, was born on a small farming colony on Operis VIII. In keeping with Vulcan tradition, I was named Siege because, when I was born, Operis was under siege by Klingons. When I was about 5 Earth years old, we moved to Vulcan. At Vulcan, I started my mental training. When I was 10 Earth years old, we moved to Terra. I have acquired my “sense of humor” here. Plus, I have done things here that I never thought were possible on Vulcan. I have also made many good friends here.*

These are just a couple of examples of persona biographies. I have other examples if any of you would like to see them and maybe get other ideas for your own persona creation.



## MATTER/ANTI-MATTER

Letters to the Ticonderoga Transmissions

We all have those annoying little moments when real life intrudes upon our Star Trek idyll. Here is an example (provided by Crewman Jesse Gilbert) of what can happen when you don't know where to draw the line: =)

Feb 3-04

*We are having a serious problem with Jesse choosing to call his classmates names in his "Star Trek" talk. The rest of the class does not find this acceptable nor do I. Further actions will be taken if he chooses to call (or stare at) another student. I believe the word is "putack" or something like that. If it's a "bad word" for Cling-ons, then he is meaning it in a bad way to his classmates at school.*

Thank You,

*(Teacher's name with-held – ed.)*

*Recess has been taken tomorrow morning to write apology letters to those offended.*

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

On a different note, here is a letter concerning one of the Ticonderoga's main objectives – doing what we can to make the world a better place:

*To: The USS Ticonderoga*

*From: The Jacobs Family*

*We would like to thank you for that BIG surprise that awaited us on our doorstep on the morning of Stardate 57022.7.*

*Cadets K'Lar and Bowen discovered the several bags out front, and immediately informed the C.O. on duty. (Their parents)*

*This was not just a surprise, it was a shocker WOW! The items enclosed inside the bags were needed and we can't say "thank you" enough!!!!*

*The paper that accompanied one of the bags had the Ticonderoga logo on it with the motto "we do not stand alone." That's a powerful motto, indeed – we don't stand alone among friends that share more than just a common interest of Star Trek.*

*Thank You (again)!!!!!!*

*Brad, Mayloni, K'Lar, Issac and Bowen Jacobs*

*USS Ticonderoga NCC 74676*

*<PS The goodies are WELL hidden>*

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

Erica, Carl: The Ticonderoga Transmissions looks fantastic, GREAT JOB!

The new cover layout was terrific and I appreciate you using my songs, thanx tons!

Ray X. Graham

## MACO TEAM

Have you heard the word *MACO* lately and wondered what we were talking about? Well, it's not a complete secret! *MACO* stand for Military Assault Command Operations. So what does this mean to the Seventh Fleet and specifically the USS Ticonderoga? The *MACO*'s will be an elite group of individuals that are willing to go "above and beyond" their normal ship duties. *MACO* membership is open to everyone on the ship who is interested in helping their fellow shipmates, without hesitation, when called upon. The *MACO* team will also have specific assignments such as introducing guests, announcing VIPS, etc. All *MACO*s will not necessarily be security trained. After all, since membership is open to everyone, we hope to already have security-trained officers to carry out these duties. Instead, we hope that we have enough active participants from all areas of the ship that we are able to utilize each individual's skills.

So, are you interested? GREAT! That's just what we wanted. Please be patient as this is still a work in progress, but more information will be coming to a meeting soon.

## ***DATABANKS: HOW OLD IS DATA'S HEAD***

by Ray X. Graham

I recently had a conversation concerning Commander Data's head and the age thereof at the time of his demise. If I just ruined Star Trek: Nemesis for you – What kept you from seeing it sooner!?! I mean sheesh, it's been out for over a year now... You've had PLENTY of time to borrow it, rent it or otherwise see it).

So I asked myself, "Self... How old was Data's head anyway?" And Self replied with, "I don't know, let's go get a taco." I ignored Self and took it upon... er... well... ahem... *myself* to answer this burning question and finally establish the true age of Data's head at the time of his demise.

According to the exhaustive 15 minutes of research I did among my varied resources ("StarTrek.com", "The Next Generation Companion" and "The Nitpickers Guide to Next Generation Trekkers"), Data was permanently re-activated on February 2, 2338. Data then dies in the line of duty in Star Trek: Nemesis which offers the Stardate of 56844.9, which when using the JavaScript stardate converter found at: "<http://steve.pugh.net/fleet/stardate.html>", becomes November 5, 2379.

I then went to <http://www.export911.com/convert/lapTIME.htm> and put in these dates. According this site Data's head, from 'birth' to 'death', was 41 years 40 weeks and 6 days old.

But as we all know, Data was transported back in time in the episode "Time's Arrow pt 1" ("The Nitpicker's Guide..." lists the date as August 13, 1893 as seen on a newspaper). Data's head takes a vacation from his body and gets left behind in the past. It's then found again in a cavern on Earth, before stardate 45959.1 (or Dec. 17, 2368).

Using the Date Time Calculator mentioned above, we find that Data's head was lying in that cavern for approximately 444 years, 26 weeks and 1 day. We then add our previously calculated number that Data was 'alive', giving us a total of 485 years, 66 weeks and 7 days.

Meaning Data's head was **485** years, **66** weeks and **7** days old at the time of his demise.

Or was it?

Captain Picard gives a stardate of 56844.9 or November 5, 2379 In Nemesis and I know, for fact, that this date is AT LEAST one day before the climactic events of Nemesis. And the simple year date that StarTrek.com lists just isn't enough to get any accurate sense of the age of Data's head. So I re-watched my Star Trek: Nemesis DVD with remote in hand and thumb anxiously hovering over the pause button. I was hoping to find a definitive stardate in an onscreen graphic or background audio clip.

Alas, an onscreen graphic did not present itself to me (no matter how much I begged, perhaps it was my breath), so I decided to break down the scenes and guess the amount of time each event might take. I took into account such things as the crew's duties, time to change clothes and/or moving between decks, and comments made that might move the story further along in time.

Here's my breakdown.

At the time of Picard's log (November 5, 2379), the ship has been waiting for a contact from Shinzon for over 17 hours. They receive their contact and beam over to meet where Shinzon invites Picard to join him for dinner the next night ("Come to dinner, **tomorrow**, on Romulus. Just the two of us."). Which means this dinner date is on November **6th**, 2379.

Pinning down the exact time however is nearly impossible, so assumption became my best friend and together we figured that 6:PM was as good a dinner hour as any out there. I mean really, it's a great dinner hour. In fact, I decree that from here on out, all dinners, everywhere, must be around 6:PM (everybody got that!).

So Picard dines with Shinzon at approx. 6:PM most likely returns to the ship at about 8:PM.

He converses with Beverly and we see other things transpire, but Will and Deanna Troi are seen prepared for bed in their scene while Will is still plodding along through some work. This leads me to believe that it's most likely very late, lets say 11:PM.

Deanna is Violated by Shinzon and is in Sickbay by at least about 11:10 PM.

Shinzon gets lonely and kidnaps Picard at this point, we'll say close to 11:15 PM.

Shinzon and Picard converse while Data, posing as B-4 rummages around the Scimitar (what else is there to do?). Data finally gets to Picard who says "About time Mr. Data" which leads me to believe Picard was cooped up in that cage for a little while, maybe 30 minutes or more. We'll go ahead and put Picard's rescue at 12:00 Midnight.

Picard and Data return to the Enterprise after a brief adventure in a Scorpion Class Attack Flier at about 12:15 AM.

Here, my buddy assumption had to really take over and help me decide how much time may have elapsed between Picard's rescue, Shinzon's talk with the Romulans and the meeting in the conference room where Picard

says they've been ordered to Sector 1045 to meet with the fleet. I give this time about 4 or 5 hours and assume that Picard had to wake up an admiral or two back at Star Fleet before the meeting. I'm guessing the meeting took place at approx. 5:30 AM. Of course all of this could have happened during a longer period of time, making it much later the next day, but I tend to doubt it considering how quickly the story seems to unfold.

So at this point we will give the Enterprise 30 minutes to reach the Bassen Rift where they are attacked by Shinzon in the Scimitar. Making it about 6:AM.

The first attack by the Scimitar lets up so Shinzon can talk to Picard, perhaps 6:10 AM.

The Romulans join the battle, we'll say 6:20 AM.

Picard is forced to ram the Scimitar at approx. 6:35 AM.

The Thalaron weapon on the Scimitar is activated somewhere around 6:45 AM.

Because of dialogue delivered by Geordi, we know it takes "...about 7 minutes..." for the Thalaron weapon to reach the final firing sequence... (Which means... \*Gulp\*, Data now only has 7 minutes left to live).

He 'flies' over to the Scimitar and sends Picard home with the emergency mobile transporter device at about 6:52 AM.

I will round ahead 10 minutes and assume that Data is lost at about 8:AM November 7<sup>th</sup> 2379 (or stardate 56850.22).

What does all this mean? It means we can add two days to our previous number. Making the age of Data's head **485 years, 66 weeks, and 9 days**.

"You mean we went through all of that for just two measly days?" If that's what you're thinking, you may have a right. But consider this. The previous date calculated by using Picard's stated stardate isn't as 'realistic' as the one I formulated... er... For the most part, anyway.

So "Self...", I said. "Data's head was **485 years, 66 weeks and 9 days** old when Data died." And Self said, "Great... So where's my taco?"

Naturally, this head age should be considered conjecture and you should probably go with the previous head age as figured from 'cannon' dates if the unlikely phrase "*At the time of his death, how old was Data's head?*" show up on a quiz or trivia game.

Additionally, this entire article is based on my own (possibly) flawed logic and poor (public schooled) arithmetic skills. I encourage your feedback should you find fault, interest or nausea in my assumptions here. If you know of 'cannon' (shown on screen) information that may change the numbers significantly as I've penned them, please feel free to contact me at rayxgraham@hotmail.com so that I will not be spreading non-truths about Data's head.

I thank you for your interest and hope this article has proven to enrich your life.

And now... What else? A taco!



## MISSION LOGS: THE ENDOWMENT OF KNOWLEDGE

"Captain's Log: Stardate 57031.3 Commanding Officer, Captain Carl Stark reporting. Professor Davis and his party have transferred to the USS Isis and are now continuing on their journey to Science Station 402. It would have been nice to take Professor Davis to the astrophysics conference held at the station, however Admiral Hollinger has asked us to rendezvous with him at Ord Mantell for an important assignment. As we are very close to the Tegan Sector we should be in orbit several days before the USS Kelly arrives. At that point in time we will receive further orders. End of log."

With a quick motion Captain Stark switched off the recording unit and looked up. What he saw was the Bajoran face of his Executive Officer. However in a very un-Bajoran like way, she had her eyebrow raised like a Vulcan who had just observed something.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Vilya Jade smiled slightly, "I was about to ask you the same question. About every seventh log entry you tend to put some sort of joke in your report. Something about keeping the fun going in this job?"

Captain Stark walked around his desk and looked at the model of the U.S.S. Thorn sitting on the display table. Many years earlier his grandfather, Admiral Kenneth Stark, had commanded the Northampton Class Frigate on many patrols along the Klingon border. Shrugging off one of the many thoughts that occupied a Captain's mind he responded. "I've known Professor Davis for many years and I was looking forward to seeing what his big announcement. He was very excited about his new discovery." Captain Stark looked up. "With how the Seventh Fleet excelled during the Dominion War, we've been sent on more special assignments than actual exploration missions."

"And you wanted to be a part of a new scientific breakthrough. To learn something new." Jade responded. "Knowing Professor Davis and his background in experimental warp engineering I'm certain this is no small announcement." Shutting off the PADD she continued. "Crewman Ta'goratha likes to collect human linguistic phrases and I think the one she would use now is 'Be careful of what you wish for.'"

Suddenly a computer hail announced an incoming message over the intercom. The shaky voice of Lt. (j.g.) David Wright soon followed. "Captain Stark? Can you please come to the bridge?"

Captain Stark's communicator chirped when he tapped it. "On my way." After closing the circuit he headed towards the exit. "Do you think he will remain nervous for very much longer?"

Now the standard big smile known for this Bajoran returned. "Oh he's been in sticky situations before. I'm sure he can handle just about anything now." The doors parted for her passing and they both walked out onto the Intrepid Class Bridge.

"What do you have Lieutenant?"

Lt. (j.g.) Wright looked up quickly. "Uh... sir, we have an unusual object on the sensors." He looked back at his console. "I can't really tell what it is but it is nearby."

Captain Stark hunched over the monitor and looked at the readings. "You're right, this is unusual. I think its worth a closer look since we have the time." He looked up at Vilya and nodded.

The Executive Officer switched into command mode. "Conn; course correction with coordinates provided by Science Station. Tactical; raise shields and ready other systems. Science; continue scanning on all frequencies. Operations; coordinate data into emergency message pod." A chorus of acknowledgments quickly followed.

Sitting in the Command Chair, Captain Stark added. "Lieutenant Stock, Warp factor two and engage."

A short time later the object was on the main view screen. It resembled a small rotating pyramid that continued to flash a different color of the spectrum on each pulse.

"All stop." The Captain ordered. Glancing over at the Science Station he continued. "Lieutenant, what do we have here?"

Lt. (j.g.) Wright looked up, "Power source unknown. The pulses appear to be a form of scanning beams. Each color representing a different type of sensor wavelength."

Ensign Brady Juggler looked up from his Tactical Console. "It knows we are here?"

"Unknown." Came the response from the Science Station. "I can't tell if it's a vessel or not. I can't lock down a reading on any life signs."

Suddenly the image on the screen changes with the pyramid only flashing in a bright yellow.

"That is a scan directed at us." Stated Lt. (j.g.) Wright in an excited voice.

Captain Stark looked back over at him. "Do the scans pose an immediate threat to the Ticonderoga?"

"No! They do not." Answered a loud booming voice. Now standing in front of the view screen was a male human. He was dressed in some sort of floppish costume. An eloquent hat was placed on his head with a large

feather protruding from it. His left hand rested easily on a jeweled sword hanging from his belt. One foot was standing over a small chest that had also appeared with the sudden visitor.

"Captain!" came the warning cry from Lt. Frank Buck at the Security Station. His hand reaching down for his phaser. With a motion, Captain Stark halted him.

"I'm Captain Carl Stark of the Federation Starship, U.S.S. Ticonderoga." He looked at him cautiously. "May I ask who you are?"

A small window popped up on the Executive Officer's status screen. It was a text message from Lt. (j.g.) Tim Madden at the Ops Station. "This conversation is being broadcast on all of the monitors throughout the ship. I can't shut down the feed." The Bajoran looked over and gave him a nod. She doubted that anything could be done to break the feed at this time. "Keep trying." She typed back.

A bold grin preceded the newcomer's answer. "Ah, Greetings Captain Stark. I am an explorer like yourself." He looked down at his attire. "I hope you don't mind my choosing this image? I'm afraid that my standard corporeal state wouldn't seem too pleasing for your eyes so I selected a historical figure to represent myself." He smiled once again. "You may call me Columbus and I'm very happy to meet you all."

"Columbus? Well, it seems you already know quite a bit about us. You have us at a disadvantage." Captain Stark stated.

"Yes, yes, yes. That is what I wanted to thank you about." Columbus looked around. "I'm on a quest to learn as much as I can and I've learned quite a bit from you and your crew. I was so excited to finally come across another group of intelligent beings that were excited about exploring the many wonders that our existence holds for us. Some of the races I've encountered around here are too militaristic or too immature. Once you've seen a couple of members of that race, you've seen them all. But you Humans, each one of you are different."

Columbus waived at the beautiful Bajoran sitting in the XO's chair. "You even bring out differences in the races you choose to associate with. It's wonderful to see many races that are trying to better themselves and continuing to ask questions about things." He looked around with a grin. "For example, everyone on this vessel can hear my voice and the majority of them want to know if I am a member of the Q Continuum?"

"And the answer is?" Prompted Captain Stark.

"Ah wonderful. The answer is, No." Columbus shook his head for a second. "The know-it-alls in the Continuum seem to have the opinion that they are better than anyone else. It was really annoying trying to gather information from them."

Captain Stark cleared his throat. "Well Mr. Columbus. I'm curious on how we can help you now? You've already learned about us."

"Yes Captain there is something that can be done. I can do it for you. I want to reward your people, an Endowment of Knowledge if you wish." Columbus knelt down by the chest at his feet and opened it up. Suddenly next to each person appeared an ancient parchment scrolled up with some string. Lieutenant Buck who was progressing forward in the reaction to the movement by Columbus almost stepped on his scroll.

"This gift is a tidbit of information for each of you. Like you, each scroll will show you something unique. It could be something from the past, a possible future, another dimension or just from the cabin down the hall." Columbus smiled. "Once you have had your experience, your scroll will disappear with no changes to the current timeline. But you will remember the knowledge that you have gained. You may write it down to share, or keep it for yourself."

After Columbus closed the chest, it shimmered out of view. "Now I must take my leave of you Captain. I hope that you and your crew enjoy this gift." With a wink, Columbus also shimmered and was gone.

On the view screen, the pyramid flashed blue three times and then shot off into space towards the unknown. Lt. (j.g.) Wright looked up from his console. "His ship just took off at a high warp, but my sensors couldn't calculate the speed."

Lt. Buck was kneeling next to his scroll, security tricorder out. After a few clicks and whirls it beeped once. "Well my scan only shows paper. I can't tell if there is anything else behind these scrolls."

Lt. (j.g.) Madden looked up. "It actually sounds nice not to have an alien with higher technology than our own want to punish us for once."

"True." Captain Stark responded. "Had Columbus wanted to cause any harm, I have a feeling that he could have done so quite easily." Inspecting the scroll he looked up. "Number one, I'll be doing some reading in my readyroom. Please make sure everyone gets a chance to read their scroll when time permits."

And with that, he strode into his readyroom, ready to break the seal on his gift.

Lt Frank Buck, Chief of Security:

After following Captain Stark into his ready room, I suggest he allow me to get a squad of MACO, and I open mine in an empty cargo hold with a level 10 force field up, before anyone else is allowed to touch theirs. After some careful debate, Captain Stark sucked up a lung of air for a response, but, before he could say what was on his mind, a tone comes across the intercom: "Garrison leader to Captain Stark and Lt. Buck." The Captain responds, "What is it Raines?" "I've run some tests on the scrolls – I've opened mine and two garrison members VOLUNTEERED to open theirs. Based on the tests and their responses there doesn't appear to be any danger to the ship or the crew."

The Captain gives me an ironic look and says, "There you have it, carry on."

I raised one eyebrow, smiled, nodded my head, and exited the ready room. It was the end of my shift, so I retrieved my scroll from the bridge floor and made my way to my quarters. I put the scroll on top of a photo album, showered, and bellied up to the food replicator for a soda and hand full of chocolate chip cookies. "Computer, openly record everything that takes place in these quarters." The computer acknowledges. I pick up my scroll and give it a gentle tug, nothing. I tug harder and the scroll literally bursts open.

I'm there, but not completely, or at least I think that is the case. The place is my home where I grew up. I'm in the back yard. Looking around I see all the familiar surroundings, especially the huge cottonwood trees. And the tree-fort that my brother and I built. I then look across the street. I see the home of my future wife. That brings a huge smile to my face. I'm not sure how long I stood there smiling. "What is that noise coming from the big red shop?" Without walking I move closer, kind of like infinite focus on a camera that you can steer around corners. I'm standing by the corner of the doorway so I can see in, for some reason I am worried about being seen. It's my dad and brother and they are both a lot younger than I remember. They are working on one of our pieces of equipment - it's the kopko gas powered jackhammer. Allen, my brother, is cursing and banging on the CV drive gear. He doesn't say it but I know he's thinking, "If Frank were here we'd have this piece of Sh-- running by now. I smile and quietly agree. Allen raises his head and looks around like he heard something, then goes back to beating on the machine. While this is going on I notice my dad sitting at the bench, debris shoved aside to make room for the manual. Out of frustration, dad slams the book shut and says that he's going to go in and take a nap. As he exits the shop I have to move aside in order to avoid him walking right through me. I watch him until he disappears into the back door of the house. Allen looks up and smugly says to himself, "The boss is gone, break time." As I watch him get comfortable in the old recliner in the corner, a thought comes across my mind, "Man, I sure miss him". At that moment he raised his head, looked right at me and said, "I know, I'm sorry and I miss you too."

Computer, delete recording and purge from the mainframe.

Personal log: Ensign Brady Jugler:

My scroll is blank. I've looked on both sides....nothing. Opening it really fast....nothing. Opening it really slowly....nothing!!!! I don't get it.

"Personal Log: Stardate 57031.5 Trystin Raines, Maco Team Leader Reporting. I am excited to try out some new Maco combat moves on the holodeck. Lt. Buck and myself have tweaked the power and range output on our phasers. I could have really used weapons like this back in the 23<sup>rd</sup> century when I was part of the SEAL team on the Dominion. Maybe then I could have saved her; if only I could remember how I got here and how she and her crew were murdered and why am still around to tell the tale.....Forgive me, I am rambling. A wise old friend once said if you can not face your past, you have no future." End of log.

Looking over his table at a model of the U.S.S. Dominion and a hand phaser from days gone by mounted to the wall behind it, he whispered "Still watching over me huh...like my own guardian angel.... Thanks," as he got up from his chair, and started to walk to the door. As he walked through the door, he tapped his comm badge. "Raines to Lt. Buck, I'm heading to the holodeck." Lt. Buck's voice replied, "Ok, let me know how the test and training goes."

Trystin replied "Aye sir." As he entered the turbo lift, "Holodeck 3," he orders the computer as the doors close behind him. When the doors opened he proceeds to the holodeck door.

"Computer, run Maco combat alpha 1 Raines." Commanded Trystin. "Enter when ready," replied the computer, as the doors opened up. As he walked into the holodeck he heard the red alert.

"What the hell....Bridge, this is Raines, what's your status?" he yelled as he hit his comm badge.

"Bridge...respond...Lt. Buck respond!"

Still not getting any response, he turned around and tried to exit but the doors would not open.

"Computer, report status," he yelled, just as the holodeck monitor came to life. Trystin looked up and watched what was unfolding on the bridge. When a paper scroll appeared at his feet, he reached down and picked it

up, turning it around examining it more closely. "What do we have here?" he said, as he untied the ribbon on the scroll. As he opened it, he disappeared.

In the a blink of an eye, Trystin found himself on the bridge of a starship, the sounds of the red alert and the comm channels flooding the bridge. "What? This isn't my program... Wait a minute... This is the Dominion, but how?" He asked himself. He looked around the room seeing his old shipmates and himself, like a fly on the wall he watched what was going on around him.

"Shields at 72% sir!" yelled the engineer.

"Target their weapons and engines now" ordered Capt. Raines.

"Targets locked," replied the tactical officer.

"Fire" the Captain ordered, as the phaser banks and torpedo tubes came to life and delivered the deadly cargo. The phasers and torpedoes hit their mark with a deadly blow and left the vessel adrift in space.

"Direct hit on all targets Captain," the young crewmember shouted. "They're dead in the water," he added. Captain Raines sat up in the command chair.

"Open hailing frequencies, send to commander of Klingon vessel to surrender," he ordered, as he watched the bird of prey on fire, adrift in space. "Burn, you Klingon bastards, burn," he thought as he waited for an answer from them.

"No response, sir, on any channel!" replied the communications officer. Running over to the Science station, Raines orders, "Scan them now, Roberts."

Lt. Roberts looks into his scanner then reports, "I am picking up several neutron emissions; looks like they are going to blow themselves up sir," he says in a panic.

"How much time do we have Lt?" asks the Captain.

"Hard to say sir, those emissions are creating a temporal flux." he responded.

"I'm going over there. Chief, you have the conn." Captain Raines orders as he rushes off the bridge.

"Sir you can't go!" he yells back, but Raines doesn't listen and the turbo lift doors close behind the him. As he heads for the transporter he grabs his communicator and hand phaser.

"Energize," he orders.

With the sliding of the controls the Captain beams off the Dominion and appears on the Klingon vessel. He draws his phaser with lighting fast reflexes. With his other hand he opens up his communicator "Dominion, time from this mark. If I'm unsuccessful, get my ship out of here. Understand?" He orders.

"Sir we can't leave you here," replies the Chief.

"You have your orders mister. Do it or I'll kill ya myself. That's an order! Raines out." Making sure the coast is clear, he moves down the hall, as smoke fills the ship and shattered bulkheads line the ships hallways. As he makes his way to the bridge, there isn't a Klingon in sight.

"I've got a bad feeling about this," he thought to himself as he entered the wrecked bridge.

"Mr. Raines, welcome. We missed you, but not this time." A voice said with a laugh, and, as the command chair turned around, he was face to face with his old foe.

"Karass, I should have known you set me up." Raines yelled as he pointed his phaser at the laughing Klingon.

"What is it you cowboys say? 'You brought a phaser to a barbeque'," the Klingon says with a smile.

Shaking his head, Trystin corrects him. "It's 'you brought a knife to a gun fight', you idiot." Raines pulls the trigger of his phaser, but nothing happens. The Klingon's laugh becomes louder.

"You foolish human! You really think I'd let you just walk in here and just shoot me?"

With a smirk Trystin replies, "That was the general idea."

With the push of a button, a force field surrounds Trystin.

"There will be no riding into the sunset this time Raines, we both die here and now! As my people say, 'Today is a good day to die!'" gloats the Klingon.

An explosion rocks the ship as a piece of the bridge falls and lands on Trystin, knocking him unconscious and pinning him to the ground. Another explosion rocks the burning vessel, trapping the Klingon behind a wall of fire and smoke.

Back on the Dominion, the scanner goes berserk with a barrage of sounds.

"Chief, the Klingon vessel is going to blow! We have to bring the Captain back now!" shouts the science officer. The Chief stands up and hurries over to the science station.

"Can you locate the Captain?" he asks.

The science officer begins to scan frantically.

"I'll try sir, there's a lot of interference from that neutron emission," he says as he fine-tunes his scanner. "I can barely get a reading on him, I'll boost the signal.... come on. Bingo! There he is." He boosts the signal and sends the coordinates to the transporter.

"Transporter room, get the Captain out of there now!" orders the Chief. As the transporter beam engulfs the Captain it sets off a chain reaction with the neutron emission sending the Captain's transport pattern through the temporal flux. At the same moment both the Dominion and the Klingon vessel explode, giving off light as if they were a small sun.

70 years into the future finds Trystin Raines lying unconscious in a field of swaying green grass. As he comes to his senses, he sits up, rubbing his head.

"What the hell happened? Where am I?" He thought to himself. Looking down he sees his hand phaser and bends down to retrieve it.

"Raines!" He hears his name and spins around, and is instantly back on the Ticonderoga's holodeck, standing in front of fellow MACO team member, Crewman Charles Bowman.

"Are you ok Sir?" he asks Trystin. "Crewman D'zzik and I have already opened our scrolls. Did you experience something as well?"

Looking around and realizing where he is, Raines answers.

"Yes...yes I am Crewman, I was just thinking about the past. I better get on with the test and send the results to Lt. Buck, ASAP."

He taps his communicator, "Garrison Leader to Captain Stark and Lt. Buck" (see Lt. Buck's entry for rest)

Later that day in his quarters, Trystin Raines looks at the model and the hand phaser, just as he did this morning. He pours himself a drink of old earth whiskey, and raises his glass.

"To you my absent friends, may you rest in peace. I will not forget your sacrifice...Cheers." He toasts and he drinks the glass down. Knowing what happen and how he came to be in the 24<sup>th</sup> century puts his mind at ease. He pours himself another drink and this time he says, "My thanks to you, Mr. Columbus for putting the pieces together for me...Cheers."

#### Ensign Brady Jugler:

It's still blank.

#### Executive Officer's Log:

Vilya Jade Recording:

*"Lt. (j.g.) Wright, please open a ship-wide channel. Attention all personnel. Those of you who are not currently on duty are free to open and read your scrolls. Those of you on duty will have to wait, but I'm sure your wait won't be long. Vilya out."*

*Jade returned to her chair on the bridge and laid her scroll on the arm of her chair. She noticed then that the private message light on the small control panel was blinking. Pressing the button, she smiled at the face of her small daughter, jumping up and down and holding her own scroll in her hands.*

*"Looky, Mommy, looky what I got!"*

*"That's very neat, honey. I have one, as well." Jade held up her own scroll.*

*"You can either open yours now, or you can wait til I can get you, and we can open ours together."*

*"Hmmm...." Aurora put a finger to her cheek. "I sink I'll wait til you come get me."*

*"Alright Sweetheart," Jade replied, smiling. "I'll see you in a little while, then. Be good, and no more climbing in the Jeffries tubes."*

*Jade ended the transmission and returned to her duties.*

*"Hey Sweetheart! Are you ready to go get some dinner and then go open our scrolls?"*

*"Yeah!!!! Let's go now!" Aurora ran into the hall.*

As they walked down the corridor toward towards the lounge, Aurora regaled Jade with all the things she'd done in school that day, and what some of the other children had seen on their scrolls.

Once they had finished their dinner and returned to their quarters, Jade and Aurora both changed into their "off duty" clothes, then sat down together on the couch.

*"Can I open mine first? Mommy?" Aurora was waving her scroll around like a conductor's baton.*

Jade smiled. "Go ahead," she said, and sat back in the couch.

Excitedly, Aurora broke the seal on her scroll, and watched in rapt fascination as light and pictures played over the paper.

When the scroll disappeared, she jumped up happily and ran toward her room at top speed. She returned moments later, her face shining.



“Mommy,” she said breathlessly, “Look! It told me where to find Huggy Baby!” She panted from her exertions, and held up her favorite stuffed doll, a doll that had been missing in action for several days.

“That’s great, babydoll!” Jade smiled as Aurora climbed back onto the couch and laid down, holding tightly to her newly-recovered doll. “Shall we see what mine says?”

Aurora nodded, then closed her eyes.

Jade broke the seal on her own scroll, and slowly opened it, savoring the feel of the heavy vellum paper in her hands.

The lights swirled in a clockwise direction, the vortex slowly growing larger. She felt her forehead between her eyebrows begin to tingle and grow warm, and began to feel as though she were being pulled from herself.

The lights went out, and then she found herself seated on the cool grass. It was night, and the moon above her was full, and it seemed as though she could simply stretch up her arm and touch it.

The breeze that blew around her was warm, and she looked around at the landscape, trying to place herself.

“Not Risa, and definitely not Bajor. Must be Earth, but I don’t recognize the area.” She could see the moonlight reflecting off water to her left, and she seemed to be in a bowl-shaped valley within the mountains. The peaks rose all around her, higher on her right. She then noticed four lit candles surrounding her. The breeze caused the flames to dance merrily and shook the leaves in the trees.

She sat for few minutes, enjoying the peace and serenity of the moment.

Slowly, she became aware of another, powerful presence, surrounding her. She felt, rather than heard a voice saying, *“Everything will be fine. Remember me.”*

When she opened her eyes, she was back in her quarters, her daughter asleep on her lap. Jade carried Aurora to her small bed and tucked her in, making sure the doll was within her reach, then walked over to her personal workstation and sat down. She watched the stars streaming past her window for awhile, then picked up a PADD and went to work.

#### Personal log: Lt. (j.g.) David Wright

Well, another day has come and gone on the bridge as the new science officer. So far the bridge crew has yet to let me live down my sticky situation. But today at least I think I may have made headway into my relationship with Ensign Tonya Wright, thanks to the scroll that appeared on my console.

I have wondered for a while why she does not use her symbiont’s name as her last, as is the Trill tradition. It turns out that the symbiont's name just happens to also mean something in old earth slang. I can sympathize with her not wanting to be called Lt. (j.g.) Tonya Duh. Of course the symbiont didn't want to make it's new host uncomfortable. Tonya has waited for this particular symbiont for many years. She completed her symbiosis training several years before and was going to have the transfer, but the old host wouldn't die. It seems that the old anthropologist was as much of a relic as his artifacts. He kept hanging on so long that Tonya was able to go to Star Fleet academy and out to space long before the guy finally kicked off. They almost lost the symbiont because no one realized the old guy was almost dead, since he often didn't move for hours. So she got Duh finally and a new assignment to the Ticonderoga right before we met.

I also found out that Duh has had only seven hosts as they tended to all be sticks in the mud in one way or another. So they specially picked Tonya to have the symbiont to give Duh the chance of having more experiences off-world. Well Duh, who wouldn't?

I also found out many more things that will get me into better favor with Tonya. I can't wait to try them out.

#### Personal log: Lt. (j.g.) Tonya Wright

I now know how to get even with Crewman Waters. Today is a good day to fry.

#### Ensign Brady Jugler:

<sigh>.....Still blank.

#### Personal log: Crewman Waters

What are the chances that the captain didn't see me running across the bridge in my underwear and a cape yelling, “I’m the king of the world!”? Really, how did the aliens expect me to know when the daydream was over? And why did Lt. (j.g.) Wright smile at me like that? Come to think of it, Anya from medical was smiling rather wildly, as well. Must be something they liked in their daydreams, too.

Personal Log: Ensign Michael Gibby

"Well, that was interesting," muttered Ensign Gibby as the image of the entity faded from the viewscreen on his PADD. He looked at his bedside table and, sure enough, there was an archaic scroll next to the picture of his parents.

He sat his PADD aside and picked up the scroll. Certainly seemed harmless enough, just a roll of parchment. He hadn't seen anything like this in years. After a moment's thought as to his question, he broke the seal and unrolled the scroll.

"Hmm... 'The chicken came first.' That's good to know."

Personal log: Lt. Anya Ashworth

Well, I always wondered how Captain Archer so long ago came up with one of his brilliant ideas to save the ship. In all the historical records, he never mentioned how he suddenly came up with the Field Luminance Uni-processing Xaxis capacitor that saved the Enterprise. Now I know. For the record, I would like to point out that when I opened the scroll at my feet, I was off duty, and therefore wearing the new dress I got while on Risa. While not understanding most of the symbols on the garment, I picked the dress for the comfort. I think I know now why I was inexplicably drawn to the fabric that the dress is made from.

When I opened the scroll, I found myself suddenly transported back in time to Captain Archer's shower on the day he came up with the aforementioned capacitor. I stood there in total surprise just staring at him when he turned around, and, to my horror, stared right back at me in shock. He dropped the soap and I screamed. He screamed. Then I was back here. It was very short. The trip, not, um, never mind.

I wonder if I should tell Star Fleet Academy that the brilliant idea that Captain Archer came up with was from a dress made in the future. I suppose not. I don't want to hear it from temporal investigations...again.

"CMO's Log: Stardate 57031.5 Dr. Karrie Buck reporting. As of 1400 today I have treated: two MACO's for assorted soft tissue injuries due to training exercises, Chef for 2<sup>nd</sup> degree burns from a cooking oil accident, Cadet Vilya Aurora for head contusions incurred from playing in the Jefferies tubes, tension headaches from three of the Engineering staff, and allergic rhinitis symptoms from Ensign Brady Jugler. Currently in sickbay there are 3 patients: a member of the Science Department having an acupuncture treatment, Cadet Steven Stark is receiving his annual immunotherapy hyposprays (and being quite loud about it!), and new Crewmember Danielle Andrews is in for a pregnancy check up. End Log"

With a quiet sigh the good Doctor slumps down in her chair and stares at the pile of data logs awaiting her input. "Isn't it time for a break?" she says to herself. Sliding the first of the logs into her tabletop display the CMO begins her medical correspondence. Diagnosis, prescriptions, treatments, follow-up care – her work continues smoothly until the display module erupts in static. Suddenly the screen shows an overview of the ship's bridge. Captain Stark and bridge crew appear to be confronting a guest. In surprise and amazement the Doctor listens with the rest of the ship to the announcement from Columbus that they are being gifted with an Endowment of Knowledge. As Columbus disappears from the bridge Dr. Buck's display returns to her medical data screen. Out of the corner of her eye she sees a shimmer and a scroll appears on her desk. "Curious and curiously!"

"CMO to Captain Stark – I realize you must be busy, but can you confirm this "gift" from the being, Columbus?"

Captain Stark reassures the doctor that Security has cleared usage of the scroll as harmless, and non-threatening. Nevertheless Dr. Buck scans the scroll with her tricorder before tentatively reaching out for the ancient roll. Sliding a finger under the wax seal she hears a distinct crack and a flash of light obscures her vision. Gasping in alarm Karrie reaches out to steady herself and hears the sound of music. As her vision clears she realizes she stands in the doorway of an elegantly appointed room. Beautiful antique furniture, rich rugs, amazing works of art, and the dazzle of crystal, silver, and gold everywhere her gaze lands.

"Ahem... Would Madame care to introduce herself?" requests the stately gentleman at Karrie's side.

Her startled response "Dr. Karrie Buck – and you would be....?"

"Her Majesty's Butler, of course! Follow me please, you are right on time and tea is about to begin."

Looking down, the doctor is astonished to see her Medical uniform replaced by crisp white linen and lace. Careful not to trip, she trails behind the butler, who presents her to a group seated at a collection of settees and delicate chairs. In the center of this tableau is a tiny woman dressed in a lavender confection of silks and satins. Diamonds and pearls glint as the woman rises and extends a hand to welcome Karrie.

"Do you take lemon or cream, Dr. Buck?" Over the next hour the doctor enjoys quiet conversation, soothing music, delicious pastries, and above all – tea. That heavenly ritual that is so much more than a hot drink. Inhaling the perfumed aroma rising above a dainty china cup, the doctor smiles and closes her eyes.

The CMO opens her eyes to the bright lights and various beeps of Sickbay. “Home again! Well, I suppose it couldn’t last.”

“Did you say something?” requested Lt. Ashworth in passing.

“No, nothing important.” The doctor turns back to her office. Sitting at her desk, data logs going unnoticed, the doctor muses about the afternoon’s events.

“Computer – please reprogram my personal replicator to deliver a cup of English Breakfast tea, hot with 1 lump of sugar at 0700 instead of my usual morning coffee.” Hearing a crash of dropped instruments, the CMO grins and says “Computer – please inform the crew – daily at 1600 English High Tea will be served in the Medical lounge unless the Ship is under Emergency Status. All are welcome.”

#### Ensign Brady Jugler:

I’m really starting to get tired of this scroll. I put it down in my quarters, it follows me around the ship, floating in midair. I stop walking, it thunks me on the head. And it STILL SAYS NOTHING!

#### Ensign Suzi Dameron Chief of Engineering:

“Honey, honey. Wake up,” Floyd was restarting my program again after my upgrades and repairs. “We were just visited by an alien. He left these cool scrolls for us to look at. Here’s yours.....Open it!”

I slowly untied the ribbon and unrolled the old parchment. You could hear the age of the paper as I forced it to lie flat. A warm waft of air brought the scent of old paper and books to my mind, reminding me of all the times collecting books for my personal library. I read the lovely script flowing over the page:

“To Suzi,

Here is my great gift of knowledge to you.....

Push the button, car go beep-beep.

With you in all your adventures,  
Columbus.”

I sat stunned, in awe of all the great things I could have learned, and here I sit with a fortune that says absolute nonsense!

“Let me see what it says,” Floyd asked as I slowly sank into a chair.

“No, I think he meant this just for me.”

“Oh well. I’m going to get started on the plans that were drawn on mine. I can’t wait to start.”

I watched as Floyd left the room and realized that, in the end, I really needed a good laugh.

#### Personal Log: Captain Carl Stark

*Computer begin recording. The following is what I recall when I opened my scroll. I sat down in my readyroom and opened the scroll. I was wondering what would happen when I opened the seal. What I would describe as a flash suddenly appeared and the next thing I knew I was walking down the corridor of an ancient starship. I noticed that I was wearing a gold uniform with no stripes on the sleeves and a pair of crossed laurel leaves on the chest.*

“Hey Ken, wake up.” A youthful ensign next to me stated. *He looks familiar?*

I looked up, “Sorry Jake, just can’t believe we finally made it out of the academy.” *Captain Jacob Shaw? He died years ago, before I joined the academy. My grandfather told me all about him. Why is he wearing the same uniform that I am?*

“That’s ok Ensign Stark.” Jake smiled, “I bet you are excited to finally be on our first deep space assignment, even if we did get a Larson Class Destroyer instead of a fancy Constitution Class Cruiser.” *Wait a minute? Ensign Jacob Shaw? Larson Class Destroyer? First assignment just out of the academy? Why did the scroll take me back to my grandfather’s tour on the USS Julius Caesar?*

“Hey the Caesar is still no small assignment. Captain Te-shorth is great, even for an Andorian. We are on the frontier near the Klingon Empire. A lot can happen on border patrol.” Ensign Ken Stark stated. *I mean I expected the scroll to take me to my youth, or something in my future, or perhaps into that 2-D hockey movie that Ensign Morris sent me. Why here? Why now? What is the significance of this time period?*

Jacob continued. “Well after a week I still haven’t gotten use to the new schedule.” He looked at his electronic clipboard. “Also you still haven’t met Commander Rothchild yet and he’s not going to be too happy with you if you keep putting it off. He is the XO ya know?” *Rothchild? Rothchild? Admiral Rothchild promoted my grandfather to Captain of the USS Thorn if I recall correctly.*

I wrung my hands together. “Yea I know and I should have met with him last Tuesday, but I’ve been so nervous about this assignment. I only graduated from Starfleet Academy by the skin of my teeth and I’m afraid that

I'm going to screw something up. Something important, so I've been trying to make sure I've studied all of the manuals needed for our assignment." *The Ken Stark I know has never acted like this? Did the scroll send me into some sort of alternate dimension? Something is wrong.*

Stopping in the corridor, Jacob put a finger in front of my face. "Hey Kenny Boy, there is something you do need to remember. You are a graduate of Starfleet Academy. It didn't matter if you were the first in class or the last to graduate. You still graduated. That is no small task. Anyone who has taken the Academy Exam will tell you that a passing score is nothing to be ashamed of. You still made it as an officer even after that class that you had to think or sink in." A smile broke on Jacob's face. "Besides, I need someone to watch my back on the rare occasion that one of my jokes goes horribly wrong." *This sounds like the Captain Shaw that my grandfather told me about.*

"Rare?" I laughed. "Shall I provide you with a list of the number of times I had to pull your but out of the fire? Lets see first there is the..."

"RED ALERT, RED ALERT!!!! All hands to battlestations. This is not a drill. I repeat we are going to Red Alert." Boomed the massive voice of Commander Rothchild over the intercom.

"Smeg!" Jacob shouted. I don't recall which assignment we have for battlestations.

"We are in Phaser Control Room B," I shouted as I ran down the corridor. "Follow me, we should report to Lt. Shak."

Running a long side me Jacob continued. "It's a good thing you studied those manuals when you had the chance. This is one assignment we should never show up late for."

Moving quicker than I had ever seen my grandfather move, we slid down a Jeffries Tube and dodged other crewmembers scrambling for their stations. Red lights flashed a strange ambience across the deck. I could even feel the bulkheads buckle as the small destroyer strained. We were altering course and increasing speed. Something was happening and the crew responded to the heightened needs now presenting it self before them. Luckily the physical curriculum at the academy had us prepared and we ran into the control room only slightly winded.

The Vulcan lieutenant looked up. "I have received our operational instructions. Please begin the checklist at your duty stations and I will begin the briefing." *Why don't I remember her? There are a lot of people that my grandfather must have served with that I didn't know.* A pair of aye, sirs came from us as we saluted.

We sat down on opposite sides of the small room. I flipped a couple of switches. "Level five diagnostic started. Results should be appearing on your man console." "Check." Stated Jacob. *Oh this could be interesting.*

"Gentlemen, as this is your first tour under Captain Te-shorth I need to make you aware of the nuances we can expect under his command." She looked up from her screen. "The captain commanded this vessel at the end of the Four Year War with the Klingons approximately 10.3 years ago. Despite the various upgrades to the USS Julius Caesar, Captain Te-shorth still doesn't trust the automatic systems. During the Four Years War and on many skirmishes afterwards the Captain has kept the use of the automated systems to a minimum. In other words Ensigns, be prepared to fire the phasers manually."

Jacob's console beeped twice which prompted him to speak. "Diagnostic completed. All systems are responding within established nominal parameters." *I haven't felt this nervous in a long time.* "Confirmed, all systems are ready at your command Sir." I responded.

"Thank you Ensign Stark." Lt. Shak stated with her calm Vulcan voice. Despite the red lights flashing off of her face, she held the same demeanor that I remembered when I...uh I meant my grandfather remembered seeing her a few days before. *Strange, why should I remember it as my memory?*

Pulling the papers as they were printed from the computer she continued the briefing. "It appears that the USS Julius Caesar has been assigned to rendezvous with Task Force Gamma 12. A Klingon task force has entered non-aligned space near the UFP border and taken a planet known as Organia. A second Klingon task force is attempting to reinforce this foothold and is crossing Federation Space in the process. It appears that Task Force Gamma 12 has the assignment to stop this second wave of Klingon ships before they arrive at their destination."

"This means that war has broken out." I stated. "How come no one has mentioned this before?"

Shak raised one eyebrow. "I shall inform Captain Te-Shorth that he has been negligent in his duty to keep an 'Ensign' informed about matters of Federation Security."

*Whoops, open mouth, insert foot. Chew vigorously.* I thought I heard Jake snickering.

"Uh...I meant no disrespect sir...." with a raise of her hand Shak motioned for me to stop.

"I was once 'fresh out of the academy' like yourself Ensign Stark. In a position of command, the Captain will be aware of many things before they reach the crew." She flipped a few switches at her station. "Think nothing of it as we have many duties to perform."

*Think nothing of it? It isn't the bulkheads that are shaking now. I wonder what Dr. Buck would think of the adrenaline levels running through my system now?*

"Aye sir." Was all that I could bring out.

Luckily Jacob decided to encourage the rest of the debriefing by stating. "So this will not be like the simulations at the academy?"

"Your training courses were correct, however instead of you being a failsafe system, the automatic systems are now the back up." Lt. Shak pointed towards a speaker next to the phaser coolant conduits. "When we have entered battle we will be receiving direct audio communication from the bridge. This way if any direct commands come to us we can respond immediately." She then motioned towards the intercom at her desk. "I have a direct line to Commander Rothchild for immediate response if needed."

Suddenly, as if it knew it had just been mentioned, the speaker came to life. "Attention brave crew of the USS Julius Caesar." The accented voice of Captain Te-Shorth addressed everyone. "I have studied the Terran historical figure that our proud vessel is named after now and I know that his blood is flowing through your veins. I know that several of you have just started your assignments with us since we left Starbase 12. Be not afraid and let Caesar guide you to victory."

Both Ensigns shot puzzled looks at their superior officer. She smiled slightly and responded. "It may sound illogical. However Captain Te-Shorth's belief in the spirit of Julius Caesar has helped prepare the crew for many battles."

Captain Te-Shorth's voice continued to flow from the speaker. "We, accompanied by the USS Drakken and the USS Alderbaran, are now in pursuit of two Klingon vessels that have broken away from the main fleet. We should have the Klingon vessels trapped between us and our two brother vessels." *I could practically hear the edge sharpen in the Captain's voice.* "We are now in Condition Alpha-One."

"Look alive." Came the sharp response from Lt. Shak. "We will now be receiving direct communication from the bridge from here on forward."

I kept my eyes on my console. Responding to various electronic prompts and keeping the Lieutenant informed. However over the speaker I could hear the ebb and flow of battle on the bridge.

"Do we have an identification of the two Klingon vessels?" "Two D-14 Class Destroyers, sir." "Sir, USS Alderbaran has engaged the first D-14." "Prepare to drop from warp in sudden deceleration, lets see if we can catch the Klingons by surprise." Aye, sir. Phasers and Photon Torpedoes on Standby." *The view from down here doesn't do justice. I really wish I was on the bridge.* "Alderbaran and the first D-14 have both taken heavy fire sir." "Be prepared Phaser Room A and Photon Torpedo Control. Target the second Klingon Destroyer." "Phaser Room A acknowledges. Torpedo Control ready." "The second D-14 is firing on the Drakken."

"We will be called upon next Gentlemen." Lt. Shak warned. "Lock phasers on the second D-14."

"Locked Sir." Came the strange sounding voice in my throat.

The speaker continued its ghostly story. "The second D-14 is attempting to evade fire from the Drakken sir." "Helm, drop from warp, phaser and torpedoes fire." "Firing sir."

The Julius Caesar shook as the whine of phaser fire poured out of the emitters located on the underbelly of the saucer section. It found the weak spot of the Klingon shields and then tore through it. Phased energy threw metal plating into space, exposing the interior to vacuum. Quickly a pair of photon torpedoes penetrated the center of the ship. A section of the Klingon destroyer exploded as the ship lurched on its side. Shockwaves could be felt on the Caesar.

"Sir." Cried out Ensign Shaw, "I'm getting an unusual feedback reading..."

Suddenly a conduit ruptured. The pink gas known as phaser coolant shot straight out of a tear in the piping and struck Lt. Shak in the upper torso. Throwing her to the back of the room.

"Shak!!!" I cried out.

The coolant leak that had killed the Vulcan lieutenant had failed to kill the speaker next to it. The speaker cracked with voices on the bridge. "Commander what happened?" "The D-14 was attempting to go into warp when we dropped to subspace. Apparently we were caught in the field as it was forming." "Sir the second D-14 is turning to bear its active weapons upon us." "Torpedo Control is attempting to load the next rack of torpedoes." "Drakken reports shield, and weapons failure due to battle damage and they are attempting to..."

The voice of the Captain was clear. "Phaser Room B, Fire."

Shak's body stopped twitching behind me as I looked over my shoulder at it. What was left of the face could not be called Vulcan.

"Stark!!!!" Coughed Jacob as he was attempting to patch to the ruptured conduit. "Fire the phasers now!"

*Oh my god...what have I done!* I twirled around in my seat and hit the control.

"Partial hit on the D-14's starboard engine. She won't be escaping by warp." An explosion could be heard on the bridge. "Sir the first D-14 has rammed the Alderbaran. Both ships have been destroyed." "Sir? The second D-14 hasn't fired upon us yet. I can't tell if she's damaged or if they can't decide who to shoot at."

Jacob had completed the patch but had burned his arm in the process. An idea hit me but we needed to act fast. “Shaw, start powering up our phaser bank for a 1/100<sup>th</sup> yield.” *Would this work? It has to work.*

“What?” yelled out the shocked Ensign. “At that low of a yield it may not even make it to the D-14 and if it would it wouldn’t penetrate its armor.”

“That’s what I’m counting on.” I hit the intercom. “Phaser Room B to Commander Rothchild. Ensign Stark here, I have an idea.”

After explaining the details the XO’s only response was “Stand by, I’ll bring it to the Captain.” Suddenly across the speaker came the Captain’s voice. “Phaser Room B if you have that prepared fire at will.”

As I hit the button, a weak phaser beam stretched out from the hull of the Caesar. It barely reached the halfway point between the two ships before the energy dissipated into space.

“The D-14 has turned and is attempting to close in on the Drakken. They are not moving very fast.” “It worked, they must think that our weapons system has been damaged.” “Torpedo Control I need your status now.” “Full yield now loaded and ready Captain.” “Target the damaged area and fire the full yield.”

The first three photon torpedoes entered the burning section of the hull on the destroyer. Ripping the ship into two pieces. The fourth photon torpedo flew completely through the ship striking the warp engine on the far side. A brilliant explosion engulfed the last of the Klingonn vessel. Scattering its atoms into space. *It worked.*

The smell of burnt circuitry hung in the air. Battery supported systems hummed in the background. It had been three hours since the battle and the Organians, of all people, had put a stop to the war. *I’m nervous.* The door to the Executive Officer’s office now stood closed in front of me. *I better get this over with.* The door chime indicated my request to enter.

“Enter”

The doors closed behind me. I stood at complete attention before Commander Rothchild. “Ensign Stark reporting as ordered sir.”

The XO looked up from the scrolling screen showing damaged systems on the ship. “Its finally good to meet you Mr. Stark.” Rothchild commented. “Can you tell me your evaluation of your performance durring our encounter earlier today?”

“Sir, I froze during the middle of battle. Precious seconds were lost that could have turned the tide of the conflict.” I gulped hard. “I’m sorry sir.”

The dark eyebrows came together as the Commander looked me over. “So you believe you have learned something that will help you in the future?”

I blinked. “Yes sir. I need to utilize my training and experience. Learning the books is one thing. Actually performing the duty is another.”

Rothchild smiled slightly. It almost looked alien on his serious face. “If I have honesty, it is easier to over look mistakes.” He picked up an electronic clipboard. “The Captain was very impressed with your idea. He has recommended you for the Grankite Order of Tactics.” The serious look returned. “Have you considered a career in Command?”

“Command Sir?” *Was he serious?*

“Oh don’t think you’re getting a ship just yet, Ensign. Lets start you out with something small. I understand that Phaser Room B has a leadership position open.” *So that’s how my grandfather got started on the road to the Admiral’s Board. I never knew what prompted him to go in that direction.*

*Suddenly with a flash, my time in the past ended. I was back in my readyroom with Lt. Buck standing in the doorway. He was requesting permission to set up a level ten force field in a cargo bay to test out the scrolls.*

“Oh I think that the scrolls should be perfectly safe for the crew to open.” I said to myself.

#### Personal Log; Lt Cmdr Savat

“I was curious on what our next mission was going to be. I thought about this as I opened my scroll.” Suddenly the scroll hit the ground. The Vulcan reached up, hitting the communicator badge on his chest; “Savat to Captain Stark. We need to go to Red Alert, now!”

What will happen? Be prepared for the next Mission Logs in Issue #17 of the Ticonderoga Transmissions. June 2004.

## STARGAZER

As many of you know, Paul Winfield passed away on Sunday, March 7<sup>th</sup> due to complications with a heart attack. He was 62 years old. Here is a copy of an article I originally wrote for the Kelly Communiqué on Paul Winfield. Enjoy. Paul and St. Peter, the Pearly Gates wide open.

Captain Carl Stark

### Captains Squared: Paul Winfield

The actor behind Captain Clark Terrell (Star Trek II: TWOK) and Captain Dathon (TNG: Darmok) is not stranger to science fiction and fantasy. Besides his Trek roles he also appeared in Damnation Alley, The Terminator, The Serpent and the Rainbow, White Dwarf, The Charmings and he also lent his voice to an episode of Batman: The Animated Series.

Damnation Alley, a 1977 futuristic survival drama based on the novel by Roger Zelazny "didn't quite hold together," assesses Winfield. However, he does recall the making of it as "mostly a lot of fun." George Peppard was a real cut-up, and Jan-Michael Vincent was an adventure to be around. Off-hours, he liked tooling around on motorcycles. It was my first big-budget science fiction film.

Publicity for Damnation Alley alluded to the fact that, in the film, Winfield "meets a fate worse than death." "Ahh, you mean the cockroaches," he laughs. "They were large cockroaches from Madagascar, these humongous that hiss when you touch them and have little barbs that catch your skin. They were imported, and all of them were male. If they got loose and started breeding, we would have been responsible for a new kind of pest on the 20<sup>th</sup> Century Fox lot, so they were carefully monitored and counted each day."

Winfield recalls the buzz on the set of Star Trek II: The Wrath of Kahn was mostly about avoiding the mistakes made by Star Trek: The Motion Picture. "They were all concerned because the first movie, they thought, was a little dull. I'm not sure where they thought the responsibility lay, but they were very sure that it was *not* going to happen again, that the second one was going to have more action."

While his role as Captain Terrell was small, Winfield believes that he earned his pay, mostly in sweat. "To simulate the surface of the planet [Ceti Alpha V], they took an entire soundstage and filled it with sand." Winfield offers. "It was horrific. The suits we wore looked great, but we couldn't breathe in them. And even if you did you would inhale all this sand and smoke. I could only do about three or four minutes a take, because I was running up and down this enormous hill. I would have to stop and take it off, get some air, then put it back on. I didn't think I was claustrophobic until I put on that suit."

Then there was what Winfield refers to as "the maggots scene," where Terrell and Chekov each have a Ceti eel larva inserted into their eardrums by Kahn's henchmen. "That was the most unsettling part of making the movie." Winfield says, adding that close up work for the scene was don't at Lucasfilm's ILM facility in Northern California and required a day of shooting. "The maggots weren't real, but they looked real, believe me. They were covered with slime, and the technicians made them move with filament wire. When you see me break out in a cold sweat, that was probably real, with only a slight bit of augmentation. I can perspire on cue, but I can't seem to cry on cue."

Initially, Winfield says he approached the role of Captain Terrell as "your standard stand-tall, suck-in-your gut type part." Then, he looked in his mailbox. "As soon as I was cast in the movie, I started getting letters from people literally all over the world, asking me about Captain Terrell: 'What was his training?' 'Where did he go to school?' 'Does he have a family?' All the things as an actor I should have been asking, things I really hadn't considered. It really made me take the role much more seriously."

Paul Winfield's performance on the Next Generation episode Darmok won praises as Captain Dathon. Crediting Winfield's solid acting ability with Patrick Stewart's helped make Darmok one of the top fan favorites.

On his other film experiences he notes that making Star Trek II was a piece of cake compared to his role in Wes Craven's The Serpent and the Rainbow. Winfield describes Craven as "an amazing man. He has the driest sense of humor I've ever encountered; I would have to listen twice to make sure that he was joking, because he always had the straightest face." Before Craven, Winfield worked with another director famous for inducing spinal chills-James Cameron. Says the actor of his role in Cameron's Terminator. "It was a fairly typical cop sort of part, but I really wanted to do it, not just for the money but because I had a hunch it was going to be a very popular film. I know it was going to be a hit. Was it fun getting blown away by Arnold Schwarzenegger? "He was very scary. He has a real menacing quality to him. And put a MK-47 in his hands, and you want to get out of the way real quick!" Winfield laughs. Does the performer feel that the best days of his career are over, or is there one more great role waiting for him out there? "I don't have any complaints. But I'm never satisfied; there is always something else I want to do." He also adds. "My whole philosophy is, if you're going to do something, enjoy it-even if it's a part that's serious. Sighs Paul Winfield, "I guess it's the irrepressible comedian in me."

Paul Winfield was born and raised in Los Angeles in 1940. He began acting while a student at Manual Arts High School. The recipient of several scholarships, Winfield continued to study theater throughout his college years, graduating with a B.A. degree from UCLA. He was nominated for an Oscar in 1972 for his role in Sounder and received an Emmy nomination for both his portrayal of the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. in NBC's 1978 telefilm King, and Roots: The Next Generation.

***NOW HEAR THIS***

Crew Birthdays:

Ensign Ray Meyer- March 11  
 Crewman Aurora Abner- March 16  
 Crewman Ray Graham- March 16  
 Lt. (j.g.) David Wright- March 23  
 Lt. Nicki Handley- March 27  
 Ensign Mike Gibby- March 30  
 Civilian Issac Jacobs- April 9  
 Crewman Kathy Campbell- April 15  
 Civilian Dave Carr- April 22  
 Crewman Adam Hancock- April 23  
 Crewman Danielle Andrews- April 29  
 Crewman Dallas Sparks- April 29  
 Crewman Mayloni Jacobs- May 1  
 Crewman Sandy Hammond- May 3  
 Lt. Dave Stock- May 25

Actor Birthdays:

James Doohan- March 3  
 Jolene Blalok- March 5  
 Connor Trinneer- March 19  
 John de Lancie- March 20  
 William Shatner- March 22  
 Leonard Nimoy- March 26  
 Marina Sirtis- March 29  
 Grace Lee Whitney- April 1  
 George Takei- April 20  
 Kate Mulgrew- April 29  
 Marc Alaimo- May 5  
 Andreas Katsulas- May 18  
 John Billingsley- May 20  
 Colm Meany- May 30

**CONGRATULATIONS TO THE SULLIVANS  
 TABITHA SULLIVAN BORN ON MARCH 8, 2004**

New Crewmembers:

Isaac Sullivan- Science Department  
 Kimbra Sullivan- Civilian  
 Tarren Sullivan- Tactical Department

Rank Advancements:

Ray Graham to Crewman 1<sup>st</sup> Class  
 Tim Madden to Lt. (j.g.)  
 Dave Wright to Lt. (j.g.)  
 Tonya Wright to Lt. (j.g.)

***ASK THE COMMAND STAFF***

Ok what questions do we have for Ask the Command Staff?  
 (looking)...uh we don't have any questions.  
 What? No questions.  
 Nope.  
 Not even one about Tribbles?  
 No  
 A question on Gorns?  
 No Sir.  
 What William Shatner had for lunch during the fifth day of filming of Star Trek V?  
 Uh...sir no and we wouldn't be able to find that answer.  
 Wanna bet?  
 No.  
 Uh...ok. How about now?  
 No Captain no new questions have come in. We will just have to do without this issue.  
 (pout)



**CREW PROFILE: ENSIGN MICHAEL GIBBY**

1. Where did you grow up and what were some interesting experiences in your younger years?

I was born March 30, 1976 in Ogden (don't know why my parents went there for the delivery; maybe there wasn't a decent hospital in Brigham 28 years ago), but I grew up in Brigham City, UT. That's roughly 25 miles north of Ogden, and you pass through it on your way to Logan. Pretty small town, but they do seem to be growing. I am the youngest of five children, with three sisters and a brother. I graduated from Box Elder High School in 1994, and moved out of my parents' house to live in Ogden in 1997.

I've never been one for regaling people with stories of my youth, so I can't think of anything that really sticks out. I had a pretty normal Mormon childhood. I was a Cub Scout, then a Boy Scout though I never really did much advancing in either group.

2. How long have you been a fan of Star Trek?

I started really getting into Star Trek at about the third season of TNG. I remember sometimes watching reruns of TOS with my brother, but at the time I was too young to appreciate it and wanted him to change the channel to cartoons.

3. What encouraged you to become a member of the U.S.S. Ticonderoga?

I had met Captain Stark while we were both in hell (otherwise known as AOL tech support) a bit before the Ticonderoga became a full chapter. The launching was one of my first activities. Anyway, I figured it would be fun to meet other people who shared my interest in Star Trek, though I was wary of running into the real freaks who wear their Spock ears all the time. I was pleased to learn that no one on the Ticonderoga was quite that bad, although some of you lot are a little borderline. ;)

4. What was your favorite Ticonderoga activity and why?

There have been so many fun times, it's hard to really narrow it down. I honestly can't think of anything that would stick out as my favorite activity.

5. What other ways do you have fun with Star Trek?

I enjoy reading Star Trek fan-fiction, with stories written by fans for fans. It's fun to see some people's take on the characters and situations on Star Trek, or to read a well-written crossover with another series. There are certainly stories I can do without, but all-in-all fanfic is really fun.

6. Do you have a persona on the U.S.S. Ticonderoga that can be used in stories? If so what can you tell us about him?

I haven't given any serious thought to a Ticonderoga persona. I had considered being a Bajoran, since everyone calls me by my last name. Beyond that, I haven't considered creating a persona to be a priority.

7. Did you expect the Spanish Inquisition?

No one expects the Spanish Inquisition!

8. What message would you want to send out to your fellow Star Trek fans?

Try not to take yourselves too seriously. We all like Star Trek, but don't get upset when/if the media or anyone else pokes fun at Trekkies. We may dress funny and talk about weird things, but as the saying goes; they come a-runnin' just as fast as they can, 'cause every girl's crazy 'bout a Star Trek Fan.

**END FILE: TICONDEROGA TRANSMISSIONS**