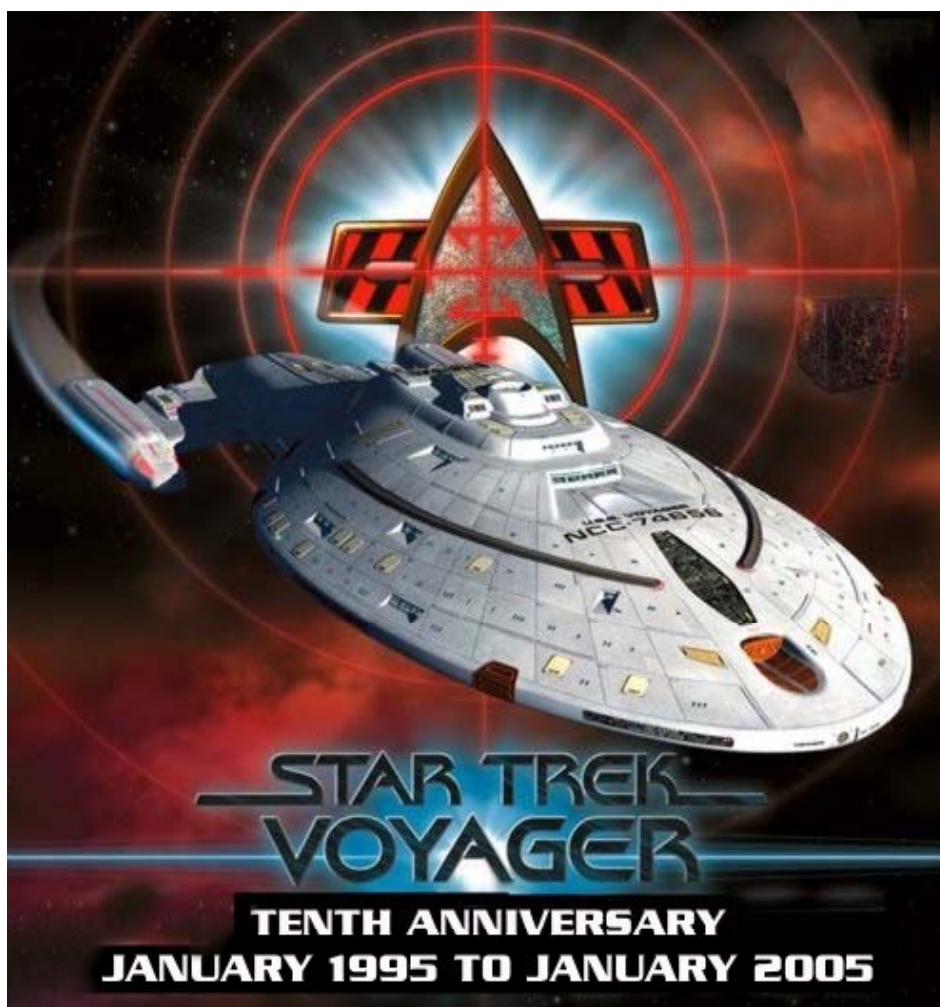




# TICONDEROGA TRANSMISSIONS



VOL. 18 - WINTER 2004

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TICONDEROGA TRANSMISSIONS  
 ISSUE 18 - WINTER 2004

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**DUE DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE:**

March 1<sup>st</sup>, 2005

**LOG ENTRIES:****Captain's Log- Stardate: 58121.1**

Well last issue we talked about how busy the summer and fall was going to be. We didn't expect it to be so busy that the newsletter was going to be delayed. Thus this issue covers both Autumn and Winter for 2004. Thank you for your patience.

Star Trek Enterprise Season Four has continued to get better and better. The story arc with Brent Spiner was a wonderful opportunity to see how the new writers would react with a talent on Brent's level. The look on Captain Archer's face was priceless when he unlocked the cuffs causing Arik Soong to fall. The Vulcan story arc had a ton of references to other Star Trek series and movies. Did everyone catch them all? What did everyone think of the ending with V'Las? We need to encourage people to check out the new shows with the new writers and improved story arcs. I can't wait for the new episodes to start in January.

Can you believe that January marks the 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Star Trek: Voyager Premier? Star Trek continues to grow and expand with us as we journey through life. Seeing the growth of the show from the Original Series, Animated Series, Movies, The Next Generation, Deep Space Nine, Voyager and now Enterprise reminds us how we've come a long way in our Star Trek fandom. Like a giant puzzle, the shows interlock together and half the fun is trying to find out how put the pieces together. As we watch more we find more answers to the questions and more questions to continue the challenge. This challenge called life is part of our Human Adventure.

**X.O./Editor's Log - Stardate 58121.1**

Season's Greetings!

Welcome to the Winter 2004 edition of Ticonderoga Transmissions. First, let me thank you all for patiently waiting for this latest edition. A lot has happened since the previous edition, and that delayed things.

Next, let me thank everyone who contributed to the newsletter – we couldn't do it without you.

Last, with the Christmas rush getting into full swing, I hope you are all remembering to take some time for yourself and just enjoy the season. As an early Christmas gift, if any of you have seen your service numbers listed for 'Dabo', but, for whatever reason, you were unable to claim your prize, you will have the chance to do so on Saturday, December 11<sup>th</sup>, at our regular meeting. You must yell out "Dabo", and, if your number was listed in a previous edition, you only have until the end of the meeting on Saturday to claim your prize.

For those of you whose numbers are listed in this edition, you have until the end of the January 8<sup>th</sup> meeting in which to claim your prize.

Without further ado, here are the latest numbers:

**CT 514-617    SY 236-672    CN 600-236**

May you all have happy holiday season!

**QUOTE OF THE MONTH:**

"I aspire, sir, to be better than I am. The B-4 does not, nor does Shinzon." Data- Star Trek: Nemesis, Stardate: 56844.9



## TO THE STARS: TRIBUTES

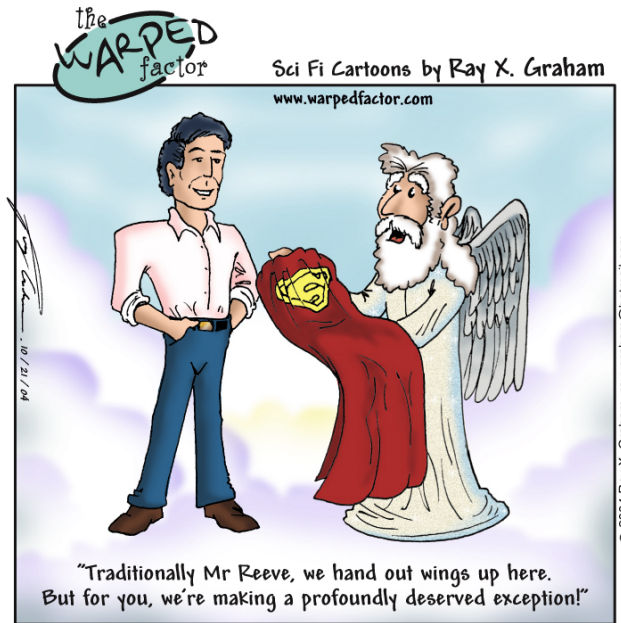
### The Real Man of Steel

Lt. (j.g.) Dave Wright

Growing up, I didn't have much of a male role model. So I looked for them anywhere I could and I found one when I saw the movie *Superman* (1978). This character embodied the best of mankind.

In 1995 Christopher Reeve had an accident that would benefit more people than he would ever realize. That year he fell off a horse and broke his neck. The doctors said that he would never walk again, but Reeves said that he would.

Before his death earlier this year, Reeves did the impossible. He did not walk but they were able to take him off his violator for longer periods of time. And he learned how to move his fingers. Reeves friend and former roommate Robin Williams said just after his death "before his accident he was a Greek god, after he was a Buddha." I can't think of a better way to end this article than with Reeves' own words: "A hero is an ordinary individual who finds the strength to persevere and endure in spite of overwhelming obstacles."



The Warped Factor honors a man who's attitude and hope surpassed heroic when faced with unimaginable life changing challenges. Christopher Reeve helped many to believe their dreams could fly. Thank you C.R., you will be missed, but your indomitable spirit will live on - Ray X. Graham

### Jerry Goldsmith: the music behind the show

Lt. (j.g.) David Wright

If you are a sci-fi fan you know who M.R Goldsmith is.

He wrote many of the musical scores that make sci-fi so memorable. His musical scores are not only in *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*, *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, and *Star Trek: Voyager*, Goldsmith's music is also in other movies like *The Planet of the Apes*, *Timeline*, and *The Great Train Robbery*, as well as many others.

Mr. Goldsmith died in July. We may not have known him as well as the actors, producers, and others who worked on the shows, but we knew his work. Sci-fi will not be the same without him and his music. He died at the age of 79, after a long battle with cancer.

On behalf of the U.S.S. Ticonderoga and the 7<sup>th</sup> fleet, our condolences to his family and friends. If you wish to donate to Jerry Goldsmith Scholarship Fund for Film Music Composition you may do so at this address:

Jerry Goldsmith Scholarship Fund for Film Music Composition  
c/o UCLA School of the Arts  
Dean's Office  
Box 951427  
Los Angeles  
CA 90095  
USA

Or to this address:  
Jerry Goldsmith Memorial Fund for Cancer Research  
c/o Tower Cancer Research Foundation  
9090 Wilshire Blvd  
Beverly Hills  
CA 90212  
USA

## ***DATABANKS: LT. (J.G.) MADDEP'S ENTERPRISE REVIEWS***

### **About these reviews:**

After the premiere of "The Xindi", I read through some of the online reviews. There were quite a few that were positive, glowing tributes. The negative ones did not touch on the things that I thought were not good about that episode. So I decided to write up my opinion, and publish it on my web site. These are only my opinion, so the reader does not have to agree with it.

The format for now will be the grade, the overall impression, the things I did not like, and the things I did (I like to end on a good note if possible). I will be grading them on the standard A, B, C, D, F scale.

**A** would mean I could find little if anything to whine about.

**B** would be a few things bad, but most was good.

**C** is about 50/50.

**D** is mostly bad.

**F** means there was nothing good at all.

### **The BAD:**

These are the things I did not like

### **The GOOD:**

The things I did like about this.

In this issue we cover several episodes from the start of Season Four. Storm Front Part I to Cold Station 12

### **Storm Front - Part I**

#### **Grade: C**

Overall: This was a very plain "good guy vs. bad guy" episode you always get when Nazis are involved. There is very little in this episode for viewers to care about. Obviously Archer will succeed, but does he have to sacrifice anything like Kirk sacrificed Edith Keeler in "City on the Edge of Forever"?

Other questions arose as I watched. The Enterprise crew listened to a broadcast of Churchill. Were the British still in the war. or was it a 'government in exile'? How were the Germans getting supplies from Europe?

The BAD:

Daniels: One of the biggest problems I had with this is the feel of a video game. Daniels and the other 'temporal agents' fail to stop the faction that wants to change history. Oh, well, hit the reset button and try again. This is one of the issues with the temporal cold war in general.

Alien Nazis: I have trouble believing that humans, Nazi or otherwise, would not have trouble working with the very obvious aliens. This is just ten years after Orson Wells 'War of the Worlds' broadcast that sent much of America into a panic. Yet they don't work very hard at hiding themselves, except to certain people. The choice of weapons was a question in my head. Would early twentieth century manufacturing been able to produce plasma rifles? This is not the evolutionary weapon such as the Klingons introduced to the Apella and the villagers in the TOS episode "A Private Little War".

The GOOD:

T'Pol: The character was in command, and did very well. There were a few wide-eyed shots where it was appropriate. I am impressed with the direction the character is taking, I hope it continues. She ended up on the bad list too many times last season.

Silik: The one character whose motives are unknown. It was puzzling that he was insistent the Trip go with him in the shuttle, but after shooting Trip, leaves him behind. Why not just stun him in the first place, or wait until he is gone before hijacking the shuttle?

### **Storm Front - Part II**

#### **Grade: D**

Overall: The episode did end the temporal cold war, although it left a number of questions. The 'newsreel' of Hitler visiting New York was tacky, at best. The stock footage of him with altered backgrounds did not impress me.

The timeline reset reminded me of the old reels that the Guardian of Forever used. I am still confused as to why Vosk's death would reset the damage he did. If he gets killed in 1944, how does this prevent Lenin from being assassinated in 1916?

The BAD:

Bad Guys: Where we did get a little fleshing out of Vosk, the bad guys did not get much of a motive for all the trouble they went through. Vosk did a Hitler-like speech near the end, but it was not near the passion of the original bad man.

Stukas: The contrived knocking out of the targeting scanners to leave the ship vulnerable to WWII dive-bombers was weak. Slowing the ship to 200 MPH barely puts it within the speed of the JU-87 Stukas that attacked it. Personally, I

would have preferred the plasma weapons be mounted on ME-262s. Reed's nostalgic and encyclopedic recollection of the planes was fun to see, though.

Plot: The end of the temporal cold war leaves us with many questions. Who was/is/will be Future Guy? What was he trying to do? How come Daniels and the rest could physically travel in time, but he was just an image?

The GOOD:

Silik: Seeing actor John Fleck out of the Suliban makeup was fun. I would love to see him come back in other roles. He has a distinctive deep voice. It's a good bet, since he is only one of two actors to play roles in TNG, DS9, Voyager, and Enterprise. He's been Abaddon in Alice on Voyager, Koval in Inter Arma Enim Silent Leges and Ornithar in The Search on DS9, and Talibak in The Minds Eye on TNG.

## **Home**

### **Grade: B**

Overall: This episode was reminiscent of TNG's "Family". I think, though, that Patrick Stewart did a better job showing the torment.

What bothers me about this is really from "Storm Front". Daniels says at the end of that episode that the timeline is resetting itself. He also mentions in "Carpenter Street" that the human-Xindi conflict never happened in his timeline. But now it is a part of human history. I guess resetting Enterprise to the end of season 2 is not an option, but it does leave a lot of inconsistencies, or TCRC (Temporal Cyclic Redundancy Check) errors, as I like to call them.

T'Pol seems to have gone out of her way to emphasize her split from traditional Vulcan ways. She does not wear anything like the clothes everyone else wears. She is openly hostile to everyone but Trip. I now know some of the reasons for this, but it still seems a little out of place.

The BAD:

Phlox: The puffer fish trick just rubbed me the wrong way. He is obviously not human from his appearance, so the trick wasn't necessary. I would have just had the authorities arrest everyone, or explained this in the conversation with Hoshi.

Koss: I am puzzled by his motivation. "I just want you to be happy" does not sound Vulcan to me. Why is he so set on marrying T'Pol? From the comments he made, his family is high-placed in Vulcan society. So going through with this could not help that. "For the good of the family and society" is the message we get for T'Pol's going through with the wedding, but this seems to fly in the face of that.

The GOOD:

Soval: His admission to Archer that he was wrong gave quite a few points to this character. In the fine tradition of Star Trek, the character is growing beyond his upbringing and prejudices.

Ericka Hernandez: Finally, a strong female character. This bodes good for a captain of the NX-02. We don't get much on the background between her and Archer.

T'Les: Joanna Cassidy did a wonderful job. I loved the explanation to Trip that Vulcan have emotions, they just control them thoroughly. The priceless line was that Trip should tell T'Pol that he loves her, because "it's important for her to have all the facts". This short of dry humor is fun to hear.

## **Borderland**

### **Grade: A**

Overall: I came to this episode with good expectations. I'll say now, they were way too low. Brent Spiner dominated the episode, but I expected him to do so.

What was with the artfully torn costumes the Augments wore? I think they were trying to show that they came from a hostile environment, but everyone was clean and well groomed. I also wondered about the color, or lack thereof. Every one of them was wearing black or gray. My only explanation is that they Augments can see in a wider spectrum than ordinary humans, so the costumes did have color only they could see.

The opening sequence with the Jackie Chan style fighting was not impressive. I would have liked more professional touch, but I doubt there was time to train the actors for this. It was not overblown, however. The appearance of J.G. Hertzler was a surprise.

The sets for the Orion slave compound were not as well done as sets from previous seasons. The budget cutbacks show. It does hark back to The Original Series sets.

The GOOD:

Arik Soong: What can I say, but wow! Arrogant, sarcastic, Brent Spiner seems to have enjoyed the villain role, and he played it superbly. Soong had an answer for almost everything. The only time he did not is with Phlox's retorting. I liked face of restrained rage during the verbal match with Phlox. The shot about the crew lacking a sense of humor was well put.

Visuals: I noticed the disruptor cannon on the side of the bridge of the bird of prey when they attacked the Orion ships. Whereas the set budget seems to have suffered, the CGI has gotten better.

Archer: The scene with Soong trying to climb over the door, and Archer triggering the cuffs to release and cause him to fall was brilliant. Archer is using brains over brawn more and more.

T'Pol: Her expression as she is picked up and displayed to the bidders is priceless.

Phlox: It was good to see not everyone was bested in a verbal sparring match. Archer and Trip avoided it. The flat, simple, "I can read" when Soong asks how the doctor knows he hasn't learned from the past was magnificent.

## **Cold Station 12**

### **Grade: A-**

Overall: This episode follows well in the tracks of the first. I was a little disappointed by the lack of debate over the existence of the station. Why is it there? And why is it shared with the Denobulans? I'd trade from the beating up on Archer for a good discussion on the pro and cons.

One thing that has started to bother me is the bird of prey. Archer is 100 years before Kirk, and almost 200 years before Picard. So the basic design has remained unchanged for almost 2 centuries? It's possible, but it would have been good to see a slightly more primitive ship that would evolve into the ships of the other series.

I was also curious as to why T'Pol does not wear a uniform (other than for reasons of ratings). She has the rank insignia, and the patch, why not go the rest of the way?

### **The BAD:**

Malik: I am probably a little biased by Ricardo Montalban, but I am not impressed by this character. Despite his genetics, he seems more of a gang member than enhanced human. The rest all enforce this look.

### **The GOOD:**

Arik Soong: The contrast in attitudes was fun. Gone for the most part is the arrogance, replaced with a benevolent father. He does confront Malik over killing his 'brother', but seems blind to his overall disregard for killing. He backs down trying to get Lucas to talk, although Malik again sneaks by and kills the doctor. The character is set up for a big fall in the final episode.

Smite: Classic TOS again in the reference to Dickens. I am sad to say I have not read this, but I will now. I did, however, read "The Eugenics Wars" by Greg Cox. The project that created Khan and the rest had the same idea in that not every genetically modified child worked out. Cox's was more extreme and sad. It was strange in that he seemed a throw away character by being killed at the end.

Archer: Again, Archer is using brains over brawn more and more. He uses the transporter to sneak into CS12. Better yet, when that does not work, he has a backup plan in place. I wonder, however, why after being beaten up, he goes alone to save the station?



**The first ten minutes into the episode**

## DATABANKS: DUTY REPORTS

Greetings All!

I hope you've all enjoyed this latest edition of Ticonderoga Transmissions so far.

Recently, I've received some questions regarding filling out duty reports, and so here for your enjoyment is a detailed explanation on how to properly fill out a duty report to earn points toward your next rank promotions.

So that you are aware, I've used fictional crew member John Waters as the example, and either made up or borrowed from other duty reports (anonymously, of course). You will enter your own information on your duty reports.

Included at the end of this explanation is a complete list of all the ship's activities for the year, to make it easier for you to submit your own duty reports in a timely manner. (Hint, hint)

### Section 1:

*Name:* John Waters *Rank:* Crewman 1<sup>st</sup> *Department:* Science *Month:* August 2004\*

\* **Please include year for ease of filing**

*Department Chief:* Tonya Wright (I've included a list of all Department chiefs)

**Command:** Carl Stark **Communications:** Erica Stark **Conn:** Dave Stock **Engineering:** Tim Madden (Temporary – position open) **Medical:** Karrie Buck **Operations:** Tim Madden **Science:** Tonya Wright **Security:** Kevin Hancock (temporary)

**Tactical:** Dave Wright

- Department chiefs list the executive officer as your department chief. \*

*Service Number:* SC-1D10T

### Section 2:

*Ship Activities Attended:*

8/14 – 7<sup>th</sup> Fleet Olympics, Bear Lake

8/28 – Newsletter Mtg

8/30 – Craft Night for Auction

### Section 3:

*Departmental Activities Attended:*

8/10 – attended sensor recalibration training

(department chiefs list SOMs here)

### Section 4:

*Other Events Attended:*

8/7 – attended MountainCon mtg

8/26 – attended remote broadcast of I-Sci-Fi

- In the previous sections, please be sure to specify if you **hosted** any activities. Hosting an activity or event earns you additional leadership points.

### Section 5:

*Completed Ship/Personal/Command Projects: (Please designate type)*

Personal – Completed impulse management course and sent out letters of apology to all my victims.

Ship – Completed update on ship's photo album

Command – Requested by Captain to verify final cleanup of bubble residue from replicator system – finished 8/25.

### Section 6:

*Other Items to Report: (Purchased, donated, submitted, etc.)*

Submitted photos from last shore leave to be used in the newsletter

Purchased latest edition of Star Trek Encyclopedia

Donated 1 case of 'Sluggo Cola' for Olympics

### Section 7:

*Personal Log: (How you felt about the last month.)*

I had been upset at first about being demoted from ensign back to crewman first, but when I looked at the number of complaints from people that my jokes had hurt, I began to understand. The XO and Counselor have been great cheerleaders in my struggle to control some of my impulsiveness, and, after seeing some of the problems I helped create, I'm surprised I wasn't thrown in the brig.

However, I don't think I should be held totally to blame for my actions after I opened my scroll.

### Section 8:

*Personal Inquiry Report: (Ask the Command Staff, may be answered in the newsletter.)*

What are the differences between lieutenant and lieutenant junior grade, and why the difference? (Submitted by Crewman 1<sup>st</sup> Danielle Hancock)

\* Whenever possible, in all of the previous sections, please use one line per item to make it easier to assign points.

Section 9: Command staff use only.

Department chiefs can sign and date when they received the duty report if they so desire. The remainder of the lines to be filled out are for the XO.

As promised, here is a list of all the ship's activities for the last year. Items with an asterisk (\*) next to them are scheduled to take place after this edition of the newsletter is published.

## January 2004:

- 10 – Admiral's Banquet
- 16 – Senior Officer's mtg
- 19 – Enterprise Blood Drive

## February 2004:

- 14 – Thanksgiving Point
- 19–21 – LTUE XXII
- 21 – Newsletter mtg
- 27 – Senior Officer's mtg

## March 2004:

- 6 – MountainCon mtg
- 13 – Movie Advot/ Junior Academy Exam
- 19 – Senior Officer's mtg
- 20–21 – Celebrity Autograph Expo
- 27 – Olympics planning mtg

## April 2004:

- 2–3 – Weber County Toy Show
- 3 – MountainCon mtg
- 10 – Surf-N-Swim
- 16–18 – Starfest/Denver
- 23 – Senior Officer's mtg
- 24 – Adopt-a-Highway/Plates

## May 2004:

- 1 – MountainCon mtg
- 8 – CPR certification
- 13 – Susan Sackett speaks in SLC
- 14 – Senior Officer's mtg
- 15 – Newsletter mtg
- 21-23 – 7<sup>th</sup> Fleet Campout/Vernal
- 29 – Olympics planning mtg
- 28-30 – ConDuit XIV

## June 2004:

- 5 – MountainCon mtg
- 12 – Airshow/HAFB
- 18 – Senior Officer's mtg
- 19 – USS Kelly Picnic

## July 2004:

- 2 – Olympics planning mtg
- 3 – MountainCon mtg
- 9 – Wright's wedding/Las Vegas
- 10 – Not-going-to-Vegas game day
- 16 – Senior Officer's mtg

## August 2004:

- 7 – MountainCon mtg
- 13-15 – Olympics/Bear Lake
- 20 – Senior Officer's mtg
- 28 – Newsletter mtg
- 30 – Craft night for auction

## September 2004:

- 4 – MountainCon mtg
- 11 – Star Trek video night
- 17 – Senior officer's mtg

## October 2004:

- 2 – MountainCon mtg
- 8 – Enterprise party
- 9 – USS Ticonderoga Auction
- 15 – Senior Officer's mtg
- 29 – Enterprise party
- 29-30 – Weber County Toy Show

## November 2004:

- 5 – Enterprise party
- 6 – MountainCon mtg
- 12 – Enterprise party
- 13 – Bowling/Potluck
- 19 – Senior Officer's mtg
- 26 – Enterprise party

## December 2004:

- 4 – MountainCon mtg
- 4 – Cadet X-mas stocking assembly mtg
- 11 – Gift Exchange/Game night
- 17 – Senior Officer's mtg \*
- 31 – Mid-Winter Barbeque \*



## ***DATABANKS: WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER VACATION***

### **Lt. (j.g.) Dave Wright:**

Okay this really isn't an "official log". In case you were all wondering what I did during my summer vacation (like you did not already know.) My self and my lovely wife of 2 years renewed our vows on the U.S.S Enterprise D with 30 people attending, including the Captain, X.O, Chief of Security, and Medical Chief and assorted other family members. We appreciated members of our extended Star Trek family being there to help us celebrate our 2 wonderful years of marriage. And helping us re-do our wedding the right way. After the wedding we flew to Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, to take a Caribbean cruise. We visited several ports and had one of the most relaxing vacations of our lives. Some of the ports we visited included the island Rotan Cozumel, Mexico, Grand Cayman, and Blasé city, Blasé. It was not the places that we visited that I enjoyed the most - it was the chance to get away from it all. After the type of year that I had, I needed a vacation.

### **Lt. Erica Stark**

This summer was a very busy one. To kick off the summer, we went to Vernal for the Fleet Campout, and were fortunate to have members from the USS Pioneer in Denver make the drive out to join us. This was in May.

In June, my parents decided it was time to move out of Layton, so they put their house up for sale, which made it necessary for me to constantly clean up, and be ready to leave at a moments' notice, should potential buyers stop by for a look around. If you've never had to live in a house that was for sale, and always had to be show-ready, believe me, it ain't fun!

In July, we had the opportunity to go to Las Vegas to celebrate with the Wrights as they reaffirmed their wedding vows on the bridge of the USS Enterprise – D. It was a great trip, and everyone had a ball on the rides.

In August, we had the Fleet Olympics, held at just across the Idaho border at Bear Lake. We had representatives from nearly every ship in the fleet attending, and these Olympics – though a lot of hard work, were a blast.

We also began preparation for the first ever Ticonderoga Auction, to raise funds to keep the club dues-free. Thanks to all who participated, either by donating items, woking the auction, and buying stuff. If I'd had any money, I would have given Mayloni a run for her money on the Harry Potter apron. As it was, the ship's fund did great, and we now have some room in which move, as far as activities go.

Another fun thing that happened in August was that the captain and executive officer finally moved, out to the western boonies of Weber county. It's much quieter out here, and we have a lot of room for kids to run around, both inside and out.

To end summer, in September, the Captain and XO married (finally), and had a reception at their new home.

I hope everyone else had as much fun during the summer as I did, and I hope that next summer is not nearly as busy! =)

## ***DATABANKS: REVIEW OF STAR TREK SHATTERED UNIVERSE***

By Lt. (j.g.) David Wright

Created by TDK Media Active and Starsphere Interactive

For Xbox, PS2 and PC

Rated E, 1 player

Features voices of George Takei and Walter Koenig

The basic premise is where the player is serving aboard the U.S.S. Excelsior under Captain Sulu. The ship is going to the aid of the U.S.S. Enterprise, when it enters a vortex and is sucked into the alternant universe set up in the Original series episode "Mirror Mirror." The player then must take a Terran attack shuttle and protect the Excelsior from the Terrin and Klingon empires, as well as other enemies.

The game was great very challenging and original. This is one of the better star trek games ever made. The only problem with the game is that it is only a one player, so it makes the game more of a challenge. On a scale of 1 to10 I give it a 9.9 due to the fact that it is only a one-player game. And there are no cheats for the xbox version.

## ***NOW HEAR THIS:***

### **Crew Birthdays:**

December 2- Crewman Casey Reeves  
 December 8- Crewman Terry Hoopes  
 December 12- Ensign Brady Jugler  
 December 15- Midshipman Dennis Holliday  
 December 18- Crewman Steven Stark  
 December 22- Crewman Bowen Jacobs  
 December 22- Crewman Tarren Sullivan  
 January 19- Crewman Kevin Hancock  
 February 6- Crewman Guy Hurst

### **Actor/Production Birthdays:**

December 9- Michael Dorn (Worf)  
 December 15- Garret Wang (Harry Kim)  
 December 20- Nichole de Boer (Ezri Dax)  
 December 25- Rick Berman (Executive Producer)  
 December 28- Nichelle Nichols (Uhura)  
 January 6- Aron Eisenberg (Nog)  
 January 20- DeForest Kelley (Dr. McCoy)  
 February 2- Brent Spiner (Data)  
 February 8- Ethan Phillips (Neelix)  
 February 14- Andrew Robinson (Garak)  
 February 16- LeVar Burton (Geordi LaForge)  
 February 22- Jeri Ryan (Seven of Nine)  
 February 23- Majel Roddenberry (Chapel/Lwaxana Troi)

### **Crewmember of the Month Winners:**

June 2004- Chief Petty Officer Doug Pratt  
 July 2004- Lt. (j.g.) Brad Jacobs  
 August 2004- Crewman Dani Hancock  
 September 2004- Lt. (j.g.) David Wright  
 October 2004- Lt. Cmdr. Bob Allen  
 November 2004- Crewman Ray Graham  
 December 2004- Civilian April Madden

### **Rank Advancements:**

John Barnes (Engineering) to Crewman 1<sup>st</sup> Class  
 Kevin Hancock (Security) to Crewman 1<sup>st</sup> Class  
 Dani Hancock (Security) to Crewman 1<sup>st</sup> Class  
 Erica Stark (Communications) to Lieutenant

### **Commendations and Medals Awarded:**

Distinguished Service Award (2004)- Crewman Ray Graham  
 Legion of Honor (Science)- Lt. (j.g.) Tonya Wright  
 Prantares Medal of Commendation 2<sup>nd</sup> Class- Lt. Dave Stock  
 Prantares Medal of Commendation 2<sup>nd</sup> Class- Crewman Kevin Hancock  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Lt. Commander Bob Allen  
 Talaxian Trade Medal Crewman John Barnes  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Lt. Frank Buck  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Lt. Karrie Buck  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Crewman Ray Graham  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Crewman Dani Hancock  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Crewman Kevin Hancock  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Lt. Nicki Handley  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Captain Richard Henline  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Admiral Dennis Hollinger  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Lt. (j.g.) Brad Jacobs  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Civilian Mayloni Jacobs  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Lt. (j.g.) Tim Madden  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Chief Petty Officer Doug Pratt  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Captain Rex Rouviere  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Captain Carl Stark  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Lt. Erica Stark  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Lt. Dave Stock  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Lt. (j.g.) David Wright  
 Talaxian Trade Medal- Lt. (j.g.) Tonya Wright  
 Years of Service (7 Years)- Lt. Erica Stark  
 Years of Service (6 Years)- Lt. Karrie Buck  
 Years of Service (5 Years)- Lt. Nicki Handley  
 Years of Service (4 Years)- Crewman Alexander Stock  
 Years of Service (2 Years)- Crewman Ray Meyer

**ASK THE COMMAND STAFF:**

--Is there any easy way to run a club? I've looked all over Barnes and Noble and can't find a single book on Starship Fancub Leadership for dummies. How does the Ticonderoga leadership make it look so easy and fun. Asked by Crewman Ray X. Graham

CO says: An easy way to run a club? Have fun. When it all comes down to it the main reason we have all joined the Ticonderoga is to have fun with other Star Trek fans. As Captain, I've volunteered to take a lot of responsibility but even with all of the duties I perform, I make sure I'm still having fun in the process. For me one of the fun things is to see Crewmembers arrive at an activity (sometimes it is the only time I get a chance to some of my friends for that month) with a smile on their face. There have been times when I've felt a little run down the day of a meeting, but as we are diving away from the meeting, I'll realize that attending the Ticonderoga meeting and laughing with my friends is exactly what I needed to feel better. When crewmembers are seeing that the Captain is having fun, they realize that they can have fun themselves, even when we are doing ship's business of running a club. The rank and ADVOT system is set up to help other crewmembers learn how to run a Star Trek club like the USS Ticonderoga.

--Is Carl "stumpable"? Asked by Crewman Ray X. Graham

XO says: Yea just ask him what his kids are doing at any time.  
CO says: <shuddering>

--What is the difference between 'Lieutenant' and 'Lieutenant Junior Grade', and why the difference? Asked by Crewman Danielle Hancock

CO says: The producers for Star Trek based their rank system off of the United States Navy. Lt. and Lt. (j.g.) make up the Lieutenant grades. Had the ranks been based off of the Royal Navy of the United Kingdom it would have been called a Sub-Lieutenant. Lately on Enterprise we have learned that Sub-Lieutenant is a rank used by the Vulcan High Command.

--Why are Andorians blue? Asked by Lt. (j.g.) Brad Jacobs

XO says: They held their breath for too long.  
CO says: The Andorians first appeared in the TOS episode Journey to Babel. Currently I have not been able to find any direct credit for who designed the Andorian look, but Fred B. Phillips was the head make up artist for that season and did work on a lot of the aliens for the show. Considering there was the copper skinned short aliens, the pig looking Tellarites and the Vulcans in the episode. A blue alien would stand out.

--What is the Cardassian neck trick? Asked by Crewman Justin Stock

CO says: It was a stunt that Odo was asked to perform for members of the Cardasian High Command before he was on Deep Space Nine. Odo reacted very negatively when he was asked to perform it again.

--Do you feel your involvement with (MountainCon) will detract from your duties as (CO) of the Ticonderoga? Asked by Lt. (j.g.) Tonya Wright

XO says: Uh...no. It hasn't so far.  
CO says: No I do not believe it will at all. If I believed that, I wouldn't have taken a position of authority with Mountain-Con (or any other group). And there are positions I have turned down in some of the other groups that I am involved. I also strongly believe that the development of Mountain-Con will greatly benefit the Ticonderoga and the Seventh Fleet.

--What do you believe to be the hardest ADVOT? Asked by Lt. (j.g.) Tonya Wright

XO says: Of the ones I have done so far, the ones that have misspellings. Note: finding misspellings can cause you to earn extra knowledge points.

Did you suspect the Spanish Inquisition? Asked by Lt. (j.g.) David Wright

CO says: NOBODY expects the Spanish Inquisition! Our chief weapon is surprise...surprise and fear...fear and surprise.... Our two weapons are fear and surprise...and ruthless efficiency.... Our \*three\* weapons are fear, surprise, and ruthless efficiency...and an almost fanatical devotion to the Pope.... Our \*four\*...no... \*Amongst\* our weapons.... Amongst our weaponry...are such elements as fear, surprise.... I'll come in again.

## MISSION LOGS: ONE SMALL SHIP

(Note: This story is continued from Endowment of Knowledge, Ticonderoga Transmissions Volume 16)

A voice came over the com line.

"Savat to Captain Stark. We need to go to Red Alert, Now!"

"Understood." Captain Stark looks over at tactical and nods.

"Shields up Phasers armed," came the voice of Lieutenant Dave Wright. One minute goes by. Nothing. Then two, then three. Nothing happens.

"Stark to Savat. What are we waiting for Commander?"

Just then a voice comes from the left side of the bridge.

"Captain, we have incoming. It's the Retributor, and it's coming in fast," shouted Lieutenant Tonya Wright.

"Hail them," said Captain Stark. Suddenly a man dressed in archaic, bullet shaped armor pops on screen and speaks with a bad French accent.

"What is it now?"

"This is Captain Carl Stark of the U.S.S. Ticonderoga. Who do I have the pleasure of talking to?"

"That iz none of your business you silly English kkkkaaanniigggggiittss!!!!"

"Communications mute audio. What is going on over their Tonya?"

"I am not sure, but the ship is coming in fast. If we don't do something soon, we are going to be a greasy little smear on the fabric of space."

"Sir!" yelled tactical, "I think I can get a shot in to hit their starboard nacelle, but will have to be very precise."

"Let's keep that in reserve," said the Captain.

"Tim, can you modify a deflector pulse to interrupt their warp bubble?"

"Possibly, but they will have to be within five million kilometers."

"How long will that take?" Captain Stark asked.

"Already done," he said.

"Can you still take the shot if need be Dave?"

"I think so, but we need to keep the French man from raising shields, so keep him talking."

"That is not going to be a problem," said the first officer Vilya Jade, looking at the view screen. The French man was still talking.

"Oh yes," said the captain. "Un-mute." The French man got to the point.

"You may call me the French taunter. Now move out of my way or I will taunt you a second time."

"What if I don't?"

"Then I will blow through you like the holy hand grenade of Antioch went through the killer rabbit, you silly English kniggitt! Your mother was a hamster and your father smelled of elderberries."

Just then the captain whispered, "now."

The operations chief pressed the button and a pulse licked out from the Ticonderoga. The Retributor's engines slowed and the ship slid to a stop one thousand kilometers off the bow, resting as if dead in space.

"I want to know what is going on over their number one. Assemble your away team," said captain stark

"Understood".....

### Lt. Karrie Buck:

"What now?" snarled CMO Karrie Buck? "I believe we've gone to Red Alert, Doctor," ventured Lt. Anya Ashworth. Red Emergency lights matched the blaze in the Doctor's eyes. "Lousy timing as usual! This dermal regeneration treatment has just begun on Ensign Hancock, and now he'll most likely mess it up on duty. MACOs are so difficult to keep in one piece!" Ensign Hancock squirmed under the 'gentle' care of the Doctor. "Just make sure you come back after your duty is over to finish this up, and no fair damaging my work!" warned Doctor Buck "Off with you now!" As the MACO sped out of sickbay, the CMO got an emergency update from the computer. "Medical Department reporting in and standing by." Captain Stark replied, "Have a medic beam over to the Retributor and begin scans. We're getting some pretty funny readings!" The Doctor sighed, "Looks like your going to get a chance to get out of sickbay for awhile Lt. Ashworth." Dr. Buck gathered gear and ushered the nervous Lieutenant out the door. "I'm sure you'll do just fine Anya," assured the Doctor. With a swish the door closes. The CMO slumped against the bulkhead, closing her eyes, mentally preparing herself for whatever emergency will disrupt the momentary quiet of the Medical Department. "Please state the nature of the medical emergency." Karrie's eyes flew open. "Excuse me?" she gasped. "Please state the nature of the medical emergency." Hovering inches above the floor flickered the form of the Emergency Medical Hologram. Under most circumstances the EMH appeared as tall, stately human man. An unprofessional giggle escapes from the CMO. "Fortunately there is no current medical emergency because I don't think that you're in any shape to administer care!" "I beg your pardon Madame, but I am functioning within acceptable parameters." "Perhaps that is so," laughed Dr. Buck "but I think you might want to change your program's appearance. It hardly inspires confidence in your patients when you look like a children's faery tale companion." "I have no idea what you're referring to. My program appears perfectly normal." The EMH exclaimed, and slapped a leafy hand on the biobed. "What is this?" he shouted and waved twiggy fingers in front of his face. "What's happened to me? Did you do this as some kind of joke? It's not very funny, especially when the ship is in Emergency Status. A StarFleet Medical Officer should know better than to play games with the EMH program at any time, let alone during a Red Alert! I demand you repair my program at once!" The CMO took a deep breath to steady herself, "I think that we had better find out what's turned you into Treevis and get you back to normal before anyone else sees you like this." "I'm so embarrassed. I've never looked so ridiculous and I have a sudden urge to break into a song and go on an adventure. Where's Flotter? I'm sure he must be around here somewhere getting into trouble!" The EMH/Treevis leaped across the room and got tangled in the privacy curtains. "Whoa there, stop bouncing around and let's get the computer to run a diagnostic. Talking trees are not meant to be running amuck in Medical," said Dr. Buck. "Now hold still while I do a scan. I'm not really sure why your program was activated in the first place.

You should have only come online if no other medical personnel were on board. We definitely have some major malfunction going on, and I'm a Doctor, not a computer programmer!"

Twenty minutes later the frustrated CMO slams down the diagnostic scanner "Well that's it! That's all I can do with you. You'll just have to look like Treevis until I can get Engineering down here to check you out, and right now they've got their hands full with other holographic malfunctions. You can at least take comfort that you're not the only one having problems." "Oh no" wailed the EMH/Treevis "I'm going to be like this forever. I'm useless, finished, my medical career is over." "Well technically, you never really had a medical career, since the USS Ticonderoga has never had the need to activate you." Karrie said. "And don't worry, I'm sure that we'll have you trimmed up and blooming in no time! And please dry those tears. I won't 'leaf' you here all alone! It's quite messy to have you weeping all over Medical! Especially since you're an Oak, not a Willow!" The EMH/Treevis drew himself stiffly upright "Just because I'm a children's story character doesn't mean you can mock me! I'm still a professional, and expect to be treated as such! I still deserve to..." Pop! The sudden silence in Sickbay was broken by the com signal. "Dr. Buck, the emergency has been resolved. Medical teams will be returning to their regularly scheduled duties. Prepare for a Senior Staff debriefing in 30 minutes in the Captain's Ready Room" "Acknowledged" the CMO said. Karrie looked around the empty sickbay and sighed "Computer, activate the EMH." "Please state the nature of the medical emergency." Dr. Buck laughed, "Well, look at you! Back to normal again." The tall, distinguished, slightly balding form of the EMH gazed blankly at the CMO, "How else would I appear? Do you require medical or psychological attention?" Dr. Buck giggled, "I'm not entirely sure, but you'll be the first to know!"

### **Lt Frank Buck:**

It's been a long day. I'm in 2 Forward with my favorite drink (Pepsi) trying to understand why the MACO'S insist on using such aggressive training tactics. A crewman taps me on the shoulder and tells me that the Retributor is having trouble with a cartoon character. I thank her for the heads up and continue with my mission at hand, (Pepsi).

Suddenly across the intercom comes a rather annoyed voice telling me to go to Cargo Bay 2. Apparently, there is a problem with a cartoon character or something. I acknowledge the call. Before the intercom goes off I hear voices laughing in the background. My first thought is this has got to be some kind of trick they are playing on me. I quickly finish my first mission, (Pepsi).

Now for this dire emergency in CB2. As I make my way down the hall I pass Sick Bay. I think I hear Treevis's voice. I stop for a second, shake my head, and then continue on. Kevin calls me on the security com line to inform me that he has been sent with a team over to the Retributor, something about Rex being a little tied up. He tells me he is aware I'm heading for CB2, and asks if I want any help. I ask him if he is in on the joke? "Joke, Sir?" Kevin said. "Never mind, I got it." sighed Lt. Buck. "Very well, here we go," I thought to myself.

Suddenly I hear the ship's intercom. "Bridge to Lt. Buck" "Go ahead bridge" a voice I don't recognize asks how are we doing in CB2. I explained to him that I am not on scene yet and will inform him when I get there "Out". I finally arrive at CB2. I walk up to the door expecting it to open, and after rubbing my forehead for a moment "Computer, disengage door lock on CB2, Authorization Code (Classified)." "Acknowledged". The door appears to be jammed. I put my hands on the door and push it open. Suddenly the door flies open, and before I can regain my balance I end up flat on my face. A large muscular creature (Machoke) picks me up off the floor. Something jumps on my chest (Meowth), and before I can stop it my com badge is gone. I feel a bunch of arms grab me from behind (Tentacruel) then two of the creatures start toward me (Geodude and Nidoking). I manage to get a hold of my phaser just long enough for (Fearow) to swoop in and remove it from my possession. Suddenly a bunch of red and white balls appear all over the room. They seem to suck up all the Pokemon. I fall to the floor as Crewmen Buck, Stock, Jacobs and Dameron step into the room. Crewman Buck says, "Quit messing around, Dad. You know you shouldn't be playing with my toys!"

### **Lt. Nicki Handley:**

"Why me?" Lieutenant Anya Ashworth whispered to herself as she strode towards the transporter room. "Isn't this the job of the Medical Chief? She knows I hate away missions. So many bad things can happen. I'll probably end up only half transported, or worse, transporter dementia. Why can't someone else go? I had better not die, or I'll get someone for this."

Anya stepped onto the transporter platform, trying to look every bit as calm as the rest of the away team looked when they left.

"Ready?" called the transporter chief.

"I suppose so. If you start to lose me, don't leave me in the pattern buffer too long. I might degrade too much."

"No problem. I'll store you in the food replicator buffer instead. At least you won't starve."

Anya was not amused. "When did you say your next physical appointment was?"

"Energizing."

Anya found herself in the Retributor's sick bay, such as it was. "I've seen closets bigger than this."

"We're almost there John. Hang on." Came a voice outside in the corridor.

"It's not me that is hanging on," came a reply.

"Meeth mafn, meeth mafn," a muffled voice tried to yell. From around the corner came two men, M.A.C. O.'s it looked like to Anya. One man was leaning heavily on the other, his leg deformed. No, Anya realized, not deformed. Something was hanging onto the man's leg by its teeth!

"You the doc here?" Asked the man carrying the other.

"No, I just hang out in strange sickbays waiting for stupid questions." Anya shot back, annoyed with the tone from the man. She recognized the two of them from the Ticonderoga. Obviously she was not important enough for him to have seen her.

"I am just trying to figure out if you are real or one of the crazy holograms running amuck in the ship."

"Amuck, amuck, amuck. Feel better now?"

The man started to bristle, but the wounded man cut him off. "It's okay, Mike. I recognize her." The injured man smiled at her.

"Put him on the bed." Anya recognized the injured man as Jonathan Anderson. "What is that on your leg?"

As he eased onto the biobed, Anya could see it was a strange furry creature that had John's leg in its mouth. Anya picked up the scanner, but it just confirmed that it was a hologram, nothing else.

"We were trying to secure the ship with Ensign Andrews when we were attacked."

"I have to get back there, you take good care of him Doc. He's a good man." Mike said as he moved towards the door.

"Good thing you told me that. I always kill the bad men when I can."

Mike hesitated for a moment, shrugged and left.

"Nice bedside manner. Where did you learn it?" John laughed.

"From the Emergency Medical Hologram on the Ticonderoga." Anya went to touch the creature, but John grasped her hand.

"You may want to be careful. It's easily provoked."

"Meeth Mafn, Meeth mafn!"

"What is it trying to say?"

"Eat man' I believe. It shouted that right before it bit onto my leg."

"Maybe it doesn't like women."

Suddenly the creature let go of John's leg and looked up at Anya. Its eyes got really big.

"Wwwwoooooommmmmmaaaaaannnnnn!" It yelled and lunged for her. Anya was quick with the hypo spray, but to no effect. It grabbed her arm, and with that, Anya flipped it head over heels and onto a stretcher. Quickly she hit the restraining field, capturing it there.

"Woman! Woman! Woman!" It shouted.

"Uh, have I been in sickbay too long, or is this a Muppet?"

"Yeah. I believe it is the Muppet called Animal from a broadcast a long, long time ago back on Earth. What it was doing on the ship, I have no idea."

"Woman! Woman! Woman!"

"Well, he isn't going to be going anywhere soon, so unless you see a frog set him loose, I'll just take care of your leg." Anya rolled up his pants leg, and surveyed the damage. "Good news is, not too much damage. I can repair it easily. I would usually give you a basic injection to stop any bacteria from a bite wound, but I doubt that Animal has any real bacteria. The biggest injury, though, I can't heal."

"What is that?" John asked, concerned.

"You bruised ego when the other guys hear you were taken down by a stuffed Animal."

"Woman! Woman! Woman!"

John smiled at her again. His dark hair was slightly messed up, but he still looked really good. Anya tried not to notice.

"All done. You can go back now. Maybe you can get shrunk by Dr. Honeydew for an encore." Anya smiled at him.

"I'm more worried about the crazy guy with the bombs." John jumped down, but hesitated, turning back to her.

"One more question, Doc."

"Yes?"

"Assuming I don't get karate chopped by an upset pig, I was wondering if we could have dinner later when this is over. I'm a great cook, at least Annie thinks so."

"Annie? Your girlfriend?"

"No, my dog. She is a Beagle.

Anya smiled back. "I'd love to. And I love Beagles. Always wanted one."

"Great. I'll see you later, when this mission is done." John stared to leave.

"Don't pick up any more strange animals!" She called to him as he left. Today was turning out to be pretty good after all.

"Woman! Woman! Woman!"

"Where is the duct tape around here?"

### **C1 Ray X. Graham:**

Personal Log, supplemental. I had just gone off duty and was headed for Two Forward for a bite to eat before meeting Crewman Drixo in the holodeck for another adventure as 'Alaska Smith, adventuring archaeologist'. I knew something was wrong right away because as I entered the lounge I found it had been transformed completely into some sort of... pub or dive.

I recognized the architecture and motif to be that of Earth origin right away, but the strangeness of it all took me a few moments to absorb. The inhabitants of this transformed lounge were the oddest of clothing and some were wearing hats, both pointed and traditional. I saw funny little witches out for a day's shopping; venerable-looking wizards arguing over the latest article in something called 'Transfiguration Today'; wild-looking warlocks; raucous dwarfs; and what looked suspiciously like a hag who ordered a plate of raw liver from behind a thick woolen balaclava.

How do I know they were witches and wizards? Because after taking a minute to compose myself, I asked someone where I was. I approached a reasonable looking young man with glasses and an odd scar on his forehead, but before he could answer, a giant of a man came from behind me and said "Ere now, what's this... You're the big'st Cornish Pixie I think I'ver did see." I was dwarfed by the size of this man. But his big friendly smile behind that overgrown black beard was somehow comforting. "Er... Well... I'm not exactly a... Pixie..." I finally replied. "Well yer blue. Yer got antennas on yer head. If'n yer not a giant Cornish Pixie, wot are ye?" The giant asked.

"Well..." I had decided to play along and try to figure out what was happening here. Was I dreaming? Was I finally losing my mind? "I'm actually from out of town... Waaaaaaay out of town. I'm lost it seems, would you mind telling me where I am?"

The bearded giant laughed and actually scared me doing so. "Yer from out of town I'd say for sure. I'm Hagrid and this 'ere's Harry Potter. 'Course I 'magine yer've 'eard of 'im." The giant said with a thick English Accent. "Of course... Harry... er... Pottery was it?" Again the giant laughed.

He invited me to sit with them and ordered us a round of something called 'butter beer', which was very, very tasty. Hagrid explained to me that I had wandered into The Leaky Cauldron, a popular tavern on a street called Diagon Alley. All the people around me, Hagrid and Harry explained, were from the wizarding community in London, England and beyond. I was taken aback to say the least.

I managed to play along for the longest time and heard the story of why Harry was so famous. I even ordered another round of that wonderful 'butter beer' (note to self: figure out how to get the replicators to create that heavenly nectar, Drixo would love it). But I came to the conclusion that something must really be wrong on the entire ship as an animated mouse who was addressed as Mickey by his cohorts, entered Two Forward... Er The Leaky Cauldron and approached our table asking if the empty seat was available. Harry, Hagrid and myself exchanged awkward glances, shook our heads 'no' and watched as the mouse took the chair to a table across from us. He sat and laughed while entertaining a female mouse, a white duck and a buck toothed dog-ish looking creature that wore a green hat.

Hagrid leaned over to me as they continued their animated conversation and whispered. "Now tha's a bit weird, doncha think." To which I replied "You're telling me... That duck's uniform is definitely NOT regulation."

#### **Lt.(j.g.) Brad Jacobs:**

As Lt.(j.g.) Brad Jacobs sat at his desk, looking over the day's appointments, a beep came through his small com badge.

"Lt. Jacobs, report to the bridge at once," the Captain ordered.

"Be there in half a flash, Skipper," Jacobs responded, tapping his com badge.

He got up off his chair and headed towards the door.

Moments later, the turbolift doors opened and Jacobs stepped out into main bridge.

"Reporting as ord....ered?"

"Counselor, you have the Bridge!" Captain Stark interrupted, as he hastily passed by, heading to the aft turbolift. He almost had to wait for the turbo lift doors to open.

"Aye, Captain," came the puzzled response. 'Something's going on', he thought, as he looked around the bridge and noticed there were no other crewmembers present.

He strolled down to the center chair and sat down, preparing to access the small computer console, when he heard the turbolift near the Ops station open. Jacobs looked up, and to his amazement, it was none other than a character the children's story "Peter Pan."

The Lt. (j.g.) stood and faced the looming character.

"What the.....you're Captain James Hook!" Jacobs exclaimed.

"You still remember, Peter Pan. I cannot help but be touched. I, of course, remember you!" Captain Hook responded, in a calm but passionate voice, as he started toward the center of the main bridge.

When the pirate started out onto the bridge, the bridge behind him began to change into the bridge of a wooden sea vessel, that had roamed the oceans of Terra centuries ago. Within minutes, most of the Ticonderoga's bridge had been transformed into the deck of a man-o-war.

"Peter Pan!" Jacobs thought, puzzled. "OH! I get it. He thinks I'm Peter Pan. Boy, I sure don't look like it. Well, I'd better play the part until I find out what's going on. Here it goes."

"How can you not, you old windbag!" Jacobs came back as best he could.

"I mean to avenge myself upon you, Pan." Captain Hook motioned toward the Lt. (j.g.) with his right arm, sword in hand.

Jacobs saw something from the corner of his eye and quickly glanced toward it. It was light and glittery, and whizzed past Captain Hook's face again and again. He tried to swat the little bugger away, but kept missing. The stream of light and glitter zoomed toward the Jacobs and faced him.

"Who? Ah yes, Tinkerbell." He snapped his fingers and looked into her faced, then realized something odd, and said out loud "K'Lar?" She looked just like his daughter. Somehow, K'Lar's image had been transposed into Tinkerbell.

She giggled and waved at the large face, flew off, then back to his right ear, whispered a secret and shot off again.

"Good idea, Tink.....uh, K'Lar....you know who you are." He sighed, then gave himself a boost by thinking, "Think happy thought."

"Computer, give me a standard Klingon bat'leth, the Lost Boys, Wendy, Michael and John, along with a large clock with a loud enough tick-tock to drive Captain Hook mad."

At that instant, all appeared at once – the bat'leth on the captain's chair, the Lost Boys and the English children by the ready-room door, and the large clock next to the ship's wheel.

'Tink' rushed down to nab the clock, but it was very heavy. She managed to lift the clock with grunts and groans. Hook heard the ticking.

"That sound...that sound," he wailed. He looked frantically around the bridge, and then zeroed in on Tinkerbell. A wicked smile brightened his face – she was within range. He swiped his right arm and caught the tick-ticking clock away from her. Tink, in turn, flew back, in order not to be sliced in half by his favorite appendage.

Hook then threw the clock down to the wooden deck and, with one swift stomp of his large boot, crushed the clock. "Well, there goes that idea." Jacobs shrugged his shoulders then picked up the Klingon weapon, holding it ready for combat.

"Nice try, Peter, but you're going to have to do better than that," the large, bearded pirate gloated.

"No problem, Hook." Jacobs said. Tink zoomed up and whispered a quick something in his ear. Then 'Pan' winked at her, giving her the OK. She shot off to Wendy, Michael and John.

"Lost Boys, here we go...get Hook!" 'Pan' ordered, and by this time the Lt. (j.g.) noticed that the uninvited guest had the holographic mobile emitter on his right arm, but Jacobs said nothing.

The pirate captain laughed, raising his voice. "Pirates, explain things to them!"

A number of pirates appeared out of thin air, swords drawn, looking rugged and ready to fight.

'Pan' and the Lost Boys engaged them in battle. Swords slashed and battle cries and the clanking of metal on metal were heard.

"I want Pan!" Bellowed Captain Hook, as he made his way through the fighting, fending off any of the Lost Boys' advances. "He will soon learn to regret this day."

'Pan' heard him over the ensuing battle.

"If you want me so badly, why don't you come and get me, you old codfish!" Jacobs taunted him, while at the same time knocking out one of his minions with the blunt end of his bat'leth.

In the meantime, Wendy instructed Michael and John to go to the consoles that were still visible through the vast hologram, to help 'Pan' and the Lost Boys. Wendy took John to the engineering console and Michael found part of tactical sticking out of the base of the ship's huge mast.

"We've got to help Peter and the others," cried out Wendy over the commotion. "Look for any way to stop Hook and the pirates!"

Michael frowned at the tactical console. "How do we work these gadgets?"

"Just start pushing buttons," Wendy answered hastily.

"I hope this will work," the boy in pajamas moaned cautiously.

"Ah HA! Pan! From Hell's heart I stab at thee!" Captain Hook swung his large, thin sword at 'Pan' again and again.

'Pan' stood his ground, blocking every slash that came within range of his bat'leth. "Keep on stabbing, but you won't get near my heart, you old pirate."

Jacobs couldn't get anywhere near the mobile emitter. Somehow, hook knew that his archenemy was in need of that small prize on his arm.

By this time, most of the pirates where either wounded or knocked out cold. The few that remained stood and fought the Lost Boys.

Wendy kept frantically hitting buttons all over the console, as did John, when suddenly it hit her. "Yes, yes! That would be perfect to get rid of that mean pirate forever!"

She looked over her shoulder to Michael at the tactical station. "Michael, I've got an idea for getting rid of Hook!"

"What's your idea, Wendy?" Michael ducked as a piece of debris was thrown his way, smashing into the mast.

"What thing does Captain Hook despise more than Peter and a ticking clock?"

Michael's eyes brightened. "The alligator! You're right, Wendy." His hands moved over the control panel as fast as they could, while Wendy and John worked furiously at their own panel.

The turbolift doors nearest tactical opened and a huge alligator exited. The Lost Boys and 'Pan' scrambled as the huge reptile snapped at their feet.

Hook didn't notice the alligator until it was nearly on top of him. He pointed his sword at the growling creature, and listened to the clock ticking loudly in the belly of the beast.

"No, the game's not over," he insisted as the alligator inched forward.

Finally Hook relented, lowering his sword, knowing it was hopeless.

As the reptile opened it's huge jaws, Hook yelled out "For hate's sake, I spit my last breath at thee!" Then the powerful mouth slammed shut upon him.

Suddenly, the alligator, pirates, Lost Boys, the kids and Tinkerbell disappeared, along with the sailing ship illusion. The only thing that remained was the mobile emitter.

"Boy, talk about a difficult patient," Jacobs thought as he walked over and leaned down to pick up the emitter from the floor. He then proceeded to the command chair and sat down.

"I wonder what the Captain had to deal with?" the Lt. (j.g.) thought, staring at the viewscreen.

Sometime later, the Captain and the first officer returned to the bridge.

"Lt. Jacobs, I have the bridge," Captain Stark informed the Counselor.

"Aye, Captain," Jacobs said as he got up from the command chair.

"So, how were things up here on the bridge?" The Captain asked, taking the vacated chair.

The Lt. (j.g.) answered, "There was a bit of a 'hook-up', but I straightened it out eventually, Sir."

"Hook, huh?" The Captain remarked, getting the hint with a smile.

Nodding his head and smiling as well, Jacobs replied "Arrrrrrgh, matey...I mean, Yes, Sir." He then walked toward the turbolift.

**Lt.(j.g.) Tonya Wright:**

"Why am I, the Science Department Chief, being sent to engineering on the Retributor? Where in the world is OUR engineering chief?" Lieutenant (j.g.) Tonya Wright wondered at the briefing. "And what is going on over on the Retributor?"

She walked down to the transporter room, right behind Lieutenant (j.g.) David Duvan, the guy she had been recently dating, and her newest nemesis, Crewman Waters. "And why does David still hang out with that jerk?" She fought back the urge to kick one of them in the butt. Her symbiote though, thought she was acting silly, foolish youth. Oh well.

She kept her face neutral to the crowd. The M.A.C.O. assigned to her shifted in place as they awaited their turn to transport. Her babysitter's name was crewman Mitch Windover. A newbie on the team. Oh, great.

As they stepped onto the pad, Mitch tightened his grip on his phaser. A nervous newbie on his first assignment. Oh, wonderful.

Then they found themselves in what was supposed to be the engine room, but looked nothing like she remembered. Oh, crud.

Bright colors and crazy music assaulted her senses. There were strange creatures everywhere, most of them animals, but walking like humans. And they didn't wear pants. Tonya looked over to what had once been a warp engine, but now is looked completely weird, and was made by Acme.

"Acme?"

"What's going on here?" Mitch's voice cracked.

"Looney tunes. I recognize this from old tapes and books that my son Jesse once was interested in. Be very, very careful. The toons are fond of anvils."

"You're kidding, right?"

"I wish. How am I supposed to secure the engines when they are now made of rubber?"

"What is that music?" Mitch asked, trying to shout over the sound.

"It's called 'The Merry go round broke down.'" Tonya looked around, trying to understand the strange readings on her tricorder, while thinking about what to do next. Then she heard a strangled cry, and froze.

"Did you hear that?" Tonya looked around, and saw a short figure giggling at a struggling form.

"Look, over there. I think Yosemite Sam is tying someone to the train tracks."

"Who? And how can there be train tracks without a train?" In the distance, they heard the whistle of an approaching train engine.

"Help!" yelled out the body on the tracks.

"Quick! I think it is Ensign Jeremy Rouviere! He's going to get run over!"

"Isn't he a hologram too?"

"Forget thinking logically, and lets just save him." They took off across the room to the form lying in ropes tied to the tracks.

"Quick! Untie me before the train gets here!" yelled Jeremy.

"What happened here anyway?" Tonya asked as they fought the knots.

"Some kinda glitch in the holo programs that run the ship. All I know is I was checking on the antimatter mixture, and a little round guy tried to shoot me. Said it was hunting season. As I was trying to get away, a rabbit hid me down a hole that can't possibly exist on this deck, but then a skunk dropped by and asked me if I had seen a beautiful lady skunk. Well, I couldn't stand the smell and climbed back out, only to be pounced on by a cat chasing a yellow bird. Then a coyote introduced himself and asked if I was an Acme salesman, and tried to buy a rocket from me. I was trying to tell him I wasn't from any place called Acme, when I was knocked out and found myself being tied to these tracks. The short guy said the bullets I sold him didn't work, and he was angry. That is when you two got here."

"Do you usually drink on the job, or is this a first?" Mitch asked.

Jeremy shot him a very dirty look. "You brought a newbie to rescue me? We're doomed."

"We'll be fine. We just have to stop the holograms from destroying anything until we can reverse this." Tonya grunted as she struggled with the ropes. "What are these made with anyway?"

"I don't know, but the little guy said he got them from Acme too."

"Say, I said say there, partner. Need a little help?" a voice said from behind them. A large rooster looked over their shoulder. "Hey now. You look a little stuck. It wasn't that bone headed dog, was it? I asked was it? Are you pay' in attention boy? Not too bright I see."

Mitch turned around to confront the giant chicken. "If you can help, then please do. Otherwise, please step back and let us work."

"Whatever, I say, whatever you say boy. I don't know, son. Looks like you need a rope cutter. Do you know what a rope cutter is, boy? I swear, send the boy to school, and what do they do. Eat the books."

Tonya pulled out her phaser and fired. The rope broke apart and Jeremy jumped up just as the train rocketed past.

"Well, now. Mighty nice do-dad you got there. Uh, do you mind if I borrow it just for a moment? Gotta, I say, I gotta bone to pick with a dog, dog that is."

"I'm afraid you are not going anywhere, earthlings." As the caboose of the train passed by, a voice from the other side of the tracks spoke out. "Someone stole my P-32 explosive space modulator, and unless I get it back, I'm afraid I will have to incinerate you."

"I know where you can get one. Find the rabbit. He's got an extra." Tonya told him.

"Ohhhhh, goodie! I've been searching all over for one. You wouldn't believe how hard they are to come by around here!" Said the strange little Martian man who looked like a USC Trojan band reject.

"Not so fast, small fry. You'll have to get past Duck Dodgers in the 24<sup>th</sup> and a half century!" Said a black duck in a space suit.

"Oooooohhhh, Dodgers! You make me soooooo very angry! I could just pinch you!" said the small alien. "K-9! Sick him K-9!"

Out of nowhere came a green dog wearing shoes. It growled at them menacingly.

"Now, to get the modulator!" The small guy with no face ran off.

"Come back or I'll shoot! Now where in the universe is that sidekick of mine. Oh, Space Cadet! Where are you?" called the duck.

A little pig in a gray suit jumped out from behind the engine. "Over here si, si, uh, si, your hero-ship sir!"

"It's about time. Geez, you just can't get good help here these days. Now, after that Martian!" And with that they took off.

"Okay, now what?" Mitch asked. "This was never covered in my training."

"We wait and hope someone fixes the computer before the little Martian guy blows up the engine room. We need to find a tall rabbit and make friends with him." Tonya sighed. Oh, yeah, this was going to be a long day. "And the critics say cartoons can't teach you a thing."

Mitch gave her a long, blank stare. Long day indeed.

"Oh, boy."

### **Lt. (j.g.) David Duvan**

I have been asked to join the away team in the M.A.C. O briefing room. The briefing will be taking place shortly.

I walked through the door of the briefing room and noticed a lot of people standing around. It was pretty much standing room only. As I started to walk around, a voice came from the right side of the platform. "Attention on deck," shouted a crewman, "at ease," came the voice of the X.O.

"Now then, we have a situation on the Retributor. As of yet we do not know what happened to the experimental holographic crew. As such, everyone will be assigned to an area with a M.A.C.O. Lieutenant Duvan, you will be assigned to the armory." The X.O. then proceeded around the room, until everyone was on an away team crew.

"You have your assignments, and good luck."

"Something tells me we will need it." I turned around to face the M.A.C. O. I was assigned. It was Crewman Waters. Of course, go into danger with a crazy man. No, I thought, that wasn't fair. He was only temporarily insane. Ever since I started dating Lieutenant Wright, he's been nuts with jealousy. We had been at the academy together, and then got assigned to DS9 together, and somehow, ironically together we went to the Ticonderoga during the Dominion war. We had been through a lot together. No wonder he was acting more like an injured spouse who has caught the other having an affair, then a friend.

We walked to the transporter in silence. Why us on the same team? Maybe the X.O. has it out for me. Or, more likely, she hopes that we will get over our little tiff and make up, thus putting Waters under better control. He has been so odd lately.

Beaming over was normal. And that is where the normalcy stopped. Instead of beaming into the armory, we were in a thick, sweltering jungle.

"What the..." started Waters, but couldn't finish as he was ducking for cover under a log, trying to get away from the oncoming dirt. No, not dirt.

"Oh, cra..."

"Don't finish that!" I shouted. He smelled terrible. I wanted to laugh. Then something hit me.

"Now you've got egg on YOUR face!" Waters laughed. I wiped the rather large egg yolk off my face and shoulders.

"What was that?" I asked.

"Well, my assailant was a monkey, but you were hit with what looks like an ostrich egg."

"This is the craziest equipped armory I've ever seen." I stated morosely. Now all I need is Spam I thought, but kept that to myself.

"Look around for the photon torpedoes so we can secure them, then get out of this crazy place."

"Over there," shouted Waters, then he was gone, scurrying through the underbrush. I tried to keep my eye on him, to keep him covered. It was then I noticed the playing pieces and the rather large board game. Then it hit me.

"Hey, we are in a game. Jumanji, from the looks of it." Then I heard the voice.

"The hunter becomes the hunted."

I turned to find out who said that. A stranger dressed in a late 19<sup>th</sup> century safari outfit had me covered with the point of his gun.

Out of the bushes several coconuts flew. It was Waters! As the hunter turned to engage him, I dove under the log, which turned out to be the console for the weapons. Quickly, I disarmed them all and put on the lockout.

"It's done, lets go!" I shouted to the struggling form of Waters and the hunter. They were rolling around on the ground fighting for the shotgun.

"Waters, roll away!" I shouted, then fired my phazer. The hunter went limp.

"Ticonderoga, two to beam away, now!"

As we dissolved, the hunter miraculously regained consciousness, and then screamed in rage at our escape.

"I'll get you!" were the last words of his we heard.

Standing on the transporter pad, the chief looked at us strangely, then wrinkled his nose. "What happened to you?"

"Nothing, why do you ask?" I answered nonchalantly, and moved to leave the room. After we got out, Waters looked at me. We both started laughing. It felt good. I can only hope this means things are better between us from now on.

### **Lt. Erica Stark:**

As she materialized onto the bridge of the U.S.S. Retributor, Vilya Jade was relieved to find that everything seemed to be normal. There was no sign of the "French Taunter", the crew was all at their posts, and the computer seemed to be functioning normally.

Her relief was short-lived, however, as one of the crewmembers turned around, his face slack, and a large, gold "H" on his forehead. He saluted by sticking his right arm in front of himself, turning his hand in circles at the wrist, then smacking himself in the forehead with the back of his hand.

There was a bright flash, and Jade now found herself surrounded by small, orange-skinned men with green hair. They wore white overalls and shoes with large poufs on the toes, and were stalking around her in an elaborately choreographed dance and humming.

"Where is Captain Rouviere?" she asked.

"He is in his ready room," said a tall, slender man in a violently purple tuxedo jacket and top hat.

Jade walked over to the ready room door and pushed the call button, but the door didn't open.  
 "Computer, open this door," she requested.  
 "Unable to comply," came the reply.  
 "Oh! The door is locked," the man in purple said, as though he'd just recalled that little detail.  
 "Computer, unlock and open this door, authorization code <\*>".  
 "Unable to comply." The computer responded. "That's not the right code," Top-hat said brightly.  
 Forcing herself to remain calm, Jade turned to him and asked, "What is the correct code?"  
 He smiled at her with a 'you-know-better-than-that' smile, pulled a smile flute from inside his jacket, and played a short series of notes.  
 The small orange men surrounded her again, resumed their dancing, and began singing.

"Oompa-loompa-doompa-dee-doo,  
 I've got a perfect puzzle for you.  
 Oompa-loompa-doompa-dah-dee,  
 If you are wise you'll listen to me.  
 What do you do when you're Captain's just light?  
 Flying a ship through the sparkling night.  
 Finding a holo-bug that locked up his door,  
 Not in three, not in five, but 'til FOUR!  
 Then he lost his PRIME control.  
 Oompa-loompa-doompa-dee-dah,  
 If you're not careless, you will go far.  
 You will live in happiness, too,  
 Like the Oompa-Loompa-doompa-dee-doo!"

Jade stared, momentarily stunned by the gibberish.  
 "How am I supposed to get the door opened?"  
 She paced and fumed at her inability to get her job done, the maddening ditty running through her head, making thinking that much more difficult.  
 As she walked, she closed her eyes and rubbed her temples, and promptly walked into a bulkhead. Now rubbing her forehead, she silently thanked the universe that no one had been there to see her walk into a wall.  
 She began walking back toward the ready room door, then stopped suddenly, her jaw dropping.  
 "No.....It couldn't be that easy...."  
 She noticed Top-hat smiling benignly as she strode to the door and stopped in front of it.  
 "Computer, unlock and open the ready room door, authorization code 'prime four'."  
 The door slid open obediently and Jade stepped inside.  
 She stopped short at the sight in front of her.  
 Captain Rouviere was on the floor, tied down by dozens of tiny ropes. She noticed that he, too, had a large gold 'H' on his forehead. Three-inch-tall people stood on his chest, holding spears and pitchforks to his throat.  
 "Captain Rouviere?" she choked, using all her control to keep from laughing.  
 "Don't ask," he growled.  
 Jade knelt down next to him and tried to pull the miniscule pegs from the carpeted floor, and, when that didn't work, she fired her phaser at the ropes, all to know avail.  
 "Never mind", Captain Rouviere sighed. "Get someone else over here and you go find my wife, please."  
 "Aye, Captain", Jade acknowledged.  
 She returned to the bridge and accessed the ship's computer, then tapped her combadge.  
 "Vilya to Ticonderoga. Stop all scans of the Retributor immediately. The ship was infected by a holographic virus that piggy-backed itself on their data streams. You'll need to start a diagnostic on the Ticonderoga's computer systems for any unfamiliar data relating to holo-programming and purge it.  
 "Captain", she continued, "You'd better come over here. Vilya out."  
 She moved from behind the computer console.  
 "Computer, please locate Counselor Rouviere."  
 There was no sound from the computer, and the small orange men surrounded her again.

"Oompa-loompa-doompa-dah-doo,  
 I have another puzzle for you.  
 Oompa-loompa-doompa-dah-dee,  
 If you are wise you'll listen to me.  
 What do you do when you need to relax?  
 Searching and searching for that marvelous pax.  
 Please don't forget to knock on the door,  
 Living with a lizard can stress you 'til you're sore,  
 Even when you're a hologram!  
 Oompa-loompa-doompa-dee-dah,  
 If you're not spoiled you will go far!  
 You will live in happiness too,  
 Like the Oompa-Loompa-doompa-dee-doo!"

The little men were still dancing around her when Captain Stark materialized on the bridge. He raised his eyebrow, about to say something when Jade said "Don't ask!" and pointed into the ready room.

She heard a hastily-choked-off laugh as she made her way off the bridge, heading for the Captain's quarters.

She reached the door and pressed the call button, and was surprised when the door opened.

She entered slowly, watching carefully for any sign of something out of the ordinary. Nothing seemed out of place, and she continued through the room.

She heard a splash from the bathroom, and hurried in that direction.

She pushed the intercom button and said, "Counselor?"

Through the speaker, she heard a slosh, and then "Yes?"

"Are you okay? Anything odd happen in there?"

"No", Counselor Rouviere replied. "Everything is fine here. Why?"

Jade laughed and replied, "You'll have to see that for yourself. If I were to try and tell you, you'd probably have me removed from duty for awhile."

She turned and left the Rouviere's quarters and tapped her combadge.

"Captain Stark, please inform Captain Rouviere that his wife is fine, and eagerly awaiting an explanation."

When Jade once again arrived at the bridge, she noticed the ready room door was closed, and there was muffled conversation coming from the other side.

She took a seat at the operations station, and, seeing that the ship's diagnostic scans were finished, began purging the holo-bug from the Retributor's computer.

She began singing a little tune under her breath, then realized what it was.

"Ah.....<expletive deleted>!"

### **Ensign Brady Jugler:**

Ensign Jugler was at the operations station in engineering on the Ticonderoga, watching the results of the scans on his computer screen. He had a noticeable bump on his head, and a scroll was floating by his side. The computer screen in front of him disappeared suddenly, and he found himself surrounded by fireworks.

"What the....?" He quickly ducked a large rocket that was heading right for him.

"How the heck am I supposed to purge the computer when I can't even SEE the computer?" he asked no one in particular.

He felt a thump on his head – that stupid blank scroll again.

"Stop doing that!" he yelled, swatting the scroll away from him.

The scroll, however, had other ideas, and kept him hitting him, becoming more frantic in it's efforts.

Finally, he took hold of the scroll and said "Fine! I'll open you, but I know you're going to be blank – STILL!"

Furiously, he unrolled the scroll. "See!" he yelled at the parchment. "I told you you'd be...blank...again?" His voice trailed off.

Amazed, he saw that it wasn't blank. He began dancing around, among the fireworks, singing, "It's not blank, it's not blank, it's not blank."

He stopped dancing as he read the words. "Push the red button."

"What red button?" he asks, annoyed. "Where am I going to find a red button in all this?!"

He snorts and looks around himself, seeing nothing but darkness and fireworks. He lowers the scroll to his side, and looks up in front of him. There, glowing faintly in the dark, is a large, old-fashioned plunger style button. Sighing heavily, he reaches up and pushes the button.

After a few moments, the fireworks and darkness disappear, and he finds himself once again sitting at the ops station in the engineering section of the Ticonderoga.

He looks down just in time to see the scroll disappear.

As he watched the results of the computer purge on his screen, he sighs, "I need a vacation."

### **Captain Carl Stark:**

"Don't even ask." States my XO. "You should be able to enter Captain Rouviere's office now sir."

I look back at the group of oddly colored characters on the bridge. Only moments earlier I had beamed over from the Ticonderoga to this very unusual sight. I had been receiving reports that the holo-emitters on the USS Retributor had been affected by some sort of alien virus (which always wrecks havoc with our computer systems) and now they were projecting all sorts of strange events and characters.

"The Oompa-Loompas have informed me that only you will be allowed in the readyroom." XO sighed. "I now have access to some of the Retributor bridge functions and I'll see if I can dig into their computer system for further information on this virus."

"Some of the holo-emitters on the Ticonderoga are now affected." I replied. "I should have never allowed Ensign Gibby to install holo-emitters in Two-Forward. See what you can do here while I check on Captain Rouviere."

"Aye sir."

I turned and walked towards the office. The remaining Oompa-Loompas started singing some badly written rhyme. The song was cut off when the readyroom doors closed behind me.

"Stark get me out of here!!!!"

I shouldn't have been shocked after the scene on the bridge, but I had to contain a laugh. Captain Rouviere is a tall individual. However now he was lying on the ground with thousands of tiny ropes securing him to the deck. He now covered the majority of the small office. All around him were hundreds of little people only about a few centimeters high. They covered the floor, desk and other flat surfaces. From what I could hear, they seemed to be cheering.

Across the room, the replicator was turned on. However in the materialization area instead of a cup or plate was a holographic representation of a woman who kept saying "Ah ah ah, you didn't say the magic word" while waving a finger back and forth like a parent scolding a child. It kept repeating this phrase.

"Captain Rouviere, old friend. What happened?" I asked.

Grunting he replied. "We ran across some sort of alien probe. Before we knew it, the probe had transmitted some sort of virus across the communications system." He tried to turn his head. "When I came in here to contact Admiral Hollinger, I was tripped in some sort of ambush and swarmed by these tiny people. I haven't been able to break the bonds. I think they are projected by the holo-emitters in my office."

"You are correct. After we arrived this virus has even migrated to the Ticonderoga. I've got engineering teams working on it now and security teams chasing cartoon characters on our holodecks." I placed my hands on my hips. How was I going to get across the room to the replicator? "I've also had MACO teams trying to get the Retributor under control. Since she is a floating holodeck there are strange things projected all over the ship."

"How did the Ticonderoga know we were here? Did someone get a distress call out?" Captain Rouviere asked.

Again I chuckled. "Savat's scroll told us where to find you."

"His scroll?"

"I'll explain later." I replied.

I tried to take a step forward. However the moment I moved, the tiny people swarmed towards the area that my foot would have landed.

"I believe they want you to react to them." Captain Rouviere stated from his prone position. "I've had plenty of time to observe them as you can imagine."

Thinking it over for a moment, an idea suddenly struck. I raised my foot really high and started singing at the top of my voice. "London bridges falling down, falling down, falling down." With each down I stomped my foot on the ground in front of me. The tiny images of people scrambled out of the way as I moved forward.

I was now standing in front of the replicator. With a quick motion I turned the unit off and the female character disappeared. She looked oddly familiar.

"Thank you" my fellow captain replied. "Ruth's been doing that for hours."

"Commander Burns?" I asked.

"Yes, I think the virus may have dug up one of her old replicator programs."

I once again looked over the bonds that held down the large Captain. I had known Captain Rouviere for quite sometime but I had never seen him quite like this before. Just then I noticed the H placed on his forehead.

"What's with the H?" I inquired.

Captain Rouviere's eyes rolled upwards in a vain attempt to look at his forehead. "These tiny people placed it there after they had tied me down. They kept mumbling something about trying to make me more like them. Any attempts to talk with them haven't really been successful."

Even now the small people continued to cheer and dance like they had taken down a large giant that had been plaguing their town. This reminded me of a book or holo-program but I couldn't place my finger on it. Had these been normal bonds I would have had no doubt that Captain Rouviere, who had once broken the ribs of Admiral Hollinger, could have used brute force to set himself free.

"Well the bonds are not broken by normal means." I stated.

"Obviously," Responded Captain Rouviere. "Phaser?"

I looked down at the sidearm on my belt. "Probably not, we'd end up with crispy captain." I chuckled.

"This isn't funny." Rex growled.

Just then a hail came in from Lt. Vilya. As it turns out Counselor Rouviere was unaffected by the holo-virus. She had been relaxing in a Deltan foam bath in her quarters.

Captain Rouviere put his head back. "That's a relief." He whispered.

The H fell off of his forehead and clattered before it came to rest on the ground. Rex looked up at me with shock. "Why are you smiling?"

I had the answer. "Are you stressed Captain?"

"I'm a Captain in Starfleet with practically no crew. I'm never stressed." He growled. "How in the name of the Great Bird of the Galaxy am I suppose to perform my duties to defend the Federation with no crew."

"Definitely stressed."

Captain Rouviere noticed that the tiny people were hauling the H back up to place on his forehead. "This isn't very funny."

I looked back down. "No but it should be. Somehow the virus knows that you are under anxiety and is causing the holograms to treat you in this manner." Looking around the room I continued. "As for what end I don't know."

"How is it able to know that?" Captain Rouviere responded.

Thinking back through my technical schematics one idea dawned on me. "It must be taping into the medical sensors that monitor the crew."

"Great, how does that help us?"

I smiled. "Well you need to unwind. Obviously you are too stressed out right now to get up."

"Oh thank you *counselor*." The H was almost replaced. "I don't think meditating about my happy place will get me out of this mess and don't you dare ask me about my mother."

I thought back through the past events that Captain Rouviere and myself and gone through. "Well dreaming about Gilgo Beach probably won't do you much good."

Captain Rouviere shuddered. "No!"

"I understand that Captain Marcus finally finished painting his set of Interstellar Combat figurines."

"Hu?" Captain Rouvier looked over at me. "What does that have to do with anything?"

"Don't you remember how he lost his last set? At the Academy Gaming Festival we attended." I smiled.

"That was several years ago, before the Dominion War started." He replied.

I took a long sigh. "We were in a scenario where my colonial rangers needed to get the Omega 13 device to the awaiting transport at the far end of the board. Marcus had three squads of cyborg mercenaries against my rangers and your mechanized team."

"Marcus had used a computer virus to disable 97% of my vehicles within the first two rounds. He thought he had knocked me out of the game."

Looking down I continued. "Until the remaining three swoop bikes made five attacks and each time you made a perfect roll of the dice which caused maximum damage. Devastating two complete squads of mercenaries. You jumped up and yelled..."

"YESSS!!!!!" screamed Captain Rouviere. And with that the bonds snapped as he sat strait up. The small people scattered everywhere running for the far corners of the room.

I reached down and provided my hand to Captain Rouvree who was now able to stand. He looked up and stated "And with your rangers we were able to clean his chronometer." Rex laughed. "Marcus was so mad he smashed all of his figures right then and there."

With a twinkle in my eye I responded. "Do you think Captain Marcus would be ready for another match?"

Clasping my shoulder a jolly voice responded. "Thank you my friend. Remembering that gaming convention was much better than dissecting what happened on Gilgo Beach. Perhaps you should have been a counselor."

Laughing I responded. "I'll tell Lt. Jacobs that he's got to find another assignment."

Just then the tiny people disappeared. The intercom hailed. "Captain Stark, the holo virus has been purged from the Ticonderoga memory banks by Ensign Jugler and we've almost got the Retributor systems cleaned."

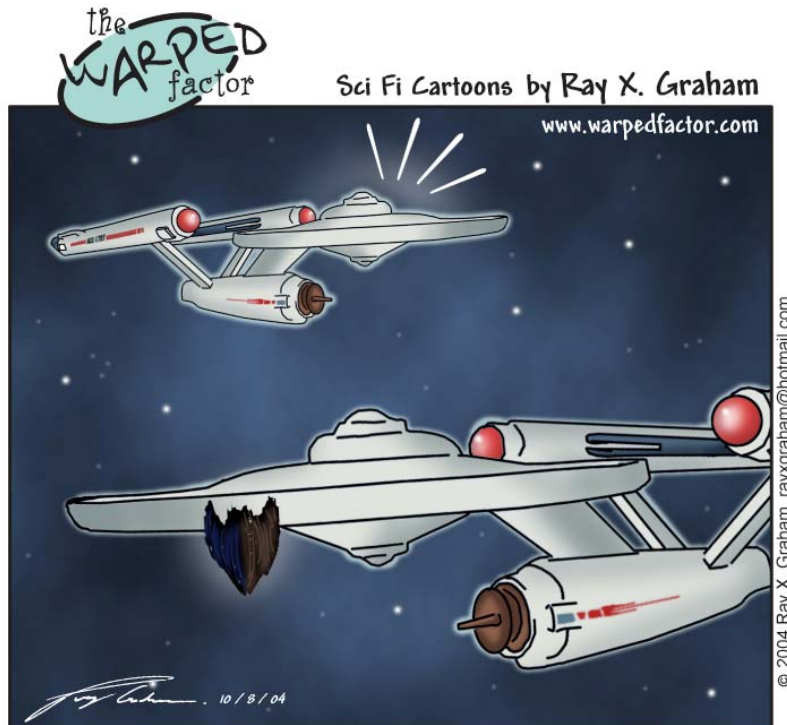
"Thank you Number One." I tapped my communicator and looked at Captain Rouviere. "Should we finish cleaning up this mess?"

"Oh yea. Once the communications system is back online I'm sending a hail to the USS Republic."

We both laughed as we exited the ready room.

FIN

Thank you to everyone who submitted to this story. If you have a story idea for future issues, please let Lt. Erica Stark know at Newsletter@USSTiconderoga.org



Captain, I suspect they are doppelgangers from some evil alternate universe - After all their ship does have a goatee.

## ***AWAY TEAM:***

### Upcoming 2005 Conventions.

With 2005 almost upon us, it is time to start thinking ahead to several conventions that we may want to attend. The Out-of-State conventions take quite a bit of planning and several Ticonderoga and Seventh Fleet members have expressed an interest in attending. Carpooling and Hotel sharing may be available. Let Captain Stark know if you are interested in any of these conventions.

Convention: Life, the Universe and Everything 23 (General Literary Con)

Date: Thurs-Sat, February 17-19

Location: BYU, Provo, Utah

Guests: Jerry Pournelle (Author), L.E. Modesitt Jr. (Author), David Howard (screenwriter for Galaxy Quest)

Cost: Free (but you still have to register when you check in)

Website: <http://humanities.byu.edu/ltue/>

Convention: Starfest 2005 (Media Convention)

Date: Fri-Sun, April 29-May 1

Location: Marriott Tech Center, Denver, Colorado

Guests: To Be Announced (Amanda Tapping was invited and they usually have about a dozen guests)

Cost: TBA (but we usually get a club discount from our friends in Denver between \$35-\$40 for general admission)

Website: <http://www.starland.com/>

Note: A large number of Seventh Fleet members attend this convention.

Convention: Costume Con 23: Crossroads of Space and Time (Costuming Convention)

Date: Fri-Mon, April 29-May 2

Location: Egyptian Theater/Ogden Marriott Hotel, Ogden, Utah

Guest: Marty Gear (Costumer)

Cost: \$90.00 (until January 16, more afterwards)

Website: <http://www.crossroadsutah.org/index.html>

Convention: Opus Fantasy Arts Festival (Fantasy Convention)

Date: Fri-Sat, May 20-22

Location: Four Points Sheraton, Denver, Colorado

Guests: Tracy Hickman (Author), Rowena (Artist)

Cost: \$29 General Admission (Until Jan 31<sup>st</sup>) \$38 General Admission (at the door)

Website: <http://www.opusfest.com/>

Note: Several Star Trek groups in Colorado have invited us to this event

Convention: Conduit VX (General Literary Convention)

Date: Fri-Sun, May 27-29

Location: Prime Hotel, Salt Lake City, Utah

Guest: Tim Powers (Author)

Cost: \$40 (at the door general admission)

Website: <http://conduit.sfcon.org/>

Convention: Star Trek Las Vegas Convention (Media Convention)

Date: Thur-Sun August 11-14

Location: Las Vegas Hilton/Star Trek Experience, Las Vegas, Nevada

Guests: Avery Brooks (Actor), Jonathan Frakes (Actor), Michael Dorn (Actor), Marina Sirtis (Actress), James Darren (Actor), Robin Curtis (Actress) and more to be named later.

Cost: Gold Package (\$509) more prices to be announced for smaller packages

Website: <http://www.creationent.com/cal/stlv.htm>

Convention: Mountain-Con 1 (Media and Fandom Convention)

Date: Saturday, September 24

Location: Red Lion Hotel Downtown, Salt Lake City, Utah

Guests: To Be Announced

Cost: \$15 General Admission (until August 31) \$20 General Admission (after September 1)

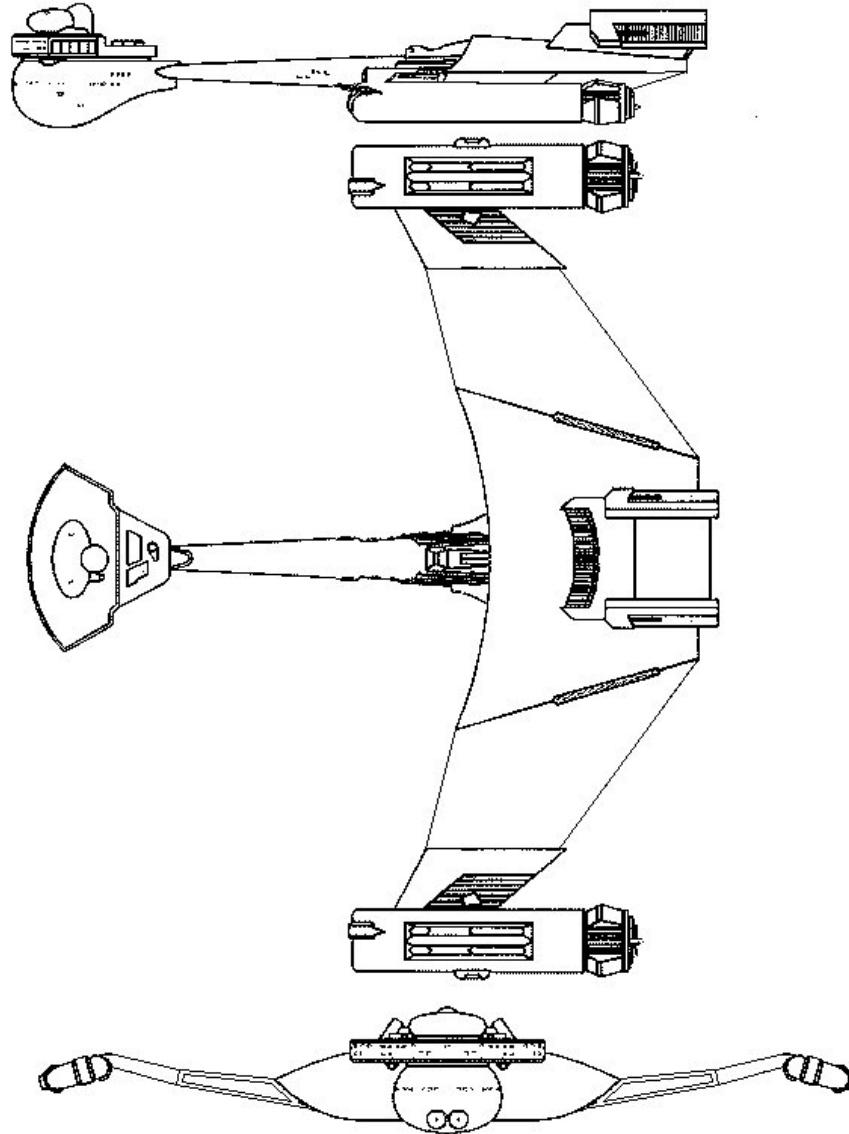
Website: <http://www.MountainCon.org>

Note: This is the fan run convention that several Seventh Fleet members are involved in developing

## ***DRAFTING ROOM NUMBER FIVE***

### **DEATHBIRD CLASS STARSHIP**

Original Design by PT Riley (<http://users.sisna.com/roguewing1>)



#### **STATISTICS:**

CLASS: Deathbird  
 LENGTH: 167 Meters  
 WIDTH: 186 Meters  
 Height: 33 Meters

#### **NOTES:**

Conceived as a bridge between the D-7 series and the Bird of Prey, the Deathbird has proven to be a formidable opponent whenever it has been faced. The combination of a cloaking device and two forward firing torpedo tubes is devastating. It has been theorized that, though smaller and lighter, a Deathbird actually outguns the larger D-7.

## ***DATABANKS: STAR TREK CHRISTMAS SONGS***

To end our 2004 Winter edition, here are some silly songs for you to sing. May you all have a wonderful holiday season! =)

### **Let It Snow (sung by: Jean Luc Picard)**

Oh, the vacuum outside is endless,  
Unforgiving, cold, and friendless,  
But still we must boldly go--  
Make it so, make it so, make it so!

### **Winter Wonderland (sung by: Jean Luc Picard)**

We've just passed, Starfleet inspection  
Just plot a course --- any direction  
We're gonna explore, where none have  
before,  
Cruising in the starship Enterprise

On my starship, I can run a program  
And pretend that I am Dixon Hill  
Walk into my office and then --- oh man!!  
My secretary 's making out with Wil...

I need a break, from Wesley's whinin'  
I'll have some tea --- then talk to Guinan  
A nice quiet chat, about her new hat,  
Cruising in the starship Enterprise

### **Deck The Halls (sung by: William Riker)**

Here's a vexing Christmas riddle:  
(Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la, la la)  
Why must I play second fiddle?  
(Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la, la la)  
How can I impress Deanna  
(Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la la la)  
When I'm number two banana?  
(Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la, la la)

Girls find him so cute and cuddly  
(Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la, la la)  
(He) thinks his beard makes him so studly  
(Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la, la la)  
Sleeps around, does what he pleases...  
(Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la la la)  
Spreading outer-space diseases  
(Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la, la la)

### **God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen (sung by: Wesley Crusher)**

I'm at Starfleet Academy,  
And I'd just like to say  
I miss the opportunity

To weekly save the day--  
To make things worse, I have to be  
In some dumb Christmas play!  
Yes, I'm bright, though I'm just a  
teenaged boy,  
Only a boy,  
And the Enterprise was my most favorite  
toy!

I study hard, I do my best  
I really try and try ---  
(But) Sternbach and Okuda  
Are finding ways for me to die  
I'm such a charming little tyke  
It's such a vicious ploy  
"Maim that child" was just overheard from  
Troi,  
Counselor Troi (!)  
I guess starships might not be the place  
for boys

### **Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas (by: Deanna Troi)**

I get no surprises out of Christmas--  
Presents leave me blue--  
I know what they're giving me  
Before they do.

Who wants to be Betazoid at Christmas?  
I read Jean-Luc's mind:  
"What's the cheapest gift for Troi that I  
can find?"

Geordi thinks I'm a "Beta-bore"--  
Worf likes Data more--by far.  
Wes to Mom takes his whinin', or,  
Sobs to Guinan o'er the bar.

In Will's dreams I'm in a reindeer costume  
Bare at breasts and thighs--  
He as Santa merrily  
His whips applies.

Oh, Christmas is no fun aboard the  
Enterprise.

**Jingle Bells (sung by: Data)**

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells,  
Jingle all the way!  
Oh, what fun it is to ride  
In a one-horse open sleigh--

or so I am reliably informed; lacking a subjective and intuitively perceived referent for the term "fun," I am able only to report the phenomenon as experienced by others, whose individual perceptions somewhat color the ---

yes, sir.

**White Christmas (sung by: Worf)**

I'm dreaming of a dead Pakled,  
Just like the one in Rec Deck Eight.  
They all think they've hidden,  
But this one didn't,  
And I'm using him as bait.

I'm dreaming of a dead Pakled--  
Their mental skills are rather lame.  
May your foes die sonless, in shame--  
And I hope you're wishing me the same!

**Chestnuts Roasting on an Open Fire (sung by: Worf)**

Phasers flashing in the depths of space,  
Ripping up an airtight hull;  
Signs of fear on your enemy's face,  
And life-support signs reading null!

Ev'rybody knows a Romulan's a spineless  
foe

Who lacks the Klingon will to fight!  
Phaser beams set his torso aglow--  
He'll find it hard to breathe tonight!

He knows that Worf is on his way!  
And soon he'll be the object of the verb "to  
slay"!

And ev'ry slinking Rom and Pakled spy  
Will soon become the subject of the verb  
"to die"!

And so I'm offering this simple threat  
To Roms, and all Ferengi, too:  
You'll be as dead as a life-form can get--  
Merry Christmas to you!



"Ah crap, the instructions are in Huttese...!"

***END FILE: TICUNDERUGA TRANSMISSIONS***