

# TICONDEROGA

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## TRANSMISSIONS

Spring/Summer 2020



# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome, Greetings, Salutations and y'l'el! Welcome to the spring / summer 2020 issue of the Ticonderoga newsletter. This issue finds the intrepid crew of the Ticonderoga going boldly where none of us have gone before....nowhere!

What a difference a few months can make in the state of the world.

From just a few weeks backwards perspective, we had free reign to come and go with out a worry in the world. Work, meetings, family reunions, club meetings....all gone...or are they?

The spirit and ability to adapt is one of the most beautiful traits to behold. From the depths of quarantine came ZOOM! How blessed we are to live in a world that is able to bring out the best in humanity even while unable to meet face to face.

Charity groups stepping up to assist with the massive uptick in needy families and individuals, clubs reaching out with a helping hand, a call, or just a friendly email, families getting in contact with one another more than ever to assure that all is well.

In the Winter edition, I wrote "We are living in a time that has a plethora of media, articles and attitudes of division and intolerance. Far too often we see an individual or a group that states "Either you are with me, or you are my enemy!" Although we still see that attitude, what a silver lining it is to see the human race show more of what we could become with a hand out rather than a fist raised.

**"If mankind is to survive, he (and she) will have to learn to take a delight in the essential differences between men and Cultures"** —Gene Roddenberry

So here once again, along with the quote from Gene that is more appropriate today than it was 3 months ago, is my wish for the crew members of the Ticonderoga moving forward into 2020...keep yourself healthy, keep yourself safe, keep yourself happy so that you can, in turn, do so for those who cannot.

As always... *QaQ jaj laD* "It is a good day...to read"

The Newsletter Staff



# THE FERengi TRADER



THE SPIRIT ANIMAL OF THE TICONDEROGA LIVES ON...AND PLAYS ON!



# THE FERengi TRADER



ONCE THE TICONDEROGA HAD A SPIRIT ANIMAL — TURTLE!! SO, HERE'S SOME TURTLE TOYS! :)





### **SEVENTH FLEET — PULSAR LAUNCH**

Where: Who knows...

Description: Come and join the fleet as we embark on an away mission to join the newly minted addition to the Fleet, the USS Pulsar!

### **USS TICONDEROGA — WEDNESDAY MONTHLY MEETING**

Where: Roy Utah Library...Someday

Description: The members of the USS Ticonderoga, along with friends, will be gathering in their homes. Everyone is encouraged to virtually attend and bring a friend!

### **USS KELLY — KELLY — SATURDAY - RPG**

Where: Who knows...

Description: The USS Kelly Tactical Department invites you to stay home for a night of virtual RPG.

### **USS TICONDEROGA — AWAY MISSION....STAY AWAY!**

Where: Ogden, Utah...or where ever your home is

Description: The intrepid members of the USS Ticonderoga will be socially distancing and not getting together...for now!

### **USS TICONDEROGA — STAR PARTY / ROCKET LAUNCH**

Where: TBD

Don't join the USS Ticonderoga and her crew as they don't form an away team to gaze at the stars and launch some awesome rockets.

For a list of all the activities in the 7th fleet, look for us at  
<http://www.seventhfleet.org/> OR <https://www.ussticonderoga.org>



## HAPPENINGS FROM AROUND THE FEDERATION



### **MAKE IT SO! THE *TREK* TO COME IN 2020...SOMEDAY**

2020 will be a memorable year for Star Trek fans. Where to begin? Patrick Stewart will be back as Jean-Luc Picard in season 2. The new series premiered in January 2020. We know that many of the characters from Next Gen and Voyager will be a part of the crew. Star Trek: Discovery will return for its third season. Plus a wide range of wonderful fan events across the globe...maybe.



### ***STAR TREK DISCOVERY* — SEASON 3 WILL RETURN...WE HOPE!**

Season three of Discovery will kick off in mid 2020 and, when it does, viewers will see not just Burnham, Saru and Tilly in action again, but we will be able to find out what has befallen the crew of the USS Discovery. Season 3 will most likely follow suit later this year...we hope!



### ***STAR TREK* — EXPLORING NEW WORLDS APRIL THRU SEPTEMBER 2020 ...BUT I WOULD CHECK YOUR AVAILABILITY BEFORE DRIVING OUT.....**

Fifty years after a show with modest ratings called Star Trek first aired, its stories continue to echo worldwide. Its famous opening line, “To boldly go where no one has gone before,” encapsulates the heart of this iconic series: the dare to hope for a better world. Coming to the Skirball in spring/summer 2020, this fully immersive exhibition will showcase Star Trek’s significant impact on culture, art, and technology through more than 100 rare artifacts, set pieces, and props, plus state-of-the-art photo and video interactives.



### **STAR TREK THE CRUISE & DESTINATIONS**

Who are we kidding....don't you dare get on a cruise ship or you'll be stuck there for months. :)



### **DESTINATION STAR TREK — CONVENTION EUROPE RETURNS OCT 25TH - 27TH ... MAYBE.**

Fans in Europe are already counting the days until the next Destination Star Trek event, which will once again (Maybe) be held at the NEC in Birmingham, UK, from October 25-27. Among the guests set so far... George Takei and Michelle Forbes. (Possibly) Keep an eye on [DestinationStarTrek.com](http://DestinationStarTrek.com).





## STAR WARS — THE MANDALORIAN SEASON 2

The Mandalorian series that took place after the events of Return of the Jedi and before The Force Awakens, and followed a lone Mandalorian gunfighter and his ward, “The Child” concluded this past December as well. This October we will see the season 2 premier.....or sometime at any rate.

O Already shown from the series were galaxy familiars, such as Stormtroopers, IG 88, and a whole slew of scum and villainy. We must be cautious!!



## BATTLESTAR GALACTICA — ALL CON 2020 ....UNLESS IT GOT CANCELLED.

Come and join us for the 20th Anniversary Celebration of Battlestar Galactica at All-Con 2020 alongside the cast of the Original Series that will be in attendance. Dirk Benedict, Laurette Spang, Terry Carter, Herbert Jefferson Jr., Anne Lockhart, Sarah Rush, Jack Stauffer and more will be congregating in Dallas. Have an away mission to help the last remaining humans find a place called...Earth!!



## STAR TREK CONVENTIONS 2020 ....TBD

There will be many more local conventions to book and cancel, so keep a watch out and enjoy the away missions from home this year!

(Ok folks, after reading the past three sections, if you didn't find the humor in that, lets get on the line cause ya'll need a cheer-up!)

# A CIVILIZED MAN, PART 2

BY LYNDA CARRAHER

"Not yet. Not if I can help it." "I'm blind, you idiot! And I let a Terran take me! There's no place ... no p-place..." He trailed off as a convulsive tremor shook his lean form. McCoy held him down, held the clawing hands away from the crude bandaging until the seizure ran its course and the Thanlonn went limp. McCoy hauled him to the floater and used their two belts to lash him to the railing. He studied the alien controls in the thin moonlight and threw toggle switches until he found the right one. The floater hummed upright, yawing violently, and McCoy hauled on the textured handgrips until he achieved a precarious balance. In the process, he discovered that the socket-mounted handles also acted as a throttle, controlling his forward speed. It was harder than it had looked when the Thanlonn had done it, and McCoy, muscling the floater over the rough ground, gained a new respect for the strength of the alien. He began to have some understanding of why being "taken" by a mere Human would be such a humiliating experience that he would say he preferred death. But did he? Had he said it, or was that the pain talking? Another light flashed on the panel, beeping, the third one to send an untranslatable signal since McCoy had thrown every switch he could find in his attempt to get the thing off the ground. He had no attention to spare for it, no time to worry over what it might mean. He should have. His first real indication of malfunction was when the noiseless craft suddenly began to emit a long, high whine.

The floater almost simultaneously lurched straight up like an alpha spike on a brain-wave scan, and a jet of flame burst from the hemisphere beneath his feet. He had no chance to decide whether to bail out or ride it down; it careened wildly and then crashed, sending him spinning, sliding, rock and bramble tearing at him until he slowed and stopped. Really stopped, body and brain, for the first time since he'd pushed the boiling food packet into the used-to-be face of the Thanlonn. Stopped, on hands and knees like a dumb beast, torn, bleeding, shaking, pounding at the ground with one slow-motion fist, hammering at the mute and unresisting earth, like a great clock striking somewhere, pounding slowly, and some voice in the back of his mind tolling out the rage and the frustration and the futility -- damn ... damn ... DAMN ....

\* \* \* Dawn, and the mist rising slowly from the damp ground.

Dawn, and the swollen red eye of Ka'ar floating up over the ragged horizon like the eye of a drunk coming off a four-day binge. Dawn, and McCoy walked slowly, the sleep cracking and flaking off his mind like the dried blood cracking and flaking off

his face. He rolled to his knees, the movement waking him fully with pain, and knee-walked the few meters between himself and the Thanlonn. Somehow, last night, after the crash, after his own descent into impotent anger, he'd pulled the limp and unresisting figure loose from the tangled frame of the floater, found the pack, and covered him, wondering if there was any point in the action, if there would be life under the blanket in the morning or only cold and stiffening meat. Remembered alien biology, years back, guided his hand to the pulse point in the throat. The skin was hot, dry, dusty feeling, the pulse hammering faint and fast. How fast was it supposed to be? That, he couldn't remember. Faster than a Human's, he thought; slower than a Vulcan's. He wished he hadn't remembered those two reference points. Either presence now would have been welcomed. A strength to lean on, a mind to draw on. Not this ... this disfigured lump of flesh, alien in mind and body, convinced only of the innate savagery of sentient beings; this killer, pursuer, captor, victim ... all of these by turn. He took his hands away from the leathery throat, flexing his fingers, trying to work the stiffness out of them. "Damn you, Doctor." The voice startled him; he had not been aware the Thanlonn was conscious. "You had my life in your hands. Why did you not take it?" "Because it was ... in my hands. You're my patient." "I am your death sentence. We were only a day's walk from the Ka'ardeshi village when you took the floater. Alone, you just might make it. With me, you will not." "Don't get noble on me. I'm responsible for the shape you're in." "Not noble. That is your word, your idea. Never ours. When you took me, you took my life. And now you will not give me my death. Damn you, Doctor." "Save your breath. You're going to need it." "For what?" "Our walk. I know roughly where we are, what direction the Ka'ardeshi village is from here. A day's walk, you said. In this kind of country, that's about forty clicks." "Then go. Take the pack, and go. I will not." "You will, if I have to drag you. As for the pack, forget it. I'll tell you what's left of your survival gear, Thanlonn. A blanket, a belt knife, the lighter, some fishing gear, and a bottle of pills that could be anything from water purification pellets to suicide caps -- and if you think I'd believe you if you told me what they were, forget it. There are no more food packs, no water, no direction finder that I can use. Now come on." He put an arm under the Thanlonn's thin shoulders and tugged him to his feet. "I can not see. How can I walk?" "Hang on to my belt. Let's go." For a healthy man, a rested man, a sighted man, it would have been a challenge. For these two, battered by their mutual



violence, burned, blinded, exhausted at its beginning, it was torture. They were still climbing, toward the crested ridge McCoy knew he could follow to the village, toward help; and even though the slope was gentle, it was rock-strewn and treacherous. The top loomed before him like a neverending wave crest that seemed to move away even as he advanced on it. He could hear the Thanlonn's breath whistling through the breathing slits, hot and fetid on the back of his neck, could smell the peppery musk of the race, and something sweetly nasty growing under the filthy, ragged bandaging across the ruined eye stalks. The weight of the alien on his belt was like an anchor, and a slow rage warred inside his mind.

You'll never make it, not with him. I can't leave him out here to die. He'd do it to you, in a minute. I'm responsible for the man's injuries, dammit! You were defending yourself. If you'd killed him back there at the campsite, would you have regretted it? Yes. Really? Mid-morning, and the crest only meters away. From somewhere in the brush, swarms of gnat-like insects rose, drawn by sweat or blood or both, settling on the open cuts on his face, clotting around his eyes and nostrils. He slapped at them with both hands, the cloying smell of their crushed bodies making his stomach roll. He felt the swing of weight on his belt as the Thanlonn stumbled, and then another tug, at his side, at the belt knife as it was jerked free. McCoy swung around, breaking the handhold, arched his body in an outward curve as the knife whistled past his belly, snagging the front of his shirt and ripping it open. Fury erupted in him. "You stupid damn lizard! What are you doing?" There was no answer; just a step toward him and another swing of the knife. "You can't even see me, you dumb bastard!" "I do not need to see you, Terran. I can smell you -- you stink like a ndagz'l rotting on the beach! And I can hear you." He cocked his head, bird-like, and moved his free hand, palm up, searching like a sensor dish. "And I can feel your body heat. We are more evenly matched than you think." As if to demonstrate, he made an uncannily accurate lunge, the blade streaking out. McCoy shifted, and the Thanlonn's free hand clamped down on his wrist, jerking him in for a thrust that sliced through his shirt and laid his ribs open. McCoy hooked one foot around the Thanlonn's leg and pulled his feet out from under him. They went down in a tangle, and McCoy caught a bony elbow under his chin as he landed on his back in the rocks. He squirmed out from under the other's weight, and lunged across him, fists driving at the chest and the ruined face, pinning the knife arm with one knee. The Thanlonn jerked both legs up, throwing McCoy off balance, and landed a glancing kick in the Human's groin. McCoy rolled away, gaining his feet, and went in head

down and swinging as the Thanlonn scrambled upright. Again, the knife swung, and McCoy caught the Thanlonn's wrist in both hands, bringing it down hard over his upraised knee. He heard the bone crack as the Thanlonn's momentum sent him cartwheeling, the weapon clattering to the ground. McCoy snatched the knife up and lunged again, his knees catching the small of the Thanlonn's back as he struggled to regain his feet. He went down hard, breath going out of him in an explosive grunt, and McCoy straddled him, swinging the blade up, up and back, for a final doublehanded blow that would end this, now, permanently. At the top of the swing, he stopped suddenly, realizing the Thanlonn had gone still, but tensed -- conscious, waiting. Waiting for McCoy to deliver the deathblow, to confirm what had been said that first night: "We are all killers, Terran. Even you." He realized suddenly what the purpose of the attack had been. "You will not give me my death,"

the alien had said. The Thanlonn wanted to die -- wanted to goad McCoy into killing him, because he could not live a cripple; because proving McCoy would kill was the only victory left to him. His hands, clenched around the blade's hilt, began to shake, the tremors running down his lifted arms, wracking the long muscles of his back and torso. He stood up, slowly. Transferred the knife to his right hand and threw it, as hard as he could, its metallic surface flashing in the sun. Then he dropped heavily to his knees, fighting down sickness at the beast revealed within him. "No," he panted. "No. I'm not going to kill today." He reached out one shaking hand and rolled the Thanlonn over. The bandaging was torn half away, revealing suppurating flesh that oozed a pinkish, foul liquid. The Thanlonn began to shudder, making strangled, gasping noises, trying to roll away again, and McCoy realized with a gut-wrenching certainty that the alien before him was crying -- great, gulping, choking sobs of utter defeat, of total, soul-shattering failure more bitter than a dying breath, naked and destroyed before an enemy he held in contempt. McCoy reached out again and touched a shoulder, both shoulders, as the Thanlonn attempted to pull away. Raised the battered and broken form to him, holding it close, as if he could transfer strength and comfort through the skin. "It's over," he said. "All over. We can make it. I know we can. Come on. Help me -- help yourself. Just a little further," he lied. "Just a ways. Get up. Please." There was no response now, not even the grotesque sobs. McCoy put his shoulder against the Thanlonn's chest, lifting him into a fireman's carry. He pushed up, staggering under the weight, and settled the Thanlonn's form more securely across his back. McCoy walked. The gnats followed them, swarming, feasting. A rhythm grew. Three steps, and wipe his face on his own shoulder to clear his nostrils and mouth. Three more steps, and a repeat.

Ka'ar climbed, reached its zenith, and began the long slide down, and McCoy walked. There were dancing lights behind his eyes, and a warm, sticky flow from his side. He walked, head down, and sucked at the thin air, and shifted the unresisting weight across his back and shoulders. The weight of his burden, the sun's heat, the insect swarm, his own horror at the savage revealed within him, melded together into a tide that battered steadily at the barriers of reality. Something deep within his subconscious mind, some last line of defense against gibbering madness, recognized the assault, curled around it, until physical reality retreated to some distant, objective plane that no longer had any actuality for him. In his own mind, he was clean, rested, strolling a neatly tended path with the Thanlonn -- whole and lucid -- walking companionably alongside. And they were talking about what it meant to be a civilized man, about the one way to shackle the beast within. The words rolled off his tongue, beautiful words about brotherhood and mutual trust and evolving together to the point where that decision -- I'm not going to kill today -- no longer had to be made consciously. And that the first step in achieving that level was to acknowledge its existence, to understand that the choice was always there, always your own. I'm not going to kill today. But if I do -- if I must -- that does not mean I cannot choose differently tomorrow.

It was a symphony of word and thought, and McCoy's only regret was that Jim was not there to add his eloquence; that Spock was not there to point out the pure and beautiful logic behind it. It was like rolling a great stone from the mouth of a sepulcher -- the striving, the pushing, the movement for a new angle of attack, and all for one goal. To open the dark pit where the soul of a man, of a race, lay entombed. Not dead -- never dead! -- but only sleeping, only waiting for the light to be revealed. And the stone did move, the light did stream in to illuminate and transfuse, and one alien creature, one thinking being, stood transfigured by the power of a thought. I can decide. I have that choice. I'm not going to kill today. They stopped then to seal the bond of understanding with a look and the beginnings of a handclasp. In a moment, they would cross the barriers of physical form and incompatible thought processes; they would build a bridge; they would be brothers. He was annoyed only that someone else seemed bent on intruding on the moment. There were voices in his ears, spouting words he didn't recognize, and he thought, Go away. Can't you see this is important, this moment, this gesture? Leave us alone. But the voices were stronger, more insistent, and the Thanlonn's figure was drifting away from him, the gesture incomplete, the bridge between them shattered. The neat path and the fading figure of the Thanlonn fell away. He was back on the ridge, with a weight on his back and sweat running into his





eyes. He blinked it away and raised his head. There were six of them, Ka'ardeshi hunters, with their game bags sagging empty, standing bandy-legged and cautious at this strange apparition, this half- Terran, half- Thanlonn specter, black with swarming gnats and dried blood. I'm hallucinating, he thought. Reality was back there, a moment ago, and this is just-- Then one of them stepped forward and touched him, and the last flickering ember of strength went out of his legs, and he sprawled forward with his face in the dirt and the weight of his burden pinning him down. Then the weight was gone and strong brown hands were turning him, lifting him, and there was water in his mouth and on his face and a tugging at his ruined shirt to expose the wound on his side. He pushed them away, struggling for his feet like a drunken man. "Help him," he forced out. "The Thanlonn. He's worse..." Golden, feline eyes sought mates in other Ka'ardeshi faces, then slid away to the tatter of rags and flesh they had pulled away from the Terran. McCoy followed their gazes, and he knew. Knew by the awkward, unmoving position, by the stillness of chest and throat, by the sudden quiet of the Ka'ardeshi, that the Thanlonn was dead. He threw off their restraining hands and staggered toward the unmoving form. "NO-O-O-O!" There was no sanity in it, no rationality. It was a maniac's howl at the waning moon, the shriek of a wounded beast, tormented beyond endurance. He dropped to his knees alongside the empty husk of flesh, gathered it in his arms as he had done once before. "No," he insisted. "Nonononooooohhhh ... " The head lolled back, the last shreds of cloth falling away to reveal the ruin, the lipless mouth stretched in a frozen grimace, mocking him. McCoy wept. Holding the Thanlonn against him like a mother with a dead child, neck bowed with grief for the alien, for himself, for victor and vanquished, not knowing which was which, no longer caring. Wept for a thousand-thousand years of civilization torn away to nothing when two man-beasts faced each other with murder in their hands and survival in their minds. Wept for his own failure as a physician and as a civilized man, for the Thanlonn who could not believe it was possible to choose not to kill, who died still not believing it. The Ka'ardeshi looked at him, looked at each other in silence as the late afternoon sun filtered through the tree branches and the insect sounds made a shrill counterpoint to the Human voice. McCoy wept.

THE END



## CREW DATABASE



### DAVE STOCK

*Where are you from and where are you now?*—Grew up in Utah. Still in Utah.

*Married/Single?*—Married

*Family?*—Yes

*Hobbies outside of Star Trek?*—V (That would be the series from the 80's known as “V”)

*Favorite Ticonderoga Club Memory?*—By the order of section 31. I am not allowed to report.

*Favorite Fan Encounter?*—Meeting fans at cons.

*Worst Fan Encounter?*—None yet.

*When did you first get into Sci Fi and with what series?*—V (Onse again, that would be the TV series known as “V”)

*Favorite series, Episodes, and Films in Star Trek?*—Ds9

*Favorite series outside of Star Trek?*—V (And for the third time, that would be the TV series known as “V”)

*What are some of your Dreams and Goals?*—To live for very long time.





## CREW DATABASE



### **ADMIRAL CARL STARK** (C'mon Admiral, that's funny!)

**Where are you from and where are you now?**—I grew up in Utah, I'm currently living in Utah. I've also lived in Idaho and I've visited a lot of states in the west. I would eventually like to see other countries such as Japan, Australia and the European continent.

**Married/Single?**— Why are you asking if I'm single? You know I'm married to the most wonderful woman in the world. Hell, she puts up with me so I must be doing something right.

**Family?**—Yes, I have several. My blood family (who are stuck with me, bwuahahahahaha) and my Star Trek family (Shout out to my Fleet peeps. Trekkies represent!!!!)

**Hobbies outside of Star Trek?**—My kids and family. I am an amateur World War II history buff. I love role playing games (the paper and dice kind). I follow the local sports teams in Utah. I enjoy video games that I can pause and come back to when real life gives me the time to play. I update wiki sites to share knowledge. I also read science fictions and fantasy books

**Favorite Ticonderoga activity?**—I remember the first USS Euphrates (our chapter in training name) meeting and activity. We met at the Clearfield Library and then took a tour of the Hill AFB Museum. William Shatner bragged about our club when we provided security for his Salt Lake convention in 1997. I loved the Ticonderoga movie promotions as well as the room parties the club put on at local conventions (pre-SLCC). I love the New Years Eve parties. My gosh there are a lot of events that I could list here.

**Favorite Fan Encounter?**—Avery Brooks yelled at a "fan" who was in the autograph line before me because he was there to get autographs to sell to others. When I pulled up next with my group autograph, he looked at it (and how old some of the autographs were on it) and then pointed at me and said that I was a real fan and this was the reason he came back to conventions.

**Worst Fan Encounter?**—I almost got into a fight with the manager of Dwight Schultz. It would take too long to explain here. So, ask me about it some time. I also had an encounter in the early 90's where I almost heard Patrick Ewing (the center for the New York Knicks) die while I was on the phone with him. Again, this would take way too long to explain so catch up with me.

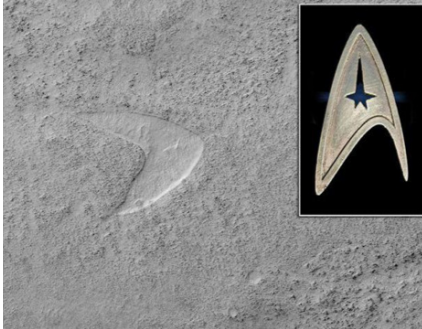
**When did you first get into Sci Fi and with what series?**—In the 1970's I remember watching Star Trek with my father and asking him questions like how did the ship move in space? How come they are not floating around if there is no gravity in space? I remember watching Star Wars: A New Hope in the theater (why were they always flying down the trench?) I also remember my family was big into Dune.

**Favorite series, episodes, and films in Star Trek?**—Favorite series: All. Favorite episodes: Mirror, Mirror (TOS), The Slaver Weapon (TAS), Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan (TMS), Yesterday's Enterprise (TNG), In The Pale Moonlight (DS9), The Thaw (Voyager), In A Mirror Darkly (Enterprise), Through the Valley of Shadows (Discovery). Enjoying the first season of Picard so I want to wait until the season concludes before deciding.

***Favorite series outside of Star Trek?***—Red Dwarf, Red Dwarf, Star Wars, Battlestar Galactica, Red Dwarf, Doctor Who, The Orville, Buck Rogers, Red Dwarf, Dune, MST3K, The Good The Bad and The Ugly, The Foundation series, The Stormbringer series, Lord of the Rings, Blackadder, Classic and cheesy horror films, oh and did I mention Red Dwarf. I also love 80's classic alternative and rock music. There are lots of other items as well. Oh, I almost forgot, Red Dwarf.

***What are some of your Dreams and Goals?***—I would love to travel and write. I would also love to be able to teach in a setting where people wanted to learn. I see the Fleet as an opportunity to help others improve themselves while having fun in the process. I also keep dreaming about a supreme pizza with medium sauce from Rita's Pizzeria for some reason. Some day I will make it into space even if it's only my ashes that do it. I also want my kids to be what every they want to be.





## AN ASTRONOMY CROSSWORD BY CREW-MEMBER ANNIE STEPHENS

Trek This...For Some Far Out Good Times

### Alpha Quadrant Word Clues

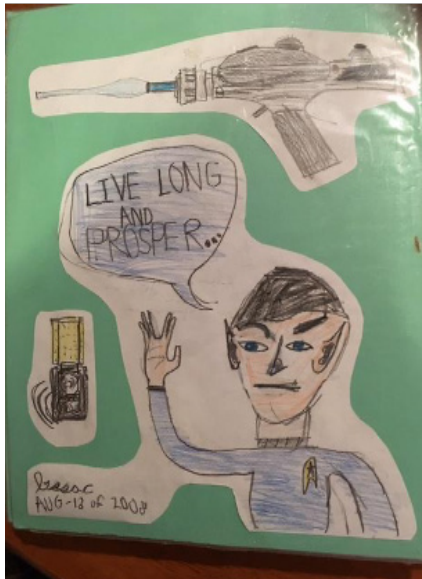
#### Across

- 1B Little known species from earth
- 1I Which one of these four will we boldly discover today?
- 2G The one and only...kind of
- 3H Contains 3 systems: sensor array, computer and recorder
- 4A You can't have just one
- 5J Welcome Aboard! We are going where no one has gone before!
- 6A Ultimate device using matter-energy conservation technology
- 8J Blue humanoids with a higher metabolic rate than humans
- 10F Furry and white, may or may not be cute
- 10P He would never stun his cat
- 12G A repressive interstellar government
- 14J Feature of space-time that facilitates FTL transit in the form of interstellar travel or the transmission of information
- 16I Area with a lot of plasma storms and gravitational anomalies and a little too close to the Cardassian border
- 18C This species did not work well for filming painted red
- 19M \_\_\_\_\_Breach!

#### Down

- 2A Tardigrade
- 12A The voyages of the starship Enterprise boldly went to all four quadrants in this place
- 6C Capt. Archer thought it would be wise for Starfleet to adopt this Vulcan protocol
- 6E KOL-UT-SHAN
- 13E "I am a nurse first, Dr. McCoy, and a member of the crew of the Enterprise second!"
- 14G Their silicon based bodies make them incompatible for mating with humans
- 5H 'Set phasers to \_\_\_\_\_!'
- 1J Translator circuit or UT
- 7M Synonymous with honor
- 14N 'Oh what a night!' for Vulcans
- 7P Personal Access Display Device
- 12P There are lots of these, including but not inclusive of corporeal, humanoid, anthropomorphic and artificial
- 2R 'Set \_\_\_\_\_ to stun!'
- 15R Einstein, Hawking and Newton sat in on this game
- 8S Capt. Picard could have married her

[illegible]



## A LOOK INSIDE WHAT THE TICO COLLECTIVE COLLECTS.— BRAD JACOBS

Collection: Scrapbooking

1. What do you collect/hobby and when did you start collecting/your hobby?

A passionate Hobby of mine is scrapbooking both Star Wars and Star Trek related items as I started with newspaper articles then went on from there and so on to gather, make a scrapbook and have a history of printed material of both series. I've separated the material into their respective genres in separate binders.

Well this happened in the very early 1990's as I would clip out some of the announcements in the movie section and the reviews for the movies from the newspapers that came out back then, put the clippings away which was not many at the time, Later I bought plain white card stock and taped the clipping on it and put them in a 3 ring binder. Another nudge was my ex-wife and I'll get into that later on.

2. What Sparked your interest with this Hobby/collecting these items?

As many of you know, I am a huge fan of both genres, there were a few things that led me down this path, one of which was I thought it would be cool to clip out just a few articles to save from each of the series that were published since for the most part with the newspapers and the like are read one day, put into the recycle bin or the garbage the next and knew had I did not clip out the printed stories and the like then it'd be more difficult to actually find them later on, this is my way of preserving and enjoying those articles, reviews, cartoons, etc. related to the T.V. program and Movie I enjoy so much. The second is my ex-wife, Mayloni She had a small collection of clippings here and there along with a few related items she had stashed away in a makeshift album. From there that is how the scrapbooking spark got started and grew into what it is today.

3. How did you come across some items with your Hobby/Collection?

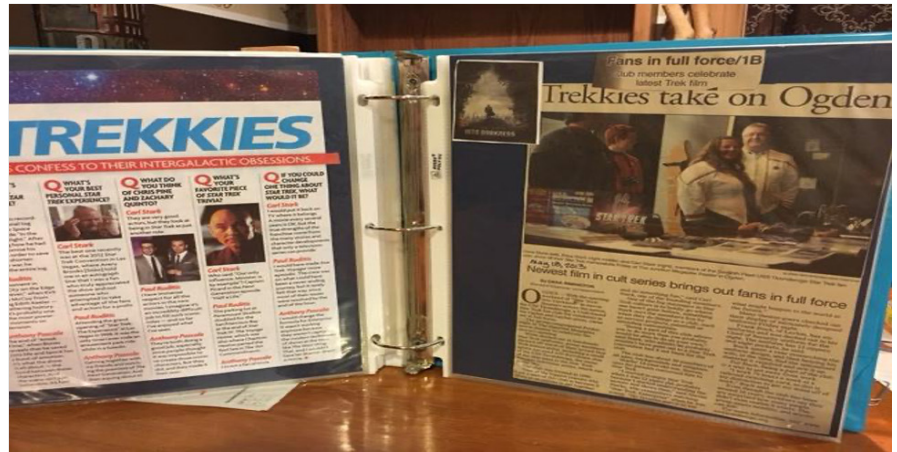
Early on it was looking through the local newspapers, scouting out, and finding the different related articles in print. Mind you, this was long before the internet was around where you can now just look anything up online.

I expanded to add promotional product packaging with the likes of Doritos (Promo for the Star Wars Special Edition 1997), Pizza Hut (SWSE), Burger King (SWSE, Star Trek reboot), Gogurts, M&Ms, Eggos, and more. As well as political cartoons of the time, comic strips, all of which had a direct reference to both series.

Some of the items I've found by thumbing through a random magazine in a lobby and asking for a copy of the featured write up, other items my Kids have saved for me such as a really cool Tony the Tiger Star Trek splash Ad from Kelloggs (Thanks K'Lar!!). A friend of mine, Emily in Salt Lake cuts out clippings, save them for me, She has been doing this for years. Another is a promotion from the United States Postal Service for each decade being represented in the 20th Century (1900-2000) and had a Star Trek stamp along with other stamps to signify the decade of the 1960's.

Just recently I bought a Marvels The Avengers comic book, was looking through it and lone and behold! A really cool early double page ad for the Original Star Wars toy line back in early 1979!! I was stoked!!





Okay this might sound weird, so there is a chocolate bar “Dagoba organic chocolate” saw this at a local Earth foods store and bought a few for two reasons ...One, I love chocolate and Two, the name...Dagoba---enuff said! And Yes I kept the wrapper and put it in my scrapbook!



4. What are some of your Favorite items with your Hobby/Collection?

A drawing my Cousin, Ian did on an envelope around Christmas time with Santa Claus frozen in carbonite with two Ugnaughts propping him up. He drew this up long before anyone else thought of this.

Some photos I took of the Cinedome 70 (A local twin screen movie theater, now gone) with the marquee saying “Star Wars”, “Empire”. An Awesome huge standee displayed of all the Star Wars characters in the main lobby area in the Cinedome 70. This was during the Star Wars Special Edition back in 1997.

A few Doritos bags I kepts from the SWSE promo, the bags were packaged with a free Star Wars pog inside which was a fad at that time.

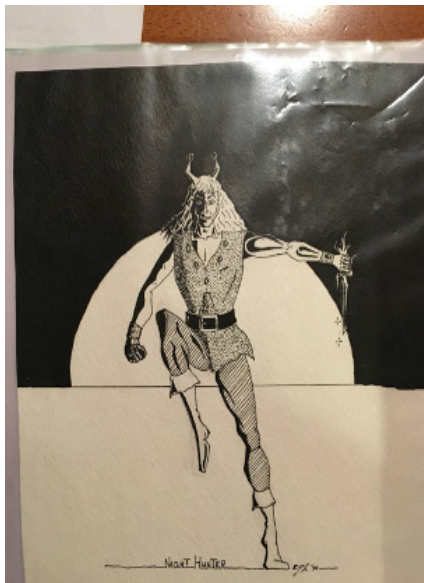
Several articles that have come out over the years commemorating the anniversaries from both series. The 25th, 30th, and 50th Anniversaries for Star Trek. The 20th Anniversary of Star Wars Special Edition and the 40th just a few years ago.

The 2007 Star Wars original trilogy postage stamps having all the characters on the stamps. Later in 2008 the postal service released another Star Wars stamp of Master Yoda. Oh! Oh! Oh! When masterfoods promoted Star Wars Episode III Revenge of the Sith back in 2005 with their products including the M&M packaging, having the M&M gang dressed up in Star Wars costumes on the wrappers Now that's Classic!

Other favorites include an ink drawing sent to me by a former Star Trek pen pal, Erik J Neilson of an Andorian ready to do battle and kick some behind! He was also a big Andorian fan. The recent release of the Star Trek postage stamps in conjunction with the 50th Anniversary of the Original Series (1966-2016) which are out of this world! A way fantastic drawing of a phaser, communicator, and Mr. Spock by my Son, Issac when he was 11 years old. An article I came across the internet when this Trek Fan, Line Rainville renovated her entire basement to look like you are on the U.S.S. Enterprise from her living room, a makeshift transporter, bedrooms, along with a 3-D chess board, a desk computer, and other props. Impressive! Copies of sketches from my good friend Ruth Burns drew.

Now this is a funny favorite of mine, a single panel cartoon of a man dressed as Spock and a woman dressed as Princess Leia gazing into each other's eyes, the caption says below “Even though Jack and Debbie were of different faiths, the love for each other was strong”





##### 5. Any Stories that stand out with any certain items in your collection/hobby?

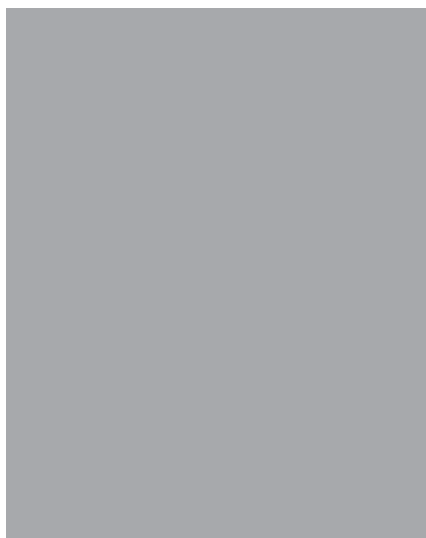
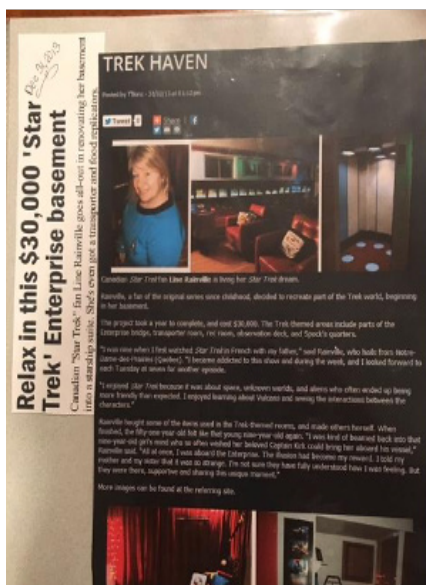
I had two Star Wars pen pals from the United Kingdom which both sent me a few things when we were corresponding. One of them, Anne Turner sent me a few photos of her at the Star Tours UK in front of a life size X-Wing Fighter, a display of a stormtrooper and Han Solo frozen in carbonite. Another pen pal, Paul Rogers sent over an article he was featured in attending a Children's Christmas party as Boba Fett in full armor and a membership form for kids in the U.K. to join 'Skywalkers' among other goodies. It is nice to have these unique things from the United Kingdom in my scrapbook.

Back in 1992 while visiting my Brother in Cedar City, Utah there was a StarFleet International Chapter, the U.S.S. Nokib'ral in the area. The Ships/Chapter's C.O. Spence Hill invited us to an activity to help clean up a stretch of road just east of the city, we accepted. A club member of the Nokib'ral worked for the local newspaper, took some photos and did a small write up promoting the Adopt-A-Highway program as well as that Chapter actively participating in this community program. Spence sent us a clipping of the short story when it was published.

An 'Empire Strikes Back' feature from a 1980 Family Circle magazine I randomly found in a box when looking through some discarded stuff my landlord left behind and no







longer wanted after he cleaned out the apartment basement. As I was thumbing through the magazine out of curiosity and found the featured story. I was totally Blown Away and very excited to have an original publication talking about 'Empire'!

A homemade card I received in the mail from our own then Chief Medical Officer, Karrie Buck inviting me back to the Ship with information on the next monthly meeting date scheduled at the library since I'd been MIA due to life for a while, She was kind enough to send the card.

Being interviewed for my then Star Wars memorabilia collection right before Star Wars Episode I The Phantom Menace premiere. This was the direct result of Me displaying my Star Wars art at the Children's Museum of Utah in Salt Lake City, Utah.

The STAR Magazine published a special Star Trek Edition issue what was cool about this particular issue was the STAR interviewed our own Admiral Carl Stark! A side paragraph with a photo with fans in Las Vegas, Nevada trying to break the Guinness Record for the most Trek fans I recognized two individuals in the sea of fans was none other than Admiral Dennis Hollinger and Commodore Richard Henline! It is always a treat to see our Trek Family in National published magazines such as this!

6. What other items do you enjoy collecting/Hobby if any?

Yes...I also enjoy collecting trading card sets mainly Star Wars and Star Trek, although I do have a number of other complete card sets as well. In addition to my Star Wars collection, the Force draws me near to Master Yoda merchandise and have a collection of the 900+ year old Jedi Master. Buttons and pins--a small collection ranging from my love of Science Fiction to Superheroes and some pins and buttons from various States that both myself and friends have picked up for me.





## HERE ARE A FEW BITS OF HISTORY AND WISDOM, PAST AND PRESENT, FROM THE CREW OF THE TICONDEROGA!

A large part of every fandom is the portion that allows us to become a part of the story in one way or another.

Some examples of the way that we do this, and it is a favorite of many of us, is through collectibles, comics, costuming, etc. For this edition of the newsletter, we are going to focus on TRADING CARDS!

It does not matter what genre you love, it is a good bet that you can find a set of trading cards to go along with it...or many sets!

For this feature, we have got several collectors stories about where, why, when and how they got into collecting trading cards.

So enjoy the stories, pictures, and if you ask nice, maybe even a few cards may come your way from the folks here at the newsletter staff.



## DO THEY COME WITH A STICK OF BUBBLE GUM?

My Journey with Trading Cards

Lt Brad Jacobs

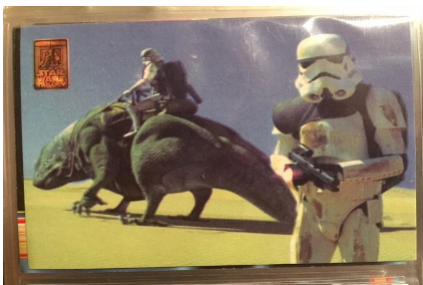
My Interest with trading cards goes back to the time when Star Wars was first released, a few of the recollections I have is going with my Mom to the local (old school) drug store and seeing the Star Wars card packs right there by the gum and candy as my Mom took care of whatever business she had with the store.

As a 7 year old kid I was fixated on the card packs as it was Star Wars and of course I noticed bubble gum came with the cards that was a bonus. I do not recall if my Mom bought me a pack or two for me, She probably did when we checked out that was the kind of person she was.

I also remember very vividly being at the Albertsons grocery store shopping with my parents and noticing the single Star Wars promotion cards tucked in with the loaves of wonder bread! These two experiences got me on a path of collecting trading cards as a hobby and the like from an early age.

What was cool about buying the packs of the trading cards they always came with a stick of bubble gum and when you opened the pack the cards smelt like gum! As you chewed your gum you enjoying looking at the new cards you just purchased and that bubble gum smell \*inhale\*! Okay I bought the cards just for the stick of gum.....just kidding. Little did I know it sparked a passion in me.

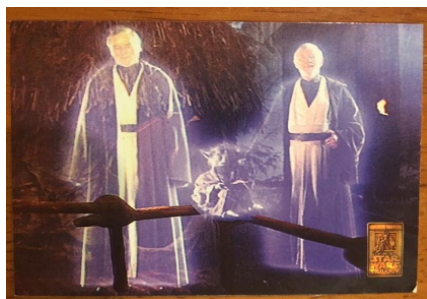
Now early on it was the line of Star Wars trading cards I picked up as they were released for each movie from 1977 to 1983. Unfortunately I was not able to obtain every set that was put out back then. I did however manage to get my hands on a number of the original Star Wars Trading cards, sets, and stickers that came with them.





The first line of these were produced and printed by Topps in the beginning and ran the line throughout the late 1970's and early 1980's. Topps also continued printing several other Star Wars related cards for years to come.

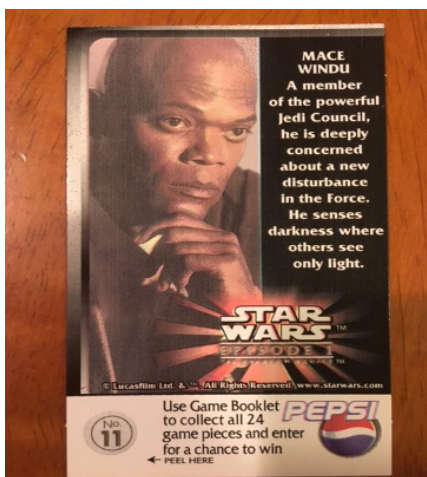
Later the realization hit me that there were other varieties of trading cards out there in addition to Star Wars where my focus was, so I broadened my scope of the hobby and ventured out and boy did I get bit with the bug with this hobby! And at the time the word "Collector" or "Collecting" did not occur to me as I just enjoyed it.



The trading cards expanded from long ago and far away to closer to home, As I will mention just a few cards and trading card sets that I've crossed paths over time.

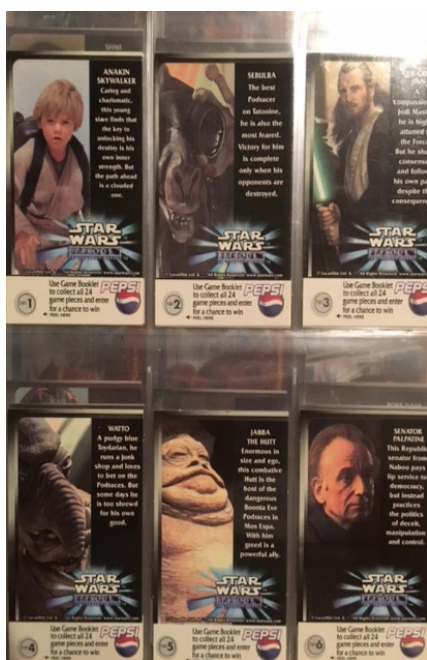
E.T The Extra Terrestrial came out in 1982. Yes that lonely lost gentle Alien left behind befriended by a young boy that helped E.T. 'Phone Home' to a Galaxy far, far, away. Purchasing a lot of E.T. card packs I finally got the complete set of these cards of this wonderful story. As with Star Wars Topps also printed the E.T. merchandise.

At a yard sale I came across singles and sticker cards of this ragtag fugitive Fleet, a Battlestar known as Galactia searching for Earth with the Cylon Empire hot on their tails! I managed to pick up what they had at the time. This 1978 version was also printed by Topps. A second BSG set was released in 2004 by Rittenhouse Archives with all 24 episodes represented. I have this one all complete.



V or 'Visitors' was a groundbreaking Television mini series and later a regular run series back in the early 1980's. They came from far beyond our Solar System with their (scaley) hands out as our friends or so they said?? This was a fun one to bring into the card haven! Aliens that looked like Humans but were not Humans as we found out later in the series. The complete set chronicles the mini series. Fleer was the Company who printed the trading cards for the V franchise.

"Beneath the surface lies Future...." in the 21st Century with the Seaquest DSV! Also a very nice complete card set washed ashore to be a part of the collection. Based on the 1993 Television series. Again these cards as well as others came with randomly inserted extra cards along with the regular ones. Just so happened to get most of the inserts with the packs I purchased.

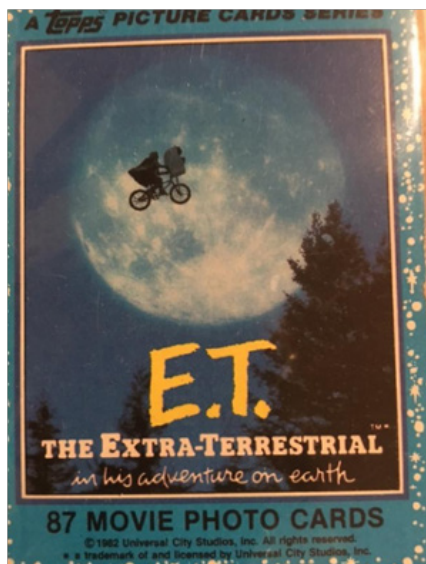


The Final Frontier awaits to explore Strange New Worlds with really far out and groovy funky looking trading cards from this series set in the 23rd Century...and beyond. Now most of you know there are many singles, cards, sets, sticker cards, etc out there with this huge group of card collectibles and yes I have several ranging from The Original Series to Voyager! As with my Star Wars card collection My Star Trek card collection is just as impressive! These two are the majority of my trading card collectibles (not surprising huh?).

As with the a few of my others card sets, there was an opportunity recently to purchase a M\*A\*S\*H complete trading card set! This was from the tail end of the series back in 1982 and gotta tell ya the cards are in fantastic shape!

There are more added with this collection to many to mention and let me leave this with you, over the years since my youth this hobby has turned into a collection and a passion for collecting cards from my favorite Movies, TV shows and related items even to this day as an Adult and continue to enjoy this passionate hobby of mine.

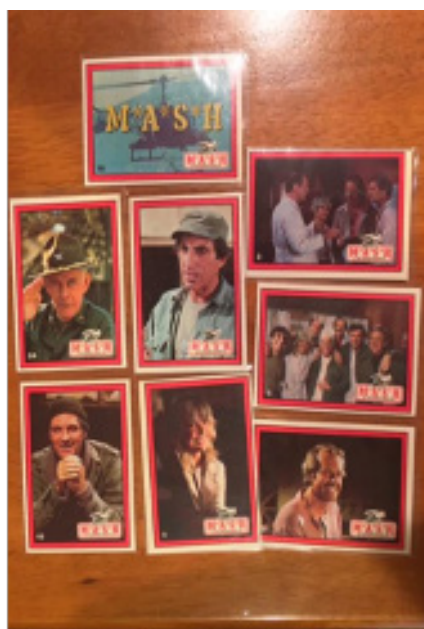




Both a few cards of my E.T. The Extra Terrestrial card set depicting a Alien from a galaxy far, far, away might I add) getting stranded on Earth and befriends a young boy. This was printed in 1982 and these are the original prints of the movie cards.





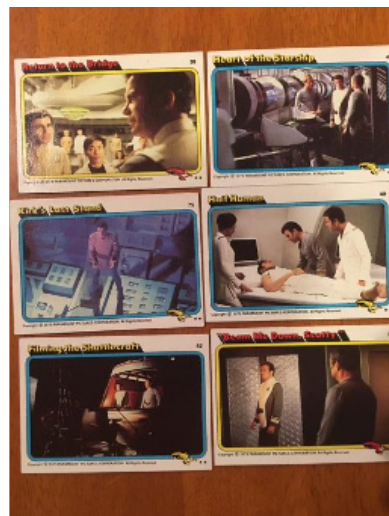
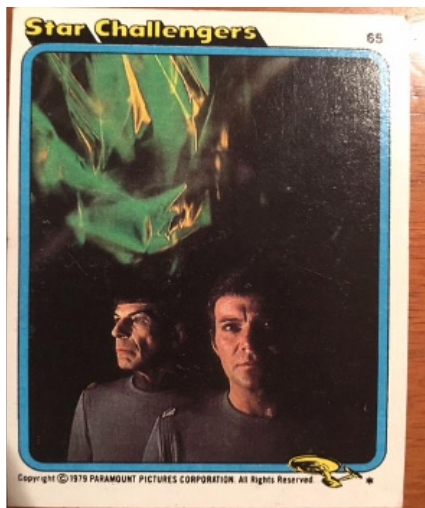


Next up M\*A\*S\*H card set from again 1982 also the original print as you can see the cards were portraying the latter part of the M\*A\*S\*H series since there was no Frank Burns (Larry Linville) or Trapper John (Wayne Stevens) in any of the photos.





My Star Trek TOS card set for the 40th anniversary of this beloved television series. printed in 2006 and was made to look like a retro kind of a card set. On the front of the card has a single picture and on the back a puzzle to a larger photo of the series just like the ones back in the day!



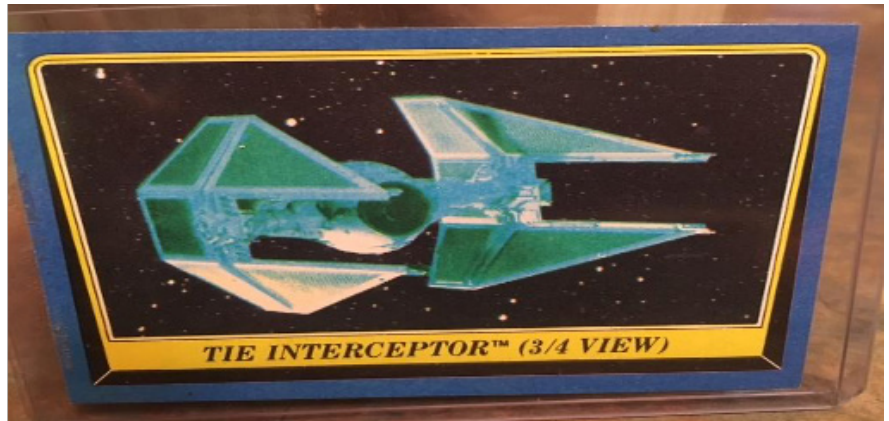
Battlestar Galactica cards too.





## ISSAC JACOBS COLLECTION

Return of the Jedi topps cards ----- Years ago I went to Endzone and after looking around I bought an unopened Topps card pack of star wars return of the Jedi for 1983 which comes with 10 cards 1 sticker and 1 stick of bubble gum the cards and sticker are in mint condition, however the unsurprising gum broke up and I have every card protected as well the packaging and will keep them till the end of time. Star Wars playing cards ----- I bought these cards at the layton DI in the collectibles area and after I brought them home they remained untouched until my dad asked if I had any other cards I did so I pulled the several pages of star wars cards after he took the pictures and some chatting about them I researched them and wrote every single one down from common to rare as well reorganized each page it took a several hours to do but it was worth it and when my dad brought his cards I was able to give him extra cards that I discovered the same day my dad took the pictures but after he left and he was able to give me some cards when he came over but not as many that I gave him



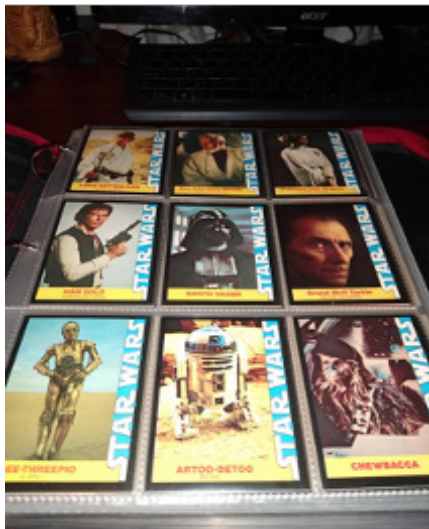


## DENNIS MOYES COLLECTION

These cards are from Dennis Moyes Collections they are STTOS cards from the 1991 25th Anniversary edition (1966-1991). This series came with both STTOS and TNG cards together in the same series. The TOS ones had the dark blue borders and the TNG ones had a maroon border.







## BLUE BORDERS & WONDER BREAD

My journey into trading cards – Damon Ricks

Every once in a while we have to go back in time to get to the beginning of a story. Sometimes we have to go waaay back. This is one of those times.

The year was 1977 and a small little space opera had just hit theaters. Then it went ballistic! Kids from all over the world fell in love with Star Wars and wanted more than anything to be a part of galaxy Far Far Away. I was seven years old and fell in love too. One of the best aspects of these new movies were the trading cards that came along with it.

Initially there were two sets that I was able to get from my folks. The first was the original release set with the blue border. Each pack came with 10 cards, a sticker card and a piece of gum. The subsequent sets came with different color borders. Yellow, Orange, Red and Green. I spent hours looking at the images, reading the backs and falling deeper in love with Star Wars. Back then, we didn't have DVD or even home video, so this was the best way to live in that galaxy every day!



As the weeks went by from the initial release of the films, everyone wanted to be a part of the madness, even Wonder Bread. And I could not have been happier. Every week my Mom and us kids would go to the hostess outlet store which carried wonder bread as well. I looked forward to these trips because each loaf came with a Star Wars trading card inside! I would check each loaf until I had one that included a card that I needed, and that's the one we would get to take home.

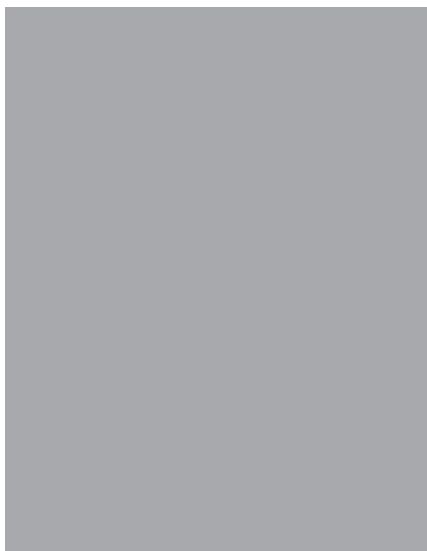
From those early days as a young boy, I gained my love for trading cards. Since that time, I have worked on collecting every set that I can in the Star Wars line of cards. The range of cards and sets include multiple "Chase" cards along with specialty stickers, autograph and artwork exclusives is truly expansive, and has grown to include thousands of cards.

Although I have other sets from Dr Who and Star Trek, the sheer enormity of collecting over 40 years worth of Star Wars Topps trading cards has limited my focus to completing those series. That's what makes it so much fun to to share and enjoy other collections that friends, old and new, have brought together.

So here are a few of the cards from my journey through the 70's, 80's 90's and 2000's to now. Enjoy!











## ANIMAL SPIRIT GUIDES OF THE SEVENTH FLEET

By Admiral Carl Stark

"A-koo-chee-moy-a. We are far from the sacred places of our grandfathers. We are far from the bones of our people. But perhaps there is one powerful being who will embrace this woman and give her the answers she seeks." Chakotay- The Cloud, Stardate: 48456.2

In the Star Trek: Voyager episode "The Cloud ", Commander Chakotay introduces Captain Janeway to her Animal Guide. This guide offers spiritual guidance for the person. A spirit guide is unique but does not represent the individual. It also cannot be chosen as the animal guide has to choose them.

In the Seventh Fleet, we have adopted the tradition of having animal spirit guides for our chapters. Just as a spirit guide chooses the person, the chapter spirit guide selects the chapter. We have had several members ask if a specific spirit guide could be assigned to their chapter or even ask why that guide was chosen. We usually remind the individual that the spirit guide chooses the chapter.

When a new full chapter is commissioned, the Commander in Chief will send a list of spirit guide candidates to the chapter Captains and members of the Admiralty. Each flag officer will review the listing and traits of each spirit guide and decide which three spirit guides will match the traits that the chapter resembles or should strive for. These are not the only traits of the spirit guides as they can provide a wide variety of inspiration to the members of that chapter. These three selections are sent back to the CinC who places the candidates through a selection process. From this process, a spirit guide steps forward to accept the new chapter.

Once the spirit guide has selected the chapter, a member of the Admiralty will present a token representing the spirit guide at the chapter launching ceremony. This will be the first public announcement of the spirit guide and a highlight of the launching ceremony.

The following spirit guides have adopted these current and past chapters.

-The Bear represents power and adaptability. This guide selected the original USS Kelly, NCC-73400 as one of the first spirit guides.

-The Buffalo has the traits of sacredness and is a life builder. It was no surprise that this guide selected the USS White Buffalo, NCC-80116.

-The Cougar (also called the Mountain Lion) displays leadership and courage. This guide was attracted towards the members of the USS Essex, NCC-7101-A.

-Kindness, playful and representing a bridge between man and the ocean is what The Dolphin represented as it selected the USS Atlantis, NCC-52105-A.

-One of our newer spirit guides, The Elephant, brings about the traits of long life and self-preservation. This is the current spirit guide for the USS Kelly, NCC-73400-B.

-Sleek and powerful, The Hawk was a messenger and observer of the sky. This spirit guide selected the USS Retributor, NCC-74214.

-The Otter represents laughter, curiosity and is very mischievous. The USS



Ticonderoga, NCC-74676-A was selected by this spirit guide.

-The Phoenix holds the traits of purity, renewal, and change. This particular spirit guide represents the USS Valkyrie, NCC-63534.

-A new beginning and determination was the traits of The Ram. The spirit guide for the second USS Kelly, NCC-73400-A.



## Advice from an OTTER™

Take time to play

Keep your whiskers clean

Cherish clean water

Be spontaneous

Stay active

Don't be afraid to get your feet wet

Be otterly amazing!

🐾 Your True Nature® 🐾



## Advice from a SEA TURTLE™

Swim with the current

Be a good navigator

Stay calm under pressure

Be well traveled

Think long term

Age gracefully

Spend time at the beach!



Your True Nature®



[YourTrueNature.com](http://YourTrueNature.com)

# THE LAUGHING KLINGON JOKES, FUNNIES, ETC



*How many ears does Captain Kirk have? Three: a left ear, a right ear, and a final front ear.*

*If Mr. Spock has pointed ears, what does Mr. Scott have? Engineers.*

*What does a Romulan frog use for camouflage? A croaking device.*

*Real Trekkers work out at the He's Dead Gym.*







Gowron Eyes (the meme of the people)



*The Borg assimilated my species, and all I got was this lousy ocular implant.*

*Why did Worf change his hair color? It was a good day to dye.*

*Blonde Borgs have the same fun.*

*We have engaged the Borg. The wedding will be Friday.*



# CAPTAINS LOG

## WORDS OF WISDOM (OR OTHERWISE) FROM THE CAPTAINS READY ROOM.

(From an earlier edition, these words from our Captain are even more relevant now as we close on the year and prepare for 2020. Read, ask and assess once again!)

Greetings, Crew!

This is the captain speaking.

GRRRRR.... this is the captain growling

MOOOO.... this is the captain mooing.

I can do anything I want. I'm the captain.

?

What a wild year it's been so far. Aliens haven't arrived yet, but I'm not going to discount their arrival. ;)

2020 has definitely been a year to test our resiliency, and it's not showing any sign of stopping yet.

Remember to be gentle with yourself in these times. We are a family, and we're here for each other.

Wear a mask when you're out, to protect others.

Wash your hands to protect yourself.

Stand for justice.

Don't be afraid to love.

We'll keep rolling with the changes, standing for that which we believe, and doing our part to make Gene's vision of a peaceful future into a reality.

Now, go play!

--/\-- Erica

# CREDITS

**CHIEF EDITOR**

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DAMON RICKS

**EDITOR & COVER ART**

---

BRAD JACOBS

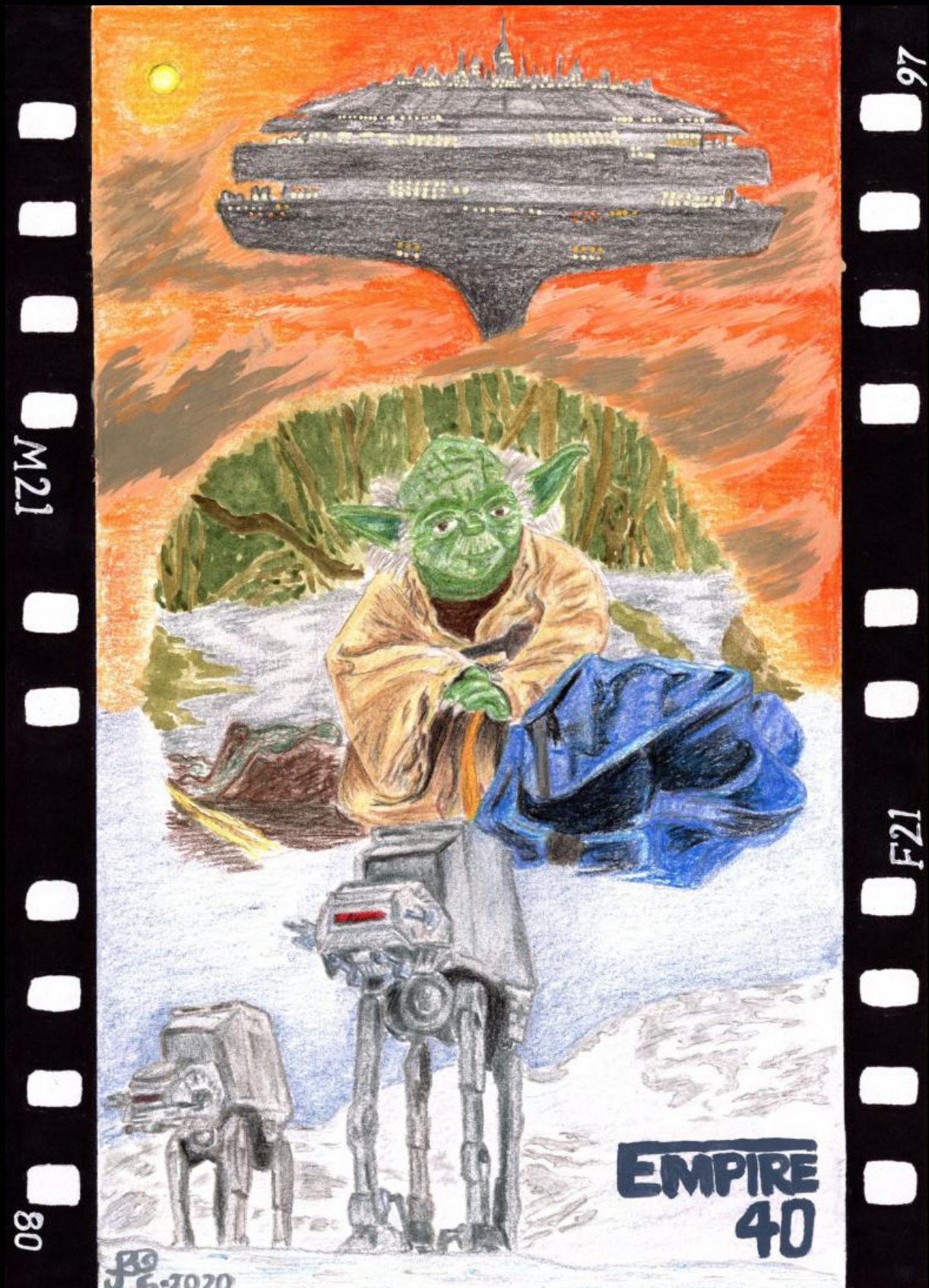
**GRAPHIC DESIGN & ARTWORK**

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JACOB RICKS



# BONUS SECTION







The year was 1980. For the past 3 years the entire world had been in love with the greatest space opera since the dawn of time. (Ok, I didn't say best space series, so pull in your horns and send home the lynch mobs!)

From the moment the opening scrawl began to roll up the screen, The Empire Strikes Back not only met every New Hope that fans had been seeking, it exceeded it!

Today, 40 years after its initial release, fans continue to take every opportunity to relive that magical time from their childhoods.

From the stories, records, action figures, and trading cards of the eighties, to the ships, electronics and games of today, we continue to express our love of this film.

For this bonus edition, we'll be exploring the various ways that we all share and enjoy Empire!

# RED NINE, STANDING BY

AN ESB SHORT STORY BY JJ GOODMAN



One hundred meters separated him from freedom. One hundred meters, a garrison of Imperial Stormtroopers, Two AT-ATs, what he guessed would be the Super Star Destroyer Executor and at least two other Imperial-class Destroyers just off-orbit, and a dark lord of the Sith. That was all.

Alliance Commander Kos Mason, call-sign Red Nine, had heard the evacuation call, but had at first refused to believe he'd heard it correctly. Perhaps he simply didn't want to accept the truth, that the Empire had won and had defeated the Rebel Alliance on Hoth. They'd been so careful since the Battle of Yavin. Mon Mothma was meticulous; she planned every detail of every operation down to the minutia. Although, he supposed it was only a matter of time before the Empire found them. Vader was relentless. However, the force of evil he'd been before Yavin was nothing compared to what he'd become in the wake of the Death Star's destruction.

## **Mason had heard the rumors...**

Darth Vader, the Emperor's enforcer, was searching for someone. Something had happened there in the space above Yavin. It was something that... changed Vader. As a Sith lord, he was formidable enough; the obsessively determined Sith lord he'd become spelled doom for all he encountered.

Commander Mason had barely regained consciousness before the evacuation codes came across the net. Unsure of how, exactly, he'd

been shot down, all Kos remembered was that he'd been hit. Still, somehow, he managed to nurse his derelict speeder to a violent yet survivable landing. Still; the Empire had struck them down.

He and his gunner, Pak Dalo, managed to extract themselves from the wreckage and had been making their way back towards the hangar on foot. The snow was deep, and the difficult trek was made harder by the stinging in his ribs. He guessed at least two on his right side were broken in the impact. In the distance they could see another transport lift off, accompanied by two T65 X-wing fighters. The ion cannon fired incessantly; Kos Mason grinned as he imagined the devastation it must have been wreaking on the Star Destroyers high above them.

## **The Empire could not have been pleased.**

"I don't see any sprays," Pak said as they looked skywards. If any of the transports had been destroyed as they broke atmosphere, they'd have seen a spectacular display of fiery detritus rain down and burn up on reentry. That they saw none gave them hope. Briefly. And then Pak was gone.

The blast came from a nearby AT-AT, and struck at Pak's feet. Mason had just enough time to glance back and see Pak's legs separated from his body before the concussion of the blast sent the rest of his friend's body careening through the air.



The attack was brutal, barbarian, and downright cruel. The AT-AT's laser batteries were designed to destroy and disable vehicles and structures. That the Imperial gunners were turning them on fleeing Alliance infantry meant that they were now just targeting Rebel soldiers for sport. Of course they did. They were animals, after all; beasts beholden to the yoke of the Empire.

Somehow, the Rebel pilot managed to shut out both the pain in his side and the vision of his gunner's brutal demise, and forced himself to his feet. He was so close. The last transport sat on the frozen tarmac near Echo Base's south entrance, ready to depart. Its fuel lines were still attached. He still had time. Though he winced with every trudging step, Kos Mason was determined to make it back to base, to his fighter, and off that frozen world forever.

"Just keep moving," he ordered himself.

### **"Just keep moving."**

Over and over he repeated the words in an increasingly fruitless effort to motivate himself forward. Kos's whole body shook as another defensive turret exploded under the weight of the Imperial onslaught. "Damn it," he thought to himself. That turret was his focal point. First he'd make it to the turret. Then through the trenches, then another seventy-five meters or so to the hangar. And then, finally, to his X-wing. By then R6 would surely have had the ship ready for flight. Now, now he had to push on straight to the trench.

"Concentrate. You can do this." A small arms blast shook him from his resolve. Kos Mason reached for and quickly withdrew his blaster. In one swift motion he turned and fired three shots in succession, strafing the snow trooper that had fired first across the chest and face. Adrenaline and instinct took over. Kos found a strength he didn't know he possessed and forded on – Once he reached the trench he afforded himself a brief respite to catch the breath that had evaded him for the last twenty meters or so. He meant to rest for a moment. When he opened his eyes again, he had no idea how long he'd been out. It could have been seconds.

### **For Kos Mason and the Empire, it was far longer than that.**

For the first time, he noticed the crack in his helmet's visor. Apparently he'd hit his head in the crash, and had likely suffered a concussion. It was only a matter of time before the overwhelming pounding in his skull found its way to his consciousness. It wasn't the pain, however, that distressed him most. It was the fact that the last shuttle was gone. Imperial troops crawled across the tarmac like swarming, white skittermice. Here and there he could make out the orange flight suit of an Alliance

pilot, or the tan vest of a Rebel infantryman, but there were far fewer than he'd hoped to see. Worse, they were all prisoners. One AT-AT sat at the edge of the hangar, and another approached, trudging in from the ridge to the south. "Frak!" "Think, think, think," Mason commanded of himself. The weary pilot searched his brain for options, but he already knew there was really only one; the same one he'd had before. He had to get back to the hangar and pray his ship was still there... How he'd get past the troops, the AT-ATs, and the planetary blockade were all things he'd have to worry about as the matters presented themselves.

### **One step at a time.**

Thankfully, the trenches seemed abandoned. By the time the Imperial forces had taken the base, the transports and most of the Alliance personnel had gone. On his hands and knees, Kos Mason crawled as quickly as he could. The closer he got to the hangar, the louder the Imperial chatter grew. Stormtrooper commanders barked out orders through the metallic din of their helmet speakers. Non-armored technicians plugged equipment into any computer port they could find. Imps were everywhere, like locusts, swarming...

### **Swarming in service of their Empire.**

Kos peeked up above the trench's rim. If he was fast, he might make it without being seen. A portable laser battery, or at least the remains of one, smoldered to his right. He could use the acrid smoke for cover, loop behind it, and hopefully slip into the hangar through the maintenance hatch adjacent to the main hangar bay opening.

From there he should be able to slink along the wall to the storage cabinets. In other words... he had hope.



Now, Lets take a look at some of the fun collectibles from many years of collecting!













# RALPH MCQUARRIE — PAINTING THE GALAXY











# MY EMPIRICAL JOURNEY WITH ESB!

BY CREW CHIEF RICKS

As a young man, I was just shy of 10 years old and was absolutely enthralled with space films. Star Wars, Star Trek, Buck Rogers, Battlestar Galactica and any other movie or show that had lasers, aliens and cool starships.

All that being said, Star Wars held a special place in my young heart, and in May of 1980, I was given

the marvelous chance to re-enter that Galaxy Far Far Away and once again become a part of the journey and adventures with Luke Skywalker, Han Solo, Princess Leia, Chewbacca, R2D2, C3-PO and the fastest hunk of junk, Millennium Falcon.

Once the movie was finished, kids and adults alike had an entire new group of characters and ships to add to the long list of reasons to love Star Wars.

Yoda, that smooth scoundrel Lando Calrissian, Bounty Hunters such as Bob Fett, Bossk, IG-88 and many more.

Although my personal favorite film is the third act in the original trilogy, The Empire Strikes Back will always hold a special place in my fond childhood memories, just as it continues to do for millions of fans around the world.





# BRAD JACOBS ESB MEMENTOS!

*Star Wars didn't tell the whole story. Now Luke Skywalker, Princess Leia, Han Solo, Chewbacca, and their faithful droid friends Artoo and See Threepio are back. In this exclusive Family Circle story version of this summer's hit movie and best-selling book the heroic adventure continues...A terrific summer reading bonus for kids—and grown-ups, too.*

*By Donald F. Ghit*

*Based on a story by George Lucas*

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## THE CAST

**DARTH VADER**—Once a Jedi Knight, he is the most evil villain in the Empire, pursuing Luke Skywalker and his Rebel friends.

**HAN SOLO**—Daredevil pilot and famed galactic rogue, Han now fights for the Rebel cause and the affections of Princess Leia Organa.

**PRINCESS LEIA ORGANA**—The beautiful and spunky leader of the Rebel forces.

**LUKE SKYWALKER**—The son of a Jedi Knight, this young hero is determined to master the powers of the Force.

**OBI-WAN KENOBI**—His physical body was destroyed by Darth Vader but his spirit survives to guide Luke Skywalker.

**CHEWBACCA**—The eight-foot-tall, two-hundred-pound Wookiee is the faithful co-pilot and buddy of Han Solo.

**ARTOO DEETOO AND SEE THREPIO**—Helpful droid companions of Luke, Princess Leia and Han Solo.

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# STAR THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK WARS™

**S**tanding on the observation deck of the mammoth Imperial *Star Destroyer* in his black cloak and headgear, Darth Vader, Dark Lord of the Sith, listened to his admiral's report.

"I think we've found something, sir," the officer announced nervously. "The report is only a fragment from a probe droid in the Hoth system. But it's..."

Abruptly the black figure interrupted, "You found something?" he hissed.

"Yes, sir," the officer said, "we have visuals now."

But Vader was no longer listening. His masked face was turned to the image beamed on one of the viewcreens—an image of a small squadron of Rebel snowspeeders streaking above the white fields.

"That's it," Darth Vader boomed without further deliberation. "Set your course for the Hoth system and prepare your men for a land attack."

Meanwhile, at the newly established Rebel base on the icy wastelands of Hoth, General Rieekan, Princess Leia and Commander Luke Skywalker were anxiously waiting for Han Solo to make his report from somewhere in the desolate whiteness of Hoth. He had sighted an unidentified object and gone to investigate. Finally Han's image formed on the console screen and his voice crackled over the comlink.

"It was a droid of some kind," he said, "but I'm afraid there's not much of it left. I didn't hit it that hard. It must have had a self-destruct."

Leia paused as she considered

this unwelcome piece of information. "An Imperial droid," she said, fear creeping into her voice. "They've found us."

General Rieekan shook his head slowly. "Get back here, Han. We'd better evacuate the planet immediately!"

## The Battle on Hoth

The warning sirens screeched in the Rebel hangar as Rebel troops rushed to their alert stations. The Empire had entered the system of Hoth! The armored Rebel snowspeeders were fueled as they waited in attack formation to blast out of the main cavern entranceway. In the hangar, Princess Leia was giving the pilots last-minute evacuation instructions.

On his way to his snowspeeder, Luke Skywalker paused to check on Han Solo and Chewie who were frantically trying to repair the *Millennium Falcon's* malfunctioning hyperdrive unit.

"Chewie," Luke called, "take care of yourself. And watch over this guy, okay? And you, Han, stay out of that bounty hunter's way, will ya?"

Han smiled at his friend. "Better get going, Luke," he said. "And take care, buddy."

In the snow trenches outside, Rebel troopers hurried to install the heavy, bazooka-like defense weapons.

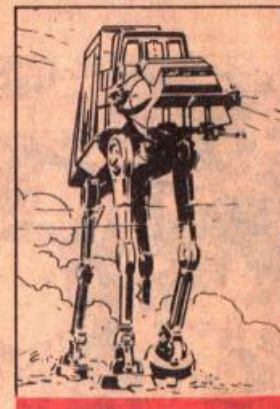
Suddenly, a terrified voice screamed out: *Walkers!* The Empire was attacking with their All Terrain Armored Transports. Each of these deadly machines was formidably armed with cannons placed on its fore-side like the horns of some prehistoric beast. With each

advancing step these mechanized pachyderms emitted deadly fire from their turnstile guns and cannons.

Luke Skywalker spotted the Walkers, but not fast enough to warn the snowspeeder ahead of him. As he watched in horror, the speeder caught a deadly barrage from one of the Walkers and exploded in a ball of flame.

Angrily Luke fired his ship's guns at the Walker, but the blasts bounced off its impenetrable exterior.

"Rogue group," he called into his comlink, "use your harpoons and tow cables. Go for the legs. It's our only hope of stopping them."



As he spoke, a terrific explosion ripped through Luke's speeder. He struggled frantically with the controls as his ship plunged toward the ground, crashing into the snow just a few feet away from one of the dreaded walking machines.

Struggling to pull himself



from the cockpit, Luke watched in horror as the looming figure of the Walker came closer. He didn't stand a chance. Then a familiar voice, soft as a whisper, reached him, and he felt the presence of his old teacher, Obi-Wan Kenobi.

"Luke," the voice called, "don't give up. Be strong. Yoda, the Jedi Master, waits for you at Dagobah. Fight, Luke. Fight on. You are the Jedi's last hope. *The Force is with you.*"

Luke felt a serene calm flood over him. All at once he knew what to do. Reaching back inside the cockpit he grabbed a land mine from the disabled speeder's interior. As the dreaded Walker's underbelly passed over him, Luke spied a small hatch. Quickly he pulled it open and threw in the land mine.

As the Walker moved away, a muffled explosion tore at its insides. Suddenly the tremendous bulk of the mechanical beast exploded into a smoking, motionless heap.

Inside the Rebel command center, Han and Princess Leia were running through the icy passageways leading to the *Falcon*. Chewbacca already had the engine started as Han and Leia reached the ship.

"This bucket of bolts is never going to get us out of here," Princess Leia complained.

Han ignored her sarcastic comments. "Chewie," he yelled to his co-pilot. "Let 'er rip."

The huge freighter's engines roared. Just before takeoff Han caught a glimpse of a foreboding giant clad entirely in black entering the hangar. Then there was only a blur and the beckoning of billions of stars.

As the *Millennium Falcon* soared from the hangar, its flight was detected by Commander

Luke Skywalker. "They got away," he smiled to himself.

But the Rebels had lost this round. Skywalker's X-wing fighter was the last Rebel ship to abandon what had, for a very brief time, been a secret outpost in the revolution against the tyranny of the Empire.

As he streaked away from the planet's atmosphere with his robot companion, Artoo, Luke pondered the enigmatic words of Kenobi. Then he made his decision.

"Get ready, Artoo," Luke announced. "We're going to the Dagobah system."

**T**he Imperial ship, the *Avenger*, spotted the *Falcon* the moment the freighter shot out from behind the protective covering of an enormous asteroid and began firing.

Princess Leia tensely watched the asteroids and cannon fire flaring in the blackness of space outside the cockpit window, her fingers clenching the arms of her chair. Moments before Han had tried once again to send the *Falcon* into light speed but the hyperdrive unit was still malfunctioning. She began to feel they'd never emerge from the chase alive.

"Well," she said, "what now?"

Han had only one choice. "Sharp bank, Chewie," he ordered. "Let's turn this bucket around."

The princess was flabbergasted. "You're going to attack them?" she stammered in disbelief.

On board the Imperial ship, the officers watching the *Falcon*'s flight began to panic. "He's coming in too low," the deck officer shouted, "we're going to collide!"

The officers and terrified crew fell to the floor. And then silence.

Captain Needa and his men slowly lifted their heads. All they saw outside was a peaceful ocean of stars. The *Falcon* had disappeared into thin air. They had lost them. A creeping fear swept over each officer on the Imperial ship's deck. What would they tell Darth Vader?

Far away Luke Skywalker's X-wing screeched to a halt on the surface of the Dagobah planet. Cautiously, Luke and Artoo climbed out of the ship. All around the young commander and the little robot eerie and inhuman cries emanated from the murky gloom of the planet's surface.



"This certainly seems like a strange place to find a Jedi Master," Luke said to the little robot as he looked around the dismal planet. "Although there is something familiar about it. I feel like..."

"You feel like what?"

"That wasn't Artoo's voice! Luke spun around, pistol in hand, and immediately stepped back in surprise.

A tiny wizened creature stood directly in front of him. Its face was deeply lined and framed with elfin, pointed ears. Its long white hair was parted down the middle and hung down on either side of the green-skinned head. The being stood on short legs that terminated in almost reptilian-like feet.

"Away put your weapon. I mean you no harm. But why are you here?" the little creature asked fearlessly.

"I'm looking for a Jedi Master."

"Oh," the creature's eyes widened as he spoke. "Yoda, you seek, Yoda."

Mention of that name surprised Luke.

"You know him?"

"Of course, yes," the creature said proudly. "I am Yoda." Then, as Luke gazed at him in disbelief, the mysterious creature started to laugh.

Only one being in the entire universe could instill fear in the dark spirit of Darth Vader. But as he stood, silently watching the hologram form that materialized before him, only Vader's

rapid breathing revealed his apprehension. The figure of the Emperor towered above him.

"What is thy bidding, my master?" Vader asked.

"We have a new enemy who would bring about our destruction," the Emperor explained.

Vader listened anxiously.

"It is Luke Skywalker. You must destroy him, or he will be our undoing."

"But he's not a Jedi," Vader protested.

The Emperor broke in. "The Force grows strong in him," he insisted. "Even now as we talk. Find him. Destroy him."

No one on the Star Destroyer *Avenger* or in Vader's entire fleet had any idea how near they were to their prey. As the *Avenger* glided off into space to continue its search, it carried with it, clinging unnoticed to one side of the huge bridge tower, a saucer-shaped freighter ship—the *Millennium Falcon*.

Inside the *Falcon*'s cockpit all systems were shut down. Princess Leia sat in the pilot's chair, wondering if Han really was mad. "What do you have in mind for your next move?" she asked him.

"The fleet is finally breaking up," he answered as he pointed out a port window. "I'm hoping they'll follow standard Imperial procedure and dump their garbage before they go into light-speed."

The princess began to smile. Han might know what he was doing after all. Impressed, she patted him on the head. "Not bad, hot shot, not bad. Then what?"

"Then," Han said, "we go to Lando."

"I never heard of that system," Leia said.

"It's not a system. It's a man, Lando Calrissian. A gambler, con artist, all-around scoundrel..." He paused, then gave the princess a wink. "... Your kind of guy. He's in the Bespin system. It's a fair distance but reachable."

"Can you trust him?" Leia asked.

"No. But he has no love for the Empire, that much I know."

The hatch on the underbelly of the *Avenger* yawned open. And as the Imperial galactic cruiser zoomed into hyperspace, it spewed out its garbage into the black void of space. Hidden among that trail of refuse, the *Millennium Falcon* tumbled undetected off the side of the larger ship, and was left far behind as the *Avenger* streaked away. "Safe at last," said Han Solo.

Or so he thought. But concealed among that scattered debris was another ship. In it was Boba Fett, the most notorious and dreaded bounty





hunter in the galaxy, hired by Darth Vader to find the *Falcon*. Quickly Boba Fett's helmet-shaped craft, *Slave I*, began its pursuit. For Boba Fett had no intention of losing sight of the *Falcon*. Its pilot had too high a price on his head. And this was one reward that the fearsome bounty hunter was determined to collect.

Luke was panting, nearly out of breath in this, the latest of his endurance tests. His Jedi teacher had ordered him out on a marathon run through the dense growth of his planet's jungle. "I thought I was in good shape," Luke gasped as he collapsed on the ground.

"Yes, but by what standard, ask I?" the little instructor



quizzed. "Forget your old measures. Unlearn. Unlearn."

And so Luke put his whole being into doing just that, for more than anything he wanted to learn the power of the Force. It was rigorous training but as time passed and Luke's strength and abilities increased, even his harsh Jedi taskmaster was pleased.

#### Betrayal at Bespin

The *Falcon* had safely landed on the gaseous Bespin planet at dawn. The exhausted crew had been warmly greeted by Han's old accomplice Lando Calrissian.

Now leaning out of the lounge window of his room, Han surveyed the panoramic view of Cloud City. He had to admit the view was breathtaking, but not as breathtaking as the vision that suddenly appeared before him. After a few hours rest Princess Leia looked magnificent. She was dressed in red, her dark hair flowing. Han thought he'd never seen her look more beautiful.

"What are you staring at?" she asked, beginning to blush.

"You look fantastic."

As Leia began to turn away in embarrassment, Han pulled her

toward him. He was astonished that she didn't resist him. He moved closer and bent to kiss her...

But he was interrupted by a buzz as the door slid open and their host, Lando, entered. Smiling cordially, he said, "You must be hungry. I've prepared some refreshments."

As they walked toward the dining hall, Han asked, "Lando, aren't you afraid the Empire might eventually discover this little operation and shut you down?"

"That's always been the danger," Calrissian replied. "But I've made a deal that will keep the Empire out of here forever."

With that the mighty dining hall doors slid open and Han understood immediately just what the "deal" involved. At the end of the huge banquet table stood the bounty hunter Boba Fett and next to him—Darth Vader.

Han shot Lando a murderous look.

"Sorry, friend," Lando said, sounding apologetic, "I had no choice. They arrived right before you did."

Hissing through his obsidian mask, the Dark Lord addressed Han. "We would be honored if you joined us."

Meanwhile on the Dagobah planet, Luke sat in a clearing, his eyes closed in deep concentration.

"Be calm," Yoda instructed him. "Through the Force you will see other places, other thoughts, the future, the past, old friends."

Luke relaxed and began to free his mind. At last there was something, not clear at first, but something white, amorphous. Gradually the image cleared.

"I see a city in the clouds," he finally said.

"Bespin," Yoda identified it. "I see it too. Friends you have there, heh? Concentrate and you will see them."

"I do see them," Luke exclaimed, his eyes still shut. Then a sudden physical agony took hold of him. "They're in pain. They're suffering," he cried out.

"No, it is the future you see," the voice of Yoda explained.

The future—then there was still time to rescue them, Luke realized. He jumped up and began to gather his equipment. "I must go to them," he said.

It was already dark on the bog planet when Artoo settled himself into his nook behind the cockpit of Luke's X-wing fighter.

Yoda stood nearby. The Jedi Master was deeply concerned about his apprentice. "Strong is Vader," he warned Luke ominously. "Mind what you have learned. Notice everything,

everything! It can save you."

"I will, Master Yoda," Luke assured him. "And I'll be back to finish what I have begun. I give you my word."

Quite possibly it was the first time Han Solo had ever screamed. Never had he endured such excruciating torment. As Darth Vader watched, electric currents seared through Han's body. He squirmed to free himself but the pain was so severe that it was all Han could do to remain conscious.

In a prison chamber close by, Chewbacca and Princess Leia waited anxiously for some sign of their friend.

Some hours later, an exhausted Han Solo was shoved into the small cell by two Imperial stormtroopers. Chewie and Leia rushed to embrace him.

While Han weakly held onto the Princess, she asked him, "Why are they doing this?" But he didn't have time to answer, for just then the door slid open again and Lando and two of his Cloud City guards entered.

"Get out of here, Lando!" Han snarled. If he had felt stronger, he would have attacked his traitorous friend.

"Shut up a minute and listen," Lando snapped. "Vader has agreed to turn Leia and Chewie over to me; they'll have to stay here, but at least they'll be safe."

Leia gasped. "What about Han?"

Lando looked solemnly at his friend. "I didn't know you had a price on your head. Vader has given you to the bounty hunter."

"You don't know much about anything," Han said to Calrissian, "if you think Vader won't want us all dead before this thing is over."

"He doesn't want you at all," Lando said. "He's after someone called Skywalker. Vader has set a trap for him and—"

"You fixed us all pretty good, friend," Han growled, spitting his words at Lando.



The speeding X-wing had just entered the Bespin system and was swooping through space like a great black bird.

The little robot whistled an excited exclamation.

"Just hold on," Luke said patiently, "we'll be there soon."

Lando Calrissian and Darth Vader stood near the hydraulic platform that dominated the huge carbon-freezing chamber. The Dark Lord was quiet while his aides hurried to prepare the room. Boba Fett rushed in, leading a squad of six Imperial stormtroopers, who were shoving Han, Leia and the Wookiee in front of them, forcing them to hurry into the chamber.

Vader turned to the bounty hunter. "Put Solo in the carbon-freezing chamber. If he survives, you can have him."

Lando quickly glanced at Vader. He hadn't been prepared for the pure evil that was manifested in this terrifying being.

Anguished, Leia screamed, "No!"

Chewbacca, cuffed and held by four Imperial stormtroopers, howled in frustration. But there wasn't anything he could do to help his dearest friend.

Han and Chewbacca faced each other, the former looking grimly into his friend's eyes. For a moment they embraced tightly, then Han turned to Princess Leia. He took her in his arms and held her as if he would never let go. Then Leia pressed her lips to his in a lingering kiss. Tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"I love you," she said softly. "I couldn't tell you before, but it's true."

Han smiled his familiar cocky smile. "Just remember that, because I'll be back."

Leia's pain-filled face was the last Han saw when he felt the hydraulic platform suddenly drop. Instantly, fiery liquid began to pour down into the pit



in a great cascading shower of fluid and sparks.

When the liquid finally solidified, huge metal tongs lifted the smoldering figure from the pit.

Kneeling beside the still figure, Lando checked the gauge measuring the temperature of Han's body. He sighed with relief and nodded his head. "He's alive, and in perfect hibernation."

Darth Vader turned to Boba Fett. "He's all yours, bounty hunter," he hissed. "Reset the chamber for Skywalker."

"He's just landed, my lord," an aide informed him.

"See to it that he finds his way here."

### A Dreaded Secret Is Revealed

Dodging the laser bolts of the two Imperial stormtroopers pursuing him, Luke ducked into the only open doorway he saw. Entering, he heard the hissing of steam escaping from the pipes in the room and sensed that he was not alone.

"Lord Vader. I feel your presence. Show yourself," Luke taunted his unseen enemy, "or do you fear me?"

While Luke spoke, the escaping steam began to billow out in great clouds. Then, unaffected by the searing heat, Vader appeared and strode through the hissing vapors, stepping onto the narrow walkway above the chamber, his black cloak trailing behind him.

"The Force is with you, young Skywalker," Darth Vader said, "but you are not a Jedi yet."

Luke gripped the smoothly finished handle of his lightsaber and quickly ignited the laser blade. At the same instant, Vader ignited his own laser sword and quietly waited for the young Skywalker to attack.

And then they stood, staring at one another for an endless moment through their crossed lightsabers.

**S**ix Imperial stormtroopers guarded Lando, Leia and Chewbacca as they marched through the inner corridor of Cloud City. Suddenly 12 of Lando's guards arrived to block their path. The guards aimed their laser weapons at the startled stormtroopers and began firing. Lando had come through after all.

"Come on," Lando commanded Leia and Chewie. "There's still a chance to save Han."

But they were too late. Lando, Leia and Chewbacca raced onto the East Landing Platform in time to see the *Slave I* soaring into the orange and purple of the Cloud City sunset. Chewbacca howled and fired his weapon at the departing spaceship.



"It's no use," Lando said sadly. "They're out of range."

Lightsabers clashed in Luke Skywalker and Darth Vader's battle on the platform above the carbon-freezing chamber.

Vader, using his lightsaber to ward off Luke's aggressive lunges, spoke calmly as they fought.

"Your future lies with me, Skywalker. You will embrace the dark side. Obi-Wan knew this to be true."

"No!" Luke screamed, trying to fight off the evil presence. Then a sudden movement caught his eye.

At that second, the Dark Lord's laser blade came slashing down across Luke's hand, cutting it, and sending the youth's lightsaber flying.

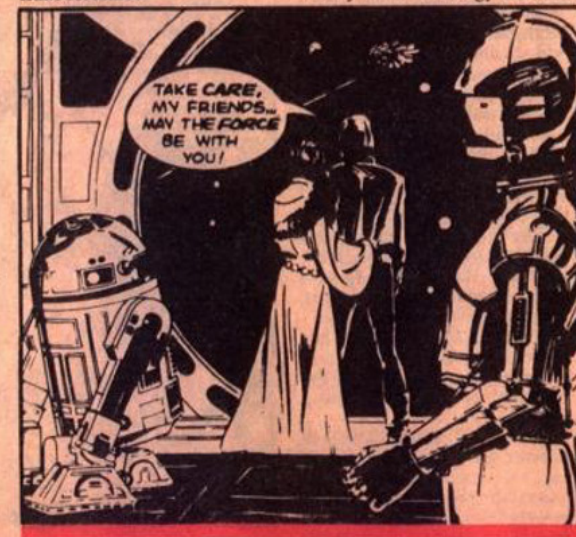
The pain was excruciating. Luke stepped backward along the gantry until he reached its extreme end.

"Don't make me destroy you," the Dark Lord warned. "You are strong with the Force. Now you must learn to use the dark side. Join me and we will rule the galaxy together."

"I will never join you!" Luke answered, his voice filled with pain.

"Obi-Wan never told you what happened to your father, did he?" Vader taunted.

"He told me you killed him," Luke screamed.



"No," Vader replied calmly. "I am your father."

Horried, Luke stared with disbelief at the black-clad warrior.

"No, no! That's not true..."

"Search your feelings," Vader said, "you know it to be true."

Then Vader turned off the blade of his lightsaber and extended a steady and inviting hand.

Bewildered and horror-stricken, Luke didn't want to believe Vader, but somehow he could feel the truth in the Dark Lord's words. But why, he wondered in anguish, had Kenobi lied to him? Why?

The answers no longer seemed to matter. *My father!*

With the calmness that Ben himself and Yoda, the Jedi Master, had taught him, Luke Skywalker made what might be his final decision. "Never," Luke shouted, and stepped off the platform into the abyss beneath him.

Cloud City was in total chaos. With Imperial stormtroopers in hot pursuit, Lando, Chewbacca, Leia, Artoo and Threepio somehow made it to the *Millennium Falcon* and managed to blast off.

As the ship began to move, they heard a barrage of Imperial laser fire that sounded as if the entire planet were splitting apart at its foundation.

Luke couldn't stop his spiraling slide. He had fallen into the exhaust pipe leading to the planet's gaseous outer atmosphere. After what seemed like an eternity, he caught hold of an electronic weather vane that jutted out from the bowl-like underside of Cloud City. But his strength was failing, the pain in his wounded arm excruciating. He knew he couldn't hang on very long. Concentrating with every ounce of energy left in his

battered body, he focused on one who he thought might somehow come to his aid.

"Leia, please hear me. Leia..."

On board the *Falcon*, Princess Leia gave a startling command. "Chewie, turn around. We've got to go back to the city!"

As the *Falcon* banked through the clouds and turned back toward the city, the three pursuing Empire fighters followed.

"Look!" Lando exclaimed, pointing to a figure plunging in the distance.

"Get under him, Chewie," Leia commanded, "it's Luke!"

As Chewie slowed the ship's speed drastically, a plummeting form skimmed the windscreen and landed with a thud against the outer hull.

Lando opened the upper hatch and pulled the battered body inside the ship.

From his Imperial *Star Destroyer*, Darth Vader watched the rescue. As the fighters relentlessly fired at the fleeing *Falcon*, Vader's ship closed in for the kill.

But the evil Lord didn't know that the small Artoo robot on board had successfully repaired the *Falcon's* hyperdrive. A split second later, the *Millennium Falcon* shot victoriously out of Vader's reach.

Darth Vader stood silently gazing at the black void where, a moment before, he had almost had the *Millennium Falcon* in his grasp. As he turned and walked off the bridge, his ebony cloak billowing behind him, the officers on deck could hear the angry hiss of his breath.

The *Millennium Falcon* had docked safely on a huge Rebel cruiser. Luke, lying in the medical center of the *Star Cruiser*, was recovering nicely. Gazing up, he saw Leia enter his chamber. As she approached a voice came over the loudspeaker. It was Lando.

"Luke," the voice blared, "we're ready for takeoff. We'll try our best to find Han."

"Take care, my friends," Luke said, "and may the Force be with you."

Leia turned to look out at the infinite black sea of space. Luke knew that her mind and heart were with Han and that Chewie and Lando would do everything in their power to bring him back. And Luke knew what he must do too—return to Yoda and finish his Jedi training so that if the others failed he'd be able to rescue Han, no matter where he was.

He put his arm around the Princess and together they faced the heavens bravely, each of them silently gazing at the same crimson star.

*May the Force Be With You!* ■



**THE STAR WARS SAGA CONTINUES...**



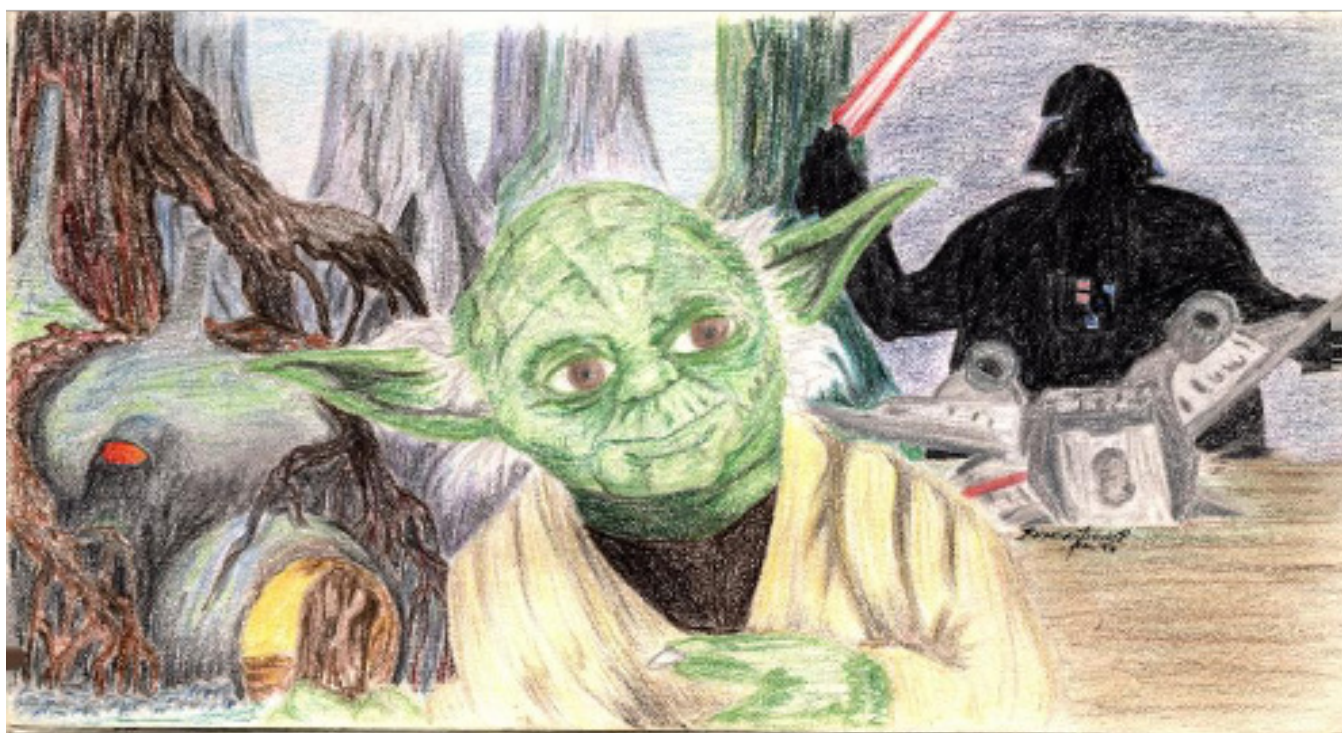
**THE  
EMPIRE  
STRIKES BACK**  
SPECIAL EDITION




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**PRESENTED EXCLUSIVELY IN  
SIX TRACK DIGITAL SOUND**

<p>CHICKLA OCEAN <b>CINEDOME</b> 1461 West Riverdale 392-7072</p>	<p>10:00 12:45 3:45 7:00 10:00 12:40 SUN 10:00 12:45 3:45 7:00 10:00 DTS DIGITAL - NO PASSES</p>	<p><b>MOVIES 10</b> <small>UNION HALL</small> <small>EST. 1944 at 15</small> <small>SAC 1502</small></p>	<p>10:30 1:20 4:15 7:15 10:15 12:45 DTS NO SUPERSAVERS AFTER 6 PM NO PASSES</p>
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## EPISODE V: THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

**I**n the three years since the end of *Episode IV* the rebels do not appear to have made much progress toward toppling the Empire. Whatever advantage they gained from the destruction of the Death Star has been countered by the superior forces of the Emperor, and as the film starts the rebels are on the run, their headquarters destroyed and their forces scattered. The Empire however, despite their apparent possession of the upper hand, aren't confident that they can wipe the rebels out, and Darth Vader has taken it upon himself to hire independent bounty hunters to help their chances.

Meanwhile, after three years of fighting as a rebel pilot, Luke Skywalker has decided to follow in his father's footsteps and train as a Jedi Knight. He travels to the planet Dagobah, where he believes he will find the ancient Yoda, the Jedi Knight who taught Obi-Wan Kenobi. Yoda is indeed there, as is the spirit of Kenobi himself, but Luke has hardly even begun his training when a premonition of his friends' deaths sends him flying away from Dagobah and toward the planet Bespin, with dire warnings from Yoda and Kenobi ringing in his ears.

Luke's premonition is accurate to an extent: his friends are in danger but it is a trap designed by Darth Vader to lure Luke to him (Vader obviously understands the power of the Force better than Luke, and can manipulate it with more skill). During a confrontation in a flying city above Bespin's unseen surface, Luke accuses Vader of killing Luke's father — the story he was told by Obi-Wan Kenobi. Vader reveals the invidious truth: he *is* Anakin Skywalker. Luke escapes the trap with some of his friends, but one of them — the hot-headed smuggler Han Solo — is left behind in the clutches of the bounty hunter Boba Fett...

overlaid with a Freudian gloss: the son grows up sufficiently to confront the father and potentially usurp his place. More complicated still, Luke finds himself the subject of a battle between two father figures who have both betrayed him — Darth Vader and Ben Kenobi — and is forced to choose the path that his life will follow.

Having handed scripting duties initially to Leigh Brackett (one of the screenwriters on the Howard Hawks classic *The Big Sleep*, thirty-four years before), Lucas was forced to bring in young writer Lawrence Kasdan when Brackett succumbed to cancer after completing a first draft script. Despite the fact that Brackett's name appears on the credits for the film, Kasdan has claimed that he barely skim-read Brackett's script, and ended up writing his version based on a first draft by Lucas. Kasdan also states that he was disappointed that neither C-3PO nor Chewbacca ended up with much to do other than run around and act as the comedy relief

(with some of C-3PO's lines actually being written and dubbed on later during the editing process). He had written Chewbacca's character, for instance, as reacting badly to Han Solo's growing emotional attachment to Leia Organa, seeing it as a threat to their own friendship, but while scenes covering this intriguing development were apparently filmed they were later cut out.

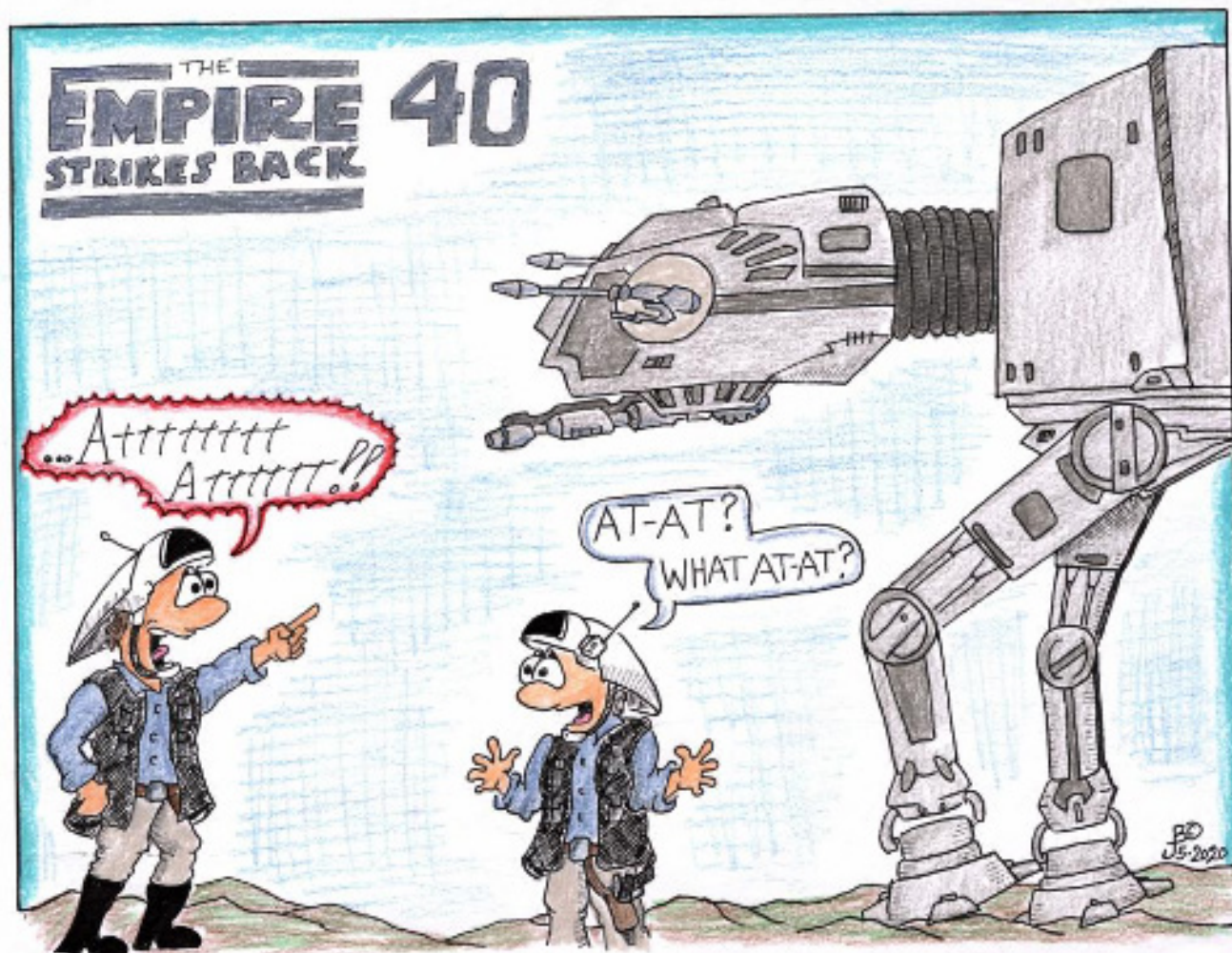
Having relinquished the directorial chair to the confident and experienced Irvin Kershner, Lucas saw the innocent fairy tale he had envisaged turning into something far darker and more emotionally ambiguous. Where *A New Hope* was Hans Christian Anderson, *The Empire Strikes Back* was Angela Carter. Interestingly enough, of the three special editions released in 1997, *The Empire Strikes Back* was the one Lucas added the least to. Perhaps, on mature reflection, he realised that it was the most perfectly realised of the three.



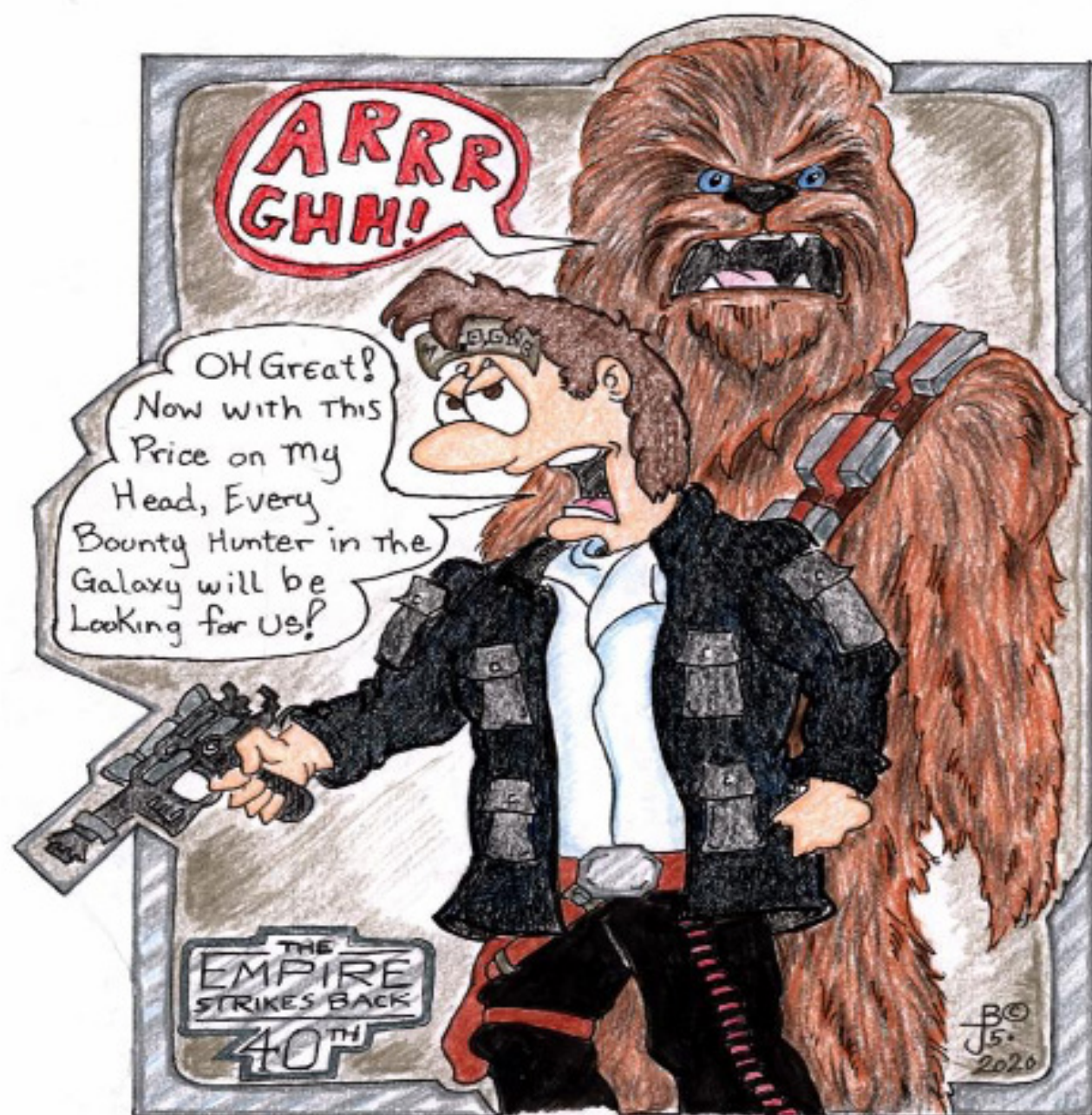
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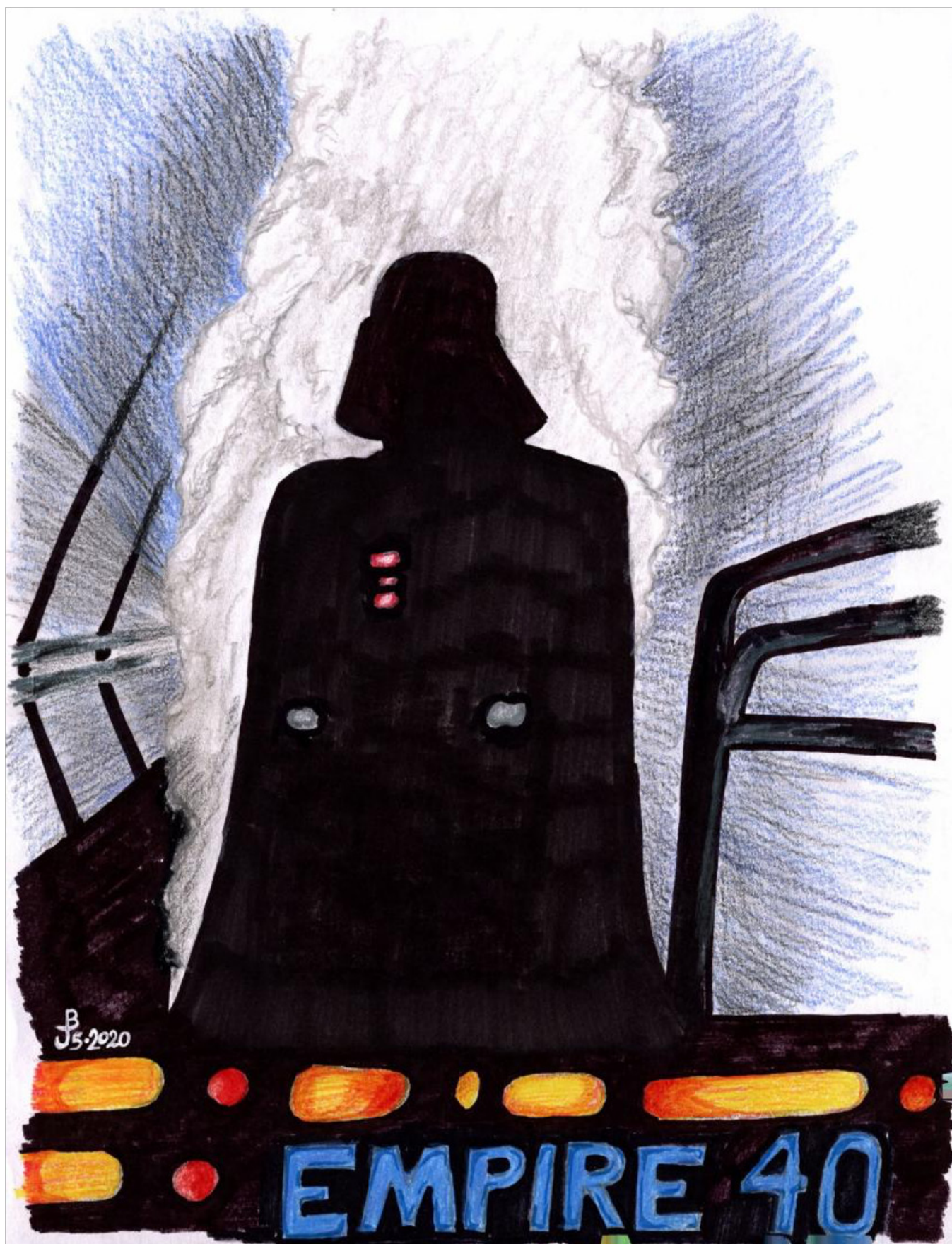




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