

TICONDEROGA

TRANSMISSIONS

Winter 2020



STARFLEET COMMAND
UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS

A CIVILIZED MAN

A Short Story from the Sci-Fi World

8

AN ASTRONOMY ARTICLE

BY CREWMEMBER ANNIE STEPHENS

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome, Greetings, Salutations and y'l'e! Welcome to the Winter 2020 issue of the Ticonderoga newsletter. This issue is not just a welcome into a new year, but a new decade as well! We won't be spending time on this issue looking at the past 10 years and all the changes that have come about, more so a look at where we are and what we should look to accomplish moving forward.

Your newsletter editor (yours truly) generally likes to include a quote from Gene Roddenberry as part of the opening page. This issue, with its unique place in time, needs to have an additional thought as follows...

“Star Trek was an attempt to say that humanity will reach maturity and wisdom in the day that it begins to not just tolerate, but take a special delight in differences, in ideas, and differences in lifestyles” —Gene Roddenberry

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!” Sounds rather like a certain Sith villain from another space franchise.

So with that mentality so prevalent, it is truly remarkable to have a group such as the USS Ticonderoga and Seventh Fleet who, as truly diverse a group as you'll find anywhere on the planet, are so in tune with Gene's idea. Love and support each other regardless of our differences and we, in our thoughts and more importantly our actions, say “either you are with me, or you are still pretty awesome and can hang with us anyways”.

“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 is my wish for the crew members of the Ticonderoga moving into 2020...keep on doing what you are doing, and then do just a bit more so that we never stop progressing in making our portion of this world a bit better than we found it!

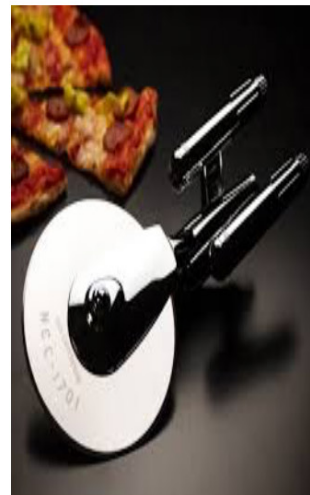
As always... *QaQ jaj laD* “It is a good day...to read”

The Newsletter Staff

THE FERengi TRADER



THE VARIETY AND DIVERSE SELECTION OF COLLECTIBLES THROUGH THE YEARS!



THE FERengi TRADER



TOYS TO ORNAMENTS TO BLUETOOTH SPEAKERS....STAR TREK HAS HAD IT ALL!!



SEVENTH FLEET — PULSAAR LAUNCH

Where: Thanksgiving Point, Utah

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 MARCH 11TH MONTHLY MEETING

Where: Roy Utah Library

Description: The members of the USS Ticonderoga along with Friends will be gathering at the Roy Library for the monthly meeting. Everyone is encouraged to attend and bring a friend!

USS KELLY — SATURDAY MARCH 7TH. RPG.

Where: 621 S. 700 W. Murray, Ut

Description: The USS Kelly Tactical Department invites you to join us for a night of RPG.

USS TICONDEROGA — DINOSAUR PARK - AWAY MISSION

Where – Ogden, Utah

Description: The intrepid members of the USS Ticonderoga will be traveling back in time to the Jurassic period in an attempt to thwart the evil designs of the Gorn, who along with an unknown race, have sworn to see the rise of the Dino's once more... well, actually it will just be a fun visit to the park....leave the Red shirt just in case!

USS TICONDEROGA — STAR PARTY / ROCKET LAUNCH

Where: TBD

Description: Join the USS Ticonderoga and her crew as they 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>

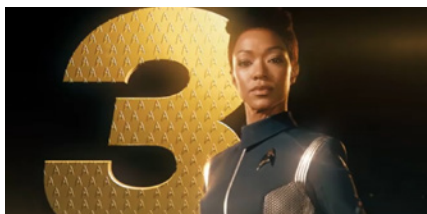


HAPPENINGS FROM AROUND THE FEDERATION



MAKE IT SO! THE *TREK* TO COME IN 2019

2019 will surely be a memorable year for *Star Trek* fans. Where to begin? Patrick Stewart will be back as Picard. The new series is set to premier 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.



STAR TREK DISCOVERY — SEASON 3 WILL RETURN!

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*. *Discovery's* sophomore year premiered on Thursday, Jan. 17 at 8:30 PM, ET/5:30 PM, PT exclusively on CBS All Access in the United States, and season 3 will most likely follow suit next year!



STAR TREK — EXPLORING NEW WORLDS APRIL THRU SEPTEMBER 2020

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.



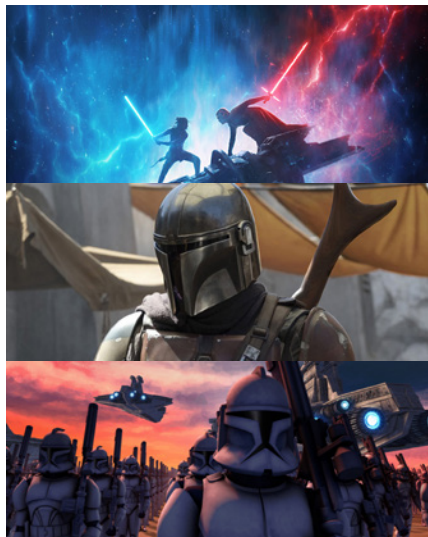
STAR TREK THE CRUISE & DESTINATIONS

Over the course of the 2020 year, there are tons of opportunities for away missions for you and your crew. In March is the Cruise, followed later in the year by Destination Birmingham, England and Destination Dortmund, Germany. Save up those Latinum bars and leave the Red Shirt at home!!



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

Fans in Europe are already counting the days until the next Destination *Star Trek* event, which will once again be held at the NEC in Birmingham, UK, from October 25–27. Among the guests set so far... George Takei and Michelle Forbes. Keep an eye on DestinationStarTrek.com.



STAR WARS — THE RISE OF SKYWALKER / THE MANDALORIAN / CLONE WARS

Set in the Star Wars universe created by George Lucas, and continued by Disney, the final film *The Rise of Skywalker*, debuted this past December. There was the impossible task of wrapping up the Skywalker saga that has spanned more than 40 years, yet the creators and director did just that.

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.

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!!

In February, we will get season seven of the much loved series, *The Clone Wars*. This was revealed at Star Wars Celebration earlier this year. It will continue the story of Anakin Skywalker, General Obi-Wan, Asoka and the final days of the Republic.



BATTLESTAR GALACTICA — ALL CON 2020

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

Wondercon – April 10-12 in Anaheim CA

Calgary Expo – April 23-26 in Calgary, Alberta Canada

Awesome Con – Walter E Washington Convention Center – Washington DC

Nichelle Nichols Farewell Celebration – Marriott Burbank Hotel – Burbank CA

Comic Con International – San Diego CA

Star Trek Las Vegas – Rio Hotel, Las Vegas NV

There will be many more local conventions so keep a watch out and enjoy the away missions this year!

A CIVILIZED MAN

BY LYNDA CARRAHER

McCoy ran.

It seemed that his universe was bounded by the distance his aching legs could claim with each step; blocked down to a blur by the sweat that ran into his eyes; soundless except for the blood that roared in his ears; without sensation except that of pain as the dry, oxygen-poor air rasped into his lungs.

McCoy ran,

At times it seemed as if Stavis ran with him, but he knew that was wrong. Stavis was dead because he wouldn't run, because he dared stand up to the greyskinned Thanlonn who now claimed dominion over the land of the Ka'ardeshi. He felt the ground tilt up under him, and he used his hands again, raw and bleeding from the slopes he had scrambled up in the last ... what? Two days? It seemed longer. He climbed, and the sensation of heat in his hands told him it was black rock that he climbed. The hands encountered a shape, ragged, hot, and he pulled himself past it, collapsing in the sparse shade.

He rubbed the sweat from his eyes and pulled at the air that did not nourish. When he could breathe again without searing his throat, he pulled himself around the shelter, searching across the heat-dancing land. There was movement in the distance.

A man-figure, skimming over the thick t'kev McCoy had broken in his flight. The lemony smell of the broken brambles still clung to McCoy's clothes. But his pursuer was taking the easier course, hovering above the tops of the meter-high brush on that floating disc. Not fair, not fair, something in McCoy's mind sang, as though it were a game.

The Thanlonn had everything in his favor -- the floater, the food and water he carried, the advantage of being born and bred to this oxygen-poor world. Everything except a weapon. Stavis had taken care of that, even though it cost him his life. Run, his mind said. Run, McCoy.

And the rest of him -- blood and bone and muscle -- said: You can't. I will. He dragged himself up and began the climb. The rocks. Stay in the rocks. He'll have to leave the floater. Or wait you out. How long can you go on, old man? Not old. Young, then? No. But not old. He was leaving hand-prints now as he climbed, scarlet markers that burned brown almost the instant his shadow passed over them. There was a singing in his ears and a roaring in his chest, as if someone had opened the door to a smelter furnace, and suddenly he, too, was floating.

Now, he thought. Now it's fair. * * * His throat hurt. That was the first sensation. Others followed, and his mind cried out for the floating darkness, but he couldn't retrieve it. Consciousness was coming back, and with it came the protests of an abused body. Then, incredibly, there was moisture on his lips. Warm and brackish, but wet.

He opened his eyes to the lipless, pebble-skinned face of the Thanlonn. The eye stalks wavered toward his movement, and he instinctively tried to scuttle away, only to be caught by a hot and dry hand. . "Give it up." The voice was metallic, flat. English pronunciation did not come easily to Thanlonns, with their Saurian heritage. "It was a good run, but you losst." McCoy glared at him, fully awake now, aware that his hands were held behind him by something metallic and hot. "Drink, now. I don't want you to die on me. Not yet." There was enough anger in McCoy to make him turn his head away, but the three-fingered hand caught his hair and held him immobile as the cup pressed against his lips. Instinct took over then, and he worked the water over his swollen tongue, hating the need that let him accept it. "Enough. More later."

The Thanlonn sat back on his heels, eye stalks wavering slightly as he studied McCoy with the sense that was both less and more than sight. He stood, hauling McCoy upright by one arm. "Thiss time, we both ride."

McCoy let himself be guided to the platform, leaning back against the waist-high support framework for balance as the floater lifted off soundlessly. "If you're looking for a place to hide the body," McCoy pronounced, "this is as good as any." "Perhapss. But ssomeone will come looking for you, Terran. Ka'ardeshi disappear all the time. But a rich Terran who hiress a guide ... that iss different. Your body hass to be found, and found in a way that iss not susspiciouss."

The Thanlonn had a great deal of trouble with the last word. McCoy hoped he would choke on it. "Stavis wasn't a guide. He was a friend of mine."

"You should pick your friendss more carefully, Terran. And they should sstay on their Presserve."

"That was Preserve land the last time I was here. Before Thanlonn Mining found pergium on it.

"The pilot came as close to a shrug as his bony frame would permit. "Thingss change."

"So I notice. Tell me, did you find out your mine tailings would poison the Ka'ardeshi drinking water before or after you started strip mining?"

McCoy thought at first that the Thanlonn was not going to answer. He seemed to be paying very close attention to the piloting of the floater. "You ssee too much," he said finally.

"I see you're taking these people's planet away from them."

The response this time was abrupt and heated. "Sstop meddling, Terran! We Thanlonn have been on Ka'ardesh for over two hundred yearss. Thiss iss an internal matter!"

"That's what the fox said when they caught him in the henhouse with his mouth full of feathers." The comparison was lost on the Thanlonn, and he made no reply. But the peppery musk of his anger was strong in McCoy's nostrils. He leaned back again on the railing, trying to find a comfortable position. There wasn't enough room to sit, barely enough room for both of them to stand on the small disc. And it was going to be a long trip.

The floater, he knew from bitter experience, had a maximum speed of perhaps 10 kilometers per hour -- just about the speed at which a healthy man could run. He wasn't sure just how much straight-line distance he'd put between himself and the high lake, or even whether that was their immediate destination. But he knew they were a long way from anywhere.

In the silence and the heat, he found his mind wandering, retracing the steps that had brought him here. It had started with the best of omens. A long layover on Thanlo, the only other inhabited planet in the Ka'arian system, meant extended liberty for most of the Enterprise crew. For McCoy, it meant a trip to Ka'ardesh, a chance to renew his friendship with the bandy-legged Stavis, and a chance to wet a fishing line in the clean and icy waters of the Ka'atdeshi Preserve, that last unspoiled portion of the planet.

But the Thanlonn, whose conquest of the stone age Ka'ardeshi predated the system's admission to the Federation, were not satisfied with the plunder they had already removed. Stavis hadn't understood the meaning of the timberkill any more than he could explain to McCoy why his wives had delivered only stillborn or deformed infants for the past three years. In the face of McCoy's explanation of strip mining and of the deadly effects of pergium tailings in the water supply, he had remained stolid and outwardly unaffected. He became angry only when McCoy asked him if the lake was still part of the Preserve. He admitted his poaching even as he defended it by right of centuries of use. They had still been arguing it out when the Thanlonn guard appeared.

He'd cut Stavis down with a blast from the ugly stunner he carried, not counting on the strength and determination of the tough little Ka'ardeshi. Stavis's intent had been to turn the stunner on the Thanlonn, McCoy thought, but the weapon must have had a dead-man's switch or other safeguard built into it. McCoy would never know. Because when it went off, it blew itself -- and Stavis -- into very small pieces. That was when McCoy started running. Now all that was left was the memory of that flight; a memory augmented by a body that was one huge ache. He was getting lightheaded again from the unrelenting sun and from his empty belly. It had been a long flight down the mountainside and into this desert with nothing to sustain him on the way but the assumption that capture would be fatal. Perhaps it would be yet, unless he found a way to free himself, to get back to the Ka'ardeshi village where the rented skimmer waited. Only he wasn't sure just where that was anymore. Or even where he was.

He had a better idea by the time the Thanlonn brought the floater down at dusk. It flopped over like a child's top, the curved hemisphere under the passenger platform making it ungainly when grounded. Damned stupid engineering, McCoy thought. Needs landing legs. Scotty would take care of that in a minute. But Scotty was quite a distance away .. Much further than the Thanlonn, who stepped free of the conveyance with a grace that spoke of long use. McCoy was less practiced and off balance with his hands bound. He fell awkwardly and slid across the platform, ducking his head at the last instant to avoid the railing. The movement and his momentum sent him sprawling; angry, humiliated, and bruised. The Thanlonn left him to untangle himself, breaking t'kev for firewood and setting the lemony pitch ablaze with a pocket lighter. McCoy used the time to check the angle of the setting sun, swallowed up by the mountains. He had come from there, he knew. And in the southern foothills, the Ka'ardeshi village stood.

He had his goal now, and they were nearer it, though he had no idea just yet how he was going to attain it. The Thanlonn took his own time with the meal, possibly enjoying the audible growls of McCoy's stomach. It was difficult to read emotions on that inhuman face. The mouth was just a broad gash, the nostrils slitted in a neat diagonal line under the smooth round earholes. There was no exterior ear, and McCoy wondered irrelevantly just how well the Thanlonn could hear. The sight organs doubtless gave him much more information. Balanced on flexible stalks, they sensed light and heat and movement, though the race was known to be color-blind. McCoy calculated how much leeway that would give him, in a hot, brushy landscape, if he kept still. Once he had gained the desert, running might well have been the stupidest choice possible. It was all academic now.

Finished at last, the Thanlonn pulled a second food pack from the edge of the fire. He freed McCoy's hands and stood back to watch as the Terran juggled the hot foil packet. There might have been amusement on his face. McCoy couldn't tell, and he didn't really care. The mass inside the foil was vile smelling and worse tasting, heavy with something fibrous and nearly unchewable. It was quite possible, he realized, that the food would make him violently ill. He didn't care. It at least gave his digestive juices something to work on besides his stomach lining. He accepted another cup of the warmish water. It was the same cup the Thanlonn had used, and the brim was crusted with bits of food. McCoy turned it in his hands until he found a relatively clean spot, and drank. He drained the cup and held it out for a refill, but the Thanlonn shook his head. He took the cup away and reached behind McCoy to bind his hands again.

"Hey, gimme a break. I'm not going anywhere, and those things hurt." The only response was a sharp tug on the manacles to make sure they were fastened. McCoy winced as the metal bit into his chafed wrists. "You're really enjoying this, aren't you?" The eye stalks wavered at him.

"Enjoying what?"

"Pushing people around. Blowing them away with that nasty little stunner you had."

"It'ss my job."

"Killing people?"

"If I have to." He settled down several meters away from McCoy.

"What you Terranss don't undersstand iss that killing iss a natural insstinct."

"We understand it. And we also understand it's an instinct that has to be controlled in civilized beings. I have a friend who once said that the mark of a civilized man is his capacity to decide he's not going to kill today." T

he Thanlonn made a sibilant noise that might have been laughter. He used a Thanlonn word McCoy didn't need to translate in order to understand.

"We are all killerss, Terran. Even you."

"No. I'm a physician. I don't take life."

"You could be pushed into that action, Doctor. If I freed you and handed you a weapon, I would be dead in an insstant. And I would deserve it."

"No."

"An interessting argument. But not one we are apt to ssettle tonight. I have no intention of giving you the opportunity." He pulled his backpack close and stretched out, pillowing his head on it. "Good night, Doctor." * * *

By the middle of the second day, they were well back into the mountains. McCoy was beginning to have a vague idea of where they were when the Thanlonn changed course, away from the valley in which the deadly lake gleamed. There were no answers to his questions, and McCoy began to have the prickly feeling that he might have a painful interview with Thanlonn Mining officials before his "accident" was arranged. He had little appetite for the packet the Thanlonn handed him at camp that night, and he sat staring moodily at its still bubbling contents as he rubbed the circulation back into his hands. "You had better eat, Terran."

An idea crept into his mind, and he carefully folded his legs under him, half rising. "There's something in it."

"Jusst food."

"No. Looks like a bug or something."

"You are sseeing thingss again."

"No, really. Take a look." He lifted the sizzling packet, ignoring the sting of heat in his palm. The Thanlonn ambled over, wavering his eye stalks.

"Where?"

"Look -- right there."

As the angular form bent forward, McCoy thrust up, smashing the packet and its blistering hot contents into his captor's face. The Thanlonn gave an eerie, whistling scream, clawing at his head, spinning away in pain. He blundered into the coals of the fire, falling face down, and McCoy smelled pepper and burned cloth and something like bacon popping in a skillet. Jesus, he thought. I didn't mean-- Then instinct took over, and he lunged forward, catching a thrashing leg and hauling the writhing form out of the coals. The fabric of the Thanlonn's shirt was melting, eating its way into the grey skin like acid, and McCoy ripped at it, scrubbing his own hands in the dirt to deaden the liquid flame. The Thanlonn's face was a ruin of charred flesh, one eye stalk completely gone, the other swinging convulsively by a single tendon as he clawed at the pain source.

"Stop it!" McCoy made a grab for the hands and was knocked away by a flailing limb. He scrambled back and threw himself across the charred torso, pinning the thrashing arms. "Stop it, I said! You're only making it worse!"

The Thanlonn bucked under him, still shrieking. McCoy straddled him, holding the arms down with his knees. He brought his hands tight against the wide flared breathing slits, thumbs pinching shut the pumping artery in the leathery throat. In a matter of seconds, the Thanlonn went limp, unconscious from the pain or the lack of oxygen, or both.

McCoy got up slowly, turned away, and gave up to the wracking spasm of dry heaves, a reaction he hadn't permitted himself since the first time he'd ever done an autopsy. It wasn't just the sight and smell of ruined flesh -- God knew he'd seen enough of that, treated enough of it. What sickened him was knowing he had been responsible for that ruin -- had thrust out at living flesh with intent to destroy. And had, in that first instant when the Thanlonn screamed, felt triumph in the act. By the time he was in control again, the Thanlonn was stirring weakly, making mewling sounds that threatened the newly-won stability of McCoy's stomach.

He found the canteen and debrided the burns as well as he could. His own hands were blistered, and he used the last of the water on them, cursing impotently for his medikit, abandoned at the camp he and Stavis had made days ago. There was nothing in the Thanlonn's backpack that looked even remotely like a first-aid kit, but he did find a lightweight cloth-like wrapping around the food packets. It was too tough to rip, and he was seriously considering using his teeth on it when he remembered the knife the Thanlonn wore at his belt. He crossed quickly to the long, slender form, and freed the knife. The Thanlonn stiffened and made a gesture as if to prevent McCoy from taking it.

"Don't fight me, dammit! I'm trying to help you."

"No!" he rasped. McCoy ignored him, cutting the fabric into long strips. As gently as possible, he lifted the charred head, noting the blistered ruin of the remaining eye stalk and the pinkish fluid that seeped from it. He wrapped the strips around the flesh, clumsy with his own burns.

"I'm sorry I don't have anything to give you for the pain. You'll just have to tough it out."

Incredibly, the Thanlonn breathed his sibilant, chilling laugh.

"You're a fool," he said. "Why do you not just put me out of my misery?"

McCoy turned his attention to his own hands, wrapping the last of the strips around them. "I told you -- I'm a doctor. Now tell me how to steer that floater and which way to point it for the closest help."

"No."

"You don't seem to understand. You need proper medical attention, and you need it fast. If you don't get it, those burns are going to infect, and it's liable to kill you -- if fluid imbalance or shock doesn't do it first."

"I'm already a dead man, Doctor."

....to be concluded in Spring 2020 issue!





ERIC NEILSON

Where are you from and where are you now?—Ogden UT and Las Vegas NV

Married/Single?—Single

Family?—Not a close one

Hobbies outside of Star Trek?—Cosplay, comicbooks, video games, my little pony

Favorite Ticonderoga Club Memory?—That time that I came to the meeting dressed as a Ferengi. That was a fun night

Favorite Fan Encounter?—Definitely that time at Crystal Mountain Pony con. When I met M.A Larson in person and he asked for a picture with me. Because he liked my cosplay of the fan Theory that Q from Star Trek and Discord from My Little Pony are the same being. But I didn't recognize it was him until I went to a panel that he was on.

Worst Fan Encounter?—I'd have to say it was that time at Salt Lake Comic Con. Me and a friend were getting a photo taken with LeVar Burton. And when I turned came up I walked up and tripped over a wire and almost fell into him. My friend caught me in time but it was still embarrassing.

When did you first get into Sci Fi and with what series?—First one I can remember was Star Trek the Original Series my father had the entire first season on VHS and we would sit down and watch them all the time. I don't have a great memory that far back but that's the earliest one I can remember.

Favorite series, Episodes, and Films in Star Trek?—Favorite series would have to be Deep Space Nine. Favorite episodes would probably be "a piece of the action from the original Star Trek" and "the Magnificent Ferengi from Deep Space Nine" And my favorite movie would be the movie where they go back in search of the whales I think that's Star Trek V if I'm correct

Favorite series outside of Star Trek?—My little pony for sure. Though I also enjoy Rick and Morty and I am very much enjoying the Mandalorian

What are some of your Dreams and Goals?—I would like to make cosplay my full-time career perhaps get a job doing makeup for TV or movies



CREW DATABASE



WEYLIN MILLER

Where are you from and where are you now?—? Grew up in Howell, Utah and now live in Garland, Utah

Married/Single?—Single

Family?—Yea you know that one, still around is Kenway (brother) and Aunt Bonnie.

Hobbies outside of Star Trek?—Gaming and Anime

Favorite Ticonderoga activity?—Pretty much generally hanging out at the monthly meetings.

Favorite Fan Encounter?—Meeting George Takei and Slanted Fadora. Working security at MountainCon and talking with Walter Koeing for a bit.

Worst Fan Encounter?—Nothing out of the ordinary

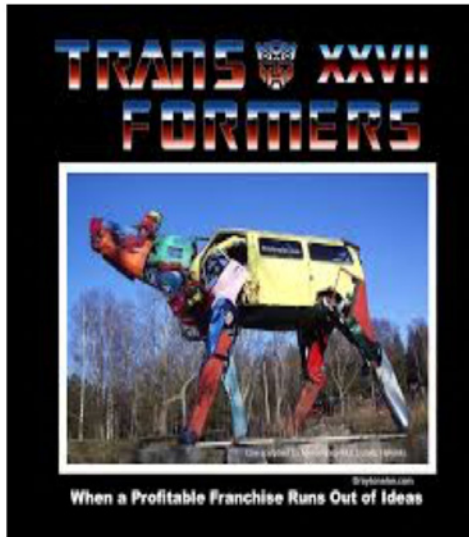
When did you first get into Sci Fi and with what series?—Born and raised in it

Favorite series, episodes, and films in Star Trek?—I have to say....favorite series is Star Trek Voyager, my favorite episode is “....All good things” from STTNG and ill go with Star Trek Generations as my favorite film.

Favorite series outside of Star Trek?—Friends and the Star Wars Movies

What are some of your Dreams and Goals?—I honestly do not have any goals.

THE LAUGHING KLINGON JOKES, FUNNIES, ETC

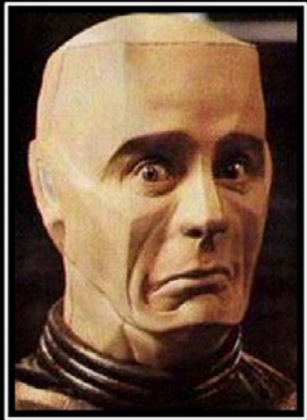


You might be a Trekkie if...

- you've ever been in a fist fight over who is better Captain Picard or Captain Kirk...
- you think that Captain Janeway is sexier than Princess Leia...
- your screen saver says "Resistance is futile, you will be assimilated"...
- you find yourself in a jam and say "Scotty, beam me up!"...
- you believe that politicians own a copy of the Ferengi Rules of Acquisition...
- your girlfriend tells you "it's either me or Star Trek!" and you wave good-bye...
- you wrote in James T. Kirk for President with running mate Pavel Chekov...
- you can tell the difference between a Vulcan and a Romulan...



THE LAUGHING KLINGON JOKES, FUNNIES, ETC



NO SILICON HEAVEN?

Preposterous! Where would all the calculators go?

I KNOW you have a red shirt, Scotty!!

But I've talked to Gene, and he doesn't kill his main characters!!

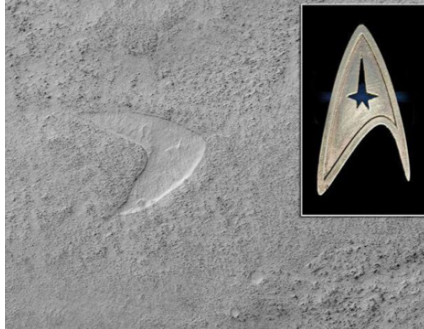
SET PHASERS TO LOL.COM



APPEARENCE

Aman walks down the street with a hat like that, people know he's not afraid of anything





AN ASTRONOMY ARTICLE BY CREW-MEMBER ANNIE STEPHENS

Trek This...For Some Far Out Good Times

Captain Proton, Defender of Earth, hero of humans keeping them out of the Mines of Mercury. And it's a good thing...the temperature extremes range from 800 degrees in the day to -290 degrees at night. It gets this hot for so long because a day on Mercury can last longer than the whole year. This rocky planet is tidally locked to the sun and spins ever so so slow! It spins around on its axis three times for every two times around the sun, not great weather for miners. Not now, not in the future!

But let's start here...on Earth...before the Federation of Planets...before Capt. Proton, before the alien planets and wormholes by transforming and terraforming our Sol system. The future of Trek is ignited by our curiosity and imagination. We will do it for the Capt. Proton's of all quadrants because we cannot at any cost allow the Dr. Chaoticas of the galaxy to execute their fiendish plans.

Mercury might be a great habitat for Horta who would really like the silica, but we like carbon and there is no carbon to be found there. Terraforming is pretty much out of the question. However, the planet could come to good use for slingshotting the Enterprise and getting the crew back to the future. This most likely will never happen, Mercury actually doesn't have enough mass, but each time our bigger planets align we can use their slingshotting and send space craft on a bold new adventure of exploration. The Voyagers did this and look where they landed up...in interstellar space...going where no one has gone before.

On to Venus. Despite the extreme green house effect this planet of 'love' is going to undergo some intensive efforts in terraforming. At best we will build the future Aphrodite Terraforming Station in orbit around this planet. We will need someplace for needed supplies for future planetary members of the UFP. How does a project like this even start? With Artemis! With Gateway! We are going back! To the moon! Then on to infinity and beyond!

Carl Sagan thought, for a while, that Venus could be transformed with carbon fixing. Lets see...just genetically engineer some bacteria that would fix the carbon into an organic form...hmmm. This idea was put on a shelf.

Another plan to be put on the shelf was to build solar shades to decrease the temperature and reduce solar winds. They would have to be 4 times the size of Venus and be constructed in space, but maybe the future floating colonies will have supplies for that as well. And hey while we are at it we can build fueling stations for Chakotay's storm trooping, I mean flying through storm training.

Ha ha! Those plans are off the shelf! Carbon fixing is a happening event in biotechnology and solar shields and solar sails and solar panels...

Then there is Mars. Most logical. A very cold planet but solar panels will start bringing up the temperature within 20 years of installation and begin melting the snow at the polar caps. Heck there is enough water there to cover most of the planet with 30 feet of water. You could grow a lot more than potatoes and it would smell a lot better!

We want to do this. Will can help! Capt. Picard's and Capt. Janeway's families (before their time) are going to help as well. The Millennium Gate, what a vision, what a biosphere! The first of many as we terraform our way into space. Crew members will be born and live in them. Dr. Leah Brahms will live at the Utopia Planitia Gardens (sounds watery) and will be the director of the Daystrom Institute. Benjamin Sisko is stationed here for a while as well. Tycho City will be home to generations of crew members and to Dorian Collins, of the Red Squad. Of course we only know this because we know stuff, but seriously we are on our way to Mars, tech people not just space tech. It is quite possible we may need somewhere to go in a star date or two.

Jupiter is pretty much going to be important for Jupiter Station which will be important to the Doctor and his sort of dad. With a radiation belt around the planet as big as the sun we will be much better off in a space station. Not just any space station. We are going to design a repair/install stop for state of the art phase cannons, (even though Tucker and Reed will get that handled without needing to dock), for military training with particle weapons and for learning to maneuver in zero gravity. See we have started this training already. We have a space station an International Space Station no less, with various carbon-based lifeforms in full cooperation.

Ahhhh Saturn! Yikes! Saturn! We cannot live there! Starfleet will manage a space flight range but will probably only be flight, no one is landing on Saturn any time soon. It is a Class J planet with more gas than solid. Lots and lots of hydrogen. Maybe within many stardates we will learn to hydrogen fix this place. Anyone interested in biotechnology now?

Poor Uranus and Neptune! Not much happening there and won't be for a long time. They are beautiful and mysterious but just too cold. The space suits we have now would freeze and crumble like glass immediately upon exposure. I am thinking that some wanderlust is going to set in just as we get close to these ice giants. We will be just so close to going there, you know where no one has gone before, that we will just keep going...and going...and going...





A LOOK INSIDE WHAT THE TICO COLLECTIVE COLLECTS.— ERIC NEILSON

Collection: Swords & Medieval weaponry!

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

I collect bladed weapons I've been collecting them for years

2. What sparked your interest with collecting these items?

I've always had an interest in them I see them as more elegant than firearms but it really took off with my interest in history the pre gunpowder era in particular is what caught my interest most.

3. What are some of your favorite items in your Collection?

Quite a few. I remember making a homemade Target to practice with my shuriken which I bought at the mall I also remember using my Cherokee Tomahawk to help clear bushes and trees out while setting up for a Renaissance Festival that I took part in 1 year. It was a good year at the festival I remember that was where I bought my Viking broadsword I've always wanted one but I had a hard time deciding between that and a bearded axe. I could only afford one at the time and I decided to go with the sword.

4. How did you come across some items in your Collection?

I've come across them from all sorts of places I've ordered a few online. Bought a few at Renaissance Fairs there used to be a store in the Newgate Mall which sold bladed weapons from the Orient that's where I got my shuriken what are the most interesting finds that I found though was actually at a yard sale it was the tip of a naginata a Japanese long spear weapon. It was a replica not an original that would have been too good but they were selling it for only 2 bucks and it was a damn fine replica.





THE COLLECTIVES COLLECTIBLES



5. Is there any items in your Collection that has a story to it?

Well my Cherokee Tomahawk is probably one of my favorites I also like my neck and not to if I had to pick one favorite though I think it would probably be my Bowie knife that my dad bought me for my birthday a few years back I found that to be the most useful and it's a really nice looking weapon.

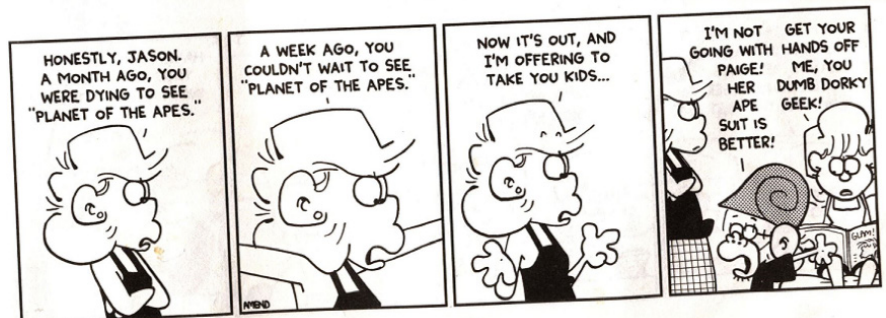
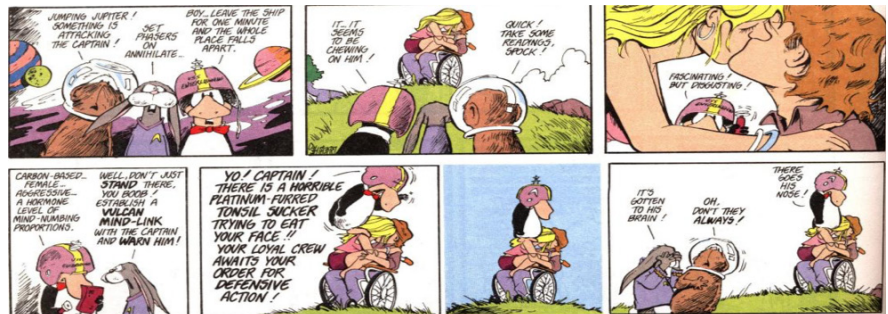
6. What other items, outside of this Collection do you enjoy collecting?

I collect a great many things comic books being one of my big ones. Especially Batman and other DC heroes. My Little Pony Collectibles are also a big thing for me I just recently acquired a pony version of Monopoly at the anime Bonsai convention. Have you have to play it with anybody but it's nice to have.

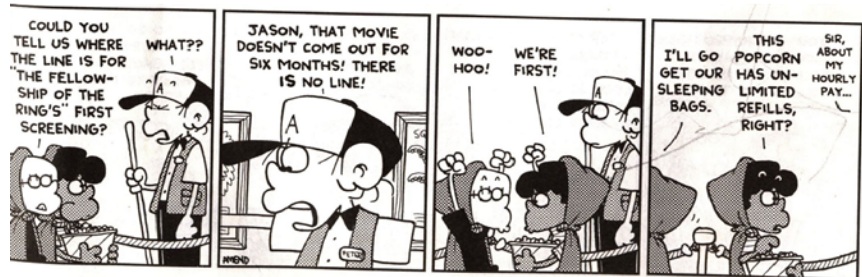
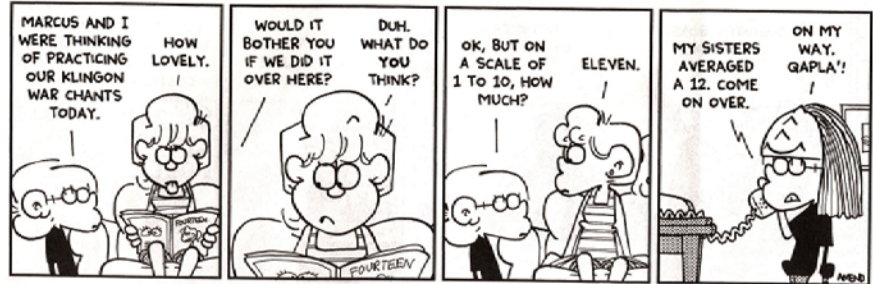


THE FINAL CUTS

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



THE FINAL CUTS



KIM KARAS





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, All! And happy 2020!

I hope this issue finds you well.

Did you make any resolutions? How have you kept up on them?

Remember that any progress, no matter how slow, is still progress. If you've somehow not lived up to your goals and expectations, don't worry.

There is always another day to start again.

May that good energy serve to support and aid you in all the new year's endeavors.

Captain Erica Stark

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