

"Ticonderoga Transmissions"

Vol. 20 - Winter 2011/2012 Edition

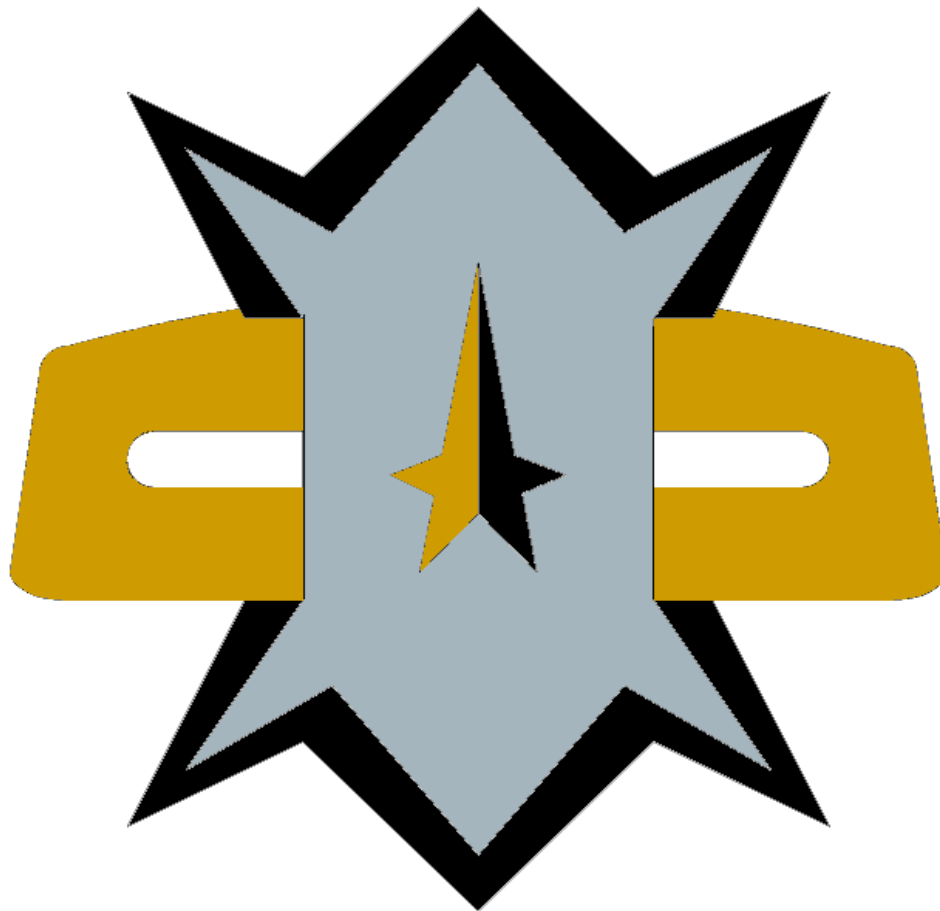
A Special Thanks to:

Rear Admiral Carl Stark

Lieutenant Dave Stock, Acting C.O.

Lieutenant Russell Boltz, USS Retributor

The Mystery Author...



USS Ticonderoga Senior Staff

Commanding Officer: Lt. Erica "Captain" Stark

Executive Officer: Lt. Dave Stock

Strategic Operations Officer/2nd Officer: Lt. Kevin Hancock

Chief of Security: Lt. Frank Buck

Chief of Communications: Lt. John Barnes

Chief of Engineering: Ensign Josh Linscott

Chief of Operations: C1C Bryan Hoag

Chief of Tactical: C2C Hollie Caudell

Assistant Chief of Tactical: Ensign Josh Merrill

Open Positions

Chiefs: Science, Medical, CONN & Civilian.

Assistant Chiefs: All, minus Tactical.

NEXT NEWSLETTER DEADLINE: March 1, 2012

From the Captain's Desk:

Men & Women of the USS Ticonderoga, thanks for your interest in the club. We are extremely proud of the importance of the daily operations we perform. Our crew members are truly dedicated to remain "Munientes limitem ultimum," or "Fortifying the Final Frontier". This year provided a wealth of information allowing you us to learn more about each other and i hope you enjoyed what we all did together.

Happy December to everyone! We are all anxiously waiting for Christmas to come our way for two reasons: 1- to spend time with family, 2- to celebrate the turning of the calendar for the last time during 2011 deployment. Last month I described the weather in the mornings as pleasant with temperatures in the high 50s. Lately it has been in the 30s (cold) and it still gets colder during the night. As always the Senior Officers and I spend a few days walking the corridors in an effort to ensure we see the crew of the Ticonderoga on a regular basis. The morale everywhere continues to remain high. We are nearing the end, which means there is a great deal of work to be done in preparation for our mid winter BBQ.

Patience, understanding, and flexibility will be the keys for the remainder of the year. We will need everyone to understand that rosters and schedules may adjust by a few hours or days without warning or advance notice. As a reminder, please be careful as to the information being posted on our Facebook page or any other social media site especially with regards to our plans.

**Lieutenant Dave Stock
Acting Commanding Officer
USS Ticonderoga, Seventh Fleet**

From the X.O.'s Desk:

Greetings Crew,

I would like to take the time to thank you all for your time, service, participation, hospitality you've shown under this time that Lt. Dave Stock and I have commanded the Ticonderoga while the Captain is on medical leave. Speaking of which I'd like to welcome the new members to our Ticonderoga and Seventh Fleet Family!

I'd like to thank the crew of the USS Retributor for making our RPG night missions. Soon enough I'll have to start making them and I want to let you all know I will always welcome suggestions for mission story lines, plot-bunnies and the like. We welcome the Captain back to duty as of Stardate: 65010.1 (January 1, 2012).

Admiral's Banquet:

Date: Saturday. January 28th, 2012, 2pm.

Place: Richmond City Building in Richmond Utah on the corner of main and center in Richmond.

Address: 6 West Main, Richmond

*Star Trek 2 (Abrams-verse version) is due to be released **May 17, 2013.***

The Documentary known as "Trek Nation" has bonus web shows on YouTube called "Trek Nation: Director's Log". <http://www.youtube.com/user/TrekNation>

I'd like to wish you all a Merry Christmas & a Happy New Year! Now a Holiday Greeting from the Starks! My apologies for the lateness of this edition of the Newsletter.

Lieutenant John Barnes
Acting Executive Officer
USS Ticonderoga, Seventh Fleet

(Belated, Editor's fault) Merry Christmas from the Starks!
Carl, Erica, Steven, Aurora & Miranda.



*Christmas
2011*

*Our
Family*



STAR*DATES:

=/\= USS Ticonderoga =/\=

Date = Stardate	Time	Event	Place
01/06/12 = SD: 65020.3	07:00:00 PM	RPG Night	Crewman Kathy Campbell's home. Ogden, UT
01/11/12 = SD: 65020.8	07:30:00 PM	General Meeting	Weber County Library, basement. Ogden, UT
01/13/12 = SD: 65021.0	07:00:00 PM	Board Game Night	HaJoMaJe Games and Comics Kaysville, UT

=/\= Seventh Fleet =/\=

Date = Stardate	Time	Event	Place
01/28/12 = SD: 65012.8	TBA	Admiral's Banquet	TBA

BIRTHDAYS & ANNIVERSARIES

October

Day	Birthdays	Anniversaries
2	Avery Brooks (Ben Sisko, DS9)	Lieutenant John Barnes (10th)
7	Crewman (2C) Nate McGregor	
8	Crewman (2C) Ivan Podwys	
9	Scott Bakula (Jonathan Archer, ENT)	
11	Crewman (3C) Haylee Hancock	
15	Mark Lenard (Sarek, TOS/TNG)	
19	Crewman (2C) Justin Stock	
23	Ira Steven Behr (Producer)	
27	Robert Picardo (The Doctor, VOY)	

November

Day	Birthdays	Anniversaries
1	Crewman (3C) Faye Hancock	Lieutenant Erica Stark (14th) Alexander Stock (11th) Lieutenant (JG) Josh Linscott (7th) Crewman (2C) Hollie Caudell (2nd) Crewman (3C) Virginia Murchie (2nd)
5	Armin Shimerman (Quark, DS9)	
9	Robert Duncan McNeill (Tom Paris, VOY)	
12	Max Grodenchik (Rom, DS9)	
13	Whoopi Goldberg (Guinan, TNG)	
14	Crewman (2C) Teresa Munden	
19	Robert Beltran (Chakotay, VOY)	
20	Terry Farrell (Jadzia Dax, DS9)	
21	Alexander Siddig (Julian Bashir, DS9)	
23	Lieutenant (JG) Brad Jacobs	
24	Denise Crosby (Natasha Yar, TNG)	
25	Ricardo Montalban (Khan, TOS/ST:II)	
27	Crewman (2C) Hollie Caudell	
28	Lieutenant (JG) Tim Madden	

December

Day	Birthdays	Anniversaries
9	Michael Dorn (Worf, TNG/DS9)	Crewman (3C) Faye Hancock (5th) Crewman (1C) Jerry Girardo (4th)
15	Midshipman Dennis Holiday II	
16	Garret Wang (Harry Kim, VOY)	
18	Crewman (1C) Steven Stark	
20	Nicole DeBoer (Ezri Dax, DS9)	
22	Crewman (2C) Tarren Sullivan	
25	Rick Berman (Producer)	
28	Nichelle Nichols (Uhura, TOS)	

January

Day	Birthdays	Anniversaries
6	Aron Eisenberg (Nog, DS9)	Crewman (1C) Kathy Campbell (9th) Crewman (2C) Guy H. Hurst (9th) Michelle Stephens (7th) Crewman (2C) Jeremy James (6th) Crewman (2C) David Horst (2nd) Crewman (2C) Debby Horst (2nd)
7	Mark Allen Shepherd (Morn, DS9)	
10	Lieutenant Beverly Miller	
19	Lieutenant Kevin Hancock	
20	Deforest Kelley (Dr. McCoy, TOS)	
23	Crewman (2C)' Marcus Rosales & Debby Horst	

February

Day	Birthdays	Anniversaries
1	Lieutenant (JG) Kenway Miller	Midshipman Dennis Holiday II (14th) Crewman (1C) Steven Stark (13th) Crewman (3C) Isaac Sullivan (8th) Kimbra Sullivan (8th) Crewman (2C) Tarren Sullivan (8th)
2	Brent Spiner (Data, TNG)	
6	Crewman (2C) Guy H. Hurst	
8	Ethan Phillips (Neelix, VOY)	
10	Lieutenant John Barnes	
14	Andrew Robinson (Garak, DS9)	
16	LeVar Burton (Geordi La Forge, TNG)	
22	Jeri Ryan (7 of 9, VOY)	
23	Majel Barrett Roddenberry (Various Roles & Shows)	
25	Michelle Stephens	
26	Chase Masterson (Leeta, DS9)	

Word Search Puzzle

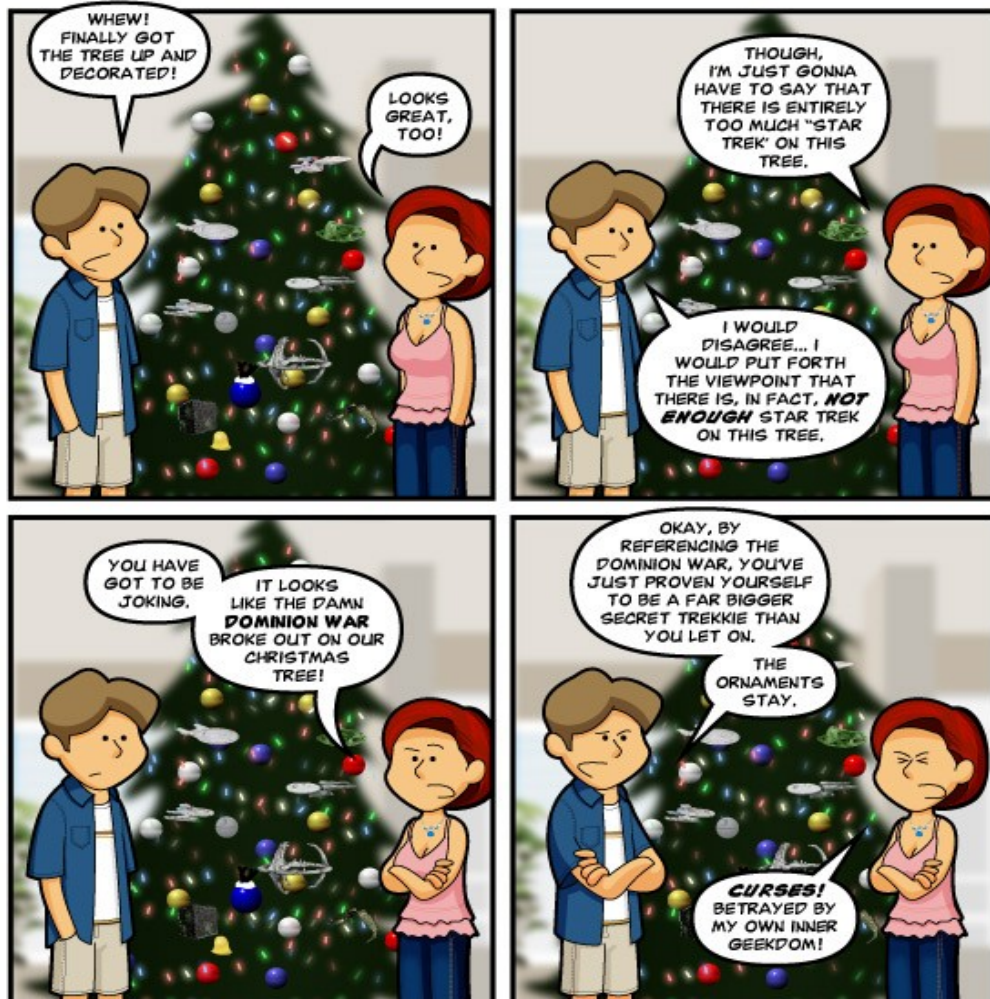
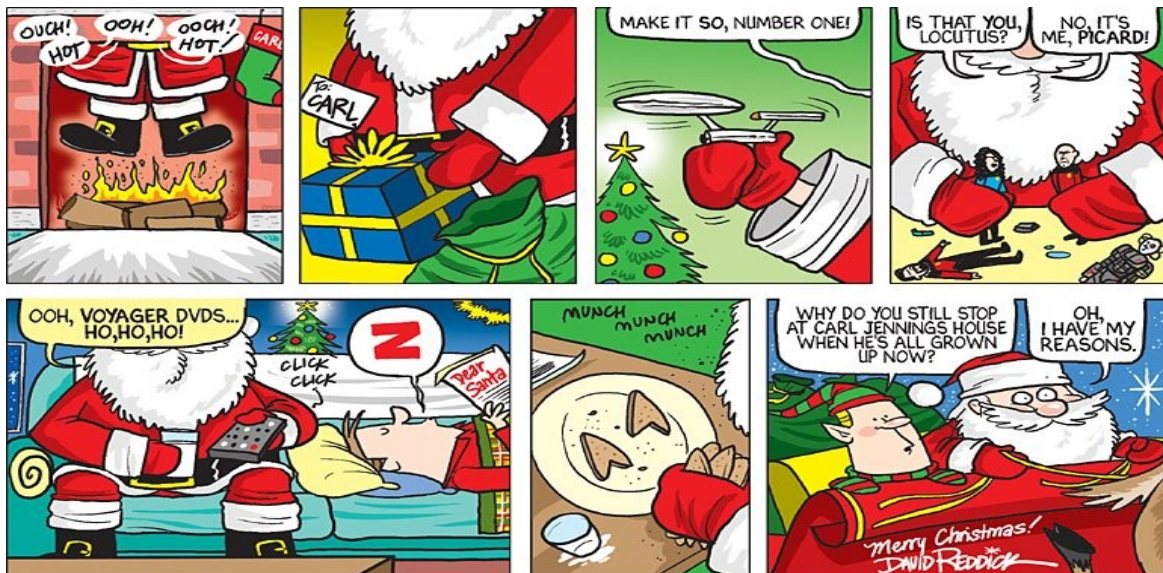
By: Lt. Russell Boltz, Astrometrics Officer, USS Retributor

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D N P A N F I K T W N W N P G E E I N W X E Y S H E G B Q E
T E R R A N O V A E B O S E L T H L T N V X K L M T X P K E
R A Y I W S M I K N C X T L P S H J L N D U H T H U B K P H
N M G B J R O J X Y O O E O O Y N Y E I E I C B Q Z K V Q I
M K U J A A P N I A W X O H H P K V Z A U M Y B L E K J X B
E N I G N E E V I F P R A W C P T G F R A M G P C M E P B B
M T O A D M I R A L G A R D N E R O D U S P D U P R P V S C
H I G H C O M M A N D D D H C F Q Q Z D N P L V A L W W D Z

Admiral Forrest	Elizabeth Cutler	Malcom Reed	T'Les
Admiral Gardner	Emory Erickson	NX Class	T'Pol
AG Robinson	Enterprise	Osmotic eel	Travis Mayweather
Andoria	Henry Archer	Phlox	trillium-D
Arik Soong	High Command	Photonic Torpedo	Trip Tucker
Augment	Hoshi Sato	P'Jem	Vulcan
Azati Prime	Hull plating	Shuttlepod	Warp Five Engine
Ceti Alpha V	Jonathan Archer	Silik	Xindi
Columbia	Kelby	Soval	Xyrellian
Daniels	Klaang	Suliban	
Decon chamber	Koss	Syrrannite	
Degra	Kovaalan Nebula	Temporal Cold War	
Delphic Expanse	MACO	Terra Nova	
Denobulan	Major Hayes	Thylek Shran	

Comics

By: David Reddick & Greg Dean



"A Day in the Life"

By: ANONYMOUS

(First one to guess the Author's Identity wins a prize. Send answers to ticonderoganews@gmail.com)

06:00, I wake up look around and note that it's very dark in my room. I look at the bottom of my door and notice that the lights are out in the hall. Ok I'm up, I get dressed and venture out into the dark. First thing I do is bump into a female in the pitch dark. Note to self: when your about to get slapped by a woman, don't turn your head. This I realize as I rubbed the welts on the front of my face rather than the side.

06:25, After returning to my room and finding my flashlight, I make my way down the hall past a turbo shaft. I hear strange noises coming from an area which I can't see (onward and upward).

06:53, I see the first light that's not coming from my flashlight. It's coming from two forward. I hear people talking normally I wouldn't concern myself. But by now I'm looking forward to talking to someone other than my imagination. I make it to the door, it's propped open with what looks like an empty alcohol container.

07:12, After fitting my one foot thick frame through a eight inch hole. I see about six people in the corner talking but not having fun. When I approached them three moved away, one approached me and the other two I think disappeared. Needless to say when I arrived at the group there was only one there and she was a bit standoffish.

I asked her if she knew why the power was out. She looked around then back at me and said, "Is it?" She zeroed in on my face and said, "You have a welt, are you OK?" I told her I was, I just bumped into something in the hall.

She dropped the subject and went over to the three people at the bar. They began arguing, I couldn't tell about what. The three men appeared to give up and leave. I went to her and asked if she could point me to someone in charge, she said her name was Smith and she was the one in charge. She then asked me who I was and what rock I crawled out from under. I told her my name was Dane, Mike Dane. She told me to get my butt back to work. I thought she was talking about my job in security. And replied, "I'm off for the weekend."

"Stop screwing off," she said while pointing at the door. I took that as my cue to get out of her sight. Once back in the hall I moved to the opposite wall and navigated about 100 yards. I find a duffel bag in the middle of the hall after opening it I see it's full of tools I don't recognize and what appears to be a weapon. I take the bag and move on.

When I pass a Jeffries tube I see two people working I yell to them. One whispers to the other, the other pulled out a weapon and fired it at me. He missed and I ran screaming into the dark. When I thought I was clear of them, I stopped and got into the bag and removed what looked like the weapon I found the trigger and pulled it. A big lightning bolt came out and wandered down the hall, until it found a fixture on the wall and destroyed it. Whatever is going on here, at least armed with this tool.

08:45, Breakfast time, where is the closest replicator.

09:03, Pancakes, eggs, bacon and O.J.. Oh ya, and where the hell is the rest of the

crew? It's clear we've been boarded but by who and for what reason?

I think along with answering my first two questions, my first priority is to find the crew and take the ship back.

09:14, Time to find a weapons locker.

09:45, Now that I'm armed lets go find the crew. My first guess, cargo bay.

12:45, Sneaking is slow and tedious. Only had to stun three idiots, and yes duct tape still has a place.

Shortly before I get to the cargo bays. I encounter two cadets and a guy that says he's from the kitchen. They told me they had been hiding in a fridge that was shut down for repairs. I was glad to see they had they're own weapons.

13:10, One of the cadets tells me he knows a way into the cargo bay. He wants to go have a look and he will come back and give us a report. Ok now I'm hiding in the kitchen with a cadet and a cook.

13:45, We hear a ruckus out side. As I reach for the fridge door to take a peak. The door flies open and scares the crap out of us. It's the cadet with a handful of M.A.C.O.'s. They explained, when the cadet snuck in, they were able to sneak out with him.

Turns out one of the M.A.C.O.'s is a Captain of a squad. I yield to the extensive training and weapons the M.A.C.O.'s have access to that Security just doesn't get. Therefore he is now driving our boat. His first order is to get to another weapons locker (a special weapons locker). Hum and all this time I thought that was a tool cabinet.

14:52, The M.A.C.O.'s return with a stack of frigging weapons I've never even seen before. One of the cadets showed me how to operate a weapon called the infinity modulator, also known as the I-MOD.

15:37, The M.A.C.O. Captain's name is Auto Copal, he tells us there are about 247 prisoners in the cargo bay, 47 of them are M.A.C.O.'s. Seems an odorless gas was pumped through the ship, and they all woke up in the cargo bay. The Captain and command staff are not with them. Our next mission is to find them and restore power to certain areas of the ship.

15:49, Two of the M.A.C.O.'s the cadet, the cook and I start working on the power problem. The rest of the M.A.C.O.'s and the other cadet head for the command staff.

On our way to engineering we hear a few voices coming from around the corner. We listen for a few minutes. They are talking about finding an entity that is hiding on the ship. They are also (It appears that the cook is a bit of a bad ass, now the voices are laying quietly on the floor, out cold) concerned for our safety and are detaining us for our own good.

16:03, We're back in the fridge, waiting for the two guys the cook knocked out, to wake up.

16:15, They're awake, we separate them so we can compare their stories (they match). We heard correctly, they are incognito security forces assigned to protect the planet that we are orbiting.

16:47, They ask if any of us have seen anything out of the ordinary the M.A.C.O. says no. He just woke up in the cargo bay, with everyone else. The two planet security guys wink at each other and offer to take us to there leader. I still have trust issues with these guys considering I was shot at earlier today.

After some debate we decide to cuff and stuff the sec. guys and leave them in the fridge. And make our way to a power grid.

18:09 We finally find a grid. Turns out all the breakers circuits and fuses are intact.

We need to find a main power grid.

18:46, After turning on all the breakers, we decide to hide and see who comes to turn them off.

18:58, The group of people that were at two forward came to the grid. Before they could turn the breakers on I decide to be the bait, when I step out of hiding and run away (for the second time). When they took off after me the rest of my group came out behind them and jumped them. Now we have eight prisoners: the woman I know only as Smith would not stop yelling. Once again the cook worked his magic and knocked her out.

19:41, We now have seven prisoners in the fridge and Smith tied up and gagged at the other end of the kitchen. It was decided to separate her from the other group.

21:31, We made it down to Engineering and found the main breaker for the entire ship (and the monkey flips the switch).

21:40, One of the M.A.C.O.'s found a communicator and set it to a frequency that I didn't even know existed. After a few tries he made contact with the rest of the M.A.C.O.'s in the cargo bay. It was decided that they would be in position to storm the door if it opened. Turns out the cadet is a bit of a techie and was able to hack into the system and cause all the cargo bay doors to open.

22:33, Seems like the entire ship is churning with people who don't know where there suppose to be.

23:59, The M.A.C.O. with the communicator was able to make contact with the planet and confirm that they were looking for an entity and that Smith was the commander of the search party on our ship. We returned to the kitchen, to release Smith and her crew.

01:04, When we arrived at the kitchen we found that Smith was gone. We opened the fridge and released the rest of her crew. They said heard weird noises. I don't know how we missed her personal transporter, but we did. And she is gone. Another representative from the planet security forces beamed aboard and took command of her crew. They were in the process of cleaning things up when the Captain of our ship walked through the door and wanted to talk to the person who opened the cargo bay doors. The cadet stood up and said that would be me. The Captain said first of all thanks for that we were in the cargo bay next to the rest of the crew. Now you can go find Lt. Detago and help him catch the Tribbles that also got released. And are now terrorizing the Klingons.

03:29, Being that I'm still on days off. I thought I would stop by two forward for a night cap. After getting a drink. I don't know what it is all I can tell is that it's green. Who do I see in the corner but Smith, she's acting weird as I approach her a small worm crawls out of her ear and falls to the floor. So did Smith. The worm began crawling toward me. I grabbed a napkin off the table and scooped it up and into the bottle I was holding. As I screwed the lid back onto the bottle, I realized I was going to need another drink. After finding a bottle of Romulan Ale, I decided I would take the worm to the doctor so he could figure out what it is (oh ya and I'll tell him about Smith).

04:53, The doctor tells me it's a Ceti eel. We turn it over to planet security and they get off our ship.

06:00, I'm going to bed.

Utah's Science Fiction & Fantasy Weekend!

FOR MORE INFORMATION ~ [HTTP://CONDUIT-SF.COM](http://CONDUIT-SF.COM)

Media Guest of Honor
TIM RUSS



TIMELORDS

Author Guest of Honor
TAMORA PIERCE

CONduIt XXII: TIMELORDS

MAY 25 - 28, 2012

Downtown Radisson ~ Salt Lake City



Everything I Learned About Leadership I Learned from Star Trek

Commentary by Maj. Anthony Antoline
412th Aircraft Maintenance Squadron Commander

10/12/2011 - **EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE, Calif.** -- Sometime in your travel through professional military education or civilian development classes, you will encounter a case study that looks at leadership. You will be asked to draw parallels from your career to the situation presented in a book or movie. I submit to you mine.

To boldly go where no one has gone before

A good leader inspires others to greater achievement. Leaders have an obligation to prepare their airmen to cope with the new challenges of the future. As the economic environment changes, our responsibilities will not decrease, and will most likely increase. We have to explore new ideas and procedures to be successful and continue the mission of the Air Force.

The prime directive

The guiding principle behind the Enterprise's exploration is the prime directive. The Air Force has this as well: our Core values. Leaders should use this standard to judge their subordinates. Did they do the right thing? Did they do their best? Did the individuals think of the mission before their own personal gains? If the answer is yes, then the subordinate should be encouraged and rewarded for cultivating this culture.

Set phasers to stun

Everything a leader says has the potential to affect someone. It is conceivable that a leader may interact with hundreds of people each week. You need to be aware that what you say may elicit a response from your subordinates that may not be what was expected. You need to be aware that as your rank increases, the scope of your influence will increase. Tempering what you say, keeping in mind respect and honesty, and leading by example, are the best ways to get the results you are looking for.

Jim, I am a doctor, not a brick layer

Eventually all leaders are challenged by doing something uncomfortable. Willingness and a good attitude are the keys to dealing with situations that take us out of our comfort zone, and can offset experience. The person that has been there and done that (and has been successful) may have an advantage, but taking the challenge of something new gives us an opportunity to learn.

Klingons, Romulans, and Vulcans

Diversity gives strength to our Air Force. Star Trek illustrated that as every culture brought a different strength or perspective to the mission. Diversity should be a resource to be cultivated. Egocentric ideas stifle growth and creativity. The New Star Trek (Picard, not Kirk) was even more successful because those who were different came together on a larger scale with even better results.

Resistance is futile - you will be assimilated

My way or the highway works great! (Sarcasm intended.) As challenges increase, creativity should be encouraged. There are tried-and-true ways to accomplish the mission. Though the logic has been supported for years and the results are undeniable, that should not prevent us from looking for even better ways to make improvements to processes we know are successful.

The crewman in the red shirt always dies

Credibility matters. Credibility is the quality of believability, reliability, and competence. Often it allows you to influence a situation. It will affect your ability to get a job done effectively and efficiently. If you lack credibility, you continually have to provide references and justification for items or issues you know to be true, essentially slowing the process. Credibility is fragile, and it takes concerted effort to maintain it. If you lose it, it is extremely difficult to recover (The crewman in the red shirt). Leaders who provide opportunities, or deny them, will do so based on your credibility. Develop your credibility, guard it, and it will serve your future.

Engage.

Note: Major Antoline has informed us that this article is now public domain. Its use does not indicate an endorsement of this club or publication by Major Antoline or the United States Air Force.

STAR TREK

ROLEPLAYING GAME

Character Creation Guide

Name: _____

Make picks in each section and check them off when you apply them to your character sheet.

1. CHOOSE SPECIES page 28 _____

Attribute Adjustments

- ▷ STR _____
- ▷ AGL _____
- ▷ INT _____
- ▷ VIT _____
- ▷ PRS _____
- ▷ PER _____

Species Abilities:

- ▷ _____
- ▷ _____
- ▷ _____
- ▷ _____
- ▷ _____
- ▷ _____

2. CHOOSE PROFESSION page 50 _____

Starship Officers (only) also choose an elite profession _____

Favored Attributes:

_____ (assigned)

_____ (choose)

Favored Reaction:

Professional Abilities:

▷ Starship Officers (only) automatically get Starship Duty then choose...

A player character automatically gains one Tier 1 Professional Ability when created:

▷ _____

3. GENERATE ATTRIBUTES page 78

Use either method from page 81 of the Player's Guide.

Pick Method:

Base #:		Plus 8 total ↓		Generic final set:	Assign		Species Modifier:		Final Attributes:	Attribute Modifier p81:
10	+	_____	=	_____	}	STR	_____	+	_____	_____
9	+	_____	=	_____		AGL	_____	+	_____	_____
7	+	_____	=	_____		INT	_____	+	_____	_____
7	+	_____	=	_____		VIT	_____	+	_____	_____
5	+	_____	=	_____		PRS	_____	+	_____	_____
4	+	_____	=	_____		PER	_____	+	_____	_____

4. CALCULATE REACTIONS page 145 (Don't forget to add any species or other bonus)

Reaction:	Pick best modifier:	Misc.	Reaction Score:	Reaction:	Pick best modifier:	Misc.	Reaction Score:
Quickness	PER or AGL	+ _____	= _____	Stamina	STR or VIT	+ _____	= _____
Savvy	PRS or PER	+ _____	= _____	Willpower	INT or VIT	+ _____	= _____

5. CHOOSE SPECIES SKILLS page 85

INT x 2 = _____

Every character receives a number of species skill picks equal to INT x 2, which the player can allocate to the following skills. Each skill pick equals one level in the skill selected. When you choose a species skill you must also choose a specialty related to your species or the world on which you were raised. This specialty does not cost a skill pick – it is free.

The maximum number of skill levels a character can begin the game with (in a single skill) is 6.

Knowledge	(specialty)	Levels:		(specialty)	Levels:
▷ Culture	_____	_____		▷ Religion	_____
▷ History	_____	_____		▷ Specific World	_____
▷ Politics	_____	_____		▷ Language	_____

6. PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT page 87

The maximum number of skill levels a character can begin the game with (in a single skill) is 6.

Skills:

Humans and Trill gain 2 more skill picks:

▷ _____	▷ _____	▷ _____
▷ _____	▷ _____	▷ _____

"Free" Edge: _____ ☐ I will pick my "Free Edge" during Professional Development.

Every character receives one "free" Edge chosen during *either* Personal or Professional Development (below). You can gain no further Edges unless you also choose a Flaw. Edges gained as a Species Ability do not count against this limit – they are also "free." At this stage, you may take one Flaw to receive one extra Edge pick.

Additional Edge: _____ Flaw: _____

7. PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT page 90

The maximum number of skill levels a character can begin the game with (in a single skill) is 6.

Skills (assigned by Professional package):

▷ _____	▷ _____	▷ _____
▷ _____	▷ _____	▷ _____
▷ _____	▷ _____	▷ _____

Pick 5 (+1 to any professional skill): You can add more than 1 to a skill or buy a specialty for 1 pick. (Betazoids and Ocampa may devote some of these picks to Telepathy as a professional skill.)

▷ _____	▷ _____	▷ _____
▷ _____	▷ _____	▷ _____

"Free" Edge: _____ ☐ I picked my "Free Edge" during Personal Development

At this stage, you may take one Flaw to receive one extra Edge pick.

Additional Edge: _____ Flaw: _____

8. RECORD FAVORED SKILLS

Check the boxes on your character sheet next to each of your favored skills (these skills are easier to improve through advancement). Favored skills are all the skills listed under your profession *and* your professional development package *and* your chosen species skills.

10. RECORD COURAGE page 147

Every player character begins the game with a pool of 3 Courage. (Some characters, by virtue of their species or professions, begin with more.)

9. CALCULATE HEALTH page 146

This is the number of wound points a character can sustain before dropping to the next lower Wound Level.

Vitality	+	Strength	=	HEALTH
Attribute		Modifier		
_____	+	_____	=	_____

11. RECORD RENOWN page 148

All characters start the game with Renown 0 unless a development package or something similar provides them with a Renown bonus.

Knowledge Builder

How many of the following Star Trek races can you identify?

1



2



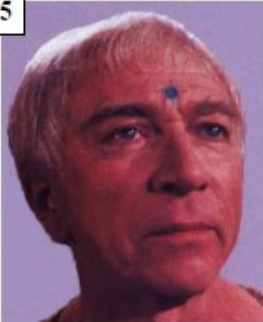
3



4



5



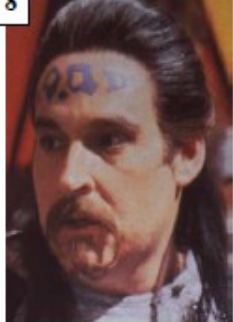
6



7



8



9



10



11



12

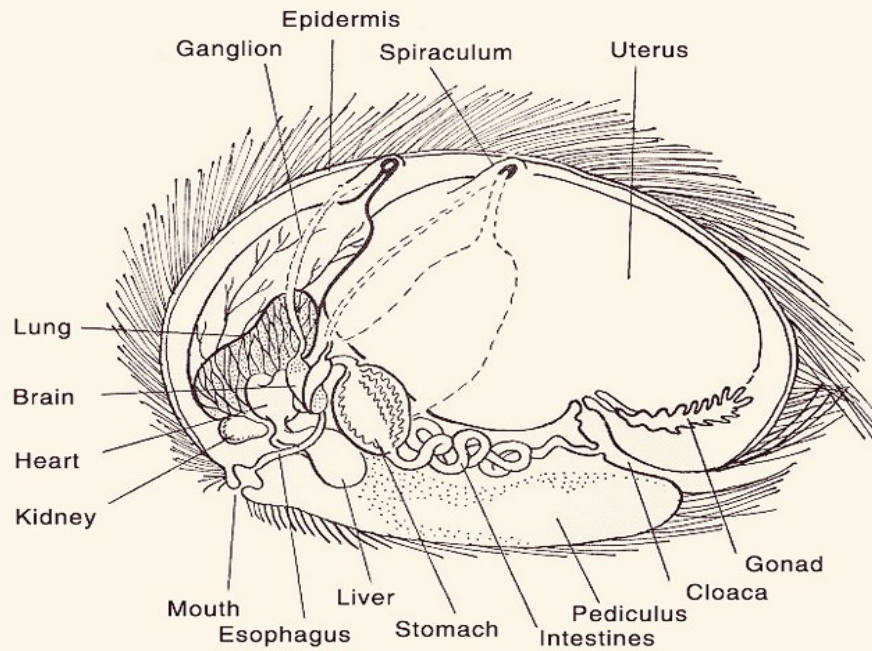


1. Kazon 2. Tellarite 3. Bynar 4. Pakled 5. Halkan 6. Kreetassan 7. Ruman
8. Wadi 9. Hirogen 10. Hunters of Tosk 11. Salt Vampire 12. Melkotian

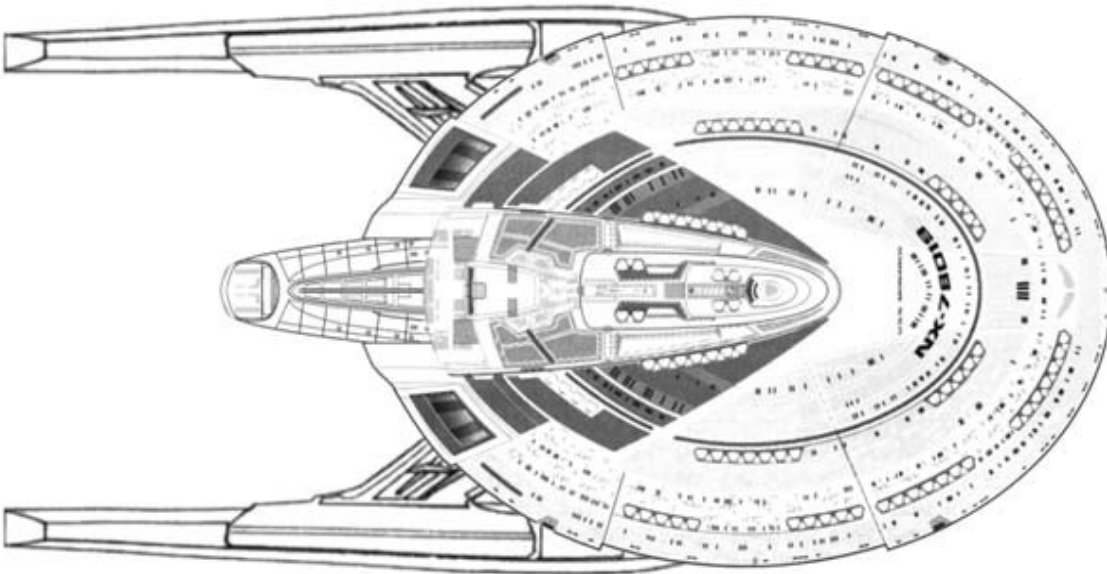
"Trek Pix"

Submitted By: Rear Admiral Carl Stark

ANATOMY OF A TRIBBLE



Monarch Class Tactical Cruiser Specs



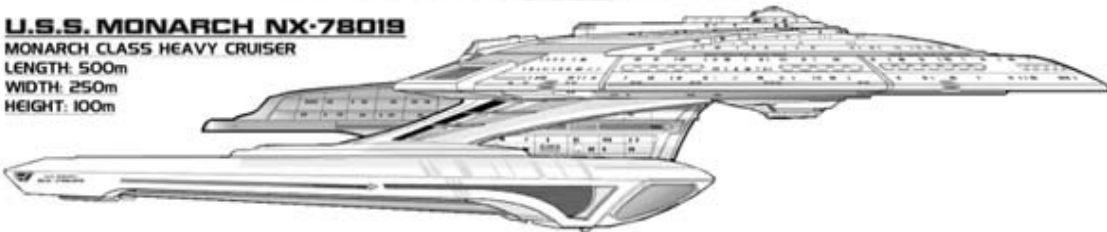
U.S.S. MONARCH NX-78019

MONARCH CLASS HEAVY CRUISER

LENGTH: 500m

WIDTH: 250m

HEIGHT: 100m



"Star Trek: The Original Series"

Season 2 (1967-1968) 26 episodes aired on NBC Fridays at 8:30pm

Title:	Stardate:	O. Airdate:	R. Airdate:	Director:	Writer(s):
Amok Time	3372.7	09/15/67	02/17/07	Joseph Pevney	Theodore Sturgeon
Who Mourns for Adonais?	3468.1	09/22/67	01/12/08	Marc Daniels	Gilbert Ralston Gene L. Coon
The Changeling	3541.9	09/29/67	02/02/08	Marc Daniels	John Meredyth Lucas
Mirror, Mirror	Unkwn	10/06/67	11/11/06	Marc Daniels	Jerome Bixby
The Apple	3715.3	10/13/67	03/01/08	Joseph Pevney	Max Ehrlich
The Doomsday Machine	4202.9	10/20/67	02/10/07	Marc Daniels	Norman Spinrad
Catspaw	3018.2	10/27/67	10/28/06	Joseph Pevney	Robert Bloch
I, Mudd	4513.3	11/02/67	10/14/06	Marc Daniels	Stephen Kandel
Metamorphosis	3219.4	11/10/67	11/03/07	Ralph Senesky	Gene L. Coon
Journey to Babel	3842.3	11/17/67	02/03/07	Joseph Pevney	D.C. Fontana
Friday's Child	3497.2	12/01/67	01/06/07	Joseph Pevney	D.C. Fontana
The Deadly Years	3478.2	12/08/67	11/10/07	Joseph Pevney	David P. Harmon
Obsession	3619.2	12/15/67	04/12/08	Ralph Senesky	Art Wallace
Wolf in the Fold	3614.9	12/22/67	03/10/07	Joseph Pevney	Robert Bloch
The Trouble with Tribbles	4523.3	12/29/67	11/04/06	Joseph Pevney	David Gerrold
The Gamesters of Triskelion	3211.8	01/05/68	10/20/07	Gene Nelson	Margaret Armen
A Piece of the Action	4598.0	01/12/68	04/28/07	James Komack	David P. Harmon Gene L. Coon
The Immunity Syndrome	4307.1	01/19/68	04/07/07	Joseph Pevney	Robert Sabaroff
A Private Little War	4211.4	02/02/68	05/17/08	Marc Daniels	Gene Roddenberry
Return to Tomorrow	4768.3	02-09-68	07/07/07	Ralph Senensky	John Kingsbridge
Patterns of Force	2534.0	02/16/68	05/19/07	Vincent McEveety	John Meredyth Lucas
By Any Other Name	4657.5	02/23/68	05/08/08	Marc Daniels	D.C. Fontana Jerome Bixby
The Omega Glory	Unkwn	03/01/68	06/30/07	Vincent McEveety	Gene Roddenberry
The Ultimate Computer	4729.4	03/08/68	02/09/08	John Meredyth Lucas	D.C. Fontana
Bread and Circuses	4040.7	03/15/68	06/02/07	Ralph Senesky	Gene Roddenberry Gene L. Coon
Assignment: Earth	Unkwn	03/29/68	05/03/08	Marc Daniels	Art Wallace Gene Roddenberry

NOTES:

OAirdate = Original Episode Airdate

RAirdate = Remastered Episode Airdate

Unkwn = Stardate Unkown

"Star Trek: Prime Directive"

Story 1: 'Pilot'

By: Lt. John Barnes, Chief of Communications

Epilogue

San Francisco, California; 2011. The city is busy with cars driving every which way to their destination. One in particular parked in the driveway at a mini-mall office building with an apartment above it. The window of the office reads 'Robert Stone, Private Investigator'. A man got out of the car in question as a group of street gang members approached him. The leader of the pack having anger in his eyes for the man as he pulled a gun on him, "Any last words fool?"

The man that came out of the car is our hero, Lieutenant Commander Robert Stone, a Starfleet Officer from the early 25th century. How did he end up in this primitive time? I'll tell you. The year was 2430 and he was a 35 year old Lieutenant Commander in Starfleet, Engineering division. He was even one of the last batch of trainees to be trained by Montgomery Scott before he passed away in the Starfleet Corps of Engineers. Professor Scott kept claiming he'd retire someday, but he didn't. Robert thought Professor Scott would feel useless if he did and that's why he stayed. But this story was not meant to dwell on that great legendary engineer.

Robert was piloting his shuttle craft to meet back with his mother ship, the USS Ticonderoga NCC-74676-A. He had just called in and signaled my updated ETA. Then he got strange reading from nowhere. He sent off a distress signal before being sucked into this unknown vortex. He read a lot of temporal energy and that usually meant time travel was involved. When he exited the vortex, he was spiraling almost out of control at Earth. His readings indicated it was 2007, but he couldn't stop. It was going to be a crash landing. He ordered the computer to initiate crash landing procedures. In his time, this meant he was going to be transported into the transporter buffer, running through a continuous loop until beamed back to physical form after the crash. It was a mode created for such situations to prevent major injuries and death. The original idea was based off the one that Scotty, as Professor Scott preferred to be called, used to keep himself in a transporter buffer for nearly 80 years.

Robert shimmered out of existence as he watched the Earth spiraling at his shuttle, at least that's how it appeared from his perspective. He knew it wasn't the Earth spiraling, it was him. When he reappeared after the crash, the shuttle was pretty much totaled. It was dark inside, sparks flying out of broke consoles and loose wires. The only light was the sunlight that shined in the broken windows. Transporters, weapons, shields, warp core, replicator and main computer were operational. The rest was severely damaged or destroyed. The warp core power was low, not enough for warp travel. But to keep it as a power source for the other operational systems that would last me a lifetime.

Robert took a type 1 phaser and a tricorder with him. He found as many plants as he could in this desert area and used them to cover the shuttle. The shuttle was most likely detected by this era's tracking systems, so it would only be a matter of time before someone comes looking for what fell out of the sky. He knew he had to act fast to be able to conceal it.

Robert went to the nearest service station he could find and got the man there to bring his towing truck out to get Robert's 'car'. Robert rode 'shot-gun' in the towing truck to the site of the shuttle. When they got out and the man was distracted setting up his truck, Robert took out his type 1 phaser and stunned him from behind. Robert went to the shuttle for the medical kit and got a hypo with some sedatives and gave him a dose to keep him out long enough for me to use his towing truck to move the shuttle inside some nearby caves Robert noticed. He then parked the towing truck in the same spot and laid down near the man until he came to. Robert pretended to be unconscious until the man shook him 'awake'. The man had asked what happened and Robert told him that there was thieves that shot him with a stun-gun, that he had charged at them and got stunned himself. Robert then looked around and verbally noted his 'car' was missing, searching himself, he announced his currency was also missing. The man took Robert back to his service station and had Robert work off his 'dept' for the fuel used to go out to where his 'car' was and back. Not that he minded, it helped him learn the mechanics of the land vehicles of the early 21st century.

After working off his 'dept', he continued to work for the man for the currency of the time to 'start-over' financially and get himself the things he needed to make it in the times. A car, place of his own with a garage, tools, food, cloths and the like. When Robert got a car, he cannibalized it and the shuttle to put the working shuttle systems into the car. It was basically a land only Starfleet shuttle that looked like the car on the outside. He tinted the windows to conceal the interior. The main computer, phasers, transporter, shields, replicator and warp core used as the power source were all functional. Also with the warp core the car could easily reach speeds of 400 miles per hour, which due to the technology of the time it was for extreme emergencies only. The car could drive itself with the computer's control. He replaced the windshield with the forward view screen and the body with the shuttle's hull pieces re-shaped and painted. When Robert was finished he basically had his own version of a car similar to a car called KITT on a popular show of the time called 'Knight Rider'.

Once Robert finished building his new car, he resigned his position as mechanic at the service station and moved to San Francisco, California and started his own 'Private Investigator' business. He used the main computer to look up the information on his cases and made sure they ended as indicated in the computer's records. Sometimes he even worked with the local police. If the computer's records indicated a certain police officer solved the case, he'd help point that officer in the right direction, thus keeping with the 'Prime Directive' as history was written. But let's start with the beginning of this story.

Chapter 1

Robert Stone was cruising down the freeway at near 200 miles per hour in hot pursuit of a big white van with double doors on the back and solid wall sides. This case involved a kidnapped 9 year old girl named Staci Meyer. Her mother was told not to involve the police, so in hearing about Robert's success rate she enlisted his help on the case. He researched Staci Meyer who will go on to live a full life. There was no official account of her being kidnapped, Robert could only assume it was because the police weren't informed and he was to be successful. The computer's voice called out a warning, "This velocity is not recommended due to the safety risk factor of the volume of traffic on the road."

"I am aware of the danger. Keep it overridden," Robert ordered as he kept his eyes peeled, weaving in and out of traffic. A police officer gave pursuit for a few minutes before Robert's car outran him. He ignored it knowing the young girl's life was in immediate danger. After several more minutes of racing down the freeway he was finally catching up to the kidnapper's van. Robert slowed down and got in the lane right behind the van, "Computer scan the vehicle in front of us for a life-sign that is consistent with a human female age 9."

"Life-sign found," reported the computer.

"Get a transporter lock on her," Robert ordered.

"Transporter is locked on," reported the computer.

"Beam her aboard in the passenger seat. Energize," Robert ordered.

The computer beeped before the little girl rematerialized in the seat next to him and the computer reported, "Transport complete."

"Target the bottom of the vehicle in front of us and fire phasers when ready," Robert ordered.

"Target locked... firing," reported the computer as the car fired a phaser blast under the van, overheating its engine and causing the kidnappers to go off the road and hit a sign.

"Staci Meyer, my name is Robert Stone. I'm a Private Investigator hired by your mother to bring you back home. You're safe now. Buckle up," Robert introduced himself. He watched as she buckled herself up. He used one of the police trails in between the two freeways to get on the return freeway back to San Francisco, California. Then drove home at legal speeds. He looked at the girl, "It would be best if you didn't discuss with anyone what this car can do."

Staci nodded at him, she wiped away the last of her tears as her eyes began to clear up. She stayed silent for the first few minutes before saying, "I'm hungry."

"What do you want to eat?" Robert asked as he continued to focus on his driving.

"Chicken nuggets, fries and chocolate milk please?" Staci asked.

Robert smiled and ordered, "Computer, a plate of chicken nuggets, fries and a glass of chocolate milk." Immediately the meal appeared on the replicator which was just an empty square where the radio and air conditioning usually is in a car.

"How did you do that?" Staci asked wide-eyed in surprise.

"Well as you might have seen, this is a very special car. But you got to keep what it can do a secret, okay?" Robert replied.

"Okay," Staci agreed as she took the meal and started eating.

"Police report on the kidnappers," reported the computer. It continued, "Police arrived at the scene of the crash. The kidnappers drew out their weapons and a shoot-out erupted. They are dead."

"They were foolish enough to get in a shoot-out with police," Robert muttered.

"Affirmative," replied the computer.

"That wasn't a question," Robert said as he kept driving down the freeway to take Staci back home to her mother. Since they were going legal speeds on the return trip, it would take longer getting back than it did for them to get to her. Robert then ordered, "Computer, play 'Magic Carpet

Ride' by Steppenwolf."

The computer beeped in compliance and the requested song started playing in the car as he headed back to San Francisco to return Staci to her mother.

Chapter 2

Robert Stone returned Staci to her mother's house a couple hours after getting her back. Then drove back to his 'Private Investigator' office where Detective Maria Hernandez of the San Francisco police department waited for him. She had recently been suspicious that there was something up with Robert and seemed determined to find out what it was. He gave her no reason to search him, his home, car or place of business. He wondered what she was there to 'harass' him for this time. He parked the car in his usual spot in front of his office, a couple spaces from where she parked. She stood, leaning back against her car, "Go on a road trip?"

"Helps me get my thoughts together. What can I help you with today Detective?" Robert replied as he stepped out of his car. He gave the best neutral look he could as he thought of a cover story that would satisfy her in case he needed it.

"Oh, heard there was some excitement on the freeway. A shoot out between police and some suspects," Maria probed Robert with the information as if to see if he'd give any signs that would tell her whether or not he was involved.

"Sorry to hear that. Hope your fellow officers are safe," Robert replied. Then he asked as innocently as he could, "But what's that got to do with me?"

"Before the suspects forced police to shoot them, they raved on about having a girl they kidnapped and that she disappeared into thin air. Their van being hit with some sort of laser. For some reason I immediately thought of you after hearing that," Maria said to Robert with a sort of smirk on her face. She added, "It would take about as long as it did for someone to get there from here from when it happened. So where have you been for the past couple hours?"

"Up north, seeing how close to Oregon I could get from here in a couple hours. I am flattered you thought of me though. Sounds like their on some kind of drugs. Personally I'm not one to believe everything I hear, but if San Francisco's finest needs my help solving this, I gladly offer it. Where did this take place?" Robert asked.

"South, about the same distance. And the FBI takes care of kidnapping cases. I'm sure you know to let them know if anything like that happens. And your help is not needed at this time, thanks for the offer. Unless of course, you'd like to keep an eye on some suspected drug dealers for us. Get photographic evidence of them in action and then CALL me. Do not take matters into your own hands," Maria replied.

"Staking out, observing and reporting about drug dealers huh? Sure, work is work. Especially in this economy. Is President Obama ever going to do anything about it?" Robert asked.

"We can hope. Their a few blocks to the east. This case file has all the needed information about them. Be careful, they're believed to be killers as well, but we've never been able to pin anything on them. Perhaps the streak of luck you seem to have on your cases will benefit us," Maria briefed him as she handed over the case file for him to have the information necessary for the

assignment.

"Alright, I'll look this over and get working on the case," Robert assured her as he took the case file and started to head into his office.

"Stone! Are you forgetting something?" Maria called out to him.

"Of course I'll call you if I find anything. And I know to call the FBI if I know anything about a kidnapping," Robert promised.

"You better," Maria said so sternly it was almost a snap.

"Has anyone reported a kidnapping?" Robert asked.

"No," Maria admitted.

"Will that be all?" Robert asked, unlocking the door to his office.

"For now," Maria muttered as she got into her car and to go back to her department.

Robert went into his office and sat in his desk and began reviewing the police case file on the gang members suspected of dealing drugs and murder when the computer's voice came over his hidden communicator, "There is an intruder detected in the next room. Life-signs read as 75% Klingon and 25% Trokarian."

"What?!?! Confirm," Robert ordered as he stood up and pulled out his concealed type two phaser and approached the door to the office's storage room.

"Confirmed," replied the computer almost immediately.

Robert quickly pushed the door open and pointed his phaser at the intruder. It looked like someone he was familiar with but haven't seen in many years. After thinking about it it all started to make sense. He felt excited, his father's best friend's son Kahless, not to be confused with Kahless the Unforgettable, must be there to save him and take him to his own time. Robert had heard that Kahless was put in stasis with a disease that there was no cure for in his time. He heard Kahless' father Krothos tell his own father that Kahless gets cured and serves Timefleet in the 31st century. This must be who the intruder was Robert deducted, "Kahless?"

"Yes, it is I," replied Kahless looking at Robert. He added, "I wasn't sure you'd remember me."

"You're finally here to take me home, I take it," Robert said, feeling excitement about going back to his own time, seeing his family and friends again.

"You misunderstand why I'm here. I can't take you back, I sent you here," Kahless said.

"You WHAT?!?!" Robert snapped. Now he felt ready to belt Kahless in the mouth, "You created the anomaly that sent me here? Why?"

"Same reason you do what your doing here now. Making sure things happen as they should, protecting the Prime Directive," Kahless said.

"Aren't you violating the Prime Directive by even telling me this?" Robert snapped at his childhood friend.

"You are already aware of time travel, aliens, technology and such. The Prime Directive doesn't apply here," Kahless said.

"So why are you here, if not to take me home?" Robert asked.

"You need to start putting together your team. I brought you a list of people from this time that you need to recruit," Kahless told him, giving him a PADD with the list on it. He added, "There is also the locations, dates and times that you need to be at, alien activity on Earth in this era and so forth."

"How much alien activity could be on Earth in 2011? And how do you know who I can tell?" Robert asked taking the PADD.

"You'll be surprised. We know because from our perspective you've already worked with them," Kahless replied.

"Isn't telling them a violation of the Prime Directive?" Robert asked, hoping he'd stump Kahless on that question.

Kahless shrugged his shoulders and wiggled his hand in a so/so gesture, "Not really as their going to know about it. You don't have to tell them everything at once. Just what they'll need to know for the mission at hand. Nothing that will gain them personal profit, like sports scores."

"Saw 'Back to the Future: Part 2', huh?" Robert asked with a chuckle.

"What's that?" Kahless asked, confused.

"Never-mind," Robert shook his head. He read over the PADD, "Maria Hernandez will be a part of my team?" Robert looked up when he didn't receive an answer and looked around to find that Kahless was gone. He muttered, "I'm going to hate when he does that."

Chapter 3

Robert studied the case file that Detective Hernandez gave him. He read the reports and viewed the photographs of the suspects. He noticed the list of evidence needed to bust the gang of suspects. After reviewing the file, Robert drove out to the suspect's address to begin surveillance. He ran scans of the compound in question with the computer's sensors, learning where the life-signs were. He activated a link between a PADD and the sensor display so he could monitor the life-sign's locations while being mobile.

Robert took the PADD and a phaser with him as he as he went to breach the security of the compound and a camera to get photographic evidence. He enhanced the camera with 25th century technology so it wouldn't need a flash and therefore could take any picture without drawing attention to itself. He sneaked in and got pictures of the gang making drugs and there were a lot of weapons around. Apparently they were into as much arms dealing as they were drug dealing. His tricorder vibrated and he pulled it out of his pocket to look at what it was detecting, "What the hell? Red Ice doesn't exist on Earth in the 21st century."

One of the gang member's cell phone rang, Robert watched as he pulled it from his pocket, "Diego." The gang member listened to the caller, "I got this, 'ight?" He put the cell phone away and he grabbed out his gun, "We got an intruder, find him."

"That's my cue to exit," Robert said lightly to himself wondering who could have seen him and tipped off the gang members. He began to make his way back out of the compound. He watched the life-sign detector on his PADD as he made his escape.

"There he is, up there," one gang member yelled as he started shooting at Robert. Luckily for Robert that he was a poor shot. Robert returned fire with his phaser and stunned the shooter. More gang members ran towards him to flank him and fired back as he stunned one after another. They were starting to become too many for him to handle on his own. He ran through a doorway and ducked behind a wall as bullets rained through the wall above him. He tapped his communicator, "Computer, beam me up."

Outside the compound in a car that had been following Robert since his meeting with Detective Maria Hernandez, sat her partner, Detective Jason Wadman, as he ended a call on his cell phone that had 'Diego' displayed on the screen. He replaced it into his pocket. Then he heard gun fire, moment's later there was a blue light inside Robert's car before it started up and started driving away. Wadman continued to follow Robert. There was definitely something strange about him and his car.

"Computer, analyze your scans of the compound. Was there any sign of temporal activity?" asked Robert as he drove back to his office.

"Insufficient data," the computer answered.

"Auto-drive," ordered Robert as he looked at the scan results. He noticed a faint odd energy signature, "What is that energy signature?"

"Insufficient data," replied the Computer.

"Theorize, what could it be?" asked Robert.

"Most likely a Klingon cloaking device widely used during the mid-23rd century," replied the computer.

"Klingons? They were at war with the Federation around that time. I'll bet this trip back in time was part of it. Get Earth hooked on a drug they know nothing about in the past so we'd be nothing but junkies in the future. Not a very honorable tactic," Robert said, thinking out loud to himself. He then decided, "I have to tell Maria I obtained this evidence illegally and take over this case. Without a warrant her and the other police can't get in my way. Computer, where did the cell phone call from within the compound originate?"

"From outside the compound across the street. In the car that is now following us," replied the computer.

"We're being followed?" Robert asked.

"Affirmative," replied the computer.

"For now on, volunteer that information when we're being followed. How long has he been following us?" asked Robert.

"Since we departed the office," replied the computer.

"Must have been following Maria. Can you identify the caller?" asked Robert.

"Negative, the call came from a disposable prepaid cell phone that was purchased via the currency United States Dollar," reported the computer.

"Scan the license plate and run it through the police database," Robert ordered.

"The car belongs to Detective Jason Wadman of the San Francisco Police Department," reported the Computer.

"A dirty cop and worse, he's onto Maria and I. Which means her life is in danger," Robert replied more to himself than anything. About then he noticed Maria's car in the on-coming traffic lane, pulling a u-turn to get behind Robert and turned on her flashing lights to pull Robert over. As he got out of his car to meet her he noticed Jason turned on his flashers and parked behind Maria's car. He tried to warn her, "Maria, watch out."

Maria looked behind her and saw Jason coming out to them, "He's just my partner."

"He's a dirty cop, he's in league with Diego," Robert replied.

"That's a serious allegation. What's your proof?" asked Maria as Jason stood next to her, smiling smugly.

"He called Diego to tip him off about me. He's been following me since I left my office, probably been following you before that. Check his calls, I'll bet Diego will pop up," Robert replied.

"That's enough. How did you find out? And how did you escape Diego and his gang, they should have easily killed you?" Jason asked as he pulled out his gun pointing it at them. He added to Maria's shocked face as she started to go for her gun, "Slowly toss your gun away. Both of you."

Maria tossed her gun away as Robert reached in his pocket for his little type one phaser.

"Not your garage door opener," Jason snapped.

"Oh, so it is...," Robert replied as he fired and stunned Jason. He finished his sentence, "... not."

"What is that? Some kind of laser gun?" asked Maria.

"Let's just say it's the most advanced stun gun ever made," Robert replied as he took Jason's gun from him. Maria got her own gun back. She then went to Jason and hand-cuffed her now former partner and took away his cuffs, keys and both his cell phones as evidence against him.

Jason began to stir and Maria read him his rights, "You're under arrest Jason. You have the right to remain silent, the right to an attorney, whatever you say can and will be used against you in the court of law. Do you understand these rights as I have read them to you?"

"Yes," Jason grunted as he glared between Maria and Robert. She pulled him out and led him to her car, placing him in the backseat which had the child-proof locks on the back doors in case of arrests. She then went to his car to deactivate his flashers and locked it up to leave it there so it can be taken to the impound lot later and get the police property removed from it.

"What part of stake-out do you not understand? I didn't say break into the compound. Now any evidence we have on them is immiscible in court. You better hope Wadman wants to make a deal and testify against Diego," Maria snapped at Robert.

"How did you know-" Robert started to ask as she cut him off.

"There's been a report of a shooting at that address. It wasn't that hard to figure it out," Maria replied.

"They're dealing 'Red Ice' a highly addictive and dangerous drug. Not to mention guns," Robert reported.

"That's not enough evidence to get a warrant to raid the compound," Maria replied.

"The shooting is probable cause to search the place," Robert said.

"Fine. We can get them on the guns, but we have no laws on a new drug," Maria replied. She got back to her car and called over the radio, "Unit 1779 to Dispatch. I'm going to need the S.W.A.T. Team at the site of the shooting earlier tonight."

"S.W.A.T. Is en route," reported the Dispatcher. Maria got in her car.

"You get the guns out. I'll make sure the drugs get destroyed. It's too dangerous to allow any of it to get out and used," Robert replied.

Maria wanted to ask how he planned on doing that, but she needed to go to be at the site when the S.W.A.T. Team arrived. So she just went.

Robert drove to a nearby ally across the street from the compound, "Computer, configure sensors to detect cloaked Klingon ships from the 23rd century." The computer beeped to let him know it had completed it's task. He then ordered, "Scan for a cloaked Klingon vessel."

"Cloaked Klingon Ship detected hovering above the compound," reported the computer as it displayed on the screen the cloaked ship and all the Klingon life-signs aboard it.

"Very good. Access the database for the Klingon command prefix codes used in the 23rd century and hack it's computer control. Seal the bridge then beam me aboard their bridge," Robert ordered. After a moment he was transported onto the bridge of the cloaked Klingon ship.

"What?! How did you get aboard my ship, Human?" asked the Klingon commander.

"I'm Lieutenant Commander Robert Stone of Starfleet Command of the early 25th century. What the hell are you doing on Earth in 2011?" Robert snapped.

"We are at war with the Federation. I'm Captain D'Roga of the Klingon Warship 'Wild Targ'. You are now a prisoner of war of the Klingon Empire," D'Roga snapped back.

"The Federation and the Klingon Empire are allies in my time. And your at war with the Federation of the 23rd century, not the 21st century. Going back in time and changing history is a dishonorable tactic," Robert spat out. He then challenged D'Roga, "I challenge you to a fight to the death. If I win, your crew will destroy the compound below and return to their own time. If you win, you get to finish what you started."

"Accepted," D'Roga simply replied as he grabbed a couple bat'leths and tossed one to Robert. His bridge crew stood out of the way along the walls of the bridge. Robert and D'Roga circled each other as they twirled their bladed weapons, "You know much about Klingon Honor."

"My adopted mother was raised by a Klingon family, although she was a Trill herself," Robert replied.

"Impossible, no Klingon would take in some alien runt like that," D'Roga growled.

"In your time, probably not, but in my time their a little more tolerant," replied Robert as he blocked D'Roga's first strike with his bat'leth. He added to taunt his opponent, "Some would say more tame."

D'Roga's attacks were impulsive and heat of the moment as he was filled with rage at Robert's insulting word about his people. Robert on the other hand was cool and calculating as one can get while fighting to the death with a Klingon Warrior. He saw an opening and jabbed one of the bat'leth blades deep into D'Roga's ribs. D'Roga pushed him away and made Robert pull his blade out as he fell back. The Klingon swiped at him with an infinity sign type path, going from high to low like an 'X' was in front of him. Robert dodged D'Roga's strike, but took a slice in the arm. D'Roga grinned thinking he wounded Robert too badly to hold up a bat'leth as he charged at Robert with his own bat'leth raised high above his head, ready to come down hard for the kill. Robert dodged to the side just in time to make D'Roga's blade miss him as he dropped his bat'leth. With his good hand, Robert grabbed D'Roga's d'tagh dagger from it's sheath on D'Roga's side of his waist, opened the two side blades and rammed the blade hard into the Klingon's heart. He watched D'Roga's shocked eyes as the life drained out of him.

The Klingon XO took D'Roga's weapons and handed them to Robert, "These are yours. You keep what you kill on this ship."

Robert smiled at that taking the weapons as he sat in the command chair on the Klingon ship, "I assume that includes command of this ship. Target the compound with a low burst. Decloak and fire at the wall furthest from the life-signs inside as a warning shot."

The Klingon crew obeyed Robert's orders as a matter of honor to D'Roga's word. The Klingon Battle Cruiser decloaked above the compound and fired a shot, burning a clean round hole through the wall.

A few minutes later the Science Officer reported, "The life-signs have evacuated the building."

"Vaporize it," Robert ordered as he heard pops from the ship's shields as the police below were shooting at the ship.

The ship vaporized the building and everything left inside until there was nothing but the scorched outline of the building left. The ship cloaked again.

"Now, return to your own time," Robert ordered as he stood up. He programmed Spock's formula for the sling-shot time travel effect into the Klingon ship's computer. Then he tapped his communicator, "Computer, beam me up."

Robert was beamed away, weapons and all. The Klingon XO sat in the command chair and ordered his crew to execute Robert's last orders. The ship went upward leaving the Earth's atmosphere and headed towards the sun.

Chapter 4

Detective Maria Hernandez led the S.W.A.T. Team into the compound to raid the place. They immediately took fire from the gang members and returned fire. After a couple minutes of a firefight, the gang members surrendered as they were on the losing side. The S.W.A.T. Team members took the gang into custody as Maria looked at the guns they were peddling, she noticed the serial numbers were filed off. Then she also noticed the unfamiliar drugs being made. Suddenly a big laser beam burned a hole in the wall furthest from them. Maria ordered, "Grab the guns and get out of here. Leave the drugs."

"But-," a S.W.A.T. Team member began to question her order.

"That's an order," Maria snapped. The Team members not taking a gang member out started grabbing all the illegal guns they could and rushed out of the building. Once outside they saw a large alien ship hovering over the building. Many of the police began shooting at it with no effect. Soon as Maria was out after making sure her people cleared the building the ship fired again and the building was vaporized before their eyes into nothing but a scorched outline of the building that was standing there moments before. The alien ship then disappeared.

Maria walked over the flat scorched flat earth where the compound once stood. The S.W.A.T. Team took the evidence and suspects in as she did. While looking around inspecting the damage, she noticed Robert in a nearby ally with his trunk open. He placed the Klingon weapons in the trunk and closed it. She asked, "Did you just burn down that building?"

Robert shrugged, "More or less."

Maria got out a pair of hand-cuffs and pushed Robert against a brick wall, "I'm arresting you for arson and destroying evidence."

"Oh yeah? Prove it. What are you going to say in your report? I made a UFO appear, destroyed the building and disappear just as fast? It's now what you know, it's what you can prove in court. Otherwise it's just a he-said, she-said," Robert replied. After a few moments Maria released him as he was right, she had nothing concrete to hold him on. Robert grunted and winced in pain as the wound on his arm hit the brick wall.

"What happened to you?" Maria asked as she noticed the slash across his arm between his shoulder and elbow. She started to tug on his other arm, "Let's get you patched up at the ambulance."

"It's alright. I'll take care of it," Robert assured her. Then he asked, "Did you get what you needed?"

"For the most part. Diego and a few of his guys got away, but we got the bulk of the gang and the

illegal firearms," Maria replied. She added, "One day I'm going to find out exactly how you can do all these things you do."

"That will be an interesting day," Robert declared with a smirk.

"Yes, it will be," Maria agreed as she led Robert get in his car and drive away. She went back to the scorched remains of the compound to try and investigate what happened to it.

Meanwhile in Robert's car he ordered the computer to replicate a dermal re-generator and as it drove the car for him he ran the device over his wound until the slash was gone as if it had never happened in the first place. His arm was as good as new and the only sign he was even injured was the bloody tear in his shirt. Soon he arrived at his office and went inside to be greeted by Kahless.

"Good job," Kahless said as Robert walked in. The Time Agent from the 31st century leaned back in Robert's chair, his feet crossed on Robert's desk like it was a foot stool and hands behind his head, just relaxing. Kahless asked, "When are you going to add Maria to your team?"

"What team? It's just me," Robert replied. He knew full and well the PADD Kahless handed him stated he'd form a small team of people from the 21st century including Maria. He added, "What would you do? Blindly trust someone from the future? If I did add her on, would it be because I was meant to, that I wanted to or because you said so?"

"History recorded it," Kahless said. He added, "We must preserve the time line."

"Your time line. How do I even know your time line is the same as my time line?" Robert argued.

"You don't, sorry the Prime Directive as you know. There's a limit of what I can tell you," Kahless replied.

"I'm from a time where we know about time travel. You yourself said the Prime Directive doesn't apply to me," Robert snapped.

"Yes, from a 25th century perspective," Kahless agreed. He asked, "But then so is Kirk. If you were visiting him, what would you tell him? The full history or just what he NEEDED to know? You see there is an extent where it doesn't apply to you, but there are also limits."

"I hate time travel," Robert grunted. He also hated being trapped in this primitive time. He had tried finding a 21st century solution without much luck. He even bought movies of the era about time travel and they were no help. For someone like him who really knew what time traveling was like they were mere comedies to him. The 'Back to the Future' movies were a laugh and a half. He didn't even want to start on what was wrong with them. Robert sighed and asked, "So why are you here? I doubt it's to simply congratulate me."

"Here's a upgrade for the computer you put in your car with a details of exactly how everything should unfold for the next century. Also an artificial intelligence upgrade so it can review the data and tell you what missions you'll need to take to correct errors in the time line and when to do it," Kahless handed Robert the chip with all the updates and upgrades he mentioned. He added, "And a gift to you, all the data we have on your family and friends in your time so you know what happens to them and keep you in the loop. Also on you and your future teammates here in the 21st century. We'll send you back when your meant to retire."

"Thank goodness for small miracles," Robert replied as he took the chip and inspected it. He asked, "Artificial intelligence? It'll be able to make it's own decisions?"

At the silence he looked up at his now empty chair and looked around to see the room empty, "That's already getting old. I hate when he does that."

Robert took the chip out to his car and opened up the main computer to add in the chip, unsure if it would be a wise move to trust an old friend that he barely knows this older version of. But he took a leap of faith. The car's systems all shut down after he closed up the main computer's access port. Then after a couple of seconds it started up again like rebooting a 20th/21st century computer.

"Twenty-First Century Artificial Intelligence Infiltration Unit is now online. Under the Command of Lieutenant Commander Robert Stone," reported the new computer voice more male than the all too familiar female voice that ship's computers had for over the past century.

"Computer," Robert called out.

"Twenty-First Century Artificial Intelligence Infiltration Unit," the car corrected him immediately as if offended.

"Do you have something shorter I can call you?" Robert asked.

"A 'nickname' maybe selected for easier communication," replied the car's upgraded computer.

"OK, I'll call you 'Arty'," Robert replied.

"Nickname 'Arty' set," replied Arty. Then he gave a mock laugh, "Ha ha."

"What so funny?" Robert asked, puzzled.

"I assume your calling me 'Arty' after Artificial Intelligence," replied Arty.

"Ah, yeah. You got that little joke huh?" asked Robert.

"Yes. Very original, Bob," Arty called Robert for short.

"Shut up," Robert snapped. He added, "Just call me Robert for now on."

"Yes, Robert," replied Arty. He added, "I am updating my calendar with our missions agenda, issued you a social security number of the time and created a history for you buried deep in the United States Government computers systems and networks."

"Your hacking the U.S. Government?" Robert snapped in shock.

"Do not worry, Robert. I'm from the 31st century, I can do so without being detected or anyone being able to realize they've been hacked. I also collected all the fractions of cents lost in the computer systems since they began using them for finances and created you an account and ordered new upgraded bullet proof car panels and windows to upgrade my defenses and weapons from this era to be installed as part of my armory," Arty replied. Arty added, "You won't believe how accurate 'Superman 3' with Christopher Reeves is."

"Really, so how much to I got?" asked Robert.

"The mission is a billionaire," Arty replied, correcting him. Arty added, "I took the liberty of running the numbers through so many casinos and bank on Earth so that it'll be untraceable."

"You laundered money," Robert replied.

"Essentially yes," said Arty.

"My car, a master criminal," Robert said sarcastically.

"It's not a crime unless you get caught. Which would be impossible with their primitive technology," Arty replied.

"I'm doomed," Robert sighed.

Chapter 5

The city is busy with cars driving every which way to their destination. Arty pulled up and parked in the driveway at a mini-mall office building with an apartment above it. The window of the office reads 'Robert Stone, Private Investigator'. Robert got out as a group of street gang members approached him. Diego having anger in his eyes for the man as he pulled a gun on him, "Any last words fool?"

"As a matter of fact, I do," Robert replied as he raised his hands up in there air and backed up against Arty. He then ordered, "Arty, raise shields."

Diego gave a confused look at Robert, then his gang and then back to Robert again as he issued his own order to his gang, "Let's ice this fool." At once they all shot at Robert but their bullets stopped as they hit an invisible shield and fell to the ground, making a semi-circle of bent up bullet slugs around the car outlining the shields. Moments after the gang started shooting at Robert, a bunch of police cars rolled in, sirens blaring and the police soon had the gang out-numbered and out-gunned. The gang dropped their guns and raised their hands above their heads surrendering. The police rushed up to take their guns, patted them down and hand-cuffed them before taking them away.

"Arty, lower shields," Robert whispered as he began to discreetly kick the slugs around to hide the outline the shields made.

Maria walked up to Robert as most the other police left to take in their prisoners and evidence. The remaining officers taped up the scene for investigation, leaving Maria in charge of the scene, "How did you do that?"

"Do what?" Robert asked, playing dumb.

"All these bullets flying around and not you nor your car was hit," Maria replied.

"Upgraded to bullet-proof windows and panels," Robert knocked on his car.

"Bullets would still left some marks. And that doesn't explain how you weren't hit," Maria replied.

"Lucky for me they were terrible shots. They shot at the concrete and told me to dance," Robert said.

"Uh-huh," Maria replied knowing full and well what she saw. She added, "In any case, I must apologize for not moving in sooner and using you as bait. We've been staking out your place around the corner to see if Diego would try to take retribution against you."

"That's alright. I'll bill the department for my services," Robert grinned at her.

"I'll try to help make them pay it. I got to go meet with my Lieutenant. I'm in heat for not taking those drugs into evidence. I'll probably get suspended or fired, definitely investigated by Internal Affairs," Maria replied.

"I assure you it's better off this way. I can't risk it being stolen from some evidence lock-up and put back out onto the streets," Robert assured her.

"It better be worth it," Maria said sternly.

"Why don't you resign? Come work for me," Robert offered, now seeing why he'd hire her, that and the fact that Kahless told him he'd be able to. He hated proving Kahless right. It didn't mean he had to hire the others. All he really wanted was to return to the 25th century.

"What?! Work for you? How much are you offering?" asked Maria intrigued by his offer.

"For you, double what your making now," Robert offered.

"Forty dollars an hour?" Maria asked rounding up to the nearest 10th dollar.

"Try thirty-five," Robert said which was slightly more then double what she was currently making. Then he added, "Plus the best equipment you'll find on the globe, guaranteed."

"How did you know what I was making?" Maria asked in a more snappish tone.

"Are you in?" Robert asked, making it clear he wasn't answering anything until she accepted.

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm in," Maria replied and they shook hands.

"Take a seat inside my car," Robert told her. They both got into the car, Robert in the driver seat and Maria in the passenger. Robert then ordered, "Arty, add a new authorized user. Name: Maria Hernandez. Authorization Class: Lieutenant Commander. Say your name."

"Maria Hernandez," Maria said, looking puzzled.

"Voice print recorded, Maria Hernandez is now an authorized user," Arty reported.

"Maria, Arty. Arty, Maria," Robert introduced them to each other. He added, "Arty is the car's computer."

"Twenty-First century historical database and Artificial Intelligence Unit or Arty for sort," Arty corrected Robert. Then Arty added, "Greetings Maria Hernandez."

"Maria is fine," Maria told Arty. She looked at Robert, "Twenty-First century?"

"Yes. First off what you see and hear in here is classified," Robert told her. At her nod he continued, "I am from the early 25th century as is most of the parts integrated into this car. Arty's chip is from the 31st century," Robert explained.

"Your a time traveler from the future?" Maria asked. Thinking about it explained a lot of the strange things she witnessed over the past few days.

"Not intentionally on my part. A Timefleet agent from the 31st century trapped me back here because his files told him I was destined to come to this time to uphold the Prime Directive. The Prime Directive is like a law. It basically means I'm to make sure things in this time happen the way they are supposed to happen. That aliens or time travelers don't do anything in this time to disrupt the time-line. The ship you saw the other night for example is a Klingon Battle Cruiser from the 23rd century. In that time the Klingon Empire was at war with the United Federation of Planets, an alliance of planets that Earth is a founding member and the capital of. The cut on my arm, was from their Captain. I challenged him to a fight to the death, luckily they follow a strict code of honor. Most of the time," Robert explained.

"It's gone," Maria said in surprise after she lifted the short sleeve of Robert's t-shirt to see the wound.

Robert took a d'tagh dagger from the center console he had inherited from the Klingon Captain he killed. He cut his hand with it. Then he grabbed the dermal re-generator and ran it over the wound until it disappeared and wiped the blood away, "It's called a dermal re-generator A medical device from my time. Speaking of devices... Arty, issue Maria a communicator, a type 1 phaser, a type 2 phaser, a tricorder and a PADD."

The requested items materialized in the car's replicator and Maria grabbed them, "What are these? Is this an iPad?" Robert proceeded to tell Maria what they were and their function.

"So, do you have any files on me?" Maria asked as she was immediately answered by Arty when her file came up on a transparent viewscreen that was part of the windshield. She asked, "Do I get married?"

"Maria Hernandez marries Robert Stone on September 8, 2016," Arty replied as that part of the file highlighted.

"WHAT?!?!" Maria and Robert asked together.

"Why are you surprised? You're from the future," Maria asked Robert.

"Yes, because I have nothing better to do at school then to research a woman that died 400 years before I was born. Arty's chip has that information, I just got it the other night," Robert replied.

"You must have failed in a way that killed off every other man by 2016. Because that must be the only way I'd marry someone as pig-headed as you," Maria snapped at his sarcasm.

"Sorry about the sarc-," Robert apologized as he was cut off by a red alert klaxon.

"Temporal anomaly detected," reported Arty as he displayed the location on the viewscreen windshield.

"Buckle up," ordered Robert as he buckled his seat belt. Maria followed his lead buckling hers as well. Robert started the car and backed out of his parking lot, "Time to go to work."

"Hey, where are you going? You can't leave the crime scene yet," yelled a patrolman that was taping off the area. He threw his hands up in the air as the drove off.

Prologue

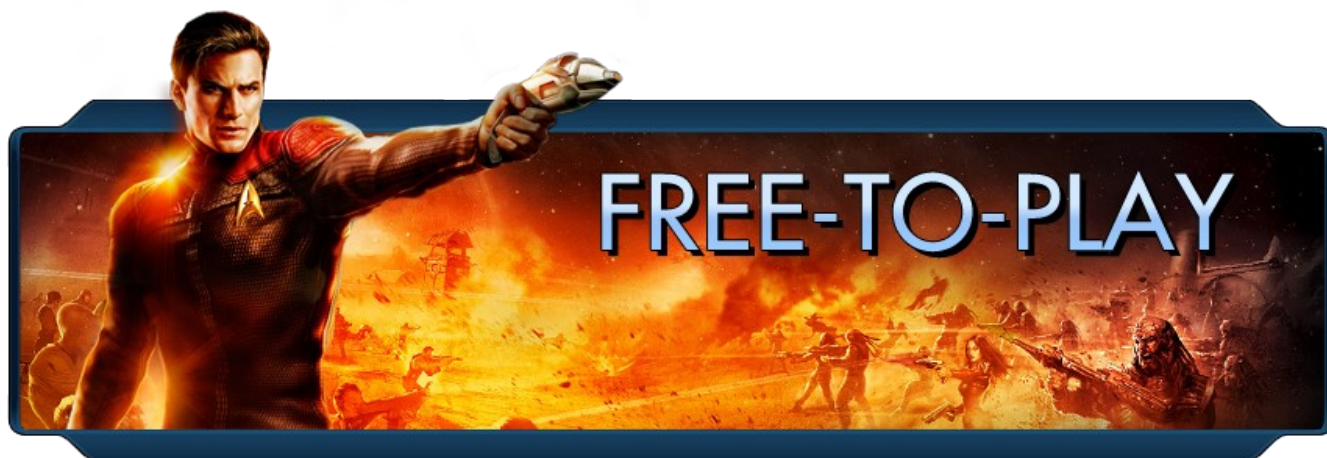
A Klingon Battle Cruiser appears out of nowhere near the Sol System's star in the 23rd century. The USS Constitution commanded by Commodore Matt Decker detects it and moves in to intercept the enemy ship. Two more Constitution Class Starships drop out of warp to back them up.

"Klingon Vessel, you are in Federation space. Surrender or you will be destroyed," Commodore Decker said watching the enemy ship on the viewscreen as he sat in his command chair. He looked to his first officer, "Remind me to let Kirk know to be more vigilant of fluctuations caused by cloaked Klingon ships. If one made it this close to Earth more maybe in the area. We put him in the front-lines for a reason."

The ship shook as the Klingons opened fire on the USS Constitution. Commodore Decker ordered all ships to return fire. They all fired at the Klingon ship together, circling it while positioning themselves apart like the three points of a triangle firing at the Klingon ship in the middle. It didn't take the three Federation ships long to destroy the Klingon ship.

"Add the 'Wild Targ' to the list of lost Klingon ships to report to the Klingon Empire at the end of the war," Decker ordered. He added, "Stand down from Red Alert." The three ships flew off towards Earth.

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Energy Credit Storage Limit	Limited	Limited
Dilithium Refinement Cap	8k per day	8k per day
Character Slots	3	2
Additional Bridge Officer Slots	+2 Additional Slots Per Rank Additional Slots Purchasable	Purchasable

Max Free Inventory	72	42
Max Free Bank Inventory	108	48
Costume / Uniform Slots	3 Free	3 Free
Captain Retrain Token (Respec)	1 Free Per Rank Vet Rewards Purchasable	Purchasable
Foundry Creator Access	Unlimited	Unlockable
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