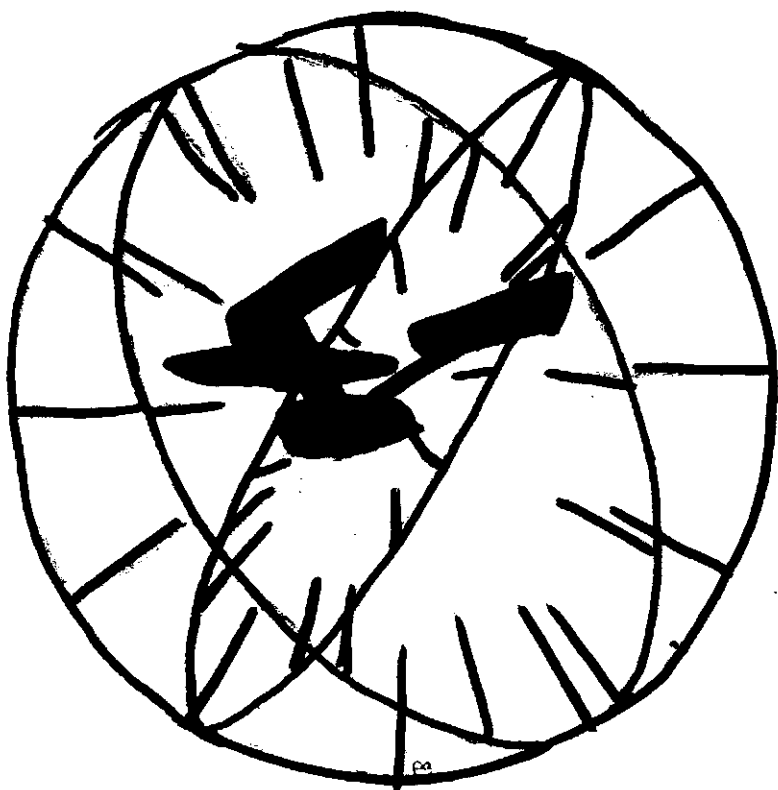


The Dune Sea Express

#8 March 1991





Orbital Eccentricities

- JK: Here we are live over the phone, practicing for when Joni has her modem upgrade.
- PG: Actually we are coming to you live and direct over the phone because Joni and I can't find each other although our answering machines are getting along nicely, playing telephone tag.
- JK: By the way the IRS isn't going to be the only one asking you for money the near future. We will be sending some of you renewal notices with this issue.
- PG: But we won't be punching such a big hole in your pocketbook, because of our fantastic psychic abilities we foresaw this increase in postage and will not be raising our rates.
- JK: Yes, we can scrape by on what we are already getting. Don't worry about us.
- PG: In this issue we are beginning a four-part Doctor Who epic by subscriber Karen Guest. In which The Doctor journeys to medieval England and meets King Arthur.
- JK: Non Doctor Fans don't be afraid, I read it and lived to tell the tale.
- PG: Also, in this issue, We find that fans are sort of the same all over as Joni tells us about how she became addicted to the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles.
- JK: Har de har, har, har.
- JK: Also, after being called a hiking group one too many times, Our sponsoring organization, Trek and Friends, has changed their name one last time (PG: This is going to be the last time.) to The Enterprise-TARDIS Connection.
- PG: One last also, we would like to extend our congratulations to our own Spacefareing Insomniac and her husband (Sandy and Tony Steele) on the birth of their first child, a baby girl, on Feb. 12.



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 Please notify us of any change of address as soon as possible. Be sure to include your full name and old address printed clearly, so we can update our records.
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Doctor Who and The Lady of the Lake

Part 1 of 4 by Karen Guest

Cornwall was a lovely and lonely part of England. It was also very invigorating. Brigadier Alastair Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart thought as he was hiking amidst the ruins on the headland of Tintagel. The sky was overcast, and the whole day was rather drearily severe and stark, not that the Brigadier minded. He liked it. It seemed a day to let one's fantasies wander, and the Brigadier did that very rarely.

Lethbridge-Stewart was on leave from UNIT--United Nations Intelligence Taskforce--and he needed it. He'd seen just one too many monsters. He had decided to go to Cornwall. He had always wanted to see Tintagel, Arthur's supposed birthplace. According to Mallory and White, it was. The Brigadier had been absorbed in Arthurian romance since he had been a boy. Now, he was here at Tintagel, enjoying himself.

The Brigadier wasn't paying much attention to the world around him, but he did hear several small rocks slide down as if from a height. A frown creased his forehead, and he stopped and started looking for the source of the noise. The last time he looked, he had been alone. Nothing could be seen. The Brigadier relaxed and laughed to himself. It was just some rocks slipping into the sea, he told himself, but a voice inside his head reminded him that no water had splashed. The Brigadier dismissed the voice. Having seen so many monsters, he was now looking for them everywhere. He went on exploring.

More rocks slipped, and there was the sound of footsteps. Faint, but definitely there. The Brigadier felt his military training take over. There was, indeed, someone else up here. What was this person up to? The Brigadier wanted to enjoy his week's leave from UNIT without any hassles from any of the strange creatures that he had met in recent times. They had always been met in association with that strange figure, the Doctor. The footsteps drew his thoughts back to reality. He ducked behind an outcropping of rock. A figure in black velvet passed in front of him. Only one thing registered in the Brigadier's mind. The Master! The Brigadier leapt from his hiding place and tackled the figure.

The Brigadier was a tall, strong man, well-trained in the techniques of hand-to-hand combat, but he did little more than rock the Master on his

Doctor Who and the Lady of the Lake

feet. For a medium-sized fellow, the Master was surprisingly strong. He threw back Lethbridge-Stewart with comparative ease. He was surprised, though. If the Brigadier were here, could the Doctor be far behind? The Master didn't have time to worry about that. The Brigadier lunged at him again. Persistently stubborn fellow, thought the Master as he threw his adversary back again. This time, though, the Brigadier didn't fare quite so well. He hit an outcropping of rock and bounced down the path a bit. He landed with a sickening thud. The Master smiled as he looked at the body.

Jo Grant was mightily bored. She sat on a bench only a few feet away from an Edwardian roadster named Bessie. There were two long legs sticking out from under the car. And every now and again, a hand would reach out to take something from her. Jo had absolutely no idea what the Doctor was about, and frankly, she couldn't have cared less. If he wasn't poking with Bessie, he was poking with the TARDIS. She couldn't wake up her mind which was worse.

Mike Yates, the Brigadier's trusted No. 2, saved her from answering her own question. He walked into the garage with Sergeant Benton right behind him. His expression was grim. "There you are, Doctor. I've been looking for you everywhere."

Jo spoke up. "What's wrong, Mike?" He only wore that expression when the world seemed close to total annihilation.

Seeing that the Doctor was going to ignore him, Yates answered Jo. "The Brig's met with something of an accident in Cornwall. He's pretty banged up."

A tall man slid out from under the roadster. He sat up. A young-old face under a shock of prematurely white hair peered at Captain Yates. "What was that you said? Something about the Brigadier meeting with an accident?"

"That's right, Doctor. He took a fall at Tintagel and is in the local cottage hospital. His doctor says that he keeps muttering about the Master. The Brig's being sent to the nearest large hospital for psychiatric observation." This really seemed to distress Yates.

The Doctor looked at the young captain with a horrified expression. "You're not serious?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, Jo," the Doctor said as he stripped off his lab coat, "we're going to Cornwall." He looked at Mike Yates. "Have you a map? I'm not familiar with Cornwall, or where it is that the Brigadier has gotten himself hurt."

Yates handed him a map. "Stop them from sending him to the loony bin. The Brig would never survive that." He started to leave. He stopped and added, "Take Sergeant Benton with you. I must remain here." The Doctor looked at Sergeant Benton and Jo. "Well, don't just stand there. hop in."

The Master had found a secluded spot at Tintagel. He was diligently trying to create a time portal. It wouldn't have been necessary if he hadn't crashed his TARDIS. That infuriating accident had put him in the position of having to do things in a roundabout way. Time portals were tricky and unpredictable, and he'd never been very good at them. But with some equipment from his TARDIS he was sure that he could create one that would allow him to go back to the fifth century and stage a takeover there, so that he could control all the tin and coal in Britain. Those two items would, then, put him in power forever on the planet Syek. He laughed to himself as he passed through his portal.

His portal worked! He had indeed passed from the twentieth century to the fifth. Only one thing stayed his joy. He was not at Tintagel. He was somewhere else entirely. From what Arthurian legend he knew, he presumed he was at Glastonbury. Somewhere around here must be Avalon, he thought gloomily. There was something odd about Avalon that he didn't like, but he couldn't remember what it was. He figured that it was all the nonsense about the magical powers of the Lady of the Lake that made him dislike the place. No matter. Avalon couldn't be seen. He was about to start down the hill to Caerleon when he heard voices. Quickly, he ducked behind an apple tree.

What the Master saw nearly gave him double heart failure. A woman, all in blue velvet, walked beside a tall, gaunt man who had an owl perched on his shoulder. The Master shook his dark head and closed his dark eyes. He wanted to believe that what he had seen was all a figment of his imagination. He opened his eyes again. It was no hallucination. He was really seeing Niniane the Academician, and Taliesin, former Lord President of Gallifrey. The Master hugged his apple tree tightly. It was all too much. They could put any plan of his in the rubbish bin. What were they doing here? Whatever it was, his plan had to be readjusted again. This takeover was going to be harder than he thought.

The Brigadier was sitting upright in his hospital bed, reading the local newspaper when he heard voices in the hallway. The Brigadier, for once, sincerely hoped that it was the Doctor come to convince these medical people around here that he wasn't a blithering idiot. But he couldn't separate the voices. He prayed that the psychiatrist hadn't come to take him away. As soon as he had understood that his doctor and nurse

thought he was crazy, he had shut up about the Master. He had become the perfect patient which probably only reinforced the notion that he was potty. He anxiously continued flipping through the newspaper.

Finally, the door opened to reveal the Doctor. He was frowning. "Well, my dear Lethbridge-Stewart, what sort of pickle have you managed to get yourself into this time? I assume that you tried to capture the Master?"

The Brigadier looked a bit sheepish. "I tried."

"And all you got for your troubles was to be crashed into some rocks and to fall flat on your face on the path. You are not a rubber ball, Brigadier, and I would have you remember that." The Doctor was really being stern. In all actuality, the Brigadier was quite lucky to be alive. The Doctor would have been devastated if his friend had been killed by that fiend, the Master.

Jo Grant lightly hopped into the Brigadier's room. She shut the door behind her. That Dr. Ferguson was really too much, thinking the Doctor to be quite mad. When she turned around, Jo saw the Brigadier and gasped. One arm was in a sling, and she could see that his ribs were taped. "Oh, my. Mike Yates was right. You really have been banged up a bit."

"And bounced on my head." The Brigadier was beginning to regret ever having gone on leave. A few Yeti or even a Dalek or two would have been preferable to this. He hated being fussed over.

The Doctor settled into a chair next to the Brigadier's bed and threw back his opera cloak which was lined with purple silk. "Fortunately for us, you have a remarkably hard head." The Brigadier scowled at the Doctor who went on. "Now, what exactly happened up there?" He leaned forward.

Report time, thought the Brigadier sourly. "I was poking around Tintagel a bit when..." he trailed off as Jo perched herself on the side of his bed. He picked up again. "As I was saying, I was up at Tintagel just looking around when I saw the Master walk by. I tried to tackle him, and he bounced me off the hillside. The last thing I remember was the Master heading off somewhere. When I woke up here, I started talking about the Master, and Dr. Ferguson thought I had lost my mind."

The Doctor leaned back in his chair. "What on earth is the Master up to? He is usually so forthright. He doesn't usually skulk about. something must have messed up his plans, whatever they are, considerably. Tintagel..." He rubbed his forehead. He couldn't remember.

"Was the birthplace of King Arthur. He was conceived there, too, with the aid of Merlin the Magician." This was from Jo. She sailed pertly.

"I remember now," said the Doctor, grinning fiercely. "But Merlin was no magician."

"He and the Lady of the Lake were Time Lords, I suppose," said the Brigadier in a wearily off-hand way.

"Exactly."

"I don't care what they were," interrupted Dr. Ferguson. "Visiting hours are over. And my patient needs his rest." The burly Scot hustled Jo and the Doctor out of the room. He turned back to the Brigadier. "Get some rest. You've quite a lot of mending to do."

In the hallway, Jo whispered to the Doctor, "Well, what do we do now?"

"We go to Tintagai."

"I was afraid you were going to say that."

On their way out of the hospital, the Doctor paused long enough to tell Sergeant Benton not to let the Brigadier out of his sight. "Keep him in the hospital, Sergeant." Benton just groaned.

The Doctor turned to Jo. "Let's go."

The Doctor and Jo were hiking around Tintagai. They had been at it, whatever it was, for what seemed hours. Jo was tired. She sat down on the nearest rock. "I've got to rest."

The Doctor smiled gently at his petite assistant. "Well, I could do with a bit of a breather myself." He sat down next to her.

"Do you know what you are looking for?" She was afraid that this was going to turn into one big goose chase. "What does the Master want up here?"

"That's just the point, Jo. I haven't a clue as to what he's up to. All I know is that he is being very roundabout, and that scares me. It isn't normal. It also means that things have gone wrong for him. One of which is that he is not using his TARDIS."

"How can you tell?"

"There is a time disturbance around here. If the Master were using his TARDIS, he would just have popped into whatever time and place he wanted." The Doctor rubbed his chin. "I also think that there is a connection between what has happened here today and King Arthur."

"Oh, right. The Master has crashed his TARDIS, has built some sort of time window, and is masquerading as Mordred. Now, what would the Master want with King Arthur? Excalibur?" Jo shivered. She was cold and afraid and wanted to go back to London.

The Doctor looked solemnly at Jo. "Don't laugh, Jo. whatever the Master is up to, it is deadly. It almost cost the Brigadier his life." The Doctor got up from his perch. He held out his hand to her. "Come on, Jo. Let's see what we can find." They started up the path again.

To be continued.

Notes From Austin's

Creation Con by Sandra Provence Steele

Recently Sandy (our Spacefareing Insomniac) attended a Creation Con in Austin, Texas. James Doohan was the star attraction. We reproduce here for you some of the question and answer session. All statements are verbatim.

Q: Why are there no toilets on the Enterprise? (Somebody obviously has never seen the tech manual-Sandy)

A: Well, we do have phasers ye know, ye set them on disintegrate and aim very carefully.

Q: What if you were Captain?

- A: 1. Limit Ensign Kirk to one girl every five years.
2. Chekov would never be allowed to scream again. He was getting too damn good at it.
3. Spock would never ever, ever, ever be allowed in my engine room again. Last time he died and I don't even get a morticians fee.
4. Sulu would never be allowed to carry arms. George is one person, if you went hunting with him, his shotgun would be pointed at you!
5. Bones couldn't say "He's dead, Jim" cause he was usually wrong.
6. Hire writers to give Uhura other lines than "Hailing frequencies open." She deserves more than that and besides she loves Scotty.

Q: How did you get the role?

A: Two weeks before the second pilot, Jim Goldstone, a director of another show called and I read the part of a Scotland Yard Detective using three London dialects. No Job. 10 days later Jim called and I did 7 or 8 accents. (I) asked Gene, "What ya think?" Gene said, "Well what do you think?" (James Doohan went from there to name his character and where he came from, etc.) Gene said, "We rather like that." (And the rest is Trek history.)

(Other responses to Kirk's demand for Warp 12:)

1. (as Jim Kirk) Warp 12! I can give you two 6's
2. (with British accent) Now listen here Captain, I've told ya many times I don't like to go above Warp 8!
3. (with French accent) Capitaine, you are playing with me and also on the last planet you did not get the girl.
4. (Reggae) I'm terribly sorry sir, but I cannot get the little buggies to move that fast.

(Finally, James Doohan has a cheapo movie coming out (he still hasn't been paid though) called Under the Gun.)

How I became a

TURTLE fan.

By Joni Kouvelis

It all started so simply. I remember it so well. My nephew Mark's birthday had rolled around, and since I can decorate cakes, it has become my job to make them for the kids' birthdays. Not suspecting in any way the odd twist my life was about to take, I asked him what he wanted me to draw on his birthday cake. He thought about it a minute, then replied, "Michaelangelo." I frowned a little, because at that point in my untutored life, the only Michaelangelo I knew of was Michelangelo Buonarroti, the famous artist of the Italian Renaissance. I thought that was pretty heavy stuff for a 10-year-old to be interested in, but I said okay. That was when I got the real scoop. The kids usually bring me a picture to go by if they want something specific. While I was considering Michaelangelo, and praying I wouldn't have to re-create the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in buttercream icing, Mark whipped out a comic book, and laid it down for me to see. "Draw that one," he said, pointing to a picture in the book. I looked and saw a snarling, muscle-bound, green thing in an orange mask. I raised an eyebrow and asked, "What is that?" He looked at me, comically amazed, and said, "That's a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle, Joni!"

Now, that wasn't the first time I'd heard of the Ninja Turtles. It is common knowledge that I am not the most normal human being that ever lived, and several people had been telling me that I needed to check the Turtles out. I had told them they were totally warped, and went about my business. The first time I saw the Eastman and Laird comic, I laughed it off as one of the silliest things I'd ever heard of. That was before the Turtle bug bit my nephews and just about every other child in the entire United States of America. I hate to admit it, but it was my cake decorating that really got me going. My nephews all wanted Ninja Turtle cakes that year...and the next year...and they'll probably want them this year as well. Lots of my "extracurricular" customers also requested Turtle cakes. I goofed up that first cake, though not fatally, by arming Michaelangelo with a sword. I had found a good picture of Leonardo in the comic book, and just changed the mask color from blue to orange. They all looked the same to me, and I didn't think it mattered. Mark was a good sport about it, (since the Turtles can fight with all kinds of weapons,) but he told me for future reference that Michaelangelo's favored weapon was the Nunchakus, or occasionally, the Banriki-Gusari. (Boy, don't you hate it when you have to consult the dictionary to understand kids?) Obviously, my reputation as a master cake-artist was at stake, and I needed to bone up on the Turtle basics.

It was tough at first. I couldn't keep the mask colors straight, I couldn't remember Donatello's name to save my life, and I kept calling The Shredder "The Slasher." After much practice, (and many corrections,) I got the vital statistics down. I could name the Turtles, give their mask colors, and their favored weapons. In other words, I knew enough to make a birthday cake without having to ask fifteen questions. During this time, I'd also accumulated some comics to draw from. One day I was bored, and I read some of the stories. Then I was drafted into taking the kids to see the movie. When I started watching the cartoon on T.V. and actually enjoying it, I knew I was beyond all hope. The Turtle Bug had bitten me, too.

I think I'm something of an anomaly to a lot of my friends. They all knew I was basically warped, but somehow they never thought they'd see a grown woman flipping over mutated adolescent reptiles. I always tell them that it keeps me off the streets and besides, there are lots of other vices which are far worse. I like what's called the "wacky" version of the Turtles more than the originals, but I enjoy the original series most of the time. Sometimes they get a little too graphic for my taste, but even in the Eastman and Laird books, there is an element of humor. The humor is what drew me into the Turtles' folklore in the first place. They can generally be depended on to come up with some zinger that will elicit a laugh, or at least a smile. Besides, the ARCHIE Turtles are expressive and fun to draw. Truthfully, I can't think of many things that go better on a birthday cake...



Checklist #2

Pocket Star Trek Novels:

The following is a list of Star Trek (Classic Trek) novels published by Pocket Books. Pocket has recently reprinted those novels that were out of print. So they should not be too hard to find.

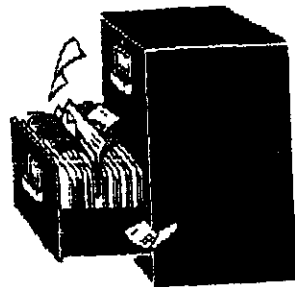
NOTE: The books are listed in the order they were published.
The date mentioned is the date of first printing.

Pocket Books, Inc. Division of Simon and Schuster, Inc. 1230 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. Customer Service Number is 1-800-223-2348.

- ___ Star Trek: The Motion Picture by Gene Roddenberry-Dec. 1979
- ___ The Entropy Effect by Vonda McIntyre-June 1981
- ___ The Klingon Gambit by Robert E. Vardeman-Oct. 1981
- ___ The Covenant of the Crown by Howard Weinstein-Dec. 1981
- ___ The Prometheus Design by Sondra Marshak and Myrna Culbreath-Mar. 1982
- ___ The Abode of Life by Lee Correy-May 1982
- ___ Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan by Vonda McIntyre-July 1982
- ___ Black Fire by Sonni Cooper-Jan 1983
- ___ Triangle by Sondra Marshak and Myrna Culbreath-May 1983
- ___ Web of the Romulans by M.S. Murdock-June 1983
- ___ Yesterday's Son by A.C. Crispin-Aug. 1983
- ___ Mutiny on the Enterprise by Robert E. Vardeman-Oct. 1983
- ___ The Wounded Sky by Diane Duane-Dec. 1983
- ___ The Trellisane Confrontation by David Dvorkin-Feb. 1984
- ___ Corona by Greg Bear-Apr. 1984
- ___ The Final Reflection by John M. Ford-May 1984
- ___ Star Trek III: The Search For Spock by Vonda McIntyre-June 1984
- ___ My Enemy, My Ally by Diane Duane-July 1984
- ___ The Tears of the Singers by Melinda Snodgrass-Sept. 1984
- ___ The Vulcan Academy Murders by Jean LORRAH-Nov. 1984
- ___ Uhura's Song by Janet Kagan-Jan. 1985
- ___ Shadow Lord by Laurence Yep-Mar. 1985

- ___ Ishmael by Barbara Hambly-May 1985
 - ___ Killing Time by Della Van Hise-July 1985
 - ___ Dwellers in the Crucible by Margaret Wander Bonanno-Sept. 1985
 - ___ Pawns and Symbols by Majlisa Larson-Nov. 1985
 - ___ Mindshadow by J.M. Dillard-Jan 1986
 - ___ Crisis on Centaurus by Brad Ferguson-Mar. 1986
 - ___ Dreadnought! by Diane Carey-May 1986
 - ___ Demons by J.M. Dillard-July 1986
 - ___ Enterprise: The First Adventure by Vonda McIntyre-Sept 1986
 - ___ Battlestations! by Diane Carey-Nov 1986
 - ___ Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home by Vonda McIntyre-Dec 1986
 - ___ Chain of Attack by Gene DeWeese-Feb. 1987
 - ___ Deep Domain by Howard Weinstein-Apr. 1987
 - ___ Dreams of the Raven by Carmen Carter-June 1987
 - ___ Strangers From the Sky by Margaret Wander Bonanno-July 1987
 - ___ The Romulan Way by Diane Duane and Peter Morwood- Aug 1987
 - ___ How Much for Just the Planet? by John M. Ford-Oct 1987
 - ___ Blood Thirst by J.M. Dillard-Dec. 1987
 - ___ The Final Frontier by Diane Carey-Jan 1988
 - ___ The IDIC Epidemic by Jean LORRAH-Feb 1988
 - ___ Time For Yesterday by A.C. Crispin-Apr. 1988
 - ___ Timetrap by David Dvorkin-June 1988
 - ___ The Three-Minute Universe by Barbara Paul-Aug 1988
 - ___ Spock's World (Hardback Edition) by Diane Duane-Sept. 1988
 - ___ Memory Prime by Gar and Judith Reeves-Stevens-Oct 1988
 - ___ The Final Nexus by Gene DeWeese-Dec. 1988
 - ___ Vulcan's Glory by D.C. Fontana-Feb. 1989
 - ___ Double, Double by Michael Jan Friedman-Apr 1989
 - ___ Star Trek V: The Final Frontier by J.M. Dillard-June 1989
 - ___ Spock's World (Paperback Edition) by Diane Duane-Aug 1989
 - ___ Cry of the Onlies by Judy Klass-Oct. 1989
 - ___ The Lost Years (Hardback Edition) by J.M. Dillard-Oct. 1989
 - ___ The Kobayashi Maru by Julia Ecklar-Dec. 1989
 - ___ Rules of Engagement by Peter Morwood-Feb. 1990
 - ___ The Pandora Principle by Carolyn Clowes-Apr. 1990
 - ___ Doctor's Orders by Diane Duane-June 1990
 - ___ The Lost Years (Paperback Edition) by J.M. Dillard-Aug. 1990
 - ___ Prime Directive (Hardback Edition) by Judith and Garfield Reeves-Stevens -Sept. 1990
 - ___ Enemy Unseen by V.K. Mitchell-Oct. 1990
 - ___ Home is the Hunter by Dana Kramer-Rolls -Dec. 1990
 - ___ Ghost Walker by Barbara Hambly -Feb. 1991
 - ___ A Flag Full of Stars by Brad Ferguson -Apr. 1991
 - ___ Probe (hardback) -April
- List compiled by Pamela Girard.

Anomalous Propagation



(A.K.A. assorted things we found in the files)

If you're like some people I know, you've got the classic Trek series on video tape and you're spending more time watching the Next Generation. The following quiz is designed to help keep those trivia skills sharp. Good Luck. We'll start easy.

1. What is the purpose of Mudd's journey in "Mudd's Women"?
2. Who is "Beauregard"?
3. In the episode, "Dagger of the Mind", what is the first thought Dr. Noel puts in Kirk's Mind.
4. According to the episode, "Journey to Babel" How many planets was Sarek ambassador to before he retired?
5. In "The Tholian Web", how long between the first and second interphases?
6. How many episodes does Janice Rand appear in?
7. True or False. The Klingon transporter is silent.
8. What finger presses the trigger on a Klingon hand weapon?
9. Who is the Sheriff of Tombstone in "Spectre of the Gun"?
10. According to the episode "Requiem for Methuselah", when and where was Flint born?
11. In "Metamorphosis" what is the Companion made of?
12. Only once in the series is it suggested that the Enterprise could come apart into sections, which episode?

you have to and crack out of there with the main section...."
12. "The Apple". Kirk says to Scotty: "Discard the warp drive nacelles if

11. A cloud of ionized hydrogen.
10. 3834 B.C. in Mesopotamia

No Peaking, Cheating,

9. Watt harp

or other nefarious

8. The thumb.

7. True

activities allowed.

6. 7

5. 2 hours, 12 minutes

4. 47

3. "You're HUNGRY."

Sulu calls it "Gertrude".

2. "Beauregard" is the name Teoman Rand gave Sulu's plant in "The Man Trap".

1. Mining Settlers

Answers:

Suggestions For the Spacefaring Insomniac



By Sandra Provence Steele

Home is the Hunter by Dana Kramer-Rolls

1 of 5 stars

Another new author has joined the rank and file of published but mediocre Trek authors. Ms. Kramer-Rolls not only has a pretentious name but a very presumptuous style. Her novel Home is the Hunter had some interesting ideas but frankly the author should have been more closely edited. The novel is actually a composite of three short stories ostensibly tied together by an alleged main story or base. The "base" of the novel is the typical -planet in dispute between the Klingon Empire and the Federation- scenario. As often usual, the planet has a god-like creature in control of it. Kirk, Sulu, Chekov, and Scotty beam down but only Kirk beams up. The Captain spends the remainder of the time trying to get the god, Weyland, to return his crew members. The base has no satisfying conclusion.

The base sets up for three short stories involving what happened to Sulu, Chekov, and Scotty.

Sulu's story: Sulu is sent back in time as a Samurai Warrior where he has to put into effect rules of conduct that he felt belonged to the Samurai code. He wanders around and doesn't do much of anything.

Chekov's story: Chekov gets sent to a World War II German Prisoner Of War camp where he meets James Kirk's ancestor. If it weren't for the fact that everybody that goes back in time seems to meet Kirk's ancestors. This would be the best story of the three.

Scotty's story: Scotty wakes up in Scotland, 1746 during the battle between Bonnie Prince Charlie and William of Hanover. Scotty pretends to have "The Sight" and uses his historical knowledge to get out of the situation.

The way these stories were combined makes for an inconsistent and confusing read. There is no rhyme or reason to the arrangement of chapters. All in all... well, let's be nice, buy this one in the used book store and save your cash for something better.

