

LOTUS STARBASE

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF LOTUS FLEET

ISSUE 15, SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 2015

"The voyage of discovery is not in seeking new landscapes but in having new eyes."

-- Marcel Proust

LOTUS FLEET:: AN AUTHENTICALLY DEDICATED STAR TREK COMMUNITY

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Message from the Fleet Admiral's Office

Another discussion about the Armada is taking center stage during this issue of our Fleet Newsletter as well, but due to a twist of events in this case.

As of October 1st, our Fleet abrogated its affiliation with the Steel Talons Armada. This was not an easy decision nor was it a swift one, but involved discussions and messages from Tier 5 & 6 leaders over the course of many weeks. But to clarify, I was the one though that pulled the trigger of this event on the evening of October first.

The overall rationale behind this decision was for us to provide the best opportunities and experiences for our fleet members engaged in STO game-play that we could ascertain. This includes considering the social elements associated while playing, such as teaming and talking in Teamspeak while online.

To this end, Lotus Fleet has been in discussions with The Liberty Task Force and their armada STOFA on-and-off since July. We've had several intriguing meetings in our Teamspeak channel as well as theirs since this time. Our fleet liaison Rear Admiral Battle Lion is currently underway in continuing diplomatic contact with this armada and exchanging crucial information with the intention of joining forces with them and their array of rooted fleets. Perhaps in next issue we may include more detailed information along with a message from this armada's leadership and/or associated fleets.

This move will also switch us from a Beta to a Gamma position within the armada system which will alter the configuration of bonuses, skill point increases and dilithium discounts. The bottom line is that this shift will provide greater yields of dilithium for fleet members and projects.

We are hopeful that in this move we will see the actualization of a variety of STO in-game events and activities that encourage inter-fleet teams. Once again, our intent is to set-up situations in which members of different fleets actively work together. Our leadership will continue working on practical ways in which to reward such interactions on-site and in game. We are also hopeful of reinvigorating our KDF side/aspect of STO game-play.

But as I mentioned in my last message, all of our hard work and good intentions could fall by the wayside if this does not translate to more active participation in STO from our fleet members. We are not talking excessive time commitments, but merely seizing opportunities available to jump into game for a bit throughout any given week; morning afternoon or evening. If you feel that you've been out of the loop for too long or are lost on how to proceed, do not despair. We are also setting up individuals and teams to serve as guides and sages to help you overcome any in-game hurdles that you encounter.

So those members not participating in STO, please consider giving this game another chance. Those that do not have the game installed, here is a link to get you started:

<http://www.arcgames.com/en/games/star-trek-online>



Hopefully, more information about all of this will be included in the next issue of our Newsletter.

See you among the stars!

Jeff T

Admiral Jeff T
Fleet Admiral



LOTUS FLEET

Spawnnner : His name is true

1. *Where are you from?*

Prince George, British Columbia, Canada

2. *What is your position in the Fleet?*

Events Director

3. *When did you join Lotus Fleet?*

December 2008

4. *Lotus Fleet has often been described as more than just a gaming fleet, what does that mean to you?*

It is a community of Trekkies/Trekkers, ones that not only enjoy the gaming aspect, but have so much more to offer. We truly aspire to be Starfleet officers of the 21st Century. This extends all the way from the RP participants, with so much rich storytelling; all the way to the more “gaming-centric” members, who have a deep love of what Star Trek has to offer.

5. *What is your favorite Star Trek series?*

TNG, no question.

6. *What is your favorite Star Trek movie?*

I have to give a dual answer. TOS: Wrath of Khan. TNG: Generations.

7. *Who is favorite Star Trek captain and why?*

Picard. He was the most well rounded. Diplomat, explorer, adept at first contact, and not afraid to fight when needed.

8. *What is your favorite Star Trek ship?*

Sovereign. Nice battle cruiser.

9. *Other than a captain do you have another favorite Star Trek character?*

William. T. Riker.

10. *What is your favorite Star Trek uniform?*

Next Gen movies

11. *What keeps you interested in Star Trek despite the lack of a current episodic series?*

STO, and the movies. Unfortunately NOT the “Nu-Trek” movies though. A Generic JJ Abrams action movie in Star Trek uniforms is not my cup of tea.

12. Is there a character or actor you wish had never appeared in Star Trek?

Captain Edward Jellico (played by Ronny Cox).

13. What are your thoughts on J.J. Abrams Star Trek movies?

As stated previously, these are atrocious. Standard "JJ" action movies in a Star Trek uniform. *CUE LENS FLARE*

14. Is there someone else you'd like to see direct a Star Trek film?

Not particularly

15. How do you think we can best apply Gene Roddenberry's vision today?

We would have to break down a lot of societal imposed barriers. We would need to achieve a certain level of cooperation between ALL mankind.

16. Are you active in Star Trek Online?

Very

17. What is your impression of the game today vs when it launched?

It has definitely changed since going FTP. I personally am a Lifetime Subscriber, but for the longest time I paid my monthly subscription fees (I paid in 6 month increments to get a bit of a deal, since I found a limited time promo on that). It has devolved into too much PAY content that you pretty much need to be performing at the highest levels. I would be all for a return to subscription model, or at least better perks for subscribers (maybe a massive discount on the C-store?).

18. Do you believe Cryptic stays mostly true to Star Trek's vision?

80% yes.

19. What is your passion in life or your biggest aspiration?

To be the best father I can be to my 4-1/2 yr old Daughter, and my 1 month old Son.

20. What is your biggest peeve?

Having my integrity questioned

21. What would you say is the highlight in your life to this point?

My children

22. What is one thing nobody in the Fleet knows about you?

I am a dual Canadian/US citizen. Yes, I hold both passports and have a S.I.N and S.S.N.

23. Could you describe yourself in 5 words?

I would need way more than 5 words.

24. *Do you have a personal motto?*

Excelleremus Dilligenter (Excellence through Diligence)

25. *What advice would you give new members?*

Start slow. Get to know your fleet and your fleetmates. If you enjoy what we offer, consider taking a fleet "job".

26. *How would you define leadership?*

Not merely telling someone to do something, but rather getting "in the trenches" with them and **SHOWING** them how to do it. I employ this in my professional career as a manager with Fastenal. Nobody I work with is above or below any task (myself included). I will be the first to offer to show someone how I would like it done, and then seek their feedback on any way(s) that they feel the method could be improved in future.

24. *Are there any other thoughts or information that you'd like to add?*

Not at this time, Thank You.



12^{the only}^{1/2} writing rules you'll ever need

1. If you write every day, you get better at writing every day. ☹️
2. If it's boring to you, it's boring to your reader. ☹️
3. Get a writing routine, and stick with it. ⚡
4. Poetry does **NOT** have to rhyme. Poetry does not **NOT** have to rhyme. ☹️
5. Resist stereotypes, in real life and in your writing. ☹️
6. Writers read. Writers read a lot. Writers read all the time. ⚡
7. Make lists of your favorite words and books and places and things. ☹️
8. There doesn't always have to be a moral to the story. ☹️
9. Always bring your notebook. Always bring a spare pen. ⚡
10. Go for walks. Dance. Pull weeds. Do the dishes. Write about it. ☹️
11. Don't settle on just one style. Try something new! ☹️
12. Learn to tell both sides of the story. ⚡
- 12½. Stop looking at this poster. **Write something!**



Greeting from the Lotus Fleet Roleplaying Universe! Admiral Kheren here reporting as scheduled about the astounding work our RPer's are putting into finishing our third fleet action entitled "Brave New World"; the elaborate story of the Federation's first attempt at colonizing and exploring the pocket universe beyond the Azimuth Horizon anomaly, the former universe-threatening phenomena tamed by the officers from our very own Starbase Lotus.

As the story goes, our quarantined starbase is still on a countdown towards oblivion as she is scheduled for termination by Starfleet itself under General order 35. Unless the alien infection possessing its personnel and population can be contained and eradicated, all ships in the vicinity, the very ships of Lotus Fleet, will have no choice but to destroy it!

On the other side of the anomaly, both the flagship USS Horizon and the explorer USS Phoenix are now coming face to face with the aggressive Draxx fleet intent on preventing by any means the escape of the energy lifeforms trapped on one of the targeted colony planets; the same beings that invaded our starbase in our universe! But as the confrontation draws near, the peril is getting very real.

Here is the latest entry from our RPer's depicting these dire straits:

Redding checked over his weapon as he relaxed on a downed tree, waiting for Oseno and his team to return with Lieutenant Moore and Governor Sufra. Kalaar, the huge Capellan security officer of the currently submerged USS Polaris, stood nearby looking irritated, taking quick glances at Redding.

"Your practically fuming, Lieutenant. Just spit it out," the Horizon's first officer said, glancing up at the man.

Kalaar jumped at the chance.

"Sir, I know this might be necessary, but it's placing Lieutenant Moore in severe danger. And we can't even ask him to volunteer for it."

"All very true, Kalaar; but he's the only choice we have. For once, his clueless bravado will actually be an asset." He looked around at the sound of Oseno and Moore coming into the clearing. "But if it makes you feel any better, I'm not going to enjoy this even a little."

Moore waved and made his way over to the Commander.

"One Bajoran spiritual leader as ordered, Commander. I always get my.. err.. man, Sir."

Redding grinned in a way that made Moore slightly uneasy. "I never doubted it, Moore. Are you both Okay?"

Moore smiled in return.



"No worse for wear, Commander. The Governor should be ok as well; just in some sort of shock, I think."

"Her name's Sufra, by the way," Redding said, handing him a towel to dry off with.

As he took it, Kalaar left in quite a huff. Moore dried himself off while looking at the Draxx standing a little way. The canine-looking humanoids seemed to be watching him intensely.

"Friends of yours, Commander?"

"Friends of ours, Lieutenant. In fact, thanks to them, we have a way off this prison planet. I was just about to signal the Polaris to pick us up." He held out his communicator. "Care to do the honours?"

"Would I?!"

He grabbed the field communicator from Redding's hand and activated it.

"Lieutenant Moore to Polaris; away team ready for pick up."

The well-known voice of a ship's computer answered him.

"Moore, Robert Roger; rank, Lieutenant; position, helmsman; assignment, USS Horizon... identity confirmed. Locking onto your signal. Confirming parameters for transfer; please keep the channel open."

"Can do. I'm not going anywhere," Moore said with a grin. "I didn't even know they knew my middle name was Roger."

No one had time to mention that it was plain written on his Starfleet record since the day he had joined the Academy. Obviously, he was just making conversation on a favorite topic, that being himself, while waiting for the obviously high security protocol to complete as described by the ship's computer voice. At that moment, there was a colored lightshow over the treetops that intensified as swirling clouds of flashing lights and crackling discharges suddenly came in their direction.

All the away teams and the Draxx were drenched in the protective liquid the caninoid aliens had sprayed on them all; all except Governor Sufra and Lieutenant Moore... and he was holding the active communicator. Like lightning, the Lights of Zetar were suddenly all over him just as the annular confinement beam caught them all. The night's darkness covered everything in the jungle when all sentient life forms in the vicinity were swept away by the teleportation signal of the Polaris.

As the figures of the away team began to materialize, energy arched out in dazzling patterns of colorful energy, arcing around the transporter room. One bolt struck the transporter operator as he recovered from the shock of the display.

"Captain!" he started to yell out before being struck.

Redding and Oseno struggled to regain their footing. The first officer of the flagship tried to speak but his voice was weak and faltering.

"Computer, override code..."

"Too slow, Human," The chief said calmly activating the transporter controls.

In a valiant but desperate move, Oseno attempted to hurl himself out of the transporter field as it activated, catching him partially out of the effect. The chief made no move to compensate for it.

"Arghhh!!" Oseno's scream echoed into oblivion. It was unclear if he could have survived such agony.



In the sudden silence, Lieutenant Hunter's voice came over the com.

"Transporter room, report! Did you get them?"

"Yes, I got them." The transporter chief smiled, his eyes glowing red as the local energy arched into the comm, headed directly to the bridge.

Hunter's combadge sparked as a stream of colorful light swirled into the room. He was infected first. Science officer Ji'Lan yelled out.

"NO!"

She jumped for the turbolift, getting struck just as the doors closed. As the room settled, all the bridge officers looked around at each other calmly. The turbolift doors reopened, admitting Lieutenant Ji'Lan back into the room. She too seemed calm now.

"Command center to energy access room;" the one occupying Hunter's body said, making himself more comfortable in the captain's chair. "Status."

"I transported the humanoid team back to the beam up point, but I'm not picking up their signals now. They may not have survived one of them disrupting the annular confinement beam."

"Or they disabled their combadges... but they're not important anymore. Bridge out."

He stood up and looked around, a grin on his face.

"I think you should see this," the one in the Orion woman's body said to him with an amused look at her station.

"First things first. Computer, ship wide announcement."

The computer responded ready.

"All sections, standby for an announcement."

This would give them time to secure any critical work they might be doing. Then, he just gave a nod to the glowing balls of energy around him and they jumped into the comm system. In seconds, most if not all of the crew would be acquired. The rest would be dead or dying from the intense neurogenic surge of the merging. Not all corporeal life forms were compatible.

"Excellent. It's just too bad we have such a small crew, I would have liked to take more of our people off this wet hell of a planet."

The possessed Ji'Lan smiled at him in answer to his frown.

"It might be possible. It seems my host was working on a way to break through the barrier and contact their mother ship with the data pack their lead officer down here sent earlier. It could be ready in the next ten minutes or so."

Hunter's alien red eyes looked astonished as he walked over to her station.

"Are you saying we might be able to transfer more of our people from the planet surface to this starship Horizon directly?"

She grinned in a way her sensuous face never did before. "ALL of our people; that main vessel is packed with more than enough people to take us ALL!"

The being that was now Shawn Hunter's head swam. The rest of the possessed bridge crew cheered. He got on the comm.

"Is the technical master of this vessel joined with us?"

"Yes," answered the Andorian engineer's calm voice with inflexions that had never been his, "the engineering team stands ready."



"Prepare the ship to leave the planet. We already know how; but this time, were are taking everyone with us."

Things are coming to a dramatic close. Once this monumental story is over, a new season of adventures awaits! Go to the Roleplay section of our website where you will find everything you need to know to be part of those imaginative stories in our beloved Star Trek universe, from rules to past adventures available in PDF mini-novels! Create your own unique officer, join one of our crews and boldly go with us!

Kheren

Fleet XO
RP Administrator



LOTUS FLEET

Intercepted Intelligence File



◇

Lotus Fleet Command File # 345-KKTCLKR-CI45B678A-88437.4

To: Fleet Captain Allen Samji, Commanding Officer, Star Base Lotus.

Follows is the intercepted file transfer obtained by Starfleet intelligence regarding Captain Kheren of Lotus Fleet. The intercept took place two days prior to the dispatch of the USS Horizon to the Hromi sector. We suspect that Cardassian intelligence has taken a dangerous interest in Lotus Fleet and it's officers. Be advised.

Commander Bradden, SI

Cardassian Intelligence file # FSF-HS-LF-And_Khe.

From: Gol T'Gur, Cardassian Intelligence

To: Ambassador Rugan Skyl, Cardassia

Full Name: Kheren Kalel Th'Ch'Leryll Keth Reiji

Place of Birth: Great Wash Temple, Andoria

Height: 1.83m

Weight: Specifics Unknown - (approx.)110-112kg.

Eye Color: Silver

Hair Color: White

Skin Color: Dark Blue



LOTUS FLEET

Description:

- Tall, very muscular.
- Deep blue-skinned humanoid with a shoulder length,thick white mane, with a pair of antennae sprouting from the side/top of his head.
- Silver-colored eyes.
- Hands, feet, elbows and knees covered with calluses.
- Two cutting scars and a visible indentation on forehead .
- Scar - large phaser burn across chest.

Paternity:

Rumored to be a hybrid or clone. Specific facts not known. Rumor also persists of genetic enhancement to speed and strength. Federation Starfleet file suggests confirmation of this.

Paternal: Ch'El, Th'Kal

Maternal: Sh'Shel, Zh'Leryll

Siblings: Five suspected, 3 brothers and two sisters.(Note: Possible extortion/ransom ability may be inherent if confirmation/capture of sibling(s) could be accomplished.)

Note: *Starfleet Psychometric file unavailable. Apparent that it is in the possession of Starfleet's Chief General Surgeon. Possible infiltration mission could be planned if file deemed important to current operation.*

Extreme Caution Warning.

Captain Kheren is a Grandmaster of Andorian Martial Arts and sources on Andoria confirm over 25 Ushaan victories. Starfleet Academy Honor graduate in strategy and tactics, specialization in close quarter combat.

Approach with extreme prejudice.

End Transmission

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LOTUS FLEET

UNIT OF THE

UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS



LOTUS FLEET



Greetings Lotus Fleet; this is Admiral Athos coming to you from the Lotus Fleet Research Lab Facility in our recently upgraded developmental lab. The USS Aleutian is overseeing the upgrade of this key facility now that the Iconian war has ended. Who knew that you and your crew were “the Others” that had saved L’Miren, Tket, and the others, allowing the Iconian civilization to continue.

Our Research Lab holding continues to be built at an astounding pace, thanks to the efforts and contribution of materiel by members of this Fleet. We continue to build our Research Lab holding, which is at Tier 2, faster than all of the other fleets in our Armada. Science and Engineering common duty officers are the most needed, as well as dilithium in order to continue building this Fleet holding. Make certain you check out the Research Lab for daily missions, kits, consoles, and soon (Tier 3) extra trait slots.

Lotus Fleet’s Dilithium Mine, New Romulus Embassy, and Spire are all maxed at tier 3, with all special upgrades completed, save for contracting for a tailor at our Spire. This is NOT a priority and should only be completed as able. Our Fleet Starbase and its support facilities are all at tier 4. We have been making progress in completing projects to advance our Starbase facilities, but these are secondary towards building up our Research Lab.

The Iconian war was costly; we managed to defend ourselves but at a great cost. Starfleet alone has lost thousands of ships and facilities, and hundreds of thousands of personnel. We have great deal of rebuilding to do to repair and rebuild our ranks. Our allies are no better, having lost as badly as we have. We could naturally play defense; keep our ships close to home until we rebuild our ranks. Certainly we will have enough peacekeeping to do within our borders. But Starfleet has always been about reaching for the stars, seeking out new life and new civilizations. We must get back to our roots and continue that tradition of boldly going.

However, we must remain vigilant. Though the vast majority of the Iconians have declared peace, T’Ket has not. She may yet pose a serious threat, especially to our Romulan allies. This, however, is not enough to stop us from getting back to our roots. We shall response to threats if and when they arise. Until then, set a course, second star to the right and straight on til morning.

As always, if you've earned a higher award for contributing towards our Fleet holdings, please contact myself or Rear Admiral Battle Lion. If you are a new user, make certain that you are on our STO Roster: viewtopic.php?f=7&t=639 .

Athos out.





Development Lab at Fleet Research Lab



"To boldly go where no one has gone before..."

STAR TREK
ONLINE

STO Tips and Tricks by Rear Admiral Battle Lion

Basic Skill Tree awareness: Captain Skills

Starship Stealth

In terms of PVE this skill is mostly useless. This skill only buffs Mask energy signature and cloak. Increases your stealth rating making you harder to detect. If you aren't using either of those things, this skill is doing nothing for you. This is primarily a PVP skill, as the standard unbuffed cloak is sufficient to keep you hidden even while bumping into enemies. When I PVP'd with my Klingon I had 9 points in this. Now that I PVE, I don't put any points here.

Starship threat control

This skill is good for generating threat, if that's your thing. Mostly for tanks. A tank can't tank if it doesn't hold aggro. It also gives you a slight bonus to your damage resistance (DR), so it's not totally useless in PVP either. It may be easier to stack threat by using embassy science consoles though, and save your skill points for better things. That's what I do, and I have 0 points here.

Starship Engine Performance

Simple skill. More points here give you a flat bonus to your engine power level. This is good for people using AMP warp cores, or for going faster obviously and for adding bonus defense. I usually put 6 points here in most of my builds.

Starship Hull Plating

Gives an increase to your damage resistance against energy weapons. This resistance is only applied to your HULL and not your SHIELDS. Does not affect damage from torpedoes or exotic particles. I like to put 6 points here.

Starship shield performance

Another simple skill. Flat bonus to your shield power level for each point in this skill. I also put 6 points here.

Starship Inertial Dampeners

Incoming push, pull, knock back, or slow effects are reduced when points are put into this skill. I don't like being moved around, so I put a few points in this skill. If you have polarized hull or Attack pattern omega or other ways to escape, you don't really need points here. Mostly a PVP skill, as PVE enemies is mostly a nuisance and is unlikely to kill you with those abilities.

Starship Sensors

Improves your innate stealth detection. Good for PVP. Also it reduces the amount of time you are affected by jam sensors or scramble sensors. In addition, it buffs the effectiveness of Sensor scan (science captain innate ability), and the tachyon detection grid and field. Basically this is used in PVP to find cloaked enemies. I put a couple points in here on my science captain just for fun and to buff sensor scan. Most people won't see much benefit from putting points here though.

Admiral level skills are up in our next issue

Space Skills

Tactical Systems

Lieutenant 57,000/35,000	Lt. Commander 144,000/35,000	Commander 230,000/175,000	Captain 300,000/255,000	Admiral 365,000/365,000
Starship Attack Patterns 	Starship Energy Weapons 	Starship Maneuvers 	Starship Stealth 	Starship Energy Weapon Specialization
Starship Weapons Training 	Starship Projectile Weapons 	Starship Targeting Systems 	Starship Threat Control 	Starship Projectile Weapon Specialization

Engineering Systems

Lieutenant 57,000/35,000	Lt. Commander 144,000/35,000	Commander 230,000/175,000	Captain 300,000/255,000	Admiral 365,000/365,000
Driver Coil 	Structural Integrity 	Starship Electro-Plasma Systems 	Starship Engine Performance 	Starship Armor Reinforcements
Starship Batteries 	Starship Subsystem Repair 	Starship Impulse Thrusters 	Starship Hull Plating 	Starship Auxiliary Performance
Starship Hull Repair 	Starship Warp Core Efficiency 	Starship Warp Core Potential 	Starship Shield Performance 	Starship Weapon Performance

Science and Operation Systems

Lieutenant 57,000/35,000	Lt. Commander 144,000/35,000	Commander 230,000/175,000	Captain 300,000/255,000	Admiral 365,000/365,000
Starship Flow Capacitors 	Starship Power Insulators 	Starship Graviton Generators 	Starship Inertial Dampers 	Starship Countermeasure Systems
Starship Shield Emitters 	Starship Shield Systems 	Starship Particle Generators 	Starship Sensors 	Starship Subspace Decompiler

Fleetwide Meetings:

(check the site Calendar for your local time)

Occurs every: 3rd Sunday of month - every month UTC - 5 hours [DST]

This is our Fleet meeting to discuss Lotus Fleet business, events, and other important information.

Afterward, the meeting goes "unofficial" and unrecorded into a round table, where anyone may have a chance to speak; i.e. ask questions, present ideas, etc... This is the social aspect of our meeting and provides an opportunity to get to know everyone involved in the Fleet even better.

Think of it as our Fleet's Ten Forward

Each meeting will be held on TeamSpeak 3. Please download and install TS3 following this guide:

<http://www.lotusfleet.org/viewtopic.php?f=34&t=55>

Also, please RSVP so that we know who is planning to attend, and indicate if you will be bringing a guest.

Invited: Everyone



Awards, Promotions and Organ Donations

September 2015:

New Members:

Ambassador Michael Bond: United Federation of Planets.

Promotions: None.

Longevity:

Ambassador [FC]Bailo: 9 months

Lieutenant(j.g.) Montgomery: 6 years

Provisional Vice Admiral Niomo: 7 years

October 2015:

New Members:

Ambassador McClintock, United Federation of Planets;

Cadet richardevans123;

Cadet quanva;

Promotions: None.

Longevity:

Ambassador Damix(44th Fleet): 3 months

Ambassador Grayfox(Liberty Task Force): 3 months

Lieutenant(j.g.) Jerik: 6 years

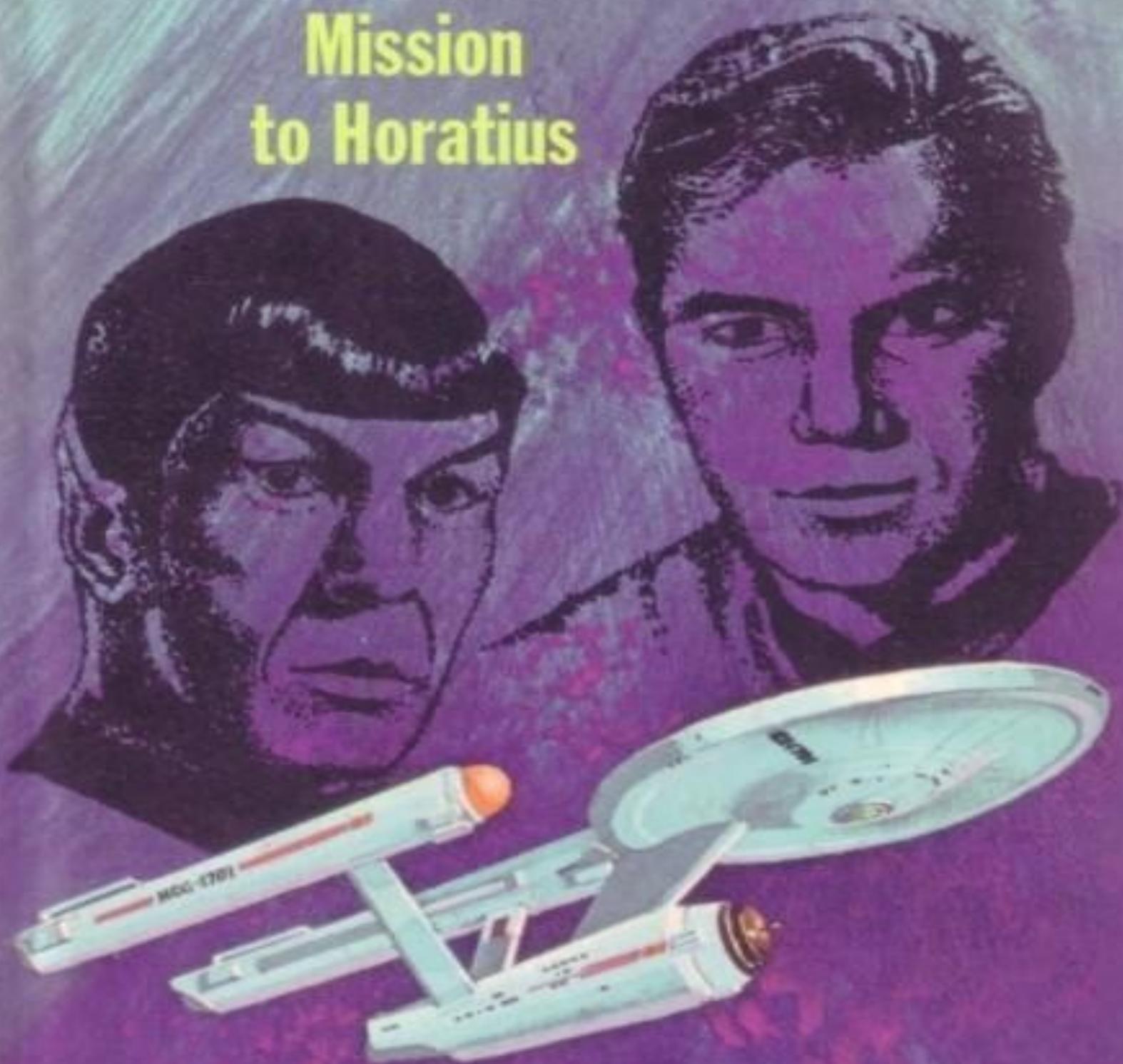
Retired Fleet Officer Arma: 6 years

Provisional Rear Admiral RossEllis1907: 7 years



STAR TREK

Mission to Horatius



AUTHORIZED EDITION

4. ON TO MYTHRA

CAPTAIN JAMES KIRK stared, bug-eyed, at his first officer. Then he swept his despairing eyes around at the horde of bowmen.

"Why—why, all these archers! They're about to shoot"

"Most interesting," Spock said. And then, as though in sudden comprehension, he added, "No wonder it is called the silent death."

The Vulcan turned his eyes to the malevolent Muel. "I should apologize. I underestimated your abilities. But you see, your mind is that of an Earthling, as are those of all my companions. However, my father was a Vulcan, and my mental makeup has variations on your own."

Muel's eyes suddenly widened, and he opened his mouth to shout.

The reflexes of the Vulcan, however, were far faster than those of the aged wizard-doctor. His phaser came up and beamed, and the other crumpled to the floor, stunned.

The bowmen were gone!

The Earthlings, and Grang as well, were flabbergasted.

Spock said easily, "A most fascinating demonstration of ESP, Captain. Mass hypnotism carried to an extreme I have never been fortunate enough to witness before. I have no doubt that Muel could have literally killed you by making you think, you were being shot by his phantom bowmen."

"Fortunate enough?" Chekov blurted. "That's one way of putting it, but personally, if I never witness such a display of ESP again, it'll be too soon."

Kirk snapped, "The Council I What happened to them?"

And all realized that in the excitement of the past moments, the tribal elders had drifted away into some unknown recess, leaving the execution to their wizard-doctor.

Grang said excitedly, "This way! Quickly! The warriors will soon be upon us."

Kirk looked at him. "I assume you mean the real tribal warriors. Very well, Grang, we're in your hands. We have nowhere else to go. Lead the way!"

Grang immediately dashed off into a small corridor that the others had not noticed before. The group from the Enterprise were hard put to keep up with him.

If they had been confused before by the curvings and turnings of the corridors, it was as nothing compared to the path along which the young Neolithician took them now. Indeed, at times it was necessary to drop to hands and knees and crawl behind him. Were there sounds of pursuit from behind? At times they thought so, and Chekov and Sum, still bringing up the rear, held their phasers at the ready.

However, they emerged at long last on a ledge overlooking the valley through which they had proceeded on the way to the cavern which sheltered the Wolf clan.

Grang pointed to a narrow path and said, "We can go down that way."

Kirk shook his head. "Hold it, boy." He brought his communicator from his tunic and flicked up the antenna grid.

"Kirk to Enterprise."

"Scott here," the Scotsman's burr came through, a trace of excitement evident. "We lost our fix



on you, Captain."

"I know. Have the transporter officer prepare to beam us up."

"Aye, sir. I'll connect you with the transporter room."

Grang, frowning worriedly, said, "Captain of the Kirks, we must hurry. The warriors will soon be after us."

Kirk turned to him and said slowly, "Grang, our many thanks to you. But now we must leave. Evidently Neolithia was not the source of the call for assistance to which we are responding."

Grang looked at him blankly.

James Kirk said doggedly, "You must make your peace with your people. You are only a youngster, and undoubtedly when we are gone they will forgive you."

"Captain!" Sulu blurted. "You don't mean you're going to leave him here!"

Kirk looked at him coldly. "Can you think of an alternative?"

"We can take him with us to the Enterprise!"

"Today I seem continually to be forced to remind my junior officers of General Order Number One. In this case, to the section dealing with the fact that a native of a backward planet cannot be taken from his natural environment and exposed to a more sophisticated one."

"But—"

"That will be all, Mr. Sulu." However, there was a wan aspect to the face of James Kirk when he turned back to the young native. "Our thanks again, Grang, and best wishes. And now, farewell."

He brought his communicator to his mouth, and while the others of the group crowded around young Grang to press his hand and say their farewells, Kirk, unseen, closed his eyes as if to shut out a painful moment as he said into the instrument, "Transport room? Captain Kirk here. Beam us back to the ship."

Captain Kirk emerged wearily from the turbo-lift elevator into the confines of the bridge of the Enterprise. Senior Engineering Officer Scott came erect from the command chair.

Without speaking to the engineer, Kirk sank into the chair and said to the navigator, "Mister, set a course for the next planet. What was its name—Mythra?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

Scott said, "Then this wasn't the planet?"

"Evidently not," Kirk said in disgust. "Far from having the equipment to send a subspace distress call, they couldn't have sent even a semaphore message."

The navigator said, "Sir, the course is one-eighteen, mark ten."

"Thank you." Kirk turned to the helmsman. "Mr. Akrumba, one-eighteen, mark ten, warp factor two."

Dr. McCoy entered, his face agitated. "Just a minute, Jim."

"Yes, Bones?"

"See here, Jim, I've been scanning the planet below. It's a primitive garden. There are lakes, streams, beaches, meadows."



"There most certainly are, Bones. It's practically an untouched wilderness, a Garden of Eden."

"Then I suggest that we make it an emergency leave center. Beam down the crew, say one third of them at a time, and allow them to let off a bit of steam. Swimming, fishing, perhaps a little hunting—whatever they can find to do to unwind, relax. The air is wonderful, the climate—"

Kirk said wearily, "I said practically untouched. Evidently things have happened so quickly, and possibly you were so tied up in your own duties, that you weren't following our experiences below. It so happens, Bones, that Neolithia has been colonized by what I suppose in the old days they called Nature Boys. They've deliberately gone back to primitivism. Above all, they don't like strangers from the skies; we escaped from them by the skin of our teeth. I can't submit the crew to the danger of attack, Bones."

"Very well, Jim, but you'll notice in my reports that I now have six crewmen in the sick bay being treated for minor attacks of cafard. I assume we can expect a major attack shortly if you insist on keeping this starship in space indefinitely."

"Thank you, Bones," the captain said. He shook his head wearily. His shoulders seemed to slump.

The chief engineer looked at him. "Something on your mind, Captain?" He grunted. "That is, something a wee bit more than usual?"

Captain Kirk shook his head in self-deprecation. "Yes, Scotty, old boy. I sometimes think that Starfleet Command should allow a captain more elasticity in obeying such rulings as General Order Number One."

Helmsman Sulu entered and, glancing up at the chronometer-calendar on the bulkhead, approached the helmsman's chair before the bridge viewing screen and said formally, "Relieving the helm."

Lieutenant Akrumba said, "Helm relieved. Course one-eighteen, mark ten, warp factor two."

Sulu repeated, "Course one-eighteen, mark ten, warp factor two."

Akrumba stood, relinquishing the helmsman's chair, and stretched hugely. He grinned at his relief and said, "Well, Sulu, did you find any more exotic animals to add to your collection while you were down there on Neolithia?"

"Not exactly."

Lieutenant Uhura looked over from her position as communications officer and chuckled. "What does that mean? Do we have a new exotic animal from Neolithia or not?"

Sulu squirmed slightly in his chair, his face unhappy.

Spock entered at that moment and approached Captain Kirk's command chair. Jim Kirk looked up.

"Something, Mr. Spock?"

"Yes, Captain. I have a stowaway to report"

"A stowaway!"

Sulu cleared his throat

Captain Kirk glared at him. "You know something about this, Mr. Sulu?"

"Well, not exactly, sir."



James Kirk said ominously, "You seem to be unusually evasive today, mister. What did you mean earlier when you said you didn't exactly bring a new exotic animal aboard?"

Sulu said earnestly, "He's not an animal and I didn't bring him aboard, sir. I was as surprised as the next man."

"And just who was the next man?"

"I suppose you would say Ensign Chekov, sir."

James Kirk's eyes went back to Spock. "The more talk that goes on here, the less I seem to learn. Where did you find this stowaway?"

Spock said, "In the specimen container we took down to the surface of Neolithia, Captain. As you'll recall, we abandoned it in the clearing. Later, after we returned to the ship, I had the transport officer retrieve it, and I assigned Mr. Sulu and Mr. Chekov to return it to its original storage compartment"

"I see." The captain's eyes went back to the chief helmsman. "Well, Mr. Sulu?"

"Yes, sir. We obeyed orders."

"I see. And did you open it?"

"No, sir. Not for the time being."

"I see. When you two were carrying the specimen container to its storage compartment, didn't it seem a bit heavy?"

"Well, yes, sir. Now that you mention it, it did. In fact, just fifteen minutes or so ago I discussed it with Mr. Chekov. But by that time we were under way, and I was due on watch."

"And ... ?"

"Well, he said he'd investigate and report to Mr. Spock."

"Mr. Sulu, who is the stowaway?"

Sulu cleared his throat again. "Well, it would seem to be Grang, sir."

"I don't know why I bothered to ask," the captain said bitterly. "Mr. Navigator, reverse your course."

"Aye, aye, sir."

From the background, where he had been standing, Dr. McCoy protested, "You mean we're going to prolong this confounded mission by returning to a planet we've already found was not the one we're looking for?"

Kirk ignored him.

Spock said thoughtfully, "Captain, it occurs to me that if we postpone the return of our young savage until we have solved the problem of the distress call and the raiders, he will be safe from re-crimination on the part of his people. In fact, he would undoubtedly be a bit of a hero—a worthy return for his efforts in our behalf."

The doctor spoke up again. "If we go running back and forth between these Horatian planets this way, we'll spend the rest of eternity on this—"

"Please, Bones," the captain snapped. He was obviously in a high state of irritation.

He came to a quick decision. "Very well, Mr. Navigator, cancel that order. Mr. Helmsman, proceed on course one-eighteen, mark ten. Mr. Sulu, I am not going to inquire into whether or not you



or Mr. Chekov discussed that specimen container with young Grang while we were waiting to be beamed back to the ship. However, in addition to your present duties, you have now acquired one to take care of all of your off-duty hours. You are not to allow Grang out of your sight. He will be quartered with you. While you are on watch, Mr. Chekov will accompany the boy. I consider it your responsibility for any violation of General Order Number One."

"Yes, sir," Sulu said brightly.

"And Mr. Sulu...."

"Yes, sir."

"If that young savage does anything—anything at all—to disrupt the workings of this ship, we shall delve further into the odd circumstances under which he managed to sneak himself aboard."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Dr. McCoy said, "I suppose I'd better get the subject of all this conversation into the sick bay for an examination. He's probably alive with bacteria. All we need is for him to have brought aboard some far-out disease native to Neolithia."

In the wardroom Security Officer Masaryk glowered down at the game of solitaire spread before him. "How can you play this game," he complained, "when every deck of cards left on the ship is so worn you can read the backs from memory?"

Lieutenant De Paul leaned back from the scanner upon which he had been reading. "That's the trouble with a good memory. I suspect I've read everything aboard five times over." He indicated the tape before him. "I think I could recite this one."

Uhura, who had been sitting to one side staring unseeingly before her, said, "Why don't you study something? Improve your mind, that sort of thing?"

De Paul grunted. "Can't concentrate. Too sluggish. Did you hear what the recreation officer said? Every class on board has closed down, even those on such subjects as music. Nobody has the push to do anything."

Ensign Freeman looked distastefully about the wardroom. "You know," he said, "I sometimes get the feeling that I've spent my whole life on this confounded ship. And to think I used to believe I liked the Starfleet service."

Masaryk said, "The next time I'm given a questionnaire to fill out, I'm going to put on it, 'Born on Earth, reared on the U.S.S. Enterprise.'"

Sulu stuck his head in the door and looked about to check on who was present

"Sulu!" De Paul called. "I thought you were the only man on board who had something to do in his spare time—training that rat, Mickey. I've been looking forward to a demonstration." He laughed bitterly and said to Freeman, "Imagine getting so bored you look forward to seeing a rat put on a show."

Sulu entered and said, "Folks, let me introduce the latest addition to the Enterprise, my protégé, Grang."

Grang followed the chief helmsman into the wardroom. His eyes were wide, but he was hiding his obvious bewilderment surprisingly well. He had evidently been washed and scrubbed clean of war paint in the ship's bay for sanitary reasons, and his fur kilts had been disinfected. He looked, if



anything, a bit younger than he had before.

Sulu went through the routine of introducing him, and Grang managed to take it all in his stride.

Here, at least, was something a bit new. All had heard the rumor of the young savage picked up on Neolithia, but thus far none of those present had met him.

"Heavens to Betsy," Freeman exclaimed. "Somebody new. A sight for sore eyes. Welcome aboard, Grang. In the way of hospitality, I'd teach you to play Ping-Pong if this oaf Sulu hadn't stepped on the last ball a month or more ago."

Lieutenant Chang said, "Showing our guest the ship, Sulu?"

"That's right," Sulu said sourly. "Doc McCoy insists I introduce him to everybody aboard. The doc evidently figures that anything new is of some value in keeping us from moping. Frankly, I'd forgotten how big this starship is. Eleven decks thick, mind you."

Grang had been standing silent, his eyes still wide. He frowned at the stringed instrument in Uhura's hands.

She smiled encouragingly at him. "Never seen this particular version of a guitar before, Grang?"

Sulu snorted. "He's never seen any version of a guitar before. His people probably haven't anything more musical than a drum."

"I'll show you." Uhura smiled again at the young Neolithian.

She ran a thumb over the strings, settling down on the arm of a chair. She riffled through a few chords and then began a ballad of yesteryear. The others settled back. Uhura's singing was one of the few items of shipboard life that none had wearied of thus far.

Grang was obviously taken aback. Though he was in his mid-teens, it was plain that the boy had never heard modern music before, certainly not of the type that issued from Uhura's instrument—and from her throat.

A string went ping.

The communications officer's face fell. "Oh, no," she said.

Ensign Freeman closed his eyes. "I'll bet my left arm that's the last string of that type, too."

"It is," Uhura said bitterly. She looked down at her instrument in disgust.

Sulu said to Grang, "Come on; we can't spend all our time here. I'll take you to the ship's gym next"

"Yes, Sulu," Grang said. He looked at Uhura almost apologetically. "I am sorry the gods broke the string on your... your box of music."

She grinned back at him a trifle wryly. "So am I, Grang," she said.

When Sulu and Grang entered the ship's gym, they found Dr. McCoy there, arguing heatedly with Lieutenant Peterson, the recreation officer.

McCoy was saying, "And I tell you that some way you've got to spark some competitive feeling. Get teams organized in some sport or other."



Peterson said impatiently, "And I tell you the whole crew's too lethargic to get excited about anything, let alone sport" He waved a hand around the moderately large compartment. At one end two men were idly handling weights, obviously lacking any enthusiasm, killing time without finding pleasure in the activity.

"Three hundred officers and men off watch, and look how empty the place is. You know what they're doing, most of them? Lying in their bunks, staring up at the overhead, or lounging around in the mess halls. They haven't even got the get-up-and-go to fight or argue among themselves."

"You have got to do your best to stir them into activity!"

"And I keep telling you, I can't drag them in here. To participate in sports, you've got to want to participate."

McCoy cast his eyes upward in despair. "I've already got two of them in stasis."

Peterson stared at him. "In what?"

"In deep sleep. They were showing cafarad symptoms. To prevent it from developing, I put the men in deep sleep."

"I thought that was dangerous except for short periods."

"It is," McCoy said desperately, "but not as dangerous as space cafarad. And at least it isn't contagious."

They both looked up as two newcomers entered the gym.

Sulu said, "Lieutenant Peterson, Dr. McCoy, have you met the ship's, ah, guest, Grang?"

McCoy, preoccupied, nodded curtly.

Peterson's eyebrows went up. "Well," he said, still scowling over his discussion with the ship's senior surgeon. "I had understood you were younger." He reached out, more or less absently, and felt the other's biceps. "You'll have to work out here in the gym, and we'll see about building you up a—" But his sentence ended there.

Lieutenant Peterson was an average-size man in his late twenties. He was well developed, taught both boxing and wrestling, and was the ship's champion in both sports.

Now, however, he felt himself in midair, tumbling. Luckily he had been standing immediately in front of a wrestling mat. He landed flat on his back on the pad.

"Grang!" Sulu yelled.

The youngster was in a half-crouch, his hands forward in a wrestler's stance. "I am Grang of the Wolves," he snarled, "and no man touches hand to me in violence."

The doctor, who was as popeyed as his shipmates, suddenly relaxed and barked out a laugh.

"Peterson," he chuckled, "you're out of shape."

The other came to his feet, his eyes narrow and his face slightly flushed. "He caught me off guard," he snapped angrily.

Sulu said to Grang, "Nobody on this ship wishes you violence. This officer schools us in sports, in having fun."

Grang came erect, his face burning. "I am shamed," he said. "I do not know your customs. On Neolithia no man touches another in violence."



Peterson said gruffly, "That's all right, son. In fact, that's a pretty good hold you had there. However—"

"I am not your son," Grang said. "We are not even kin, Lieutenant of the Petersons."

In spite of the fact that the Neolithian was just a boy, Peterson was still somewhat miffed, particularly in view of the fact that both Dr. McCoy and Sulu were obviously amused.

He said, "Have it your way. What do you say we try another fall?"

"Another fall?" Grang frowned.

The recreation officer reached out suddenly, grasped the young savage by the right hand, and turned quickly, intending to lever the other over his shoulder in the old wrestling standby, the flying mare hold.

But in a flash Grang had bounded to the side, turned his own back, and swung in a blur of motion in such a manner that the wrestling champion of the Starship Enterprise was flung almost to the floor beyond the heavily padded mat. Had he struck the floor, he could well have broken an arm or a leg, since his limbs were outstretched in every direction.

McCoy bleated uncharacteristic laughter. "By heaven!" he roared. "If the crew could only see this. It'd keep them from cafard for a week or more!"

Grang turned to Sulu and lifted one hand as though in supplication. "You told me he wished me no violence," he said.

Peterson was flat on his back again, his eyes closed in disgust, and his mouth twisted wryly—though in good humor. "I give up," he said. "I'm going to apply to the captain to switch me to the steward's department. Grang can have my job."

Sulu was laughing aloud.

Just then the compartment's intercom viewing screen announced, "Mister Sulu to the bridge, please. We are about to go into orbit"

Chapter 5 in the next issue



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