

# LOG ENTRIES



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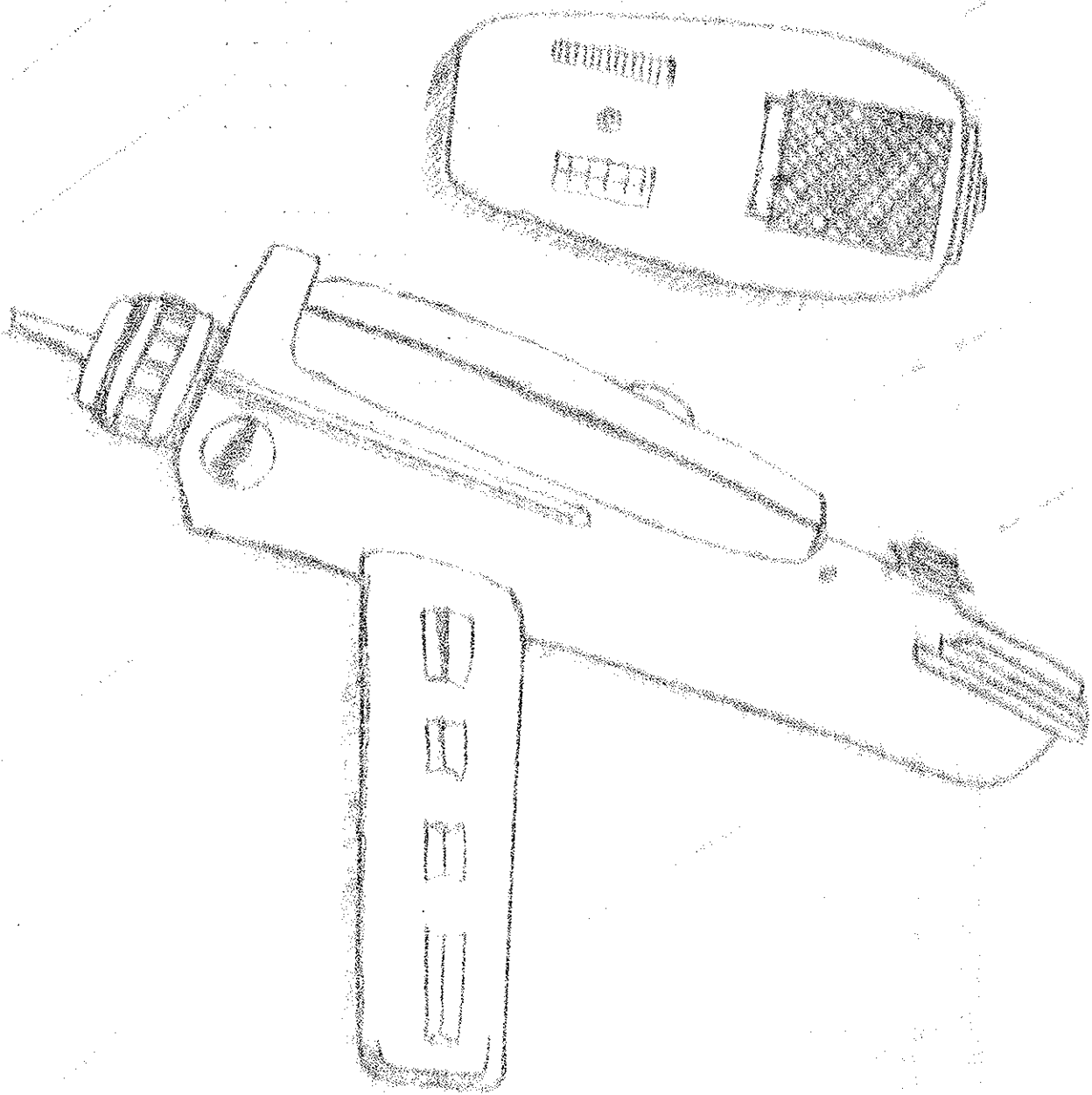
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Hand drawn and revised drawing

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THE MIND OF A MAN by Janet Ellicott

It started out as a perfectly normal day but it stayed that way only until Kirk came on duty. Janice brought him his coffee as she always did. The smile he gave her was positively wolfish and she hadn't recovered from it when Sulu refused to take a course correction. When Kirk repeated the question, he turned and grinned.

"Just testing you, Captain."

Things were no less strange in Sickbay. McCoy was going over some tests with a technician. When the technician admitted a mistake, McCoy, instead of making his usual cryptic comment, decided he was overworking and ordered him to get drunk. But the technician was less surprised than Christine Chapel when Spock called in.

"Good," he said. "I hoped I'd catch you alone." Then he actually smiled at her. Had Christine not been a nurse and used to the unusual, she would probably have fainted.

However, the Engineering Department may have got the biggest shock. Their Chief came on duty in full dress uniform. That wasn't so bad in itself. It was the bagpipes! Scotty may have been a lot of things but he wasn't musical. The noise was awful!

Things got worse as the day progressed. Kirk began to show an unhealthy interest in both Janice and Uhura. Chekov quarrelled with Sulu about Russia. Not the usual argument either. He claimed he was descended from the last Czar and wasn't it time some showed him some respect? Fortunately, Kirk was able to separate them before they came to blows. When Spock mentioned something about his family, Kirk decided it was time he went to consult Dr. McCoy. He found a very worried Chief Medical Officer.

"It's happening all over the ship," he declared. "And I haven't the faintest idea why it's happening."

Worse was yet to come. Spock was found unconscious in a corridor. He was drunk!

Had McCoy not been effected himself, he might have seen the one common factor. As it was, Nurse Chapel found it. She looked around her. McCoy was singing an ancient Martian love song, with lyrics so suggestive that only one Earth publishing house had risked handling it.

The orderlies and male nurses didn't seem any better. One of them was actually doing press-ups, in the middle of the laboratory, while another was banging two pieces of equipment together, keeping time with McCoy's song.

Christine decided to leave them where they were. A junior nurse caught her at the door.

"Don't leave me, Chris. They're all mad!"

"I think I know why. Come with me."

Uhura had come off duty absolutely shattered. She wasn't at all in a sociable mood and groaned when she heard the two nurses at the door. She brightened up considerably when Christine told her why she's come.

"Whatever this thing is, it seems to have effected only the men."

"Are you sure?" Uhura asked. "I thought perhaps I was immune."

"Not one woman has reported to Sickbay - not for that, anyway. There have been more than the usual number of headaches and stomach

complaints but nothing like what's effected the men. I don't know the cause yet but I'm working on it. One thing's certain. You'll have to take command."

"Why me?"

"You're the senior woman officer. There is no-one else."

They were interrupted by the entrance of Ensign Satler. She was Chekov's age and virtually his opposite number of the second watch.

"I can't stay on the bridge any more!" she declared. "They're driving me mad!"

"See," Christine said. "They'll destroy the ship between + ."

"They outnumber us," Uhura protested.

"I'm not giving you another chance. Will you call Security or shall I?"

"I don't have much choice," Uhura decided. "Well, there are four of us. Christine, get your nurses organised with drugs. I'll see that Security are ready to back us up. Ensign, go back to the bridge."

"I can't!"

"Give me ten minutes. That's all I need to contact the rest of the crew."

Uhura was true to her word. Ten minutes later, accompanied by Christine Chapel and a Security Lieutenant, she went to Kirk's quarters. Spock was with him, playing snap with what looked like four packs of cards.

"I'm relieving you of command," Uhura said, hoping she sounded calmer than she felt, "on medical advice." She looked at Christine, to make it quite clear whose medical advice.

Kirk stared at her. For the moment at least, he appeared normal.

"You're what?" he demanded. The Security Lieutenant didn't give him time for further argument. She only had to hit him twice. Spock was definitely not normal. He smiled at Christine and allowed her close enough to administer the hypo that was very obviously in her hand. Of necessity, they were both securely bound. There was just no way the women could both guard the men and run the ship.

As soon as the bridge was taken, Uhura informed Starfleet of her action. They were extremely concerned and ordered the Enterprise to the nearest Starbase. For all they knew, it could have been the women who were temporarily insane.

Sickbay was only able to handle six patients. They took in the six worst cases and Christine worked day and night on them. It was a rare opportunity for her to test her medical skill.

Three days after Uhura assumed command, Spock woke in Sickbay and declared himself perfectly fit. Christine could detect nothing unusual in his attitude towards her and she reluctantly discharged him. He went straight to the bridge but refused to take command.

"I regret to say," he informed Uhura, "that I may only be temporarily cured. I do not believe I can trust myself." Then he smiled at her and went to his normal station. Ensign Salter didn't look very happy but she gave it up to him. Later in the day, he admitted to Uhura that he had been wise not to resume command. He was the only man on the bridge and he was enjoying it!



Two days before they reached Starbase 17, a junior technician isolated the cause of the men's strange behaviour. Shortly before it started, the Enterprise had gone through a patch of seemingly harmless radiation. The radiation was not of a kind to cause permanent damage but it had affected the men to a large enough extent to cause unusual behaviour. They would return to normal as soon as the effects of the radiation wore off.

McCoy came on to the bridge and looked around him at the all-male crew. (Uhura was enjoying a well-earned rest.)

"I still can't believe they did it," he said. "I'll certainly never underestimate a woman again."

"They are Starfleet trained," Kirk pointed out. "But so are we. I must confess that I'm surprised they succeeded."

"Of course they succeeded," Spock told him. "One of their leaders was Nurse Chapel and everyone knows Miss Chapel's feelings for me. She is a highly intelligent woman."

Everybody was speechless. The worst of it was that no-one knew whether he was joking, and they would probably never know.

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KIRK: Well, Chekov, this is your first day on duty on your first mission into deep space. Is everything A.O.K.?

CHEKOV: (slightly spacesick) No, sir, everything is B.A.D. and I think it's going to get W.O.R.S.E.

\* \* \*

KIRK: What do you get if you cross a group of stars with a silver cup?

McCOY: A constellation prize, of course.

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I'M A DOCTOR, NOT A METEOROLOGIST by Sue Bradley

All was quiet on the bridge of the Enterprise. They were approaching a quadrant of the Galaxy that was virtually unexplored. Virtually, as the only vessel to have entered that corner was a freighter that had inexplicably gone off its course. The report of the incident, to Starfleet Command, was that all the instruments aboard had momentarily gone berserk. The freighter had lost its bearings in the region of the second planet. It was as if an electrical storm of immense proportions had taken place there. It was to the credit of the Captain of the freighter that they ever got back on their course, and reported to Starfleet.

Starfleet gave the Enterprise the mission of investigating that aforementioned second planet.

As the Enterprise reached its destination and went into standard orbit, everyone held their breath. Dr. McCoy had joined Captain Kirk on the bridge, and they were surveying the viewing screen.

"I swear we've been to some far-flung corners of the Galaxy, Jim, but never as far-flung as this." McCoy pointed to the screen. The planet appeared to be covered in swirls of purple and black cloudbanks. Kirk looked towards Mr. Spock, busy at his sensors.

"Readings, Mr. Spock?" Kirk asked of the First Officer, turning towards him.

"Sensors indicate some life forms, and an acceptable atmosphere should a landing party be required. I am a little perturbed about the cloud banks, they are of the magnitude of the whirlwinds on Earth."

"Twisters! Have you ever experienced one, Spock? Because I have, and I wouldn't like to repeat it!" McCoy was getting a bit hot round the collar, Kirk decided.

"Come along, Bones, why are you getting so worked up? Does this distant part of the Galaxy disturb you?" Kirk looked questioningly towards Dr. McCoy.

"I'm sorry, Jim. You're right of course, this place does give me the heebie-jeebies." McCoy secretly hoped they would give up this mission and return to the charted space routes. Kirk stood up, and went towards the elevator, calling over his shoulder,

"Spock, Bones, come with me to the transporter room, with two Security guards." Kirk vanished into the elevator with Spock. Dr. McCoy hung back, visibly undecided for a split second. But orders were orders, and he too went into the elevator.

"I'm a Doctor, not a Meteorologist!" he muttered to thin air, inside the elevator.

The landing party assembled on the Transporter Pads, and duly beamed down to the ominous planet below.

The landing party materialised near the region where Spock had said the life-forms registered. Imagine their surprise as they looked around and saw the decaying ruins of a once vast city. No building stood complete, all were in one or another form of ruin, despite the fact that they looked as if they were built of some sort of black marble.



Kirk was the first to speak. "Readings, Mr. Spock?"

Spock looked up from his tricorder, which he had been studying from the minute they had materialised.

"There are humanoid life forms, not far away. I would say this city has been empty for approximately ten years. All the structures would appear to have gone at once. I would suggest a slight earth tremor would have been the cause." Spock looked at Kirk, who posed another question to Spock.

"These adverse weather conditions, Spock, could they have anything to do with it? - and is that twister anywhere near?" Kirk looked to Spock; so did McCoy and the guards.

"Indeed, Captain, I would say they have very much to do with this situation." Spock spread his hands out to indicate the ruins.

"The 'twister', as you call it, is not due in this region for approximately three hours ten minutes."

"Thank you, Mr. Spock. Have you any idea what could have upset Nature here? Let's head towards those life readings and perhaps we can find out." Kirk took one look at McCoy, to see he wasn't entirely pleased at the suggestion.

"Come on, Bones, anyone would think it was the end of the world!" Kirk tried a smile. McCoy was having none of it today.

"It's the end of this world, that's for sure! Let's find these goddam people and find what we've landed in." McCoy strode off down the deserted road, stepping over various piles of rubble as he went. The landing party followed, with the security guards at the rear. It wasn't long before they came to the only building that was only partially dilapidated. It wasn't surprising that the life readings came from there.

The building looked distinctly eerie, its black spires silhouetted against the pale purple sky. It appeared to have been a building of great importance, but whose purpose was now forgotten. McCoy stared up at it, as did everyone.

"It looks like Dracula's Castle!" McCoy gave a feeble laugh as he said it. They all felt a little ill at ease, nothing to joke about.

"Come along, gentlemen, our mission is to determine why the atmospheric conditions have all gone haywire. Let's have your readings Mr. Spock." Kirk felt somewhat uneasy now, but didn't want it to show.

"Life readings - humanoid - come from this building." Spock would have to say that, thought McCoy.

"Right, gentlemen, follow me." Kirk promptly led them into the huge black building.

As they entered they heard someone downstairs. Climbing down some two flights of stairs, the landing party came out into an immense cellar. Seated at what looked like, at first glance, an enormous church organ, was an old man. He was clothed in a long black cloak, and had long silvery grey hair. He turned at their arrival.

"Greetings, my friends. Have you come for the Hygrometer?" He inclined his hand towards the machine.

"I am afraid not. I am Captain James T. Kirk of the United Star Ship Enterprise. This is Mr. Spock, my First Officer, Doctor McCoy,

Chief Medical Officer, and two of my Security guards." Kirk held his hand out in welcome, but the old man did not know the custom of hand shaking.

"I am Thoraclis. I was expecting some of our other friends from other worlds. They are going to take away the cause of all our chaos, of our destruction, the Hygrometer." He pointed to the machine.

"I fear it is more than just a Hygrometer, Captain. I have been scanning this machine on the tricorder. It would seem that this mere machine was built to alter the climatic conditions here, with the obvious disastrous results." Spock raised an eyebrow at Thoraclis.

"Is that right, Thoraclis, did this very machine cause the downfall of the whole planet?" Kirk was concealing his anger, but McCoy could not; he'd been needled ever since he arrived here.

"What a waste, what an utter waste. Always the innocent suffer, and at the hands of the so-called scientists. How many times have we come across this, and how many more times shall we?" McCoy thumped his fist at the side of the machine.

Thoraclis had guilt written all over him. "It's true - alas, that it wasn't. Do you not know how I feel, the last of my people, left here with our scientists' guilt all around me? Never to have a day when I could forget. But the machine was built for peaceful purposes. To give rain to the dry parched deserts, to make life come to the ice-caps so they become verdant areas for crops." Thoraclis sat down heavily by the Hygrometer and shook his head in pity for the awe-full mess that had come about instead. Spock had a chance to speak.

"Many civilisations have tried to do what was actually achieved here. The scientists of this planet were brilliant to have fulfilled their ideas. It is bitter indeed that they did not have complete control. Each race seeks for perfection, and these people found it for a short while." Spock regarded Thoraclis, who spoke.

"That is true also, Mr. Spock, our planet was a paradise for twenty short years. Then unexpectedly we started to get rain where we did not need it, and so on. Storms blew up, of such a degree that we had never seen before. We had all the elements let loose at once."

"What a thing to live through... did your people do just that?" McCoy questioned Thoraclis.

"No, no. When the earthquakes came, all the houses were ruined, even with the small tremors. Those that didn't get killed in the 'quakes were killed by the disease and famine after." Thoraclis broke down and cried. McCoy checked him over with his scanner.

"He's not too healthy, Jim, he has heart trouble."

Kirk looked at the machine, and felt a coldness touch his heart.

"Just a minute, Thoraclis. Didn't you say you were waiting for other friends - who are they?" Kirk suddenly felt apprehensive, and with just cause. Spock was industriously getting more tricorder readings, and let out a tense cry.

"Captain! I have detected a party of Klingons! Coming towards this building."

Kirk immediately got out his communicator. "Kirk to Enterprise. Come in, Scotty."

"Enterprise. Scott here. We were just about to call you,

Captain, a Klingon ship is in the vicinity. What are your orders, sir?"

"Take the Enterprise away out of sight to the other side of the planet. That should give us time to deal with these Klingons who have landed. Kirk out."

The landing party from the Enterprise put their phasers on stun, and hid in the cellar. Thoracles was instructed to carry on as if they weren't there.

The Klingon party came down the stairs. As it was a 'peaceful' mission, there were only three of them, and the leader was an old 'friend' - Kor. They went towards Thoracles, who was bidding them welcome. Kor spoke.

"We have come for the Hygrometer, but we have decided that our scientists will be capable of manipulating the machine themselves." Without another word Kor knocked Thoracles to the ground with a blow to the head. McCoy was about to run to him, but Kirk stopped him.

"That's enough, Kor; drop your weapons and turn this way."

Kirk should have known a Klingon doesn't take orders from anyone. The three Klingons immediately ran and hid.

Kor contacted his ship; Kirk overheard the conversation. Kor was about to transport the Hygrometer to his ship. Kirk opened his communicator, hoping against hope that Scotty was available. But Scotty had trouble enough of his own - in the shape of the Klingon ship. Despite the Enterprise's going to the other side of the planet, the Klingons were anticipating the move. They awaited the return of the Enterprise as she orbited, and opened fire without so much as a warning. There was obviously something at stake that the Klingons needed very much. So much so they were prepared to fight all out for it.

"Kirk to Enterprise. Are you there, Scotty?"

"Scott here, eye, sir. But we're under attack from the Klingon vessel. They didn't give us a warning."

"We're hit, sir," Sulu told Scotty the moment he'd finished speaking with Kirk.

"Where, laddie?" Scott had been ordered to return the fire.

"Number two deflector shield, sir, a direct hit." Sulu looked back at his instruments.

"Photon torpedoes at the ready, Mr. Sulu - fire one." Scott looked at Uhura. "Any luck in contacting the Klingon ship, Lieutenant?"

"They aren't responding, sir. They have shut all channels of communication off. They cannot hear us."

"Right, lass, if that's the way they are playing it." Scotty knew his plan of action.

"We scored a direct hit, sir, but they are still attacking us. No more damage is done." Sulu knew what was coming next. Scotty replied instantly.

"Have number two and three torpedoes ready. Fire!" Scotty wasn't having his ship at the Klingons' mercy. The second torpedo hit against the side of the Klingon ship. Yet still they fired back

at the Enterprise immediately.

"Fire number three torpedo." Scott knew it wouldn't be long before the Enterprise was crippled; another hit like the last one...

But number three had done its work - the Klingon ship went up in a fiery explosion.

"Good riddance too! Mr. Chekov, take the con. I've got a deflector shield that needs my attention." Scott left the bridge in the direction of Engineering.

Kirk and the landing party had eventually overcome the three Klingons, due largely to Mr. Spock. They had waited patiently till Scotty had beamed the Captain and given him the all-clear aboard.

"Mr. Chekov, have Dr. McCoy, his patient, and Mr. Spock beamed up. Then there is myself, the two guards the three prisoners to follow. Kirk out."

Kirk regarded Kor, who was glowering at him, and the Hygrometer, the cause of it all.

"How did you find this planet, Kirk? We thought we were safe from interference here. The machine was almost ours, but for your meddling!"

"It was pure chance, Kor, that one of Starfleet's freighters noted this planet's disturbances."

"Pure chance, Kirk, that you came along." Kor was seething with rage. He'd lost his ship, the machine the Klingon Empire coveted, and was in the hands of his old adversary - Kirk. Before Kor had time to brood on his thoughts, the rest of the party and the prisoners were beamed aboard the Enterprise. The prisoners were put in the brig, Kirk resumed his place on the Bridge. McCoy came through the elevator doors.

"All's well with Thoracles, Jim. Where are we taking him, and what's to happen to that infernal machine and those infernal Klingons?"

"We're on our way to Starbase 2, Bones. I've sent a message to Starfleet Command concerning the machine."

"Well, thank goodness for that!" At last, McCoy was pleased!

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DAYDREAM by T.G.Z.C.

There are so many stars out there;  
And each could give life to another world --  
A life intelligent.

There are so many worlds out there  
That even if I lived a million years  
I could not visit all.

There are so many other men  
Who dream, like me, of going to the stars;  
One day I know they shall.

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THE QUALITY OF THE MAN by Gillian Catchpole

When I was four,  
My mother taught me a rhyme about the stars.  
It was the first time I remember,  
Anyone ever mentioning them.  
When I was nine,  
A friend of my father's said,  
"That's a bright boy you got there, Pete,  
Get him inter-sted in space travel,  
That's where the money is."  
So when the time came  
I entered the Space Academy.  
I met more new people there  
Then I had ever seen before.  
Life was beginning to open up.  
Some of the guys really set me thinking;  
Where I came from, you fought to survive,  
Show a weakness and life was rough.  
Yet these guys didn't seem to care.  
Eventually I got my first ship, the Enterprise.  
The First Officer, a Vulcan, well half Vulcan really,  
Even us new recruits knew that much,  
Reminded me a bit of those other guys.  
You should have heard what some of them said behind his back.  
Say anything like that about me  
And I would have given them what for -  
Just like at the academy,  
I always gave better than I got,  
Careful like -  
You've got to be smart to keep your file clean.

I nearly didn't manage to see two months out.  
There was an accident on board,  
The others had all reached safety,  
But me and this First Officer were trapped.  
Well I really went to pieces.  
It was the first time I'd seen death so close  
And I was scared, really scared.  
Christ, I must have looked a sight.  
Then this First Officer said, as calm as you like,  
"Mr. Johnson, your assistance please."  
Well, it sort of steadied me,  
So I did as I was told.  
My hands were shaking, but I managed.  
I'm glad his weren't -  
We'd probably both have been blown sky high.  
Later I was worried that he might have told,  
But nothing was ever said.  
Suddenly respect had taken on a new meaning  
And the knowledge that I had coped once and come through  
Served me well.

That was all a few years ago.  
I've got my own ship now,  
Oh, not a Starship, just a small freighter really,  
But I'm well satisfied.  
I'm the one who has to set the example now,  
And I like my standards nice and high,  
I've a lot to live up to.

As long as you understand your man  
And he's got what it takes,  
He'll pull through.  
In time they hardly need my standards,  
Experience brings its own very special standard,  
According to the quality of the man.

\*\*\*\*\*

BABEL SCENE by Janet Querton

"Captain... Captain!"

There was no reply to Spock's urgent call; only a faint empty crackle from the intercom.

Spock's logical mind immediately assessed the facts. The Captain had been attacked; since he was now failing to respond he must be injured, perhaps severely. There was also his order...

"Take over, Mr. Chekov. Lieutenant Uhura, order security and medical teams to deck five, beside the Captain's quarters." The last word was almost lost as the elevator doors slid shut behind him.

Spock left the elevator at the run as he saw the Captain lying on the deck. As he approached Kirk, he saw the Andorian lying just beyond the Captain; a wicked-looking knife lay on the deck beside him. Thelev began to stir and Spock, concluding that the Andorian must be Kirk's attacker, hesitated only a second before giving the alien a nerve pinch to make sure he remained where he was.

Kirk was lying on his back; his whole body seemed to be numb now and he had no strength left. He had been sinking into the warm darkness when he recognised Spock's footsteps approaching and now he was desperately fighting to retain consciousness.

Spock knelt beside the Captain and Kirk, sensing the Vulcan's presence, opened his eyes and tried to sit up. He only succeeded in breaking into a fit of coughing which caused an unbearable pain in his back.

Spock, concerned, slipped his arm under Kirk's back and eased him up gently, trying to help. He fought to mask his alarm as he felt warm blood soaking into his sleeve as Kirk coughed.

The coughing fit ceased and Kirk lay back heavily on Spock's arm gasping with pain. He tasted blood in his mouth and couldn't hide a momentary stab of fear. Spock saw the flash of fear in Kirk's eyes and sensed his need for reassurance. With his free hand he brushed the lock of stray hair back from the Captain's damp brow.

"Take it easy, Jim," he said gently. "McCoy will be here in a minute."

Kirk looked up into the Vulcan's face and his fear vanished. He felt warm and safe in his friend's arms and allowed the darkness to close over him. Spock continued to support the unconscious body and could no longer hide his concern as he looked down at the pale, sweat covered face, and noted how fast and shallow Kirk's breathing was. He heard footsteps approaching rapidly and adjusted his features into an impassive mask before looking round to see McCoy, closely followed by two orderlies with a stretcher trolley, appear round the bend of the corridor.

McCoy ran straight to Spock and Kirk, noting with alarm the blood on the deck.

"What happened?" McCoy ran his scanner over the unconscious body in Spock's arms even as he spoke.

Spock shook his head. "Uncertain," he replied. "The Captain reported that he had been attacked. I found him here, his assailant - I assume - is still unconscious. I know nothing more."

"Hmm." McCoy made a face. "It's a nasty wound. Help me get him on the trolley."

Together they lifted Kirk and put him onto the stretcher trolley. Spock ignored his bloodstained hand and sleeve as he straightened up.

"I will join you as soon as your prisoner is in custody," he stated.

Running footsteps heralded the tardy arrival of the security squad. Spock made a mental note to query the cause of the delay; granted the men had further to come than either he or McCoy, but even so they should have arrived more quickly.

He ordered the Andorian to be taken to the brig, then turned to follow McCoy.

Every instinct bade the Vulcan to hurry, but he forced control on himself and moved at a steady pace to Sickbay. He paused at the door of the examination room to ensure that his face was properly expressionless before entering.

McCoy was fussing over Kirk who lay, face down on the examination couch. The bloodstained shirt lay discarded on the floor. Spock moved over for a closer look.

The injury itself did not look too serious, being a cut perhaps an inch in length; but bright red blood was still welling from it. Christine Chapel arrived wheeling a transfusion unit; she spared not a glance for Spock as she fastened the tube to Kirk's arm; from this the Vulcan deduced that the injury was, in fact, extremely serious. He glanced at the panel above Kirk's head and saw, with concern, that some of the readings were rather low.

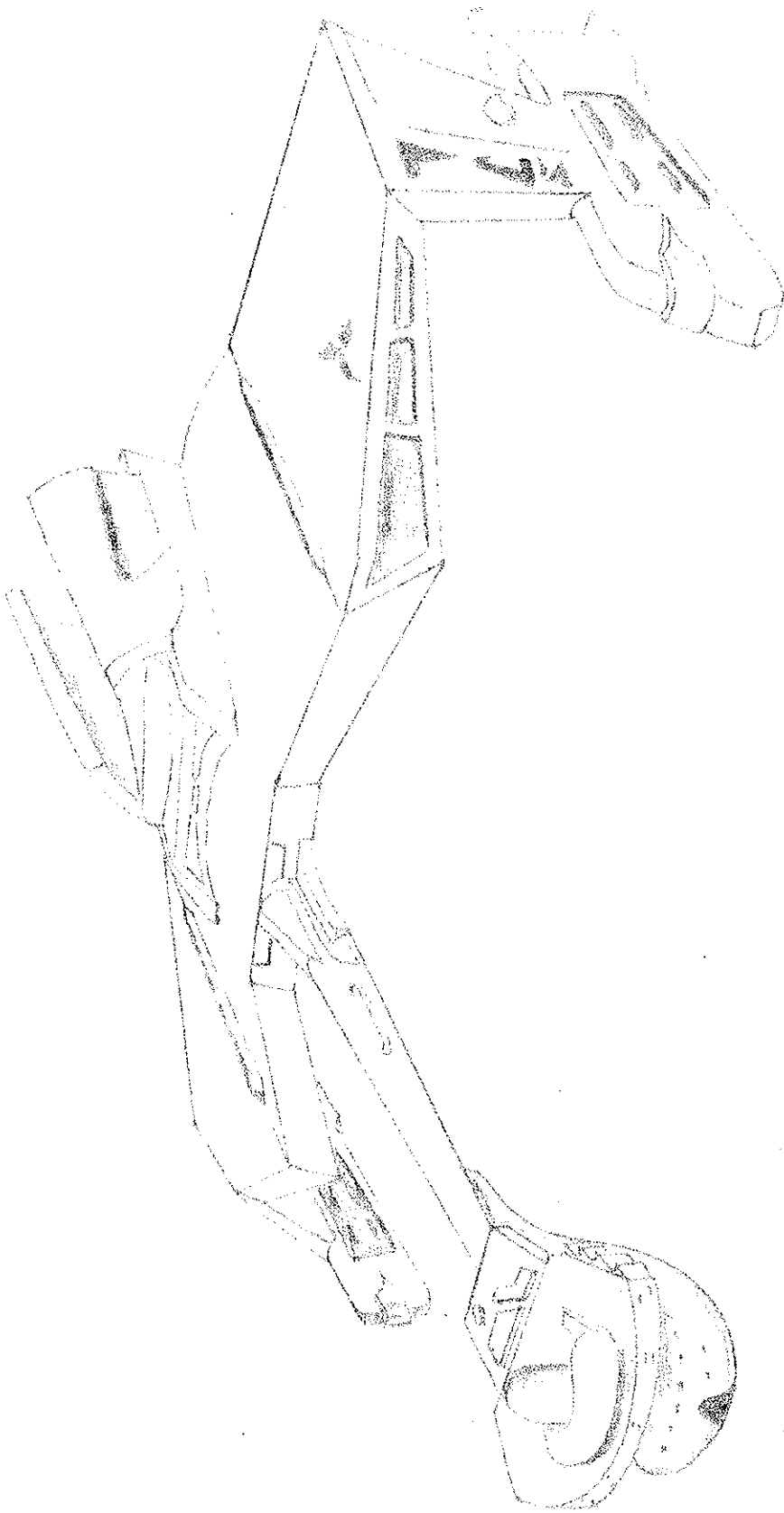
McCoy turned round at that instant and saw the flicker of concern on Spock's face. He didn't show that he'd seen it, but moved over to the Vulcan.

"I'm afraid this is going to take a while, Spock. Jim's lost a lot of blood but I think he'll make it O.K. I suggest you go and get cleaned up and I'll let you know when I've finished. There's nothing you can do here." McCoy spoke gently; he was in no mood to tease the Vulcan.

Spock looked down at himself and realised that he was rather bloodstained.

"Very well, Doctor. I will be in my quarters." Spock turned to go but paused at the door for one last look at his Captain before leaving. McCoy had already forgotten the Vulcan and was working over the Captain again.

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ATTACK! by Joyce Deeming

Captain James T. Kirk of the USS Enterprise smiled happily to himself. Perhaps patrol duty in this sector wouldn't be so boring and uneventful after all.

"A Klingon battlecruiser, you say, Mr. Chekov? And the coordinates again?"

Chekov repeated a series of numbers, at the same time giving the helmsman, Sulu, a slight wink; the Captain had suddenly awakened from his slumber at the word "battlecruiser" and undoubtedly he sounded game for a little sport. Not surprising really - it had been a very dull run so far, and a Klingon ship would provide a little light entertainment.

The Klingon battlecruiser loomed up on the main viewscreen and an almost audible sigh emanated from Mr. Spock's computer station - now he would never get his research finished!

"Ten thousand kilometers distant, Captain, and heading in the direction of Dilanius 1V," reported the navigator.

"Blow," said Kirk. "At that angle we don't stand a chance of intercepting him. Swing round, 85°, increase to warp factor 6 - maybe we can approach him from in front."

The helmsman laid in the new course, and slowly but surely the Enterprise swung round in front of the enemy ship, blocking her way. As the Federation vessel closed in across her bows, the Klingon vessel veered off to the left. Kirk was not dismayed.

"Open hailing frequencies, Lieutenant," he ordered. Uhura complied. "Hailing frequencies open, sir."

"This is Captain James T. Kirk of the Starship Enterprise. I demand an explanation of your presence in Federation space."

"Commander Klothers of the Klingon Empire vessel 'Annihilation'," came the reply. "We have no wish to violate your space, Captain, - our navigation instruments developed a fault and caused us to veer off course. Our only desire is to pass on our way in peace."

Peace? A Klingon vessel? Kirk was incredulous! A bit of fast thinking necessary here - otherwise his fun was going to be snatched away right from under his nose! Spock, at his station, raised both eyebrows in a look which, though perhaps of little significance to others, said clearly to Kirk: "So there!" with an air of relish.

Not to be beaten, Kirk cleared his throat and returned to his conversation with the Klingon commander.

"Have you proof of this?" he asked. There was a slight pause.

"Unfortunately none except my word, Captain, since the fault has now been rectified."

Ah, a loophole in his story, thought Kirk.

"Then I am afraid that I shall have to inquire into this matter further, Commander."

"Is that really necessary, Captain? Our only desire is to pass on our way and reach our home territory unmolested."

"Unfortunately, there have been several reports lately of acts of piracy in this sector, and it is my duty, as Captain of the Enterprise, to make full investigations whenever I feel there is

just cause." (Spock's eyebrows nearly crept off his forehead - it was the first he had heard of any incidents, piratical or otherwise, in this area of space for the past twenty years. Oh, well, the Captain was determined to have his amusement."

"This being so," Kirk continued, "I shall be forced, regretfully, to board your ship to investigate the matter more fully." There, that should rile them - if there was one thing Klingons hated it was having their vessels boarded by investigation parties! Nearly every single one of them engaged in petty smuggling of some sort, no matter on how small a scale, and whilst the Authorities generally overlooked it, it would not please them to have their illegal activities exposed.

The Klingon commander was annoyed - it was obvious to him that this James T. Kirk was spoiling for a fight, and equally obvious that the said James T. Kirk would not himself deliver the first blow. However, he would certainly continue to block the path of the Klingon vessel until he had had his full satisfaction from the event.

"I'm sorry, but that will not be possible, Captain. Klothers out." There was only one way out of this situation - by means of phaser fire. It was not a thing the Klingon commander had been looking for, but there seemed to be no choice. Honour was at stake!

Kirk set back in his chair, smirking. Spock turned back to his computers with a disdainful look on his face. No peace for the wicked!

Kirk thumbed a button on his chair-arm. "Kirk to Sickbay. Bones, better get ready for a few fireworks - the Klingon ship is about to fire on us."

"Captain, you don't know the Klingon ship will fire," put in Spock.

"Ah, no, Mr. Spock, but I'm sure he will." He turned his attention once again to the intercom, suddenly realising he had left McCoy waiting at the other end, "Kirk out."

The bridge of the Enterprise became a sudden hive of activity. Photon torpedoes and phaser banks were made at the ready, Uhura busied herself at her communications board, and the various members of the bridge crew were checking up on their instruments. All, that is, except Spock. With a look of perfect indifference, the Vulcan continued with his research.

As a last measure, just a second or two before the impact of the first Klingon fire, Kirk ordered the shields up. It was quite an art to see just how close one could judge these things! As the Klingon missile hit its mark, the bridge crew lurched out of their seats - all, that is, except Spock. Kirk, picking himself up off the floor, gave the Vulcan a look of annoyance.

"Come on, Spock, don't be a spoilsport - that was a hit!"

"I am well aware of that, Captain. However, I am in the middle of some interesting research work and it would be inconvenient for me at this present time to go throwing myself around the bridge in such a fashion. Besides, it is quite undignified."

"How on earth do you expect to enjoy the battle if you don't get into the spirit of things?" pressed Kirk. "You know, and I know that the bridge doesn't really move, but the audience doesn't know that, and we can none of us take any pleasure in the exercise if we don't at least make it look real!"

In reply, Spock gave Kirk a look of complete and utter disgust and bent back over the computer console.

Damage reports were beginning to come in from various sections - the hull had been pierced in several places and levels 1 to 8 were without life-support systems. Too bad! Oh well, perhaps the Klingons would have better luck next time.

Almost simultaneously Dr. McCoy came on the intercom to give his report. "Twelve dead and forty or fifty more injured, Jim," he said solemnly, "but we're coping."

"Fine, Bones, fine," replied the Captain, encouragingly. "Keep up the good work. Kirk out. Mr. Chekov, fire phaser banks one and three."

"Firing, Captain."

Kirk lifted his eyes to the main viewing screen, intent on the Klingon vessel revealed there. The phasers claimed one hit, and Spock stirred himself from his research for 5.439 seconds to report considerable damage to the enemy ship.

However, it was not so damaged as to be unable to return the Enterprise's fire, and a few seconds later the enemy vessel scored a direct hit. Once again, the bridge crew went sprawling across the deck, and this time even Spock deigned to stumble a little, whilst not taking his eyes from the computer readouts he was digesting.

Kirk went down with quite a bump, hitting his head on the corner of the command chair. As he crawled back into his seat he thumbed the intercom and moaned, "Kirk to Sickbay."

"McCoy here. Fifteen more dead and twenty injured. Jim, we can't go on receiving all these casualties. It's suicide to continue."

Kirk's hand went to the slight abrasion on his head. "Never mind that, Bones, you're needed on the bridge - and bring a full medical team with you."

"On my way, Jim. McCoy out."

A few seconds later Dr. McCoy arrived on the bridge with a stretcher, two bearers and a nurse. (Oh well, perhaps I didn't need a full medical team, but it's certainly an emergency, reflected Kirk.) The good doctor stuck a piece of adhesive dressing to his superior's forehead and made his way back to Sickbay and his real patients.

Kirk was quick to regain command of the situation. Calling out for reports of damage, status, and anything else he could think of, he then ordered phaser banks two and four to be fired. This time the Enterprise scored a direct hit on the Klingon ship's bridge and, much to the surprise of both Kirk and his crew, the whole enemy ship disappeared in the midst of a vast explosion.

Kirk sat back in his chair, happy but exhausted. A beam slowly spread across his face, and several of the bridge crew smiled with him, if nothing else relieved that their Captain was now in an obvious good humour. Spock, as usual, appeared quite unmoved by the events that had just taken place.

Kirk pressed the log recorder button, and began;

"Captain's Log. Stardate 2937.6. Whilst on patrol duty in the Aranean sector of the Galaxy, the Enterprise was attacked and fired upon by a Klingon battlecruiser under the command of Commander Klothers... "

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The Enterprise.....

A home for many people  
Who have the urge to travel  
To see far worlds, new ways  
And other cultures; and a haven  
For one, who cannot find  
Acceptance any other place.

T.G.Z.C.



\*\*\*\*\*

TITLE STORY by Sheila Cornall

Is There in Truth no Beauty, the man was heard to cry  
For The World is Hollow and I Have Touched the Sky.  
Can we Return to Tomorrow, That Which Survives, By Any Other Name  
Only to find All Our Yesterdays are really just the same.  
And in This Side of Paradise, Mirror Mirror tell me true  
Who Mourns now for Adonais, only the Changeling few.  
The Dagger of the Mind stirs and pricks the Conscience of the King  
For those Whom Gods Destroy are only the Enemies Within.  
But these are the Deadly Years, while the Balance of Terror reigns  
Those who embark on the Journey to Babel can never be the same.  
The Cage becomes a Menagerie, Where No Man Has Gone Before  
To seek A Piece of the Action, for his own Private Little War,  
While the Gamesters of Triskelion in the Arena make Catspaws of us all,  
And the Bread and Circuses customers applaud our every flaw.  
We fear the Devil in the Dark, Obsession, the Man Trap takes hold  
Who among the Patterns of Force is the Wolf in the Fold  
For in this nightmarish Naked Time, the Archons Returned  
The Requiem for Methuselah was heard, and the Turnabout Intruder loomed,  
Bearing the Mark of Gideon in the Spectre of the Gun,  
While the Doomsday Machine seeks Friday's Child, the Ultimate Computer  
must surely come?  
An Alternative Factor is needed soon and an Errand of Mercy to find,  
A Corbomite Maneuver to undo and the Tholian Web to unwind.  
Metamorphosis comes in the Wink of an Eye, the Empathic Dove of the Day  
cries 'Yield,  
Cease this Operation of Annihilation and Let This be Your Last Battle-  
field.'

So the Savage Curtain closes on this Taste of Armageddon,  
And the Shore Leave Children Shall Lead and find the Way to Eden,  
Where with just a simple Apple the Amok Time began long before  
Now they carry on the Assignment Earth, the Space Seed and more.  
And the Lights of Zetar shine the Omega Glory round  
While the Court Martial ceased to judge in the sky, but continues to  
look down  
In the City on the Edge of Forever, the men stood with the Cloud Minders on  
high,  
And already Tomorrow is Yesterday, as they watch the starship drift by.

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CHEKOV: (to Enterprise) I'm being attacked by horrible monsters. One of them has just bitten off my foot!

McCOY: Which one?

CHEKOV: I don't know, they all look alike to me...

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OLONDOR by Kathy Sims

For several months the Enterprise had been probing deep into uncharted space, mapping stars and exploring class M planets for possible colonisation. It had been an uneventful trip so far, and Kirk, just finishing his fourth cup of coffee that morning, was almost relieved to hear Uhura say,

"Captain, I'm picking up a distress signal from the small star system we are approaching."

"Let's hear it, Lieutenant."

"Yes, sir. It's an automatic transmission - from the second planet. There's no telling how long it's been functioning."

She flicked a switch and what followed was one of the strangest distress calls the Enterprise had ever received. A voice came over the speaker - a desperate, terrified voice.

"If you are receiving this message you must help us... we are very few now and time is short... They awoke him! They touched Olondor and brought destruction upon us... Please help us, we beg it! Soon he will sleep again but we will be no more. Help us! Quickly help us... please... "

Silence followed for a long time. Kirk was remembering the Prime Directive of non-interference. Could responding to a distress call be looked upon as interference with the planet's culture? It depended on the situation, and anyway, one thing was certain; if they didn't respond, there would BE no culture to interfere with - whoever they were sounded pretty desperate.

Kirk came to a decision. "Mr. Sulu, assume standard orbit around the second planet immediately. Mr. Spock, meet me in the transporter room in five minutes."

"Yes, Captain." Spock paused. "It is, of course, possible that the senders of the message died hundreds of years ago."

"Yes, quite possible," Kirk said, heading for the elevator. "But we'll never know for certain if we don't check it out."

The First Officer nodded. It was perfectly logical.

The sky was dark blue - almost black; a red giant sun hung low over the horizon, casting blood-red light across the planet's surface.

They had materialised in a large square in the centre of a great city. But the city was cold, dry and dead, not the faintest breeze stirred in the still and empty silence. Immense buildings were now nothing but ruins. Slowly they were crumbling to dust. Great gaping holes were left where windows should have been and all was bathed in the dull red glow of the dying sun.

The dead world was at once both frightening and compelling. Neither Kirk nor Spock spoke as they walked cautiously towards a towering building supported by many columns and arches. All the architecture was of alien design and obviously extremely ancient, thousands - perhaps a million - years old.

Kirk felt that there was an air of sadness about the place, as if the magnificent city had been brought to destruction in its greatest hour.

They entered a vast, silent hall, their footsteps echoing in the shadowy depths of the room. Then suddenly there was another sound - so startling after the quietness that Kirk, with a stab of panic, nearly grabbed hold of Spock. The sound was like a moaning wind, then they felt the cold, dry air brushing their skin. It sighed and rucked high above them and then there were voices, faint and indistinct, but definitely voices.

"Olondor... Olondor... Olondor..." They faded and the wind died.

Spock and Kirk stared at each other.

"Olondor?" Kirk said. "Isn't that what the distress call referred to?"

"Indeed, Captain. It said that Olondor was awakened and he (or it) destroyed them."

"You mean that this city is all that Olondor left after he... woke up?"

Spock nodded. "That would seem to be the answer."

"But who, or what, IS he?" Kirk paused and looked around. He shivered. "We'll take a look through there and see if we can find any clues."

They soon found themselves at the foot of a shallow stairway. It was just light enough to see a small door at the top. A sudden fascination and almost painful curiosity filled Kirk as he looked up at the door. He was starting up the stairs when he realised that Spock hadn't moved.

"Spock? What is it?"

The Vulcan's expression was strange. "Captain, you must not go up there. There is great danger here, GREAT danger." His voice became urgent. "We must leave here, quickly."

Kirk stared at him. "What do you mean? I don't see how there could be any danger here after all this time."

"Nevertheless, it is there. Believe me, Captain, we MUST go."

"Spock, we came here to investigate that call - to find out what happened. And I intend to see what's through that door." His voice was sharper than he had intended. But it couldn't be helped.

He started to climb the stairs once more.

"Captain! No... there is something behind that door, I can feel it even here - "

Abruptly, Kirk found he was really angry, without knowing why. When Spock tried to catch hold of his arm to hold him back, Kirk pushed him away so violently that it knocked Spock hard against the wall. Clenching his fists, Spock began to move towards him, but then stopped. They both looked at each other in amazement. What were they trying to do?

"I'm... sorry, Mr. Spock," Kirk mumbled. Then he looked up at the door. He climbed the stairs and opened it cautiously.

The room was small and windowless, with a very high ceiling. It was completely intact, apparently unaffected by the passing of time which had made ruins of the world outside.

There was one thing which rivetted Kirk's attention the moment he entered.

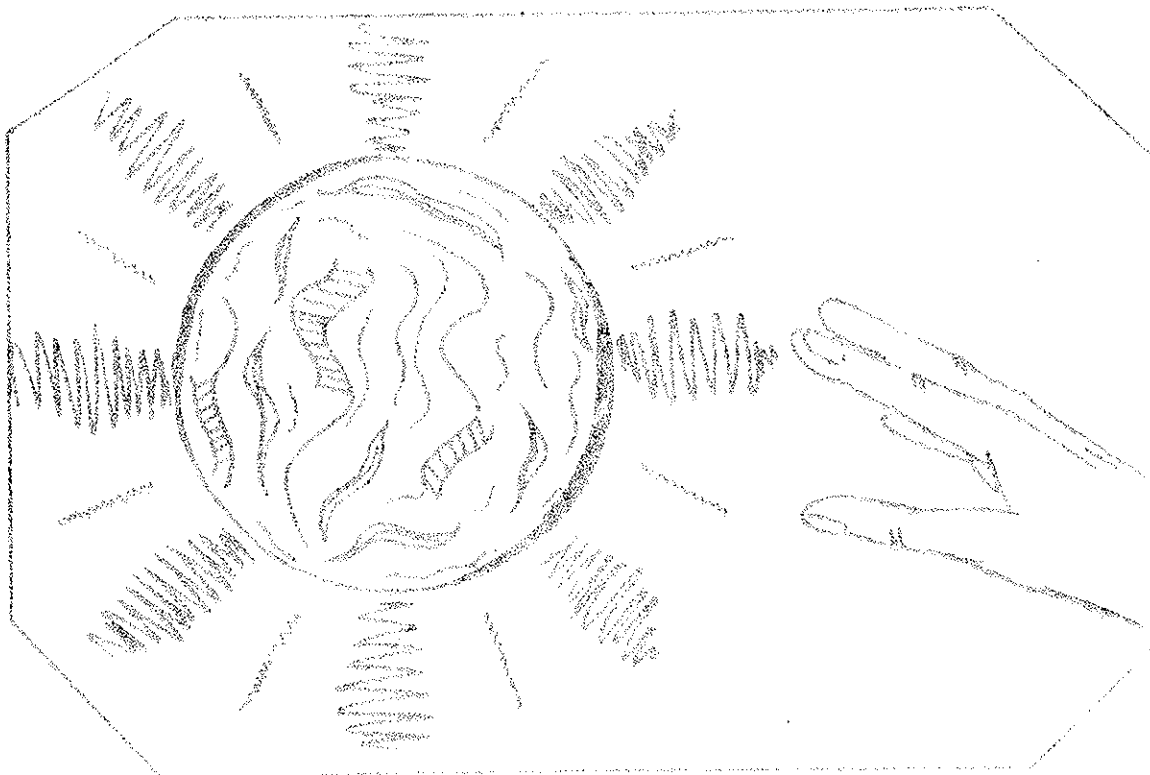
It was a glowing sphere no larger than a man's head, and it hovered about five feet from the floor, emitting a silvery chiming sound which, for some strange reason, made Kirk shudder.

He heard Spock enter but could not take his eyes from the globe. He could feel the presence of something evil, an evil which had survived here through all the thousands of years since the death of the city. The thing had slept here throughout the ages and was now waiting to be awakened. Kirk felt fear pass over him like an icy wind. Around the globe was wrapped a dark and dreadful past.

Olondor.

It had to be.

The abstract, intangible power which it seemed to radiate filled both men with a cold terror. But, strangely, above every sense of foreboding, Kirk wanted desperately to... touch it.



Not daring to think of what might happen if he did, he fought the desire with all his will. But it was so strong... too strong.

Without realising it, he had made two steps towards the globe. Fighting, struggling, he shook his head, whispered, "No... no..."

There was pain, and a desperate need... just to touch it. Kirk tried to stand still. No - the thing was pulling him, dragging him.

At last he felt that he would die if he did not touch it. The struggle was agony, ripping his mind apart. It was too strong... magnetic... He reached out -

Then, wonderfully, it had stopped. The wish to touch Olondor had gone, and in its place was a perfect peace. The relief was so enormous that Kirk felt slightly faint. He found he could look away from the globe. Spock, standing very near, was touching his hand. But for a moment Kirk did not understand. Spock lifted his phaser - and the globe that was Olondor disappeared as if it had never been.

Spock let go of Kirk's hand - and so broke the mind-link that had saved both their lives.

Kirk looked at his friend for a long moment. Then he breathed a great sigh of relief.

"Thank you, Spock. Thank you very much."

They made their way through the crumbling ruins back to the square. Kirk was not sure he was not imagining things, but it seemed that the oppressive sadness and gloom of the city had lifted. The world of the city now felt just old, and very tired. He flipped open his communicator.

"Kirk to Enterprise. Beam us up, Mr. Scott."

For a second, the deserted square was lit up by two sparkling columns. But they were soon gone. And, high above, the Enterprise left the silent city to crumble away in peace beneath its tired sun.

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BEAUTY - FOUR VIEWS by T.G.Z.C.

Beauty is a lovely lady  
Moving, graceful as she goes.  
She is mine, I'll never leave her,  
My beloved Enterprise.

Beauty is found in the eye of the looker;  
So many things that are lovely I see;  
But a fine healthy body, no need for my art -  
That is the essence of beauty for me!

Beauty is a set of engines  
Purring, busy, beating time,  
Warp power drive and antimatter  
That will get us there on time!

Beauty is found where ever you seek;  
In balancing figures, and data unique.  
Beauty is found in the calm sense of logic,  
In skill in your work... and the smile of a friend.

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KIRK: Who painted all the instruments black and white like a chess board?

CHEKOV: I did, sir! You told me to CHECK the control panel.

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## A STEP IN TIME by Valerie Piacentini

The journey through the Time Gate had been intended as a peaceful relaxation for Kirk and McCoy; for the historians the Enterprise had brought to the Time Planet, it was a much more serious affair. Once the formalities had been arranged, Kirk felt free to turn to a more personal matter. McCoy had been under a great deal of strain; ideally, he should have taken shore leave, but there was no prospect of that in the near future, and with his usual stubbornness, he refused to be relieved of duty.

As the next best thing, Kirk suggested that he and McCoy should take advantage of their enforced wait at the Time Planet, and themselves take a trip into the past. He told Bones that as a child he had been promised a trip to London, a trip that had been cancelled because of an illness; he had never had that holiday, and had always regretted it.

"Come with me, Bones," he suggested. "I know I can use the break, and I'm sure you can; it'll only be a couple of days, but we can see the sights, take in a show, have a bit of a rest." McCoy agreed readily; he knew himself he needed a break, and it might be fun.

The ship's stores provided them with the appropriate clothes and money, and it was with an almost forgotten sense of anticipation that they passed through the Time Gate, and stepped from an alley into a busy London street.

They spent the next two days simply enjoying their holiday, revelling in the freedom of tourists as they visited the historic sites by day, and in the evening joined in the varied night life of the city. Over breakfast on their third morning, McCoy said,

"I don't know about you, Jim, but I feel like being thoroughly lazy this morning."

"Good idea. Let's go to the park and feed the ducks." In response to McCoy's quizzical glance, he went on defensively, "Well, I read about it once. People do that sort of thing in London, and I always promised myself that if I ever got to London, I'd have a go."

"All right, then, as long as we find somewhere quiet."

When they left the hotel, Jim insisted on buying some bread. McCoy was teasing him about it as they waited to cross the road, when their attention was caught by a car which had stopped for the traffic lights; there was something familiar about the tall, dignified figure in the back seat. Curious, Jim moved for a better look, then said, "Look, Bones. It's Sarek."

It was indeed the Vulcan ambassador, Spock's father, younger than they knew him, but unmistakable. As the car moved off, Bones said, laughing, "Well, they do say if you spend long enough in London you'll meet everyone you know, but I don't think they had this in mind."

The sheer normality of the scene in the park was a tonic to the two men, for whom the unexpected, the dangerous, sometimes the terrible, were part of everyday life. Here, on the cool grass, children played, dogs ran barking, lovers walked hand in hand as they had done for centuries. On the lake, the birds waited expectantly for the food that long generations of experience had taught them would be forthcoming.

At last their aimless strolling brought them to an area of the park which seemed to be deserted. They came through a belt of trees to find themselves standing on the crest of a slope which ran down to the water's edge; the bank rose in a curve, forming a small bay sheltered from view by the trees. Feeling like a rest after their walk, Jim and McCoy stretched out on the grass, enjoying the warm sunshine on their faces.



After a few moments, Bones touched Jim on the arm, and pointed silently. Below them at the water's edge a child had appeared as if from nowhere. Kneeling on the bank, he was offering food to a pair of magnificent swans; the birds showed no fear, but glided closer, at last bending their graceful necks to take the food from his fingers. A flash of colour sped from the bushes below them to the boy's foot - a red squirrel, showing no trace of timidity, had run up to claim his share. The child laughed softly, and held something out; the squirrel took it, and sat up on its haunches to nibble contentedly. The two men smiled, enjoying the scene - the confidence of the normally shy squirrel, the grace of the birds, the child's pleasure in his companions. Then suddenly, horribly, the tranquillity of the scene was shattered. With no warning, a shower of stones hurtled down on the group; the swans vanished in a flurry of white wings, but the squirrel was not fast enough - he lay broken and bleeding beneath a jagged rock.

A group of children came through the bushes to stand in a semi-circle round the boy. Their faces were sullen and hostile, and each carried a stick or a piece of stone. Though he must have been aware of their presence, the boy, who was bending over the squirrel, did not react at once; he gently laid the broken little body down on the grass, his fingers lingering for a moment on the soft fur, before he stood and faced the intruders.

Jim could not repress a gasp of astonishment as he saw the boy's face for the first time. There was no mistaking the slanting eyebrows or the elegant, pointed ears; a Vulcan child, perhaps seven years old Jim estimated, about half the age of the children who now surrounded him. The menace in their attitude was unmistakable, but the child showed no fear in the face of their hostility. He knew there was no escape, and with the dignity of his race composed himself to meet whatever might come. At first, only words, which he could pretend not to hear.

"Freak! Halfbreed freak!"

"With those ears, he should be in a circus!"

"Devil child! You've got no right here!"

"Why don't you get back to your own world - monster!"

The insults grew worse as the child's calm indifference enraged his tormentors. Jim felt his anger rising at the unfair odds, but for the moment he dared not interfere; he knew the risks of taking any action which might alter the past. Then the oldest of the children called out mockingly,

"Come on! Let's show Spock we mean it - we don't want him here!"

Spock! Was it possible? Jim's eyes flew to the face of the Vulcan child. Yes, it could be... it surely must be. He would be about the right age, and they had seen Sarek only that morning. He turned to McCoy, but the question on his lips was never spoken, for the doctor's face was white,

and his eyes were wide with horror.

"My God, no!" screamed Bones. "Stop!"

It was too late. Even as Jim turned back to the scene below, the barrage of sticks and rocks struck the Vulcan child, and he crumpled to the grass. In the same instant Jim and McCoy sprang to their feet and rushed forward. The children fled, startled by their sudden appearance, but neither of the men had time to be concerned with them. Sick with terror, Jim dropped to his knees beside McCoy, who was already at work.

"It's bad enough, but not too serious, apart from the wound on his head. The cut's deep, and there may be concussion. I'll give him a sedative to keep him out." He worked steadily for a few moments, giving the injection and dressing the cut on the child's head. At last he sat back on his heels.

"Jim, my readings confirm it - the child is half Human. It's our Spock, all right. I've got to keep him under for a while - he mustn't see us. Trouble is, we can't stay here, and I don't want to move him too far; he's had a bad shock, and it could be dangerous. We can't leave him like this, yet if he comes round and gets a good look at us, heaven knows what complications that will cause."

"We'll worry about that later. We should get under cover, though - there's a hut among those trees; we can take him there, and you can keep an eye on him."

As they walked back through the trees, Jim tried to control his confused thoughts. It was difficult to realise that the child in his arms would grow up to become his First Officer. Spock - dependable, trustworthy, unshakably loyal Spock, as dear to him as a brother. Disjointed memories of the past - or the future - came to him.

..... "You would not... have survived this...."

..... "You know, of course, I could never have made it without you...."

..... "Listen to me, Jim. Be with me. They are only illusions...."

So many times, defeat turned into victory, danger into safety, the risks shared, perils overcome, the joy and the agony.

How would it be - he could not imagine how it would be - to return to a world that did not hold Spock. The child was in danger, he could read it in McCoy's eyes. Was this part of Spock's past, or had their presence altered things? He would not know until he returned to the Enterprise.

When they reached the hut he laid Spock down on a pile of sacks in the corner. McCoy passed his medical tricorder over him, and sighed in relief.

"I think he's going to be all right," he said.

Their eyes met.

"You felt it too, didn't you, Bones?"

"I must be going soft in the head!" Then, quietly, "Yes. I suddenly realised that I could not contemplate the idea of losing Spock: it'd be like losing part of myself. But if you ever tell him I said so...!"

Jim nodded; he knew only too well the solid affection and friendship for Spock that underlay McCoy's sarcasm. Then to his

surprise, the doctor continued in a tone of bitter self-disgust,

"I thought I was so clever - that I understood him. How could I even begin to guess at - this! Think of it, Jim; think what his childhood must have been like! Yet somehow, by some miracle, I swear, he became the man he is. We both know what he's done for us on the Enterprise: we could never begin to understand how much he had to forgive."

"You said it yourself, Bones. That's the kind of man he is."

As the afternoon passed, the shadows lengthened under the trees, and the child slept on. From time to time McCoy leaned over to check his progress, and was satisfied. Twilight was fading into dusk when Spock stirred and woke. In the dim light the two men could see his face only faintly, the dark eyes wide with surprise; their own faces were hidden from him in the shadows.

"Where am I? Who are you?" The questions came calmly, as only Spock could have asked them under such circumstances.

"Do you remember what happened?" McCoy's voice was very gentle.

"Yes, I remember. The children... you must not blame them... they do not understand. I must seem a - freak - to them. In time, they will learn."

For a moment, Jim felt tears sting his eyes. Even so would the adult Spock have reacted.

"You were hurt," he said softly. "If you feel up to it, we'll take you home now - your parents will be worried."

"Thank you, I am quite recovered. But who are you?"

"Forgive me, but I cannot tell you that, nor can I explain why we must not be seen. Can you trust us?"

The child considered for a moment, then smiled. "As you wish. I think - no, I am sure - that I can trust you."

"Thank you, Spock."

"You know me?" The question came swiftly; even at seven, he missed nothing.

"One of the children called you by name," McCoy broke in. "We must be going now - I don't think we have much time."

Jim too had felt the familiar sensation that warned him that their stay in the past was drawing to a close; soon the Guardian of Forever would reach out for them, and return them to their own time.

Guided by Spock, they set off towards the Vulcan embassy, where Sarek and his family were staying. Accepting their wish for concealment, he led them to the rear of the building, and showed them where to climb the wall into the garden. Across the lawn they could see the tall figure of a woman restlessly pacing the terrace.

"My mother, the Lady Amanda," whispered Spock. "Will you not meet her - she will wish to thank you."

"No, we must go now," said Jim. "Don't keep your mother waiting any longer." Still the child lingered.

"Then I must try to thank you myself." He extended his hand, fingers spread in the Vulcan fashion. "Live long and prosper. I believe we will meet again."

Gently, Jim touched his fingertips to those of the child. "I hope so. Live long and prosper, Spock of Vulcan."

Turning, the child held out his hand to McCoy. "Thank you for your care. I think that we too will meet again."

"Farewell, Spock. Try not to judge all Humans by those children."

"I could not, after meeting you. Farewell." He inclined his head gravely, and was gone, running across the lawn to the woman, who knelt, arms wide, to receive him. As mother and son met, the scene faded around them, and Jim and Bones were standing on the sand before the Guardian of Forever. Jim pulled out his communicator.

"Kirk to Enterprise."

"Enterprise - Scott here."

"Two to beam up, Scotty."

As they stepped down from the transporter platform, they were surprised to see Spock himself at the controls.

"Something wrong, Mr. Spock?"

"No, Captain, all is in order. I trust you and the doctor had a restful trip."

"Hardly restful, Mr. Spock. Eventful, perhaps."

"I see. My calculations were correct, then."

"Your calculations?"

For answer Spock lifted a hand to his forehead, just where the stone had struck him all those years - or hours - ago.

"When I was seven, I visited London with my parents. I was - hurt, and two men helped me. I never saw their faces, or heard their names - until I joined the Enterprise."

"How long have you known?"

"I did not at first. I came to recognise you only as I knew you better; and I realised that for you, the event had not yet happened. When you left, I knew when and where the Time Gate would take you, and that I could speak of it at last."

"It's quite a coincidence, though," said Jim, "that out of all the people in London, it should have been Bones and I who found you."

"Coincidence? I think not." McCoy spoke softly, seriously, his usual sarcastic wit laid aside. "I think that the bonds of friendship that hold us were strong enough to draw us together, even out of our own time."

"For once, Doctor, I would not disagree." For a moment the smile of the child Spock had been lit his usually impassive face. McCoy returned the smile warmly, and Jim grinned in relief. It would not last, of course; soon they'd be back to the usual bickering, but he knew that they all had a better understanding of the very real affection that linked them.

It was good to be home.

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LISTEN TO THE WIND by Beth Hallam

Hear the wind in the tree-tops whisper....  
Carolyn.....

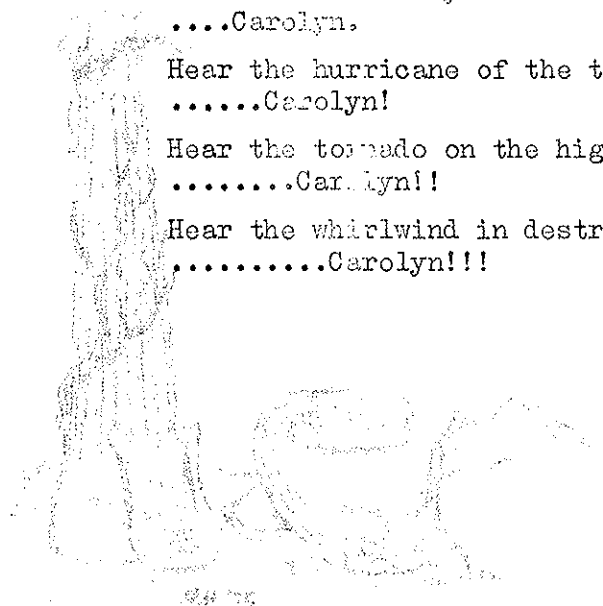
Hear the zephyr in the grasses sigh....  
..Carolyn...

Hear the breeze by the stream-side cry....  
....Carolyn.

Hear the hurricane of the tropics hiss....  
.....Carolyn!

Hear the tornado on the high seas howl....  
.....Carolyn!!

Hear the whirlwind in destruction scream....  
.....Carolyn!!!



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THE RIDDLE by T.G.Z.C.

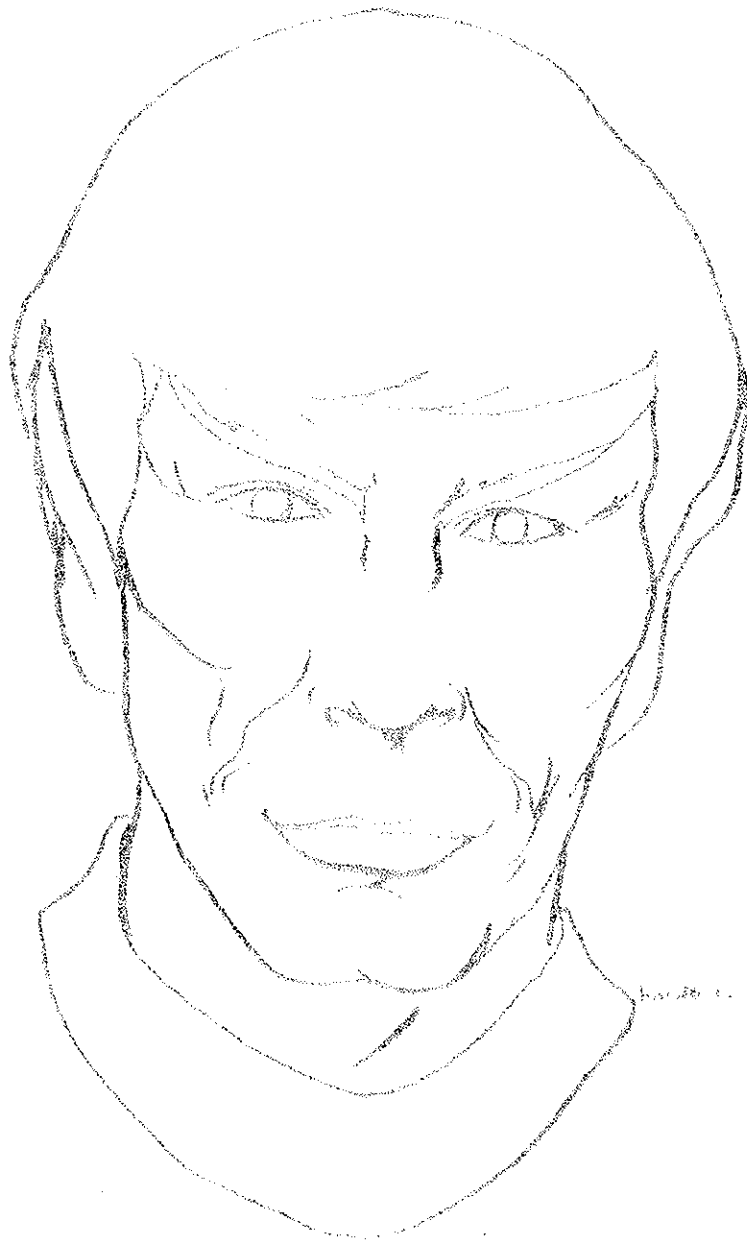
What do they want from me, the Vians?  
They have not injured me, they care for me,  
I have more comfort here than in my home:  
Here I have privacy, although.....  
I think they have some way of watching me.  
This place is all enclosed... and very dark.  
I searched and searched and found no exit from it -  
Why do they keep me from the cool, fresh air?  
What do they want from me? I have no way  
To ask them what I want to know - and they -  
It seems they do not wish that I should know.  
I touched them.... but it did not help;  
Their thoughts are strange... distant, detached.  
They do not seem sadistically cruel  
Yet since they brought me here two men have died...  
And now three more have come. I am afraid.

\*\*\*\*\*

Enterprise's Private Thought -  
They who live inside me,  
Have passed by here, without a second glance.  
So eager, so demanding,  
Yet needing maturity to comprehend.  
They are as children  
With so very much to learn.

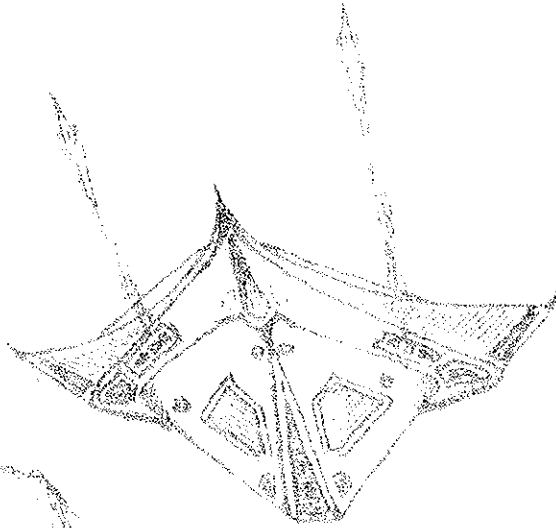
Gillian Catchpole

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# DEFENCE

by  
Isella Clark



"Lookout reports unidentified vessel at 140 degrees, sir!"

"Scramble Zhart squadron immediately!"

"Aye, sir." The orderly turned to the general intercom. "Attention! Attention! Zhart squadron! Intruder, possibly enemy, at 140 degrees, closing fast!"

"Acknowledged!" The single word seemed to hang in the air even when the roar of engines, seconds later, bespoke the take-off of the defenders.

The attack was so sudden that Spock did not even have time to report the presence of the other vessels before they were hit. The defenceless Galileo, all buoyancy gone, dropped towards the ground like a stone. Spock fought with the controls, desperately trying to hold the shuttlecraft on an even keel; Kirk flicked communications switches open, to receive such a howl of static that he didn't even bother trying to contact the Enterprise.

"They're following us down!" Chekov yelled.

Kirk's lips set grimly. Who could these beings be, to attack without even giving a challenge? "Can you identify them, Mr. Chekov?"

"No, sir - I've never seen ships like these before."

The ground was rising towards them with uncomfortable rapidity. It was bare, desert land - rocky, without vegetation, and Kirk found himself wishing for a forest canopy that might at least help to cushion the impact of their landing.

How Spock managed, Kirk never knew; but the shuttle landed on an even keel, sliding forward on the bare soil. For a moment, he dared to think that they had landed safely; then the Galileo hit a boulder. She was still travelling very quickly; the impact threw her over, somersaulting her several times. Her occupants were unable to prevent themselves being





thrown from their seats; tossed wildly about like so many rag dolls, they lay sprawled where they had fallen when at last the ruined shuttle bounced to a halt.

The leading craft of the Zhart squadron turned in midair above the wreckage, wheeling like a huge vulture. When the commander was satisfied that no-one was going to emerge from the wreck, he ordered his vessel down. It moved carefully, descending like a helicopter, to land only a few yards from where the alien vessel had come to its last resting place. High above it, the other two vessels wheeled gently, on guard.

Six men left the landed vessel. They made their way cautiously to the wreck; investigated it.

There were four bodies in it. One of the men ran a scanner over them. Three were definitely alive, and would recover; they even appeared to be uninjured, apart from their unconsciousness. But the fourth, who was lying half covered by wreckage so that only the lower part of his body was showing, exhibited only the most minimal signs of life.

"This one's as good as dead," the man examining them said. "We needn't bother with him; he's just cra-meat. Bring the others."

Kirk, McCoy and Chekov were hauled ungently out of the wreck, and lugged onto the Zhart ship. Almost at once, it took off. Dust from its passage drifted over the ruined Galileo, through the many holes, and sank onto the motionless Spock.

Kirk regained consciousness to find himself sprawled on the floor of a tiny room that looked as if it had been carved out of solid rock. McCoy and Chekov lay near, looking as if someone had just dropped them and left them to lie as they fell. Where was Spock? He pushed himself to his feet, wondering as he did so how the room was lighted. There were no windows, and no obvious lights, yet the place was well-lit. He moved over to the others, and carefully shifted them into more comfortable positions. Then he sat down again, to wonder what had happened; why they had been shot down, and why they were, clearly, prisoners. And where was Spock?

McCoy regained consciousness soon after, and looked at him.

"What happened, Jim?"

"You know as much as I do," Kirk replied. "How's Chekov? I couldn't find any sign of injury, but I know as much about medicine as you do about maths."

McCoy grinned wryly. "You certainly couldn't know less," he retorted. He checked out the still-unconscious ensign quickly, as thoroughly as he could without any instruments, and said, "He should come out of it naturally any time now. I don't think he's badly hurt." He looked round the little room. "Where's Spock?"

Kirk shook his head. "I don't know, Bones. He wasn't here when I woke."

Chekov groaned, and opened his eyes. "What fell on me?" he asked.

"A rather hard mountain," Kirk said drily. "And before you ask where Mr. Spock is, we don't know."

"Oh."

"Or where we are, or who brought us here - or why."

The commander of the small base watched the awakening of his captives on a small viewscreen. He glanced at his second-in-command. "They are concerned for their missing comrade," he said. "It is as we have been told; these Mhlar are emotionally attached to the other members of their battle-group. We can use this sentimental weakness; since it is the only one the Mhlar have, it would be foolishness not to."

"Yes, indeed, Lord Shurr."

"We must discover how they know of the settlement here, Underlord Vlarr. Since the establishment of our colony is highly confidential, there must have been some leakage, some lack of security, at Headquarters."

"It might have been an accident, Lord Shurr."

"They were heading straight towards our main mining area," Shurr replied. "Does that look like an accident?"

Slowly, Vlarr shook his head.

"I will see these Mhlar now," Shurr went on. "Have them brought in."

The three men were sitting silently, thinking about their situation. Kirk and McCoy especially were seriously worried about Spock. Why wasn't he with them? Kirk scrambled to his feet as the door began to open, the other two only a second behind him.

The guards who entered looked decidedly unfriendly. They kept at a respectful distance, suspiciously watchful. They were fairly Human in appearance, Kirk noted, but there was something about them - he couldn't quite pinpoint what - that said 'alien'. He looked carefully for any sign of weakness, but saw none. There would be no immediate escape from here.

They were taken to another rock-carved room that was obviously an office, through corridors that were also hewn out of living rock. Whoever these people were, Kirk reflected, they were determined to keep their presence secret; no wonder the sensors had failed to detect any traces of them - presumably their vessels were also kept in huge underground hangars. And what sort of relationship did they have with the scattering of primitive natives that the sensors had detected?

Shurr sat silently looking at the three men as they stood in front of his desk. One of them looked as if he was unused to being kept waiting - presumably he was the leader of this battle-group. Sure enough, it was he who broke the silence.

"May I ask why we were attacked, without warning?" he asked. He sounded genuinely indignant, and Shurr took off his mental hat to whoever had briefed the man. "We are on a peaceful surveying mission; we gave no provocation. And where is our friend?"

Shurr smiled briefly. "Your comrade is dead," he said brutally. He was rewarded by the look of horrified grief on the leader's face - the equally grief-stricken face of one of the others. The third one

seemed less affected. "As to why you were attacked - did you really think that we would fail to detect you, small though your craft was? Even though our presence here is supposed to be a secret known only to our Government, we still keep a good lookout; we have no intention of letting this planet be taken over by you Mhlar."

"Mhlar?" Kirk said, making a terrible mess of the first guttural sound. "We've never heard of the Mhlar. We're from the Starship Enterprise, representing the United Federation of Planets. Our home world is known variously as Earth or Terra."

Shurr laughed. "Clever. Very clever. But do you think - do you really think - that we will be fooled by such child's tales? If you yourself are not Mhlar, then you are certainly from a Mhlar-dominated world. Now, leader. I want to know - who told you about our presence here?"

"I've already told you. We knew nothing about you. Because you live underground, we were unable to detect your presence, otherwise we would have tried to contact you before coming down. We've on a survey mission for the Federation. But if you have already claimed the planet, the Federation will respect that claim."

"Still you take me for a fool. Perhaps you fear your masters too much to tell me what I want to know. But you will learn to fear me much more. I promise you that."

Kirk looked at him. "For the last time," he said, "we know nothing about any race called Mhlar. We are from Earth. This is, to us, an unexplored region of space. We're the first Federation ship to come into it. And no amount of threats will change that. If the Mhlar are a warlike race, we will help you to defend yourselves."

Shurr smiled wolfishly. "You come here, you who are identical to the Mhlar, and really expect me to believe such a tale?"

"Humenoids are relatively common throughout the Galaxy," Kirk protested. "The external appearance is often identical; we know of several races indistinguishable from our own... as well as many, like you, who are not."

Shurr nodded appreciatively. "Whoever concocted your cover story did a good job," he admitted. "They seem to have thought of everything. But - 'for the last time' - understand that I will not be fooled."

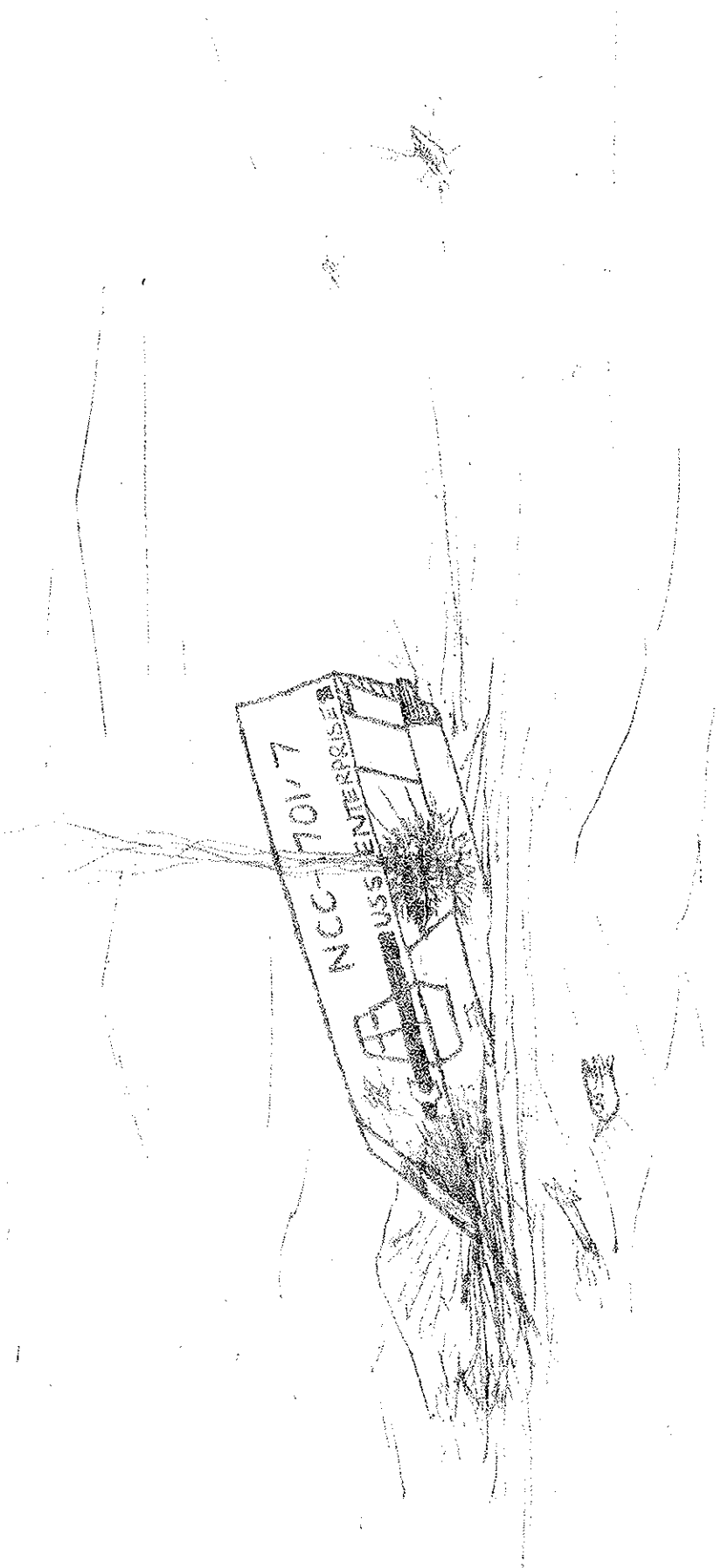
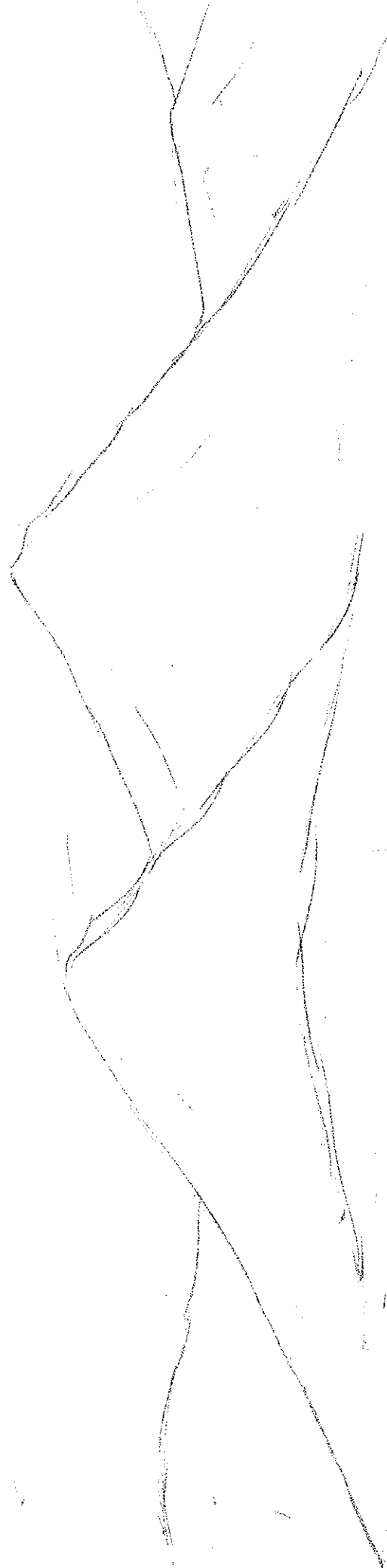
"Our companion - the one who... who died. Did you examine him closely? He is not of the same race as we are; he has physical differences - "

"It is easy to say that, since he is not here; nor are we about to risk an expedition to examine his body. We are not concerned with cre-meat."

Shurr turned to the guards. "Take them to the question room."

The small group of natives gathered round the strange metallic object that had descended so noisily several hours before. Their camp was not far away; they had watched as the strangers had landed their flying machine and taken men out of the wreck; and there had been no sign of life now for those hours. Presumably the strangers were not coming back. It would be safe to investigate.

They prowled round the outside, pawing at the broken metal,



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peering through holes into the darkness inside. At last, one of them, braver or more foolhardy than most, ventured to climb through one of the bigger holes. He called out after a moment. There was still a body inside the wreck! Not one of the strangers - this one was another kind of stranger!

He came back out, pulling the limp body. The tribe gathered round it, curious.

The strange being was alive - just. He was deeply unconscious; the natives could detect his breathing, but could find no heartbeat.

They gathered together, ignoring the unconscious man, discussing what they should do. They had avoided the strangers who had come to live on their world, watching them from afar. They envied the strangers their ability to live without a sacred well; from where did they get their water? For they had abundance of it, it seemed; they could even afford to pour it away on the ground. But along with the envy was fear. Fear of such magic powers: fear of the newcomers' ability to fly. And this stranger also had come from a flying machine. Though his was not, it seemed, such a powerful one as those belonging to the strangers they knew, for had it not crashed?

At last, one, more thoughtful than his fellows, said, "If we take this stranger to our camp, and tend him, and he recovers, he will surely be grateful. We might therefore learn much from him."

The others nodded their agreement. They picked up the limp body, and carried it carefully with them as they made their way back to their camp.

It seemed, however, that their hopes were going to be disappointed. Soon after they reached camp, the unconscious man began to move restlessly, and speak weakly. But they could not understand a word he said. As they struggled for comprehension, the newly-conscious man seemed to grow weaker... as if he had given up the fight to survive...

The question room was, unsurprisingly, another one carved out of solid rock. Chekov and McCoy were fastened to one wall with chains. They could only stand; the chains were not long enough to permit them to sit. Presumably if they fell asleep, they would simply have to hang by their arms. Kirk was put in a stone chair a little way away from them. Above his head was a large barrel, a tap projecting from it at its base. He was strapped very carefully, so that he could not move any part of his body - then the tap was turned on. A single drip of water hit his head. After a short pause, came another. Then another. Kirk recognised the type of torture involved. He had read about it somewhere, years before. After a very short time, the drop would begin to weigh heavier and heavier, until at last he was being hit by sledghammers. And at the same time, the muscles of the rest of his body would be protesting violently at their inactivity... Strange how different races so far removed from each other in space should come up with very similar ideas with regard to torture.

The natives stared hopelessly at their unwitting guest. It seemed he was about to die indeed, of his own choice; and once having made up their minds to help him, they were unhappy about losing him.

"He is trying to tell us something," said the one who had first suggested bringing him back to camp.

"Perhaps he is trying to tell us why he wants to die," suggested another.

"I do not think so. I think he may be dying from self-pity because no-one understands him, or because he is among strangers... we should give him something to think about other than self-pity." And with that, he lifted his hand and struck the stranger hard across the face. "If I can make him angry enough to want to fight, to hit back," he said, "we may then be able to find some way of communicating with him." He hit the stranger again - and again - and lifted his hand to hit him yet again. This time, the stranger brought up his own hand, and stopped the blow before it could land; then said some thing. The words were unidentifiable, but the tone was not. Whatever the stranger was feeling, it was not anger. But the desire to die seemed to have gone.

The two men, tribesmen and stranger with the unusually pointed ears, looked at each other; then began the long and difficult task of finding some means of communication.

Kirk's face was twisted in agony, though he had not uttered a sound. From his position against the wall, McCoy repeated over and over, "We've told you the truth! There's nothing else we can tell you! Stop it!" Chekov's face was a mask of horror, as he muttered "Cossacks!" under his breath.

Eventually, Shurr seemed to decide that he would get no information this way. He looked at McCoy. "You have been most voluble," he said. "But you have told us nothing, for all your words. Perhaps the water will loosen your tongue, and make your words more sensible."

He nodded to the guard, who turned off the water, then released Kirk, who was then dragged, so stiff that he couldn't walk, to the chains that held McCoy. The doctor was released and hauled to the chair, while Kirk was chained in his place. He hung limp, unable to make his feet support him at first, his weight providing added torture for his stiff arms.

As the drip began to fall onto McCoy's head, Kirk forced himself to stand. "You can't get information that doesn't exist," he said weakly. "And if this is your normal pattern of behaviour, then you're just as bad as the Mhlar you so hate - maybe even worse!"

At last, Shurr gave up. Chekov also had had his turn under the water, though he had not had to suffer as long as had the other two - Shurr had begun to realise that even battle-group loyalty would gain him no information. These Mhlar were too well indoctrinated.

"Take them back to their cell," he ordered. "It's too late to kill them tonight; they will be executed tomorrow."

They were dragged back to the cell and dropped on the floor - none of them was capable of walking. Locked in again, McCoy crawled to Kirk's side.

"How are you, Jim?"

"I'm no worse off than you or Chekov," Kirk muttered.

"At least Spock was spared this," McCoy said quietly. "He had a peaceful death."

"Yes," Kirk said. "But if he had been here, they would have had to admit that he wasn't of any race they knew - and then they might have believed us. Bones... they spoke of these Mhlar as if they were... the local equivalent of the Klingons. But their own behaviour... might they be the local Klingons - and the Mhlar the local Federation?" His voice broke. "Spock," he whispered, so softly that McCoy barely heard him. The doctor put a hand on Kirk's shoulder sympathetically.

The Enterprise, back from surveying the rest of the planets in the system, swung into orbit, trying to contact the Galileo.

"There's no answer, Mr. Scott," Uhura reported.

"Sensors. Scan for the shuttlecraft."

There was no response for some time, then -

"Got her, Mr. Scott. She seems to have crashed. No signs of life near her, but there are indications of intelligent humanoid life fairly near."

"Let's go down and see. Lt. Uhura, come with me. Mr. Sulu, you have the con."

Scott and Uhura made their way to the transporter room, where they were joined by four Security men. They beamed down to the wrecked Galileo. A quick check was all that was needed. "There's no-one here, sir," Reynolds reported.

"Right. We'll try for the nearby lifeforms. They might be able to tell us something."

They set off. They were not, had they only known, unobserved; before they were halfway to the native camp, the tribe already knew of their approach.

Minimal communication had already been attained between them and Spock. They decided to try to ask him who these strangers were - strangers who had mysteriously appeared, even as the watcher blinked. They were uncertain as to how much of what they tried to tell him this pointed-eared stranger understood, but he seemed to be confident; they retreated, watching from concealment, while Spock waited for the arrival of - whoever it was. They were reassured, however, when their guest greeted the newcomers. Within seconds, it seemed, full communication was set up between them; the newcomers had some kind of device that enabled the two races to understand each other.

The first question Spock asked was - what had happened to his friends?

The natives knew where the strangers had their base. They watched it constantly; though they gleaned very little information. The strangers lived underground. They had made their caves, which could therefore contain no holy well to provide them with water - yet they were so wasteful of water that they threw it away, pouring it on the ground.

"Sounds like a farming colony," Scott commented.

"A farming colony that has war vessels?" Spock asked disbelievingly. "Mr. Scott - bring down a full Security detail. I do not intent going near these beings less than fully armed. They attacked us without warning, although it must have been clear to them that a vessel our size offered no threat to them."

"Aye, Mr. Spock."

"And you will return to the Enterprise. It is enough to hazard myself to rescue the Captain; it would be irresponsible to risk us both."

Scott looked at Spock. Logically, he knew, he should try to insist that Spock, as second-in-command, be the one to return to the Enterprise; but he also knew that it would be hopeless. Spock would produce reason after logical reason to explain why he, and only he, should lead the rescue party - and not one of those reasons would be the truth...

The three prisoners didn't sleep well. It wasn't the threat of impending execution that bothered them; death was one of the hazards of the service, and they had all faced it too often for it to be a terror. But all three were stiff and sore, with aching heads; too stiff and too sore for them to relax; and in addition, Kirk and McCoy were grieving for Spock - even although they knew they would soon join him.

When morning came, it was almost a relief to be hauled from the cell and along the long passage. This time they were led into the open air.

Several guards lazed around. It was as if they knew that their victims could not even begin to try to escape. More guards were coming out from other entrances; and above them, unseen, a signal passed across the desert.

The prisoners were fastened to big rocks, spreadeagled against them. Several guards took up positions near each. There was a general atmosphere of holiday. The sun beat down on the prisoners' unprotected heads, adding to their discomfort.

Shurr eventually appeared. As he did, the lolling soldiers snapped to attention. Shurr looked round, as if inspecting his men, then moved over towards the prisoners.

"You have one last chance to tell me how you found out about our colony," he said. "If you tell me, your deaths will at least be merciful. Merciful and quick. Otherwise..."

"We've already told you the truth," Kirk said wearily. "As far as our people are concerned, this is unexplored space. When we couldn't detect any signs of life other than a few sparse primitive settlements, we assumed the planet to be undeveloped."

"You will be used for targetpractise," Shurr told him. "First your fellows, then yourself. Let us see if you can still remain ignorant when you hear the screams of your battle-group comrades."

Kirk looked over hopelessly towards the others. Chekov... Bones... McCoy grinned reassuringly at him.

"They'll learn, Jim. Then he'll have to live with his conscience. I wonder how he'll react to the certain knowledge that he's killed three innocent men?"



Shurr shook his head almost pityingly. "I do not want to do this," he said. "But you force me."

He turned to give the order - and was stunned into immobility as several shapes began to sparkle between him and his men. The shapes solidified into men - and Shurr gaped at this certain proof of a technology beyond anything known to his people - or the Mhlar. The men were holding weapons - small weapons, but Shurr suddenly felt certain that they were dangerous ones. There was a whining noise, as more sparkling shapes began to form.

One of the newcomers was physically different from his fellows - he had slanting eyebrows and pointed ears, like nothing Shurr had ever seen. He stepped forward, mouth open to speak. Even as he did, one of the prisoners - Kirk - exclaimed, "Spock!"

Spock whirled, took one look at the three figures fastened to the rocks, and snapped, "Release them!"

Three of the colonists hastened to obey as Spock moved towards Kirk. He caught his Captain as Kirk, released from the chains that were holding him up, nearly collapsed; then he realised that McCoy was in as bad a condition. McCoy, however, forced himself to move to them; said weakly, "Get Jim up to the Enterprise, Spock..."

Spock, knowing Kirk would prefer to remain standing, held his Captain up with one arm, while he slipped the other round McCoy to support him as well. Only he knew that the support was also an embrace...

"You're both going up as soon as the transporter is free," he said.

"No," Kirk objected. "We have some unfinished business to attend to here."

"I'll see to it," Spock said.

"It wasn't you they called a liar," Kirk said grimly. He looked at the now obviously nervous Shurr. "Well?" he asked.

"I must admit," Shurr said, "you have a degree of technology the Mhlar do not have; and your comrade is indeed of no race that we know..."

"All right," Kirk replied. "Having got so far, we can talk. Tomorrow. Leave a guard here, Spock, then beam us up."

Spock glanced at the Security Chief. "See to it, Chief," he ordered. "And tell the ship to beam us up." He had just realised that he didn't have a hand free for his communicator.

Later, with Chekov confined to bed in his quarters - he wasn't in quite as bad a shape as the other two - and Kirk and McCoy in bed in sickbay, Mbenge and Nurse Chapel fussing round them, they got down to explanations. Kirk was particularly interested in why their captors would have thought Spock dying.

"I was in a healing trance," Spock explained. "A group of natives - native to the planet, that is, not just colonists - found me. By a fortunate chance, they managed to revive me... they seem to be an intelligent people, handicapped by lack of facilities for any sort of civilised life - their whole lives revolve around getting

enough water. Perhaps the Federation could help them. They have already been exposed to the knowledge of outworlders because of watching the colonists."

Kirk nodded. "I'll recommend it," he said. "The other thing we have to determine is whether this race or the Mhlar, who seem to be their traditional enemies, are the more deserving of contact."

"Perhaps both are," Spock suggested.

Kirk looked at him. "Perhaps," he agreed.

Spock got up from where he had been sitting between them. "You should both sleep now," he said.

"Is that an order, Spock?" McCoy asked.

"Yes, Doctor, is it," Spock replied. He nodded a silent farewell, and left.

Kirk and McCoy looked at each other. Kirk grinned.

"You heard him, Bones. Let's get some sleep."

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