

FROM THE AVENGER LOGS...

OPERATIONS LOG—U.S.S. AVENGER

By Brenda Bell

VOICEPRINT: Bell, Brenda F., Commander
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VOICEPRINT CONFIRMED

DISPLAY OPERATIONS LOG, *U.S.S. AVENGER*, BEGINNING AT
SD8712.15...

I--STARDATES 8712.15 TO 8802.01:

Stardate 8712.15, Lt. Commander Brenda F. Bell recording:

New assignment orders have been received from Starbase 29, placing the following additional personnel on stand-by for transfer to new ships and positions: Lt. Commander Christopher Dixon to *U.S.S. Challenger* as assistant chief of operations.

Additional reports from the base suggest that both the heavy cruiser *Challenger* and the *Ascension*-class dreadnought *Tai Shan* will be delayed in their assignment to this sector. Unclassified data is somewhat sketchy in this area, but suggest slightly extended missions in the starships' current assignment areas.

Because of these changes in personnel assignments, Starbase 29 has rereviewed its current pile of command resumes, and has accepted Rear Admiral Rosenzweig's recommendation that I be appointed to the post of Chief of Operations, *U.S.S. Avenger*, with no other changes in the Ops staff until crew reassignments have been concluded.

Stardate 8712.25:

Perhaps it is because of the *Avenger's* religious distribution, but Earth Christmas has been rather quiet. Many of the staff have availed themselves of this interlude to transmit messages to base-bound families. Most nonobservants have been out of sight (except for duty activities) these shifts, leading me to suspect that Vice Chief Ross has been working on the "Ops Lounge" again...

Stardate 8712.27:

Rumors from Star Fleet Command suggest that the new Star Fleet Chief of Operations will be touring both this ship and the Starbase as part of his reintroduitory inspection. Crewmembers awaiting transfer are anxious that this change at Command will hasten the arrival of the reassigned vessels. Logistics is particularly concerned over the *Tai Shan's* delay, as the 7th Fleet has been short one dreadnought ever since the *Ascension's* encounter with that force-10 ion storm 0.42 solar years ago...

Stardate 8712.29:

Rear Admiral Rosenzweig and I have been ordered back to the starbase by 0000 hours, SD8801.01. Fleet has specified rather unusual protocol in this matter: The *Avenger* is to rendezvous with the U.S.S. Konkordium, to which we will be beamed over. As I recall, the *Konk* is scheduled for shore leave and maintenance, and will therefore be pulling into base

somewhat earlier than the *Avenger*. Given the wording of the order, we suspect that we may be detained at the base for some time. As if to confirm this, Captain Levine has requested that we bring copies of our archive updates, as well as some of Lt. Commander Ross' infamous entertainment tapes. I hope that, in my absence, Mr. Ross remembers that there is a ship to be tended to, and not just his Orion slave-girl fantasies...

Stardate 8712.31, Lt. Commander Matthew Ross, Vice Chief of Operations—Acting Chief while Lt. Commander Bell is on assignment—recording:

God!! She's FINALLY gone!! I've told everyone about the New Year's Eve party. The Slave Dispensers are A-okay.

Stardate 8712.31:

Commander Ken Newman has gotten all the alcohol. (Captain Vosseller either didn't notice or doesn't mind.) This is gonna be great! I really hope Brenda won't mind us "using" a couple of her sehlat's. I mean, we DO need appetizers.

Stardate 8712.31, 2350 Hours:

...This is Lt. Commander Matthew Ross. The party is terrific! What?... Okay, Ensign, I'll be right there in a second! Yes, yes, Big Kiss. Sheesh! Now, where was I?... Oh, yeah. The sehlat's taste good, especially with the scotch/Romulan ale/beer/vodka/whatever punch. Here comes the bridge crew... Waitamminute! Who's flying this thing? Aw...who knows--who cares? Why bother? Oh, yeah, Brenda is coming back tomorrow... Can't think of it. Back to the party!

Stardate 8801.03, 1145 Hours:

Starbase briefing and formal reception finds me serving in a dual role, recording these functions both for the *Avenger* and the 7th Fleet. This duality will become an increasingly tangible aspect of my responsibilities as chief of operations aboard the flagship of the 7th Fleet. Both *Avenger* and Fleet archives record the speeches of the Fleet's new senior staff, and the carbonated celebration of the *Konkordium's* first year of its mission.

Cinderella liberty assigns me to the skeleton shift. I found the lounge area and corridors E17 through E22 in terrible disarray. A swift investigation found the laconic Commander Newman trying desperately to clean the mess Lt. Commander Ross appears to have incited. It is fortunate that Admiral Ackermann did not come over as planned; he is reportedly highly intolerant of disorder.

Stardate 8801.04, 1430 Hours:

Returned to the base to interview civilian Michael Dorn on possible Klingon liaisons. An undercover agent for Federation Intelligence, Mr. Dorn has traveled extensively in the Klingon Empire and has much important information for Star Fleet logistics. Some of Mr. Dorn's anecdotes are extremely amusing.

Stardate 8801.06:

Preliminary results of interview uploaded to Command computers for reclassification and transmission. Mr. Dorn has

provided us with enough information to keep Star Fleet's sociologists busy for years.

Stardate 8801.07:

Preliminary results back from photolab. Ensign Nihal, the Betazoid technician, is remarkably fastidious in the work I have given him to date: the visual record is astoundingly accurate. My one complaint: He has adamantly refused to process some of the more graphic records from early New Year's morning. Given Betazed's legendary permissiveness in that area, I find this particularly puzzling.

Stardate 8801.08:

Ensign Nihal has informed me that the tedious process of copying selective records for a cumulative Fleet report will take him at least a week. He has more than encouraged me not to help out...

Stardate 8801.09:

Final results of Dorn interview uploaded to Starbase Command. The transcripts are longer than anticipated, the visuals more invasive and less complex.

Stardate 8801.11:

Still no official word on the status of the *Challenger* and the *Tai Shan*. Lt. Commander Ross has already informed me that most of his "improvements" to the "Ops Lounge" will be transferred upon his reassignment. I have no objection to the removal of Orion and Deltan centerfolds from the lounge walls...

Stardate 8801.22, 2115 Hours:

It looks like most of the monthlies are finally coming in. Because so many functions fall under the heading of Ops, I find I must carefully scan all subsection cumulative reports in order to fairly assess Operations' status. This also means that I must review every log entry made by every senior officer in the division...particularly those Ops logs Lt. Commander Ross entered in my absence. I do not know whether I should greet confirmation of my suspicions with consternation or tolerance. Tradition tends toward the latter, but unless I can be certain that all vital posts were manned by sober officers, the ship's safety requires me to report his laxity. This is not a good sign. (And where was Executive Officer Vosseller during all this?) I'm also uncertain of what illegal intoxicants (other than Romulan ale) may have been added to that punch--I-Xumra has been acting strangely aloof since New Year's. I suspect I shall have Lieutenant K'okran check him out...

IA--FROM LT. COMMANDER BELL'S PERSONAL LOG:

Stardate 8712.30, 0700 Hours:

A last-minute glitch in transporter equipment changed our beam-over to an intership shuttle-over. We were met by Captain Levine and *U.S.S. Arcturus* chief of security Lieutenant A. Carey Sperling. We stowed our gear and took lunch in the VIP Lounge (which brings a new level of meaning to the words "fast food") as we warped into orbit at the base. Upon our arrival, Lieutenant Sperling handed the three of us time-sealed envelopes containing special orders from Star Fleet Command.

Stardate 8712.31, 1900 Hours:

As we pass through the base, it is very obvious that the *Konk* is on shore leave. Not an hour after arrival, their allotted section of the starbase is filled with four hundred some-odd raving lunatics in varying stages of civilian dress and undress. No sooner had we returned from a command briefing than those same, usually competent, officers grabbed us, tore our uniforms from us, and threw us into the nearest Dial-A-Dress cubicles. Captain Levine and I ended up calling base security, as Lieutenant David Ward insisted upon dialing up "Orion Slave Girl"...

Stardate 8712.31, 2350 Hours:

As the base PA rang "Auld Lang Syne", Rear Admiral Rosenzweig, Captain Levine, and I saw the seals on our orders change from glowing blue to dead black; the packets opened. Effective this time, this place, the following assignments were activated: Rear Admiral Alexander L. Rosenzweig to Commander, Seventh Fleet; Captain Jennifer E. Levine to Communications Adjutant, Seventh Fleet; Commander Carol I. Peterson to Communications Advisor, Seventh Fleet; Lt. Commander Brenda F. Bell to Chief Photo Archivist, Seventh Fleet. The carbonated liquid refreshments only added to the moment's celebration. The four of us have orders to report to duty at noon, base time, for our initial briefings--just enough time to escape the loony bin...

Stardate 8801.01, 1300 Hours:

Initial briefings completed; time to report for new photo/retinal ID's. The photolab tech is extremely competent, but as a Betazoid, he keeps the studio temperature uncomfortably frigid. This is the first time I've ever **shivered** through a photo session...

1700 Hours, Supplementary: The events of the past 36 hours have kept us on extended watch well past the medically advisable time limits. Nonetheless, we must still prepare for the 7th Fleet briefing, and a possible surprise inspection, to occur some time tomorrow. I suspect I shall have to throttle the mess chief in order to get some black coffee...

Stardate 8801.03, 0930 Hours, "How Not to Transport Cargo...":

On Captain Levine's orders, Lieutenant Sperling loaded the ground shuttles with refreshments and presentation papers for the briefing, which was scheduled for the far side of the base. In the haste to get over, a crate of finger food was left on the shuttle roof. Halfway there, the crate flew off, necessitating a frantic chase for the edibles...

II--STARDATES 8802.23 TO 8805.02:

Stardate 8802.23:

Received confirmation of *U.S.S. Tai Shan's* arrival at starbase. Captain Blackman and Lt. Commander Ross have begun to forward various transfer requests and supply requisitions as the *Tai Shan* undergoes routine maintenance before leaving on its next mission.

Stardate 8802.24:

The Operations decks are beginning to look a bit bare as the "party crew" (Captain Blackman, Commanders Newman and Hoffmann, and Lt. Commander Ross) begin to remove their personal effects from the various common areas. I will need to gather the rest of the division together to decide whether or

not squadrons of ancient flight vehicles should replace raunchy centerfolds...

Stardate 8802.29:

Am beaming over to the *Tai Shan* with some of the last of the "party crews" personal effects. There are a few final documents to process and rituals to observe, now that this mess with the Ahrman'yak and *Konkordium* is over. In a couple of weeks, I will accompany Rear Admiral Rosenzweig to the Interstellar Propulsion Conference...

Stardate 8803.18:

Rendezvous with the *Konkordium*. Rear Admiral Rosenzweig and I are beaming over to confer with Captain Levine as her ship prepares to drop off its contingent of eight delegates to the Conference on Interstellar Propulsion on Lindburgh IV. We will be leaving the *Avenger* in the capable (?) hands of Captain Bob Vosseller as it heads for its next mission.

Stardate 8803.30:

Received *Communiqué* [one of several Fleetwide journals in publication] and call for submissions. Placed a subspace through to Communications Command to request clarification of format and suitability. As a result, portions of the *Avenger's* unclassified logs are being uploaded to Communications Command upon Admiral Krause's request.

Stardate 8804.01:

Dual holidays: Christian Good Friday started at midnight; Jewish Pesach, at sunset. The *Avenger* will be in geosynchronous orbit around Solomon V for the next three days while most of the crew quietly observes the change of seasons.

Stardate 8804.03:

Beginning to expand communications to several additional 7th Fleet vessels requires the update of introductory materials for new *Avenger* personnel. Both should be completed by this evening.

Stardate 8804.04:

CMO Levy reports an overflow of officers seeking relief from the effects of overindulgence. Staffing is marginally affected by this annual problem; the *Avenger* is therefore moving into a two-hour parking orbit and completing its planetary resources scan instead of beginning manned exploration.

Stardate 8804.19:

Have been interviewing possible candidates for assistant chief of operations...an exhausting search, made more grueling by the transfer of several subdivision heads to other assignments. I need trained personnel for these positions, but the daily responsibilities of direct line supervision have left me little time to set up a formal training program.

Stardate 8804.23:

Recent communication with Star Fleet Personnel confirmed my impressions that this round of ship transfers is still not complete. Apparently, the assignment of four additional vessels to this patrol has created a backlog at Ops HQ. This seems to be what is behind the delays in processing Commander Tom Wilson's Command Qualifying Exam.

Stardate 8804.24:

Personal discussions with Commander Jeff Hunt confirm that his training cadre is expected to complete the program within the next solar month, at which time they will be assigned to one of the new starships joining the 7th Fleet.

IIA--FROM LT. COMMANDER BELL'S PERSONAL LOG:

Stardate 8802.29:

Returned from materials delivery to *Tai Shan* to find a message from Rear Admiral Tim Gillespie, who has been charged with personnel recruitment for this year's Exploration Day exhibition. On the basis of my records and a recommendation from Commander Mason of the Quartermaster's Office, I have been assigned to the post of Drill Coordinator for the 8806.19 demonstration.

Stardate 8803.01:

Just finished a very fruitful conversation with Commander Nick Cook on the subject of Parade Drill. Commander Cook has had many years of experience in this area, dating from his years as a junior cadet and Academy hopeful. For me, the exercise is one of management: Can I find shipboard staffs to drill basic maneuvers so that our units can integrate into one crack team three months from now?

Stardate 8803.18, Supplemental:

One of the nicer things about life on a starbase is the constant flow of people: starships in, starships out, civilian supply ships, deep space colonists... At any time, half the 7th Fleet can be gathered, either in person or by subspace, for routine meetings and planning sessions... We met up at beamdown with newly-transferred *Tai Shan* Lt. Commanders Legard and Lebowitz, who will be accompanying us to the Propulsion Conference in Captain Blackman's stead.

Stardate 8803.19, 0200 Hours:

Reception and briefing kept the Command Lounge busy for most of the evening. We will require four shuttlecraft to transport 7th Fleet Command and staff to Lindburgh IV: two standard *Konkordium* shuttles with warp sleds, one Warp-4 starbase shuttle, and the so-called "Admiral's Yacht"—a small, Warp-5 interstellar vehicle placed at the Fleet Commandant's disposal for swift access to a crisis situation. The "yacht" had been left on the starbase for some structural work on the aft port strake and some of the thrust-control surfaces, which had registered interior damage on the weekly flight-worthiness inspection. Rear Admiral Rosenzweig is still trying to figure out why...

Stardate 8803.19, 0700 Hours:

Early-morning wake-up call. We await the arrival of Lieutenant Carey Sperling of the *U.S.S. Arcturus*, who has of late been serving as Staff Security Coordinator.

Stardate 8803.19, 0930 Hours:

After a quick scramble for our uniforms, we suited up and loaded the shuttles for the hop over to the conference.

Stardate 8803.19, 1200 Hours:

Pre-registration coffee and danish allowed 7th Fleet Command to reconnoiter. Star Fleet representation at the conference is as follows: 5 ships sending delegates: (From *Arcturus*: 1; From *Avenger*: 6; From *Konkordium*: 10; From *McAuliffe*: 17; From *Tai Shan*: 3)

Stardate 8803.19, 1430 Hours:

Luncheon discussions ran to aerothermodynamics: atmospheric entry in non-atmospheric craft...

Star Fleet has been doing well at the conference. We met with several architect/engineers to discuss the principles of Antarean structural aesthetics—a vital part of contract

negotiations for a small fleet of Antarean-crewed vessels. We have also gained a number of enthusiastic recruits who will enter the service upon college graduation.

Supplemental:

En route to the conference, we noticed a mild degree of yaw on the Admiral's Yacht, apparently due to the anisotropic properties of laminate patching. We were fortunate that we noticed the anomaly before attempting warp drive, or we would have been killed upon acceleration. One of the materials engineers had the local maintenance people apply a moment-adjustment technique he had presented this morning--but we still need to flight-test the vehicle to verify the repair. We plan to do this tonight, en route to the starbase: The *Konkordium's* Chief Engineer, Commander John Flanders, spent several years as a commercial test pilot before joining Star Fleet. He is still one of the top test pilots in the galaxy.

Stardate 8803.19, 1900 Hours:

On the Admiral's Yacht, en route to the starbase. For safety reasons, Rear Admiral Rosenzweig is traveling this transit with Captain Levine in the 'base shuttle. The yacht's support crew consists of Arcturus Security Chief Carey Sperling and myself. Lieutenant Sperling is handling navigation and what passes for ordnance. My function is primarily verification: I hold the override identification codes. The course Lieutenant Sperling chose is outwardly simple--but there is nothing simple about a test flight. The four-turn path became an obstacle course with hairpin turns and evasive maneuvers against nonfunctional geosynchronous satellites. Finally, Commander Flanders kicked in warp one, twisted and turned several times more, and brought us into the starbase. The Computer-Aided Repair/Diagnostic (CARD) system hooked up to the Yacht just as we were beamed to the briefing room.

Stardate 8803.19, 2130 Hours:

The actual briefing was short. The *McAuliffe* has been reassigned. Instead of conducting vegetation tests on Stonybrook VII, she will head out to Maßship IV to pick up several marine biologists and the raw data from their cetacean research project. Meanwhile, the *Tai Shan's* next mission—a routine medical transport mission—will commence as soon as the CARD moorings can be cleared. Also, all ships will be scheduled for protocol and technology updates this quarter in advance of Exploration Day maneuvers. Finally, promotion lists were discussed.

Stardate 8803.20, 0200 Hours:

The motion to adjourn business was followed by the commotion of the mass decision to converge upon a little establishment on Earhart, the local equivalent of Argelius. At a distance of approximately 0.19 parsec, the artificial base lies just south of the system's inner Oort cloud, and at the limits of ship-shuttle range. Rear Admiral Rosenzweig and Captain Levine took the Warp-4 'base shuttle, now piloted by Lieutenant Sperling, while Commander Flanders and I took the Yacht again, this time with Communications Officer Dave Ward as backup navigator (Lieutenant Ward frequents the place on leave). After a general overview of the course, we pulled on our g-suits and prepared for a series of warp maneuvers--including linear acceleration, rolls, close turns, and a series of maneuvers analogous to "pulling g's" on

atmospheric craft. Our course took us several astronomical units north of the ecliptic and back in toward Lindburgh IV before heading southward and out toward Earhart. Much to Commander Flanders' surprise (and my chagrin), we managed to pull warp 7.5--even on the long straightaways. Unfortunately, the gravcomps were not built to respond to that type of acceleration, and we had to resort to emergency straining maneuvers to prevent g-loc. (Note: Remember to pull Lieutenant Sperling's flight record. Despite our high-g maneuvers and her lack of g-suit, she managed to follow us to the limits of the shuttle's ability. **Why?** Note to Medical: Request examination of her psych-profile for latent suicidal tendencies.) Because of the time needed to perform these maneuvers (and Commander Flanders' disengagement of the high-resolution scanners), we got only halfway through the list before we changed course to arrive at Earhart--some time after the others. We left both shuttles at the shuttleport and entered the GrndR Pub, g-suits and all. The first thing we heard was Admiral Ryan's jovially bellicose, "What took you so long?" (I'm beginning to wonder if that is an example of Tellarite humor--Admiral Ryan had taken the whole *McAuliffe* there, lock, stock, and barrel...at **warp 8**...) I tugged at the collar of my g-suit and mumbled something about satellite traffic in the asteroid belt...

Earhart is a station known among Star Fleet personnel for its service and hospitality, and the GrndR Pub particularly so. The reality: there were more than twenty of us--but only one waitress. To top that off, the bar was out of Saurian and had never heard of Armagnac! A half-hour later, the earliest orders finally began to appear. We discussed a number of topics over the few entremets and intoxicants that were available. Finally, we escaped the fate imposed by Argo—but just barely—as the pub closed at 0100 Hours to observe a quaint tradition known as "blue laws"...

Flanders and I knew our return to the base would be delayed. In addition to the rest of the flight tests, we would have to determine how the Yacht managed to gain 2.5 warp factors and what effect the additional velocity had on both vehicle and personnel. Lieutenant Ward bravely volunteered to monitor the avionics and systems probes. The first thing he noticed was a doozy: we didn't need the security codes for launching. But when he tried to recall the security locking procedure, the system clammed up. I entered the override and requested a listing of personnel access to avionics and flight systems. The computer decided to take its time. We decided to complete our flight tests. Although the list took us up to warp 8, the craft showed little stress, even during high-warp, tight-radius turns. What bothered me was the gravcomps' sluggish response and the painfully high cabin noise. I could mute the noise a little with my helmet. The gravcomps were another story. I had never been trained in high-g maneuvers, so my familiarity with the M1/L1 straining technique was mostly theoretical. As a result, I was quickly fatigued and had trouble remaining conscious. This became critical once we deposited Lieutenant Ward back at the Communications labs (something about "cloning biotransmission lines") before beginning the 6-pi Hamiltonian orbit at the outer Oort cloud radius. This is a tricky maneuver in warp drive: one needs split-second timing to avoid shuttle-comet collisions. The

computer display and Commander Flanders' constant checking on me were the only things preventing g-loc. The computer spat out the flight-and-avionics-secure rosters just as we landed. Two names rang alarms in my muddled thoughts: Lt. Commander Matt Ross and Ensign Chris Ambrose. It appears that they "souped up" the Yacht and took it for what was once known as a "joyride"...

Stardate 8803.20, 1145 Hours:

Arrived 0225 at the residence compound at the same time as Captain Levine and company, an effect more of time dilation than of warp factor. Dr. Legard hustled us directly to the infirmary for post-flight physicals without so much as a "by-your-leave" and kept us overnight "for observation"—in other words, incommunicado. We had no way of informing Rear Admiral Rosenzweig of the security breach until after the *Tai Shan* had left orbit.

Dismissed to our own devices, Flanders and I shuttled across the compound for a typically-reconstituted breakfast, where we were accosted by a Tunnelite claiming to be Lieutenant Ward. Needless to say, we were more than a bit skeptical. He mumbled something about "adaptive bioholographic transmission experiments". We remained unconvinced. Finally, he removed a small device from his pocket and flicked a switch. It was Lieutenant Ward, all right, up to his usual theatrics. We piled into the shuttle and took off for Lindburgh IV.

We created a stir upon entry—due, no doubt, to Lieutenant Ward's voluminous adaptive biohologram. Several conferees actually managed to mistake our prankster for the Tunnelite crusader "Vincent", an experience I'd not like to repeat soon.

Stardate 8803.20, 2130 Hours, Supplemental:

Star Fleet recruitment has gone well. If all goes as expected, we shall have enough Engineering candidates to keep the 7th Fleet's ships at peak performance for decades. Meanwhile, we have each "attended" the poster sessions and ordered copies of the Transactions. After a brief photo session, we stowed our gear into the various shuttles and prepared to return to the base...

Stardate 8803.20, 2345 Hours:

After unloading the 7th Fleet displays from the shuttles, we stowed our personal effects and stopped briefly by the *Konkordium* to say our farewells before rejoining the *Avenger*...

Stardate 8803.27:

Ensign Nihal has completed and posted most of the photo accounts of last week's Conference. When asked about the missing frames, Nihal muttered something about there being Humans who might see them—in the same way that a Human adult speaks of withholding sexual material from a child... Hmm...

Stardate 8804.04:

Exploration Day preparations necessitate that I contact Captain Chris Atkins, commanding the *U.S.S. Pathfinder* in the First Fleet. Captain Atkins is the Personnel Coordinator and Internship Liaison for the Exploration Day extravaganza, and is the person most likely to know whom to contact to initiate effective procedures planning.

Stardate 8804.06, 0100 Hours:

Contacted Rear Admiral Gillespie for final approval prior to contacting Captain Atkins. The admiral and I also discussed at length the matter of Star Fleet's public image and the protocols that will be expected of us during Exploration Week.

Stardate 8804.06, 1500 Hours:

Sent mirror messages to Captain Atkins and Rear Admiral Gillespie as per orders. Received a subspace message from Lieutenant Sperling of the *Arcturus*: "Conference visuals received and approved of. Rooms still available for the technical conference on Suny VII. Have been dogged by Fleet Psych all week. Any idea why?"

Stardate 8804.10:

Received official notice of Rear Admiral Rosenzweig's new training program for 7th Fleet staff and starship commanders. The outward purpose of this Continuing Education program is to develop a strong support network capable of managing the Fleet when its Commandant is away on Star Fleet business. The actual training is expected to commence SD8804.23, with an introductory lecture at the starbase.

Stardate 8804.22:

A stargram from Star Fleet Command has called Rear Admiral Rosenzweig away from the *Avenger* for a diplomatic summit with representatives of the Klingon Empire. It seems that some members of this delegation are familiar with the admiral's record and have requested his presence as a condition of the negotiations. FleetCom has been unusually swift in complying in this matter.

Stardate 8804.23:

7th Fleet strategy meeting. Since the *Konkordium* is on border patrol, Captain Blackman presided. Most discussion centered around the current status of the *U.S.S. Tai Shan*: Although Captain Blackman is still feeling his way around policy issues, he has managed to pull some fascinating first assignments for his crew. As a side note, I ran into Captain Dan Halloran, Jr., who has been on extended leave to attend to family matters...

Stardate 8804.24:

Strategy meeting II. *Arcturus* CO Captain Eric Johnson presided. Most of the meeting dealt with 7th Fleet and general Star Fleet business: recruitment, Exploration Day, and upcoming technical meetings.

Stardate 8804.25:

Talks have broken down with the Klingon Empire. Rumor has it that the delegation received word from Qo'noS to accept no less than the head of Captain James T. Kirk on an Americium* platter. (*Americium is a synthetic element with a half-life of fractions of a second. It is both highly radioactive and highly unstable.) As a result, Rear Admiral Rosenzweig is returning to the starbase. I notice a whisper of a smirk on Captain Johnson's face...does he know something that we don't?

Stardate 8804.26:

Rumors have reached back through Fleet Ops: Rear Admiral Rosenzweig **staged** the "Klingon Summit" to see how we reacted during his absence—a way of choosing the optimum approach for this type of training.

Stardate 8804.27:

Konkordium is ferrying both Rear Admiral Rosenzweig and me back to the *Avenger*, located some three days hence.

Stardate 8804.30:

The 7th Fleet staff present have been reviewing several of the less "space-happy" cultures in the Federation, such as those of Lotus V and Snokon II. Such education is commonplace at MIT, whose [Alumni Register](#) reads like a Pangalactic Who's Who. Apparently it is not as readily accessible to Academy cadets, as half the study group found itself unfamiliar with such mundane items as chopsticks. After a leisurely dinner, we reviewed the Hodgson mission to Kellerman X...

III--STARDATES 8805.14 TO 8807.01:

Stardate 8805.14:

Phototech Ensign Nihal has been assigned to detached duty on the *U.S.S. Arcturus* for the next lunar cycle as part of a historical survey on the Shish-ak-bab System. He has orders to maintain communication with the *Avenger* and 7th Fleet Command via subspace radio. Fortunately, 7th Fleet Archives are current and have been posted to the open logs.

Stardate 8805.27:

Work progresses slowly on a solution to the recruitment drive disputes; a preliminary hearing has been requested.

Stardate 8806.05:

Rear Admiral Rosenzweig and I have beamed over to the *Arcturus* for their formal presentation of survey data, and to collect Ensign Nihal, who has been running into "personality conflicts" with Captain Johnson (Note to Fleet Psych: Captain Johnson's open logs admit discomfiture with Betazoids. Why, and why hasn't something been done?). Instead of a seminar, we received the "Royal Runaround"--a guided tour of a restored Shish-ak-bab village.

Stardate 8806.10:

Star Fleet Chief of Operations Admiral Bryan Ackermann has ordered the recruitment drive disputes officially settled.

Stardate 8806.12:

Sailed into starbase as the *Avenger* celebrated Rear Admiral Rosenzweig's third full year in this command. Representatives from the *Konkordium*, *Tai Shan*, *Arcturus*, and *Jamestown* joined us for the reception.

Stardate 8806.15:

The first of the 7th Fleet's delegation to the Annual All-Fleet Conference on Directions and Planning have arrived at Federation Headquarters. The All-Fleet Conference is, as usual, set to coincide with Exploration Day, the standard-annual celebration of the Federation's Exploration Forces, of which Star Fleet is the largest.

Stardate 8806.16:

Several crew delegations from the Fleet banded together for a tour of one of Terra's first aerospace research facilities. Models and holos show that the scale of these first, primitive spacecraft—extremely small when compared to the *Avenger*—is actually quite respectable when compared to the 60th-percentile Human male...

Stardate 8806.16, 2100 hours:

The Conference on Directions and Planning opened with the usual array of interminable speeches in an overpacked Federation Hall, and a preview of the Exploration Day exhibits. Halfway through the preview, Vice Commanding Admiral Smith's courier informed me that I had been scheduled for a

planning session for the Exploration Day parade. The evening formally ended with the "Admirals' Reception", and informally with some late-night networking at the Officers' Club.

Stardate 8806.18, 0200 Hours:

Plenary sessions and seminars (what else?). My schedule included Rear Admiral Rosenzweig's session on Federation political history, Rear Admiral Tim Gillespie's Communications Workshop, and Commodore Steven Stein's and Commander Howard Cronson's session on the Star Fleet Executive Officer. A working lunch with the command troika of the *Constellation* // addressed the matter of materiel procurement in remote areas. I spent the afternoon being briefed on the Exploration Day parade, and the early evening at the recruitment booth. Briefing the Fleet on the parade brought out the worst in several members: Marine Sergeant-Major McLean made a rather vocal scene concerning the parade dress codes, and required several attempts at peer counseling. Fleet Psych was on call most of the night...

Stardate 8806.18, 1330 Hours:

The Exploration Day parade was both more and less difficult than I'd anticipated. It was more difficult getting the delegation into personnel transports and onto our spots. Once there, though, it was a relatively simple matter arranging the delegation: I let the most experienced persons take the key points, and had the neophytes follow. The demonstration was hardly as crisp as I'd have wished for, but the less formal appearance turned out to be much more effective than expected. Half the Federation turned out to cheer us on; the other half watched on subspace video.

Stardate 8806.18, 2300 Hours:

The Working Group on Directions and Planning presented its findings at this evening's awards ceremony. Updates included info on recruit orientation, franking privileges, interstellar communication, and Officer and Command Training. After a pause for refreshment, Star Fleet's Achievement Awards were presented. Prominent among the honorees was the *McAuliffe's* Commander Cronson, who received the Public Service Award for his work in early-space education...

Stardate 8806.19, 0600 Hours:

Another round of networking, this one much less formal, kept us going almost 'til dawn...

Stardate 8806.19, 1600 Hours:

Attended Admiral Ackermann's seminar on problems in starship command. Points addressed included the varying equivalent-ages and legal-ages of different planets' inhabitants, and how to ease one's way around the sometimes difficult issue of security clearances for "adult" situations...

Stardate 8806.19, 2100 Hours:

End of Conference. Remaining delegations assisted Fleet Command in dismantling the recruitment displays.

Stardate 8806.20, 0000 Hours:

Farewell Dinner in the Federation Main Dining Hall gave us a chance to discuss the events of the weekend while gaining greater insight into our fellow officers. After dinner, we reconvened in the video area to review the raw footage. Finally, the Med officers noted that we were all well past the start of our scheduled sleep shifts, and we let nature take its course.

Stardate 8806.20, 1100 Hours:

Began stowing gear in the Admiral's Yacht for the trip back to the *Avenger*. In between, we took time to lunch in the Historical Zones, at a place highly recommended by the *Konkordium's* Captain Levine. Called "Shorty's", it is a restoration of something Captain Levine referred to as a "diner". The food was good, though a little more expensive than we'd expected. Luckily the 'Zone doesn't have regular shuttle service. It gave us a chance to walk off some of the meal before the effects showed up on CMO Levy's scales...

Stardate 8806.22, 1900 Hours:

Docked with *Avenger*; unloaded gear into shuttle bay. Maintenance crews are refueling the Yacht and checking for hidden damage...

Stardate 8806.23, 1145 Hours:

Have transmitted to Starbase 29 my personal records of the Conference for processing and retransmission to other ships in the Fleet. Ensign Nihal has promised that the data will be processed within 24 standard hours, and that the 7th Fleet Archives will be up-to-date by the weekend.

Stardate 8806.24:

Received copies of my records for Fleetwide transmission; spent most of the evening sorting which records have to be sent to which personnel on which assignments. Some difficulties in resource allocation forced me to subspace to Captain Atkins for further clarification. Fortunately, most wrinkles tended to work themselves out...

Stardate 8806.26:

Convened at starbase for a short briefing on the Annual Conference, picking up the *Konkordium's* Commander Carol Peterson for a brief session on 7th Fleet Communication. Nihal walked in midday with the Archives—unproofed, and barely in place, but there. It seems that Betazoids—or at least Ensign Nihal—are sensitive to some sort of seasonal botanical, and he has been suffering from what Fleet Med refers to as "seasonal psionic dysfunction", or more jokingly, "psychic hayfever"... Fortunately, none of the other psychics in the 7th Fleet has reported similar dysfunction...

Stardate 8806.27:

After a late night at the 'flicks, we took a stroll down to the base "bookshop" for a glance at the latest titles. We returned in time to listen to special lectures before returning to our respective ships for our next assignments...

Stardate 8806.29:

"Psychic hayfever" has hit several other Fleet personnel, to a much milder degree. Although the dysfunction has been limited to psi-sensitive personnel, none has reported anything like Nihal's bouts of narcolepsy. Fortunately, Nihal seems to have adjusted quickly and is back on a normal duty schedule.

Stardate 8807.01:

Month-end reports bring discussions with tactical, navigation, and helm personnel. Ensign Stephen Buonocore is on marriage leave. Training cadres aboard *Avenger* still await the assignment to this fleet of the *Intrepid II* and *Challenger*. Because of this, the division is maintaining only routine operations.

IV--STARDATES 8807.08 TO 8809.10:

Stardate 8807.08, 2000 Hours:

Rear Admiral Rosenzweig and I shuttled over to the *Konkordium* to discuss 7th Fleet policy with Captain Jennifer Levine and Commander Carol Peterson.

Stardate 8807.09, 0700 Hours:

The *Konk* hosted a two-day Open House and Security Seminar. Presentations included topics such as standard security procedures, internal security, and hand weapons utilization. Keynote speaker Denise Crosby addressed proposed new weapon systems. The purpose of the Open Houses are two-fold: to show the public what Star Fleet does (and how their tax credits are spent), and to give space-industry personnel the opportunity to interface with the end-users of their products, allowing them to adjust their designs and user-support systems accordingly. Contractors and architect/engineers had the opportunity to get feedback from the crews of *McAuliffe*, *Arcturus*, *Saladin*, and the newly-transferred *Intrepid II*, as well as *Konkordium* and *Avenger*.

Stardate 8807.09, 1600 Hours:

Konkordium Chief Engineer John Flanders arrived from two weeks' detached duty at Star Fleet Headquarters, quite literally armed to the hilt. It appears that he decided to take a few hours' extra leave and then make up the time by taking an Orion transport (That is to say, he hitched a ride with smugglers)... Upon arrival, he presented Rear Admiral Rosenzweig and Captain Levine with notarized documents of acceptance into Star Fleet's Command Training Program. To celebrate this achievement, Commander Flanders and his training cadre hosted an informal reception, which they referred to as a "barbecue"...

Stardate 8807.10, 0500 Hours, Supplemental:

Spent most of the late-night with the latest introductory Command Studies simulation. The exercise: given a simulated crew and its background, try to maneuver one's way through a preset crisis situation. Just as in the *Kobayashi Maru* test, several of us "manned" the various "bridge stations" while Commander Flanders took great pride in showing off his skills...

Stardate 8807.10, 1830 Hours:

Spent several hours meeting with Commander Flanders' training cadre. Lt. Commander Angus Nicholson, Commander Flanders' exec, appears to have the necessary stability to temper Commander Flanders' characteristic impetuosity. The other crew seem, on the whole, quite sturdy individuals ready to follow their leader into any dangers they might encounter...

Stardate 8807.10, 2200 Hours:

Returned to Starbase 29 for semi-annual multi-gravitational certification. Several conference participants on leave from the *Arcturus* are also staying behind. Rear Admiral Rosenzweig is shuttling back to the *Avenger* to oversee preparations for its upcoming Open House...

Stardate 8807.16, 0800 Hours:

Final g-certification tests were held at the Riverside test facility, several astronomical units from the base. Personnel

transports arrived early in the morning to shuttle out those officers scheduled for certification.

Stardate 8807.16, 1000 Hours, Supplemental:

In order to put newcomers at ease, most of the Riverside apparatus is designed to look like an old-style Earth amusement park. The g-suits, however, defy the sugar-coating. For the unprepared, the result is sheer terror.

Stardate 8807.16, 1900 Hours:

For most of the testing, I was partnered with Commander Flanders and Lieutenant Diana Haven of the *Arcturus*. One would think that after the "Admiral's Yacht" incident of SD8803.20, Flanders and I would have had no problem with the g-certification tests. WRONG!! G-certification takes one to the absolute limits of one's ability—and then some. In other words, the more g-tolerant one is, the longer and more strenuous the tests become. The testers kept the three of us busy for most of the day, releasing us only as the transport was about to return to the starbase...

Stardate 8807.24, 1300 Hours:

In orbit around Starbase 29 for *Avenger's* Open House. Our theme—Exploration and Education—was demonstrated with copies of various Archives and open logs, lectures, and simulations. Lt. Commander Bob Fillmore and the crew assigned to Delta Shift did most of the heavy preparation through the early morning. Some of *Tai Shan's* crew, having previously served on the *Avenger*, stopped by to lend a hand before heading off for their own g-certification tests. The *Konkordium* reciprocated our aid of two weeks ago by sending a contingent of its own.

Stardate 8807.24, 1930 Hours:

After the last civilian left, we all lent a hand to rearrange the tour corridors, replace the logs, and inventory supplies before beaming back to the base's premier restaurant for a celebratory dinner...

Stardate 8807.31, 1630 Hours:

Tai Shan's Open House emphasized Intelligence and Simulation. Keynote speakers Tracy Torme and John de Lancie demonstrated scenario derivation and development, and undercover intelligence methods. Commanders of 7th Fleet ships *Avenger*, *Intrepid II*, *Konkordium*, and *Challenger* shuttled in for a detailed Planning Session before heading off to their next assignments.

Stardate 8807.31, 1715 Hours, Supplemental:

Received from Rear Admiral Rosenzweig a time-coded message from Star Fleet Personnel. My service record supported a "Superior Performance" rating on the promotion test, and with a recommendation from Rear Admiral Rosenzweig, resulted in my being promoted to the rank of Commander, effective this stardate, 1200 Hours...

Stardate 8808.13:

Several of the other ships in the Fleet are holding assorted briefings and Open Houses this weekend, before the rush of third-quarter reporting and publication schedules. In particular, *McAuliffe* has scheduled its monthly full-crew debriefing (read: stashes of Austral ales), *Tai Shan* is hosting an "old-style picnic", and *Avenger* is in the midst of departmental scheduling meetings. My business is over on the *Konkordium*, whose crew, after the "mostly-senior-staff

meeting", will be hosting a volleyball marathon in support of agricultural and psychological reforms on Hellguard.

Stardate 8808.14, 0800 Hours, Supplemental:

A temporary malfunction in the rec deck's climate-control system resulted in a six-hour delay in the Marathon schedule. The Engineering report attributed the cause to a dead tribble (!)lodged in the rec-deck coolant feed lines. Further scans confirmed that this was an isolated instance and that the *Konk* is once again tribble-free...

Stardate 8808.14, 1700 Hours:

Surprise visit from Rear Admiral Rosenzweig with a set of sealed orders for Captain Levine from Star Fleet HQ. Captain Levine has been ordered to report back to HQ on detached duty for additional training as Deputy 7th Fleet Commandant. Naturally, a celebration was in order, complete with steak, cake, and brew. *Konk* Mission Support Officer (Chaplaincy) John ("Hannas") Hagen provided the music tapes, and we danced the rest of the shift...

Stardate 8808.21:

Over to the *Arcturus* for a two-day seminar on "The Prime Directive: Options for Observation in a Closed, Early Society". The Shish-ak-bab survey was presented as a case history in support of direct relations. Federation Intelligence's Michael Dorn presented the position of undercover infiltration. A glitch in one of the portable anti-gravs resulted in some temporary scrambling to suspend the ship's standard from the raised platform at the side of the rec deck, where the keynote address was to have been delivered...

Stardate 8808.28, 0200 Hours:

The Command Workshop on Creacon VI was well-attended by 7th Fleet personnel; a special Star Fleet debriefing was held to take advantage of the situation. Because of the logistical difficulties in securing a meeting room, we held only the briefest of on-site meetings before taking ground-shuttles to the Astronomical Institute's Continuing Education center. After discussing 7th Fleet policies and starship schedules, we informally "debriefed" by means of a sound and light display called, appropriately enough, "Light Waves"...

Stardate 8808.28, 1630 Hours:

A quick look at the Conference schedule confirmed that until 1520, there was nothing happening beyond Freshman-level training (for civilian personnel), so we headed back to the Continuing Education center for a look at the cetacean exhibit. Several hours—and kilometers—later, we found ourselves well-acquainted with the mating positions of various reptiles and annelids...and having but briefly glanced at the cetacean-room centerpiece, a life-sized model of a blue whale...

Stardate 8808.28, 2100 Hours:

After local expert Jonathan Frakes' closing remarks, those of us remaining journeyed to a nearby Terrasian cafeteria to complete our debriefing...

Stardate 8809.04:

Received subspace communication from Star Fleet Personnel concerning the status of Navigators John Abbott and Stephen Buonocore—GARBLED. Have been trying to contact Personnel all day...

Stardate 8809.08:

Have requested and received retransmission of message of SD8809.03, confirming the following changes:
 --Promotion of John Abbott to Chief Navigator, with rank promotion to Lieutenant;
 --Transfer and promotion of Stephen Buonocore to Chief Helmsman, with rank promotion to Lieutenant;
 --Position redesignation of Lieutenant D.C. Robinson from Chief Pilot to Chief Flight Officer.

Stardate 8809.10:

New Years' preparations continue for all Jewish personnel aboard...

V--STARDATES 8810.03 TO 8811.14:

Stardate 8810.03:

Spoke with Lt. Commander Mike DeMono regarding a number of positions opening in 7th Fleet Administration. He is hoping to use his experience in Gamma Shift to gain a staff-level position in the medical division.

Stardate 8810.04:

Spoke with Lieutenant Stephen Buonocore regarding helm department. Ensign Joe Toland has shown great initiative on Delta Shift, and has been seen uploading a few choice tidbits about the off-duty lives of certain Delta Shift personnel...

Stardate 8810.05, 2200 Hours:

Senior Navigation Officer Commander Gregg Trask uploaded month-end data on his training cadre operations, which include a planned tactical briefing on SD8811.11 and ongoing drills. The cadre is still looking to complete its base requirements to qualify for final flight team integration before being assigned to starship command. As part of the requisite shuffling of personnel, Ensign Andy O'Toole has requested and been approved for transfer from the Medical to Operations divisions.

Stardate 8810.05, 2345 Hours:

Downloaded new bulletin from Commander Mark Haynes' training cadre aboard the *Argon II*. This supplemental entry notes upcoming field training exercises at the Camp Hill training grounds on Pennsye.

Stardate 8810.07, Supplemental:

With the Admiral's Yacht unavailable, I rode civilian on Piedmont Interstellar in to Starbase 1 for the First Fleet Conference on Exploration, Operations, and Management (EOM). My purpose: continuing education in Fleet management, and formal briefing on the Fleet Division Chief programs. I was met at the spaceport by Captain Christopher Atkins of the *Pathfinder* and XO Trudye Horton. My ID sped me through the red tape, and we quickly shuttled over to the base.

Stardate 8810.08, 0700 Hours:

The delegates began arriving at the Conference Hall around 1845; the opening speeches were scheduled for 2200. In the interim, I was introduced to at least a dozen officers serving aboard as many ships, and had the opportunity to discuss both business and pleasure. At 2000, we received a subspace saying that Commandant Linda Neighbors' Yacht malfunctioned en route from Madison V, forcing her to quickly return for emergency repairs. In light of this, Vice-Commandant

Jeannette Maddox presented the Introductory Address. After welcoming remarks, there was time for more personal introductions before the *Pathfinder* delegation's traditional reception (which lasted until 0230)...

Stardate 8810.08, 0915 Hours:

Rear Admiral Neighbors just arrived--Admiral's Yacht, strep throat, and all—with very little time to settle in before the 1200 address.

Stardate 8810.08, 1500 Hours:

The main auditorium was filled. Captain Atkins gave a short introduction, and Rear Admiral Neighbors described some of the 1st Fleet's activities. The head of each delegation described in brief his starship's activities over the past solar year—logs of which were available for viewing at the main personnel registration area.

Following the presentations, I joined several officers from *Heimdal*, *Pathfinder*, and *McKay* at the Officers' Mess. Captain Tom Monaghan of the *McKay* used this interval to catch up on Galactic Precis-Three scores, while Captain Atkins repeatedly dealt with his dessert in a manner I'd thought limited to the Estrus on Carillon IV and the Homos on Gaylib XIX...

Stardate 8810.09, 0700 Hours:

After an evening of "entertainment" including a Marine Drill ("Call to Colors") and Rear Admiral Neighbors' description of a "cross-dressed" Captain Atkins, we beamed back for another of the *Pathfinder's* infamous receptions, this one featuring a libation which Commander Horton referred to by the Terran-Christian name for the Deity. Both reception and libation met with mass approval, the reception lasting (despite a progressive "stage") until 0400...

Stardate 8810.09, 1815 Hours:

Spent most of the afternoon in conference with Commodore Jeannette Maddox, Rear Admiral Tim Gillespie, and several other delegates from the *Lagrange*. Rear Admiral Gillespie and I had both been charged with learning Commodore Maddox's positions on several key issues regarding the upcoming review of the Fleet Admiral's position by the Military Staff Committee. The interview lasted some time, as Commodore Maddox—a candidate for selection as Fleet Admiral—solicited our views on the current status of the Fleet and on how Star Fleet operations affected our respective starships' operations (and in my case, the 7th Fleet's operations in general). This interview lasted until halfway through the concluding ceremonies, when Rear Admiral Gillespie and company were called back to the *Lagrange*.

Stardate 8810.10, Supplemental:

Aboard Piedmont Interstellar en route to Starbase 29. Much of the hubbub surrounding the closing ceremonies was focused around current Star Fleet operations; I shall have a fair amount of debriefing to do at several levels. Also, I shall have to speak to Ensign Nihal regarding some 144 still frames which will need development, sorting, and distribution around the 1st Fleet.

Stardate 8810.12, 1900 Hours:

Noted on Ship's BBS that Lt. Commander Michael DeMono will be taking over the post of Assistant Chief Medical Officer on the *Avenger*.

Stardate 8810.13, 0100 Hours:

Formal debriefing to Rear Admiral Rosenzweig included observations on format, morale, and participation in addition to the news and special information originally requested. After a thorough discussion of the length and breadth of complaints on the Star Fleet level, I have been authorized to transmit these observations to the appropriate departments as soon as possible.

Stardate 8810.14:

Have sent coded subspace debriefing to Fleet Admiral Smith as per protocol dictates. Have been trying to raise Admiral Lotito through subspace nets, to no avail: the Academy's descrambler nets will be down for servicing through the next four solar days.

Stardate 8810.17:

Finally got through to Star Fleet Academy. Admiral Lotito attributes most of the various allegations to a "batch processing" system for information dissemination and application review. He has assured me that he will address the matter publicly, and in depth.

Have received rumor that with the next solar year, Fleet Admiral Smith will relinquish his position in favor of a private sector job.

Stardate 8810.18:

Downloaded Delta Shift bulletin, much of which was devoted to Rec Deck activities: party planning, simulator training, and several innovative Recreation Room programs.

Stardate 8810.21, 2100 Hours:

Downloaded Medical bulletin, in which CMO Levy addressed the topic of continuing education, and several of her staff have penned papers on primitive- and survival-medicine for landing party operations.

Stardate 8810.21, 2345 Hours:

Received corrected info from Rear Admiral Rosenzweig: Fleet Admiral Smith has no plans to relinquish his position for a private sector job.

Stardate 8810.22:

Shuttled over to *Arcturus* for general briefing. Transmissions included EOM Conference info, Fleet Admiralty updates, and simulator presentations on supsize-sculpture internal engineering for the replication of Old Earth structures in the "Liberty Centennial" Historical Zone. In addition, several of us skimmed through recent additions to the pre-Holocaust Federation Genealogical Archives; unfortunately, nothing there was of personal relevance to any of us.

Stardate 8810.23:

Shuttled back to Nhaven II to rendezvous with Rear Admiral Rosenzweig and brief the *Konkordium* on the EOM Conference. Recent communications from HQ confirm the rumors of Fleet Admiral Smith's impending change of position.

Stardate 8810.24:

Shuttleback was "interesting", to say the least, as Commander Flanders' attempts at navigating back to the *Avenger* resulted in our missing our rendezvous and having to circle around once again.

Stardate 8811.01:

Downloaded bulletin from Commander Haynes' training cadre on *Argon II*. Included were reports on the Camp Hill Planetary Survey and Security Training simulation—an unqualified success, by all accounts.

Stardate 8811.02:

Received subspace packet from Fleet Admiral-designate Maddox confirming receipt of copy photolog and messages, and elaborating upon HQ's views of the 7th Fleet.

Stardate 8811.07, 2100 Hours:

Spoke to Commander Trask regarding final arrangements for the SD8811.11 drill weekend.

Stardate 8811.08, 1300 Hours:

Surprise inspection of Delta Shift Continuing Education program. This month's topic: Cultural Surveys and First Contact procedures.

Stardate 8811.11:

Commencement of drill weekend. Spent Gamma Shift stowing gear aboard the shuttlecraft *Copernicus*, and Delta Shift getting acquainted with much of the drill group and drill terrain.

Stardate 8811.13, 0300 Hours:

Tracking exercises and Continuing Education filled most of the dayshift hours. Much of the education was mine, as drill area Crown Point requires the effective use of natural resources I'd but rarely seen used, and never in quite that manner. (Much of this group hails from relatively undeveloped planets where these skills are common.) The evening was delegated to crew integration, logistics and procurement, and a discussion of departmental structures.

Stardate 8811.13, 1745 Hours:

En route back to the "mothership". Spent much of the day compiling reports for bimonthly crew bulletin. (Where's the coffee, Andy? Shana? SOMEONE???... *z-z-z-z-z*... Thanks loads, guys. You do want this thing on time, don't...you...?...z-z-z-z-z...)

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