



StarLight

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE USS BRIGHTSTAR
'CHANGING TODAY FOR A BRIGHTER FUTURE'
VOLUME FOUR SEPTEMBER 2022 ISSUE TWO



HAILING FREQUENCY OPEN CAPTAIN.



From the First Officer

Hi and welcome to another edition of the StarLight newsletter. It's hard to believe that this is our forty-third edition.

That's right folks for the last three and half years we have been putting out the StarLight newsletter, and had missed only two issues. Those two issues occurred during a situation that I was going through at the time and was beyond my control that prevented the publication of those issues. And don't worry, I'm not going to go into what that was or what the situation was. For the simple reason is that I just don't have the space.

Enough of that. We have the usual stuff in this issue plus something on a bunch of astronomers going fishing the south pacific----for a meteorite. And another article on how meteorites break apart. We also have the final chapter of the Brightstar saga, 'Moving On'. Plus a surprise I was going to say a surprise article. But there is no surprise article. And this was no surprise to me or anyone else. You see I had plans to write an article on the passing of Nichelle Nichols. She passed on July 30, 2022, at the age of 89. When I started to do the research on Ms. Nichols, I found so much information on her, that I quickly realized that it would be like writing a book. So I decided against doing it. Besides she was so open about her life and where she came from. Everybody knew what she stood for and what she would not tolerate. So I decided the best way to honor her is to dedicate this issue to her and her memory.

It's time to put this puppy to bed.

The First Officer



We celebrate the life of Nichelle Nichols, Star Trek actor, trailblazer, and role model, who symbolized to so many what was possible. She partnered with us to recruit some of the first women and minority astronauts, and inspired generations to reach for the stars.



Bible Quotes

Malachi 3:5

"So I will come to put you on trial. I will be quick to testify against sorcerers, adulterers and perjurers, against those who defraud laborers of their wages, who oppress the widows and the fatherless, and deprive the foreigners among you of justice. But do not fear me," says the LORD Almighty.

Matthew 6:28

"And why do you worry about clothes? See how the flowers of the field grow. They do not labor or spin.

Luke 12:27

"Consider how the wild flowers grow. They do not labor or spin. Yet I tell you, not even Solomon in all his splendor was dressed like one of these.

John 4:38

"I sent you to reap what you have not worked for. Others have done the hard work, and you have reaped the benefits of their labor."

1 Corinthians 3:8, 15:58, 16:16

3:8

The one who plants and the one who waters have one purpose, and they will each be rewarded according to their own labor

15:58

Therefore, my dear brothers and sisters, stand firm. Let nothing move you. Always give yourselves fully to the work of the Lord, because you know that your labor in the Lord is not in vain.

16:16

To submit to such people and to everyone who joins in the work and labors at it.

2 Corinthians 11:27

I have labored and toiled and have often gone without sleep; I have known hunger and thirst and have often gone without food; I have been cold and naked.

Philippians 1:22, 2:16

1:22

If I am to go on living in the body, this will mean fruitful labor for me. Yet what shall I choose? I do not know!

2:16

as you hold firmly to the word of life. And then I will be able to boast on the day of Christ that I did not run or labor in vain.

Colossians 1:29

Whereunto I labor also, striving according to his working, which worketh in me mightily.

1 Thessalonians 1:3, 3:5, 5:3

1:3

We remember before our God and Father your work produced by faith, your labor prompted by love, and your endurance inspired by hope in our Lord Jesus Christ.

3:5

For this reason, when I could stand it no longer, I sent to find out about your faith. I was afraid that in some way the tempter had tempted you and that our labors might have been in vain.

labor pains on a pregnant woman, and they will not escape.

2 Thessalonians 3:8

Neither did we eat bread for nought at any man's hand, but in labor and travail, working night and day, that we might not burden any of you.

1 Timothy 4:10

That is why we labor and strive, because we have put our hope in the living God, who is the Savior of all people, and especially of those who believe.

Revelation 14:13

Then I heard a voice from heaven say, "Write this; Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on." "Yes," says the Spirit, "they will rest from their labor, for their deeds will follow them."

Going Fishing for a Meteorite

Astronomers and scientists are planning a fishing trip in the south pacific ocean. What are they fishing for? A meteorite or fragments of a meteorite that crashed in the area. Everyone thinks and is hoping that it may have come from another star system.

When this meteorite crash in the south pacific ocean, it released the energy equivalent to one hundred and twenty-one tons (110 metric tons) of TNT. A team from Harvard University are hoping to find the meteorite or fragments from the meteorite known as CNEOS 2014-01-08 that crashed in the pacific ocean back on January 8, 2014.

"Finding such a fragment would represent the first contact humanity has ever had with material larger than dust from beyond the solar system." Amir Siraj, an astrophysicist at Harvard University and the first author of a new paper published on the non-peer reviewed preprint service ArXiv on the meteorite CNEOS 2014-01-08, he told Science in an email.

Siraj said that he is 99.999% sure the object has interstellar origins. This wasn't confirmed until May 2022 by the U.S. Space Command.

"It struck the atmosphere about a hundred miles (160 kilometers) off the coast of Papua New Guinea in the middle of night with about 1% of the energy of the Hiroshima bomb." Siraj said.

CNEOS 2014-01-08 measured about 1.5 feet wide (0.5 meters). It may be the first interstellar object to be discovered in the solar system. The previous object that held that title was 'Oumuamua. It was discovered during the Pan-STARRS sky survey in 2017. 'Oumuamua zipped through at 57,000 m.p.h. (92,000 km/h). Siraj colleague Avi Loeb claimed it might be an alien machine. 'Oumuamua discovery was then followed by the discovery of Comet 2/Borisov in 2019 the interstellar comet. It was discovered by amateur astronomer Gennadiy Borisov in Crimea.

The scientist believe that meteorite CNEOS 2014-01-08 could be from another star system because of its speed. When CNEOS 2014-01-08 passed through our star system it was traveling at 37.2 miles per seconds (60 kilometers per seconds) relative to our sun. Too fast for it to be bound by the Sun.

"At the Earth's distance from the sun, any object traveling faster than 26 miles per seconds (42 kilometers per second) is on an unbounded hyperbolic escape trajectory relative to the sun." Siraj said. "This means that CNEOS 2014-01-08 was clearly exceeding the local speed limit for bound objects (and) it didn't cross paths with any other planets along the way. So, it must have originated from outside of the solar system."

Siraj and Loeb's have a 1-6 million dollars to mount an expedition. The expedition is planning to lower a magnet about the size of a king-size bed at the possible site of the meteorite. U.S. Department of Defense has confirmed the location at 1.3 degrees south, 147.6 degrees east. The U.S. Department of Defense also says that it would make the location of the meteorite 186 miles (300 km) north of Manus Island in the Bismarck sea in southwest Pacific Ocean.

CNEOS 2014-01-08 has the material strength of a typical meteorite. This should make it easy to recover. Material strength refers to how easily something can resist being deformed or damaged by a load.

"Most meteorite contain enough iron that they will stick to the type of magnet we plan on using for the ocean expedition." He said. "Given its extremely high material strength, it is very likely that the fragments of CNEOS 2014-01-08 are ferromagnetic."

They plan to leave Papua New Guinea on the Galileo project's ship. And will use the magnetic device tied to a long-line wrench towed along the seabed at one mile an hour (1.7 km/h) for ten days. The fragment themselves could be as small as 0.004 inches (0.1 mm) across.

Nobody know for sure when the expedition will leave. The Galileo Project has already commented \$500,000. Another \$1.1 million required to make the trip a reality. "That's good value compared to a space mission." According to Siraj.

"The alternative way to study an interstellar object at close range is by launching a space mission to a future object passing through the Earth's neighborhood," said Siraj who with Loeb is also working out the details of such a mission should another object like 'Oumuamua appear in the solar system.

"But that would be 1,000 times more expensive at about \$1 billion dollars.

End of Report.

The Weird, The Strange, and What the ?

Sky Sketch: Twelve pilots from Henstridge, Somerset, England, joined together in operation "Art Force I". The team leader, Amy Whitewick, gave each team of two a path to fly. "None of them had any idea what the final image would look like," Whitewick said. "Each team was given a small, unrecognizable chunk which, when flown, recorded on Sky-Demon and sent back [to] be stitched together digitally to form the final image." The effort was an apparent one-up on U.S. Navy pilots who drew a giant phallus in the sky in 2017 (see [Peckerrace](#) on the [True web site](#)). Over a period of six months, the SkyDemon GPS software recorded the paths of the six planes, which Whitewick combined to form a portrait of ...Queen Elizabeth II. "I must thank the team members for their extraordinary courage to push the boundaries of aviation forward, to try something new to them and air sports as a whole," Whitewick said. "Their unwavering trust in following a somewhat crazy artist, and their unrivaled strength and tenacity of spirit is of considerable merit." (MS/Newsweek) ... *Who needs a peckerrace when you can have a potentatetrace?*

A Bit Overlit: When a bizarre pink glow reflected off the bottom of clouds in Mildura, Vic., Australia lit up the evening sky, some feared it was a sign of the apocalypse. "Mum's on the phone and Dad's in the background going: 'I better hurry up and eat my tea because the world's ending,'" said one local. "And Mum's like: 'What's the point of eating your tea if the world's ending?'" The explanation was more down-to-earth: a "secret" medical marijuana grow facility uses LED grow lights in the early evening to help the plants. "Normally, the blackout blinds close at the same time as the sun sets,"

explained Peter Crock, the CEO of the facility's owner, Cann Group. "But last night we had the lights on and the blinds hadn't yet closed, so there was a period where it created a glow. At 7:00 p.m. when we put the plants to sleep the lights went off." (RC/ABC Australia, BBC) ...*See? It was a good idea for him to finish his tea.*

Address Unknown: Residents of Buena Vista, Colo., have had it with their local post office. Packages delayed so much that food inside is rotted. Christmas cards arriving in July. The mountain town (elevation about 8,000 ft/2,435m) has a population of 2,800, and things are getting worse. Despite having his PO Box number and street address on his package of heart medication, says Gary Cuffe, 68, postal clerks lately "just send it back" so they don't have to deliver it. "I've gotta take this every day. It keeps my heart going. It's a big deal." It's so bad that residents are planning a protest, literally marching in the streets in front of the post office "because," said resident Mary Ann Uzelac, 77, "we cannot get them to answer their phone." (RC/Denver Post) ...*It's great to see citizens actively participating in peaceful protest. Most protestors just mail it in.*

When Vigilante Justice Just Won't Do: Fiberglass Freaks of Logansport, Ind., is the only place licensed by DC Comics to build replica Batmobiles from the 1960s TV series. Sam Anagnostou of Atherton, Calif., was first in line for one of the \$210,000 custom vehicles, but Fiberglass Freaks owner Mark Racop says Anagnostou missed a \$20,000 payment, and then "disappeared on me for over eight months, almost nine months." Racop moved Anagnostou to the bottom of the list. "He didn't like that, he exploded," Racop said. "He did pay off the entire car at that point, but he was absolutely livid to find out that his car was going to be delayed." So livid he filed a criminal complaint with his local police, and filed a lawsuit in San Mateo County Superior Court. The District Attorney declined to bring charges, and a judge said the civil case would have to be filed in Indiana, so Anagnostou allegedly called in a friend: San Mateo County Sheriff Carlos Bolanos, who sent four investigators to raid Fiberglass Freaks. Along with confiscating files, the investigators charged Racop with two felonies (in California) and froze his bank accounts. (MS/KGO San Francisco) ...*I am vengeance, I am the night, I am ...out of my jurisdiction.*

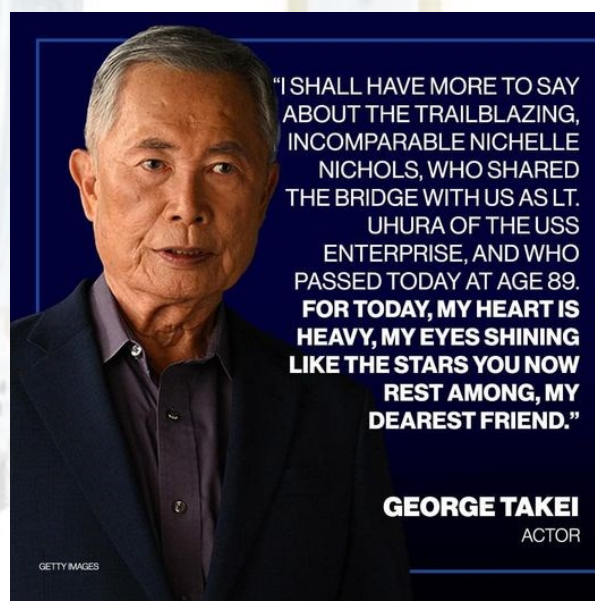
Buoyant: It looked like it might be over for "Ivan" (surname not given): a riptide pushed him out to sea off Greece's Kasandra Peninsula. Even the Greek Coastguard couldn't find him, and declared Ivan lost at sea: as he was swept away from a beach, he wasn't wearing a life preserver, and didn't have any sort of floatation device. Ten days before, brothers Tryphon, 11, and Thanos, 6, lost their favorite ball when playing on Evgatis Beach on the Greek island of Lemnos: it was similarly swept out to sea, and Ivan, a 30-year-old from North Macedonia, saw it floating toward him; he was nearly 130 km (80 miles) from where the ball was lost. That extra little buoyancy was enough to help keep him afloat, and he was spotted by a Greek Air Force helicopter. They radioed a freighter who rescued Ivan after 19 hours at sea. Tryphon and Thanos's mother saw a report of the rescue on TV, and recognized her sons' toy, which completed the story. (RC/Greek Reporter, National Post Canada) ...*The ball's name, of course, is Wilson.*

The Pooh Gambit: Police in Manchester, England, identified a suspect in a car theft and skipping out on paying after filling it with fuel the same day. They got a tip that Joshua Dobson, 18, was at a certain address and officers went in to search for him. There was no sign of the suspect until officers heard breathing — from a teddy bear sitting on the floor. Officers "could barely believe what they stumbled across,"

the department said. Dobson is "now stuffed behind bars after being sentenced last week for theft of a motor vehicle," as well as gasoline theft and driving while disqualified. He was sentenced to 32 weeks in prison plus banned from driving for 27 months. (RC/Manchester Evening News) ...*Because that ban worked so well the last time.*

Always Read the Fine Print: Federal court records show a homeless woman and her five children were pressured to sign a rental agreement to move into Las Vegas, Nev., low-income housing managed by Allan Rothstein. The contract included "Direct Consent" for certain ...*well...* sexual favors she would be obligated to provide to Rothstein. "Please read this legal contract carefully," it read. "And that's where I started laughing," housing lawyer Bruce Flammey said after reviewing the contract. "Because this is a legal contract the way the actors on Grey's Anatomy are real doctors." The contract also had the tenant affirm she wasn't "under the influence of an incapacitating intoxicant, aphrodisiacs, or psychoactive substances, including but not limited to, alcohol, drugs, oysters, Bremelanotide, truffles, sea cucumber, strawberries, lobster, dark chocolate, Cocaine, LSD, cannabis or any other mind-altering chemical or substance." Rothstein disputed that he'd violated any laws. "Any agreements or documents mentioned speak for themselves," he said. The Nevada Real Estate Division has already revoked Rothstein's license and fined him \$94,000. The civil lawsuit filed by the woman is currently in federal court. (MS/KTNV Las Vegas) ...*Always best to put your crimes in writing in a legally binding format.*

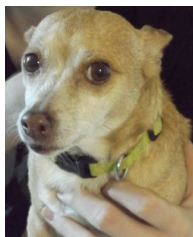
Trespassing: "I said, 'Oh my god,'" recounted Arlee Giannini of Conway, N.H. "I screamed. I just kept saying, 'Get out of the house! Get out of the house!'" That was after her son came running into her bedroom shouting, "Mom, there's a bear in the living room!" The bear had come in through the garage, and retreated there from Giannini's shouting. It stayed in the garage for another 20 minutes, fully trashing it. Giannini had made chicken rice casserole for dinner, with extra garlic, and thinks that was what attracted the bear. "I will make it again," she said, "but not so much garlic." (RC/WGME Portland) ...*A little bear spray adds a nice peppery flavor to any dish.*



"I SHALL HAVE MORE TO SAY ABOUT THE TRAILBLAZING, INCOMPARABLE NICHELLE NICHOLS, WHO SHARED THE BRIDGE WITH US AS LT. UHURA OF THE USS ENTERPRISE, AND WHO PASSED TODAY AT AGE 89. FOR TODAY, MY HEART IS HEAVY, MY EYES SHINING LIKE THE STARS YOU NOW REST AMONG, MY DEAREST FRIEND."

GEORGE TAKEI
ACTOR

GETTY IMAGES



Pin-Pin's Recipe Corner



Seven of Nine's Steamed Vegetables

- 7 carrots
- 7 stalks celery
- 7 baby asparagus spears
- 7 small red potatoes
- 2 cups chopped cabbage

- 1 small onion
- 1 cup chopped green beans
- 1/8 cup (1/4 stick) butter (completely optional)
- 1/8 teaspoon plain salt or celery salt (optional)
- Pepper or paprika to taste

You will need a vegetable steamer, which consists of a large pot with a tightly sealed cover and a steamer rack. Follow the instructions that come with your vegetable steamer. If you don't have steamer, you can improvise one yourself by fitting a metal-not metal-and-plastic-colander inside a large stew pot. The colander's feet or pedestal must be tall enough to keep the vegetables above the boiling water. The trick is to make sure the lid fits nice and tight, or else the steam escapes, and that's what you don't want.

Prepare the potatoes separately: wash thoroughly, then either boil them until just before they are soft or microwave them on high for about 10 minutes, and then set aside. You'll add them to the steamer later.

Bring the water in your steamer to a high boil while you wash the rest of the vegetables and cut them into bite-size chunks. Set veggies on the steamer rack, and very carefully, place in the pot over the boiling water. Reduce heat a tad and cover. Steam for about 10 minutes; then, very carefully again, remove the cover and cook for about another 5 minutes.

Then remove the cover and test for tenderness. When you are happy with the tenderness of the vegetables, serve with butter (optional) and maybe some more paprika. This dish easily serves 4, but can be expanded to satisfy an entire collective, or un collective as the case may be, of newly liberated Borg.



O'Brien Plankton Loaf

- 1 3/4 cups bread flour
- 1/2 cups whole-wheat flour
- 1 teaspoon dry active yeast
- 1 cup finely chopped zucchini
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup lung jing or shou-mei warm green tea
- 1/4 cup infused tea leaves
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped seaweed (dried or roasted, and you can add more to your taste)
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger

Follow your bread machine's directions for adding ingredients to the hopper, and after the baking sequence has begun, add one nice leaf on top for decoration.



Jadzia Dax's Citrus Blend

- 1/2 pint strawberries, sliced
- 1/2 pint raspberries
- 2 tablespoons fresh water
- 1/2 cup sliced peaches
- 1/2 cup sliced kiwi
- any other favorite fruits, including blueberries, blackberries, cantaloupe, honeydew, or other melons
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice

First, wash berries thoroughly in water as cold as you can stand, thinly slicing them under the running water and dropping the slices into a very large punch bowl. After slicing, dribble 2 tablespoons fresh water over them into the bowl. Do not drain. Add peaches, kiwi, and melon or other fruits along with vanilla, sugar, and lemon juice, stir and let them sit in the liquid for at least 4 hours in your refrigerator before serving. Serves four to five.





Neelix's Raktajino Cake

Cake

2 ½ cups cake flour
1 ¼ cups sugar
½ cup shortening
½ cup milk
1/3 cup orange juice (for more flavor, mix frozen concentrate with

less water than the package instructions call for)

2 eggs, unbeaten
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla extract

Lemon Butter Icing

3 cups confectioners' sugar
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons cream, scalded
1/8 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ teaspoon vanilla extract

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Sift together, the flour, baking powder, salt, and sugar in a medium bowl. Add orange rind, shortening, milk, and orange juice. With your hand electric mixer, beat on low for 2 minutes until the batter is blended. Now add two eggs and vanilla, and beat for another 2 minutes. Pour into a greased and floured 8- by 12-inch baking pan and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

While cake is baking, make the icing. Cream the butter and salt until thoroughly blended. Next gradually add confectioners' sugar, stirring and blending as you do, and gradually blend in the scalded cream, checking for smoothness and consistency. Add lemon rind and lemon juice. Blend thoroughly, and add vanilla.

Test cake for doneness and remove from oven when top springs back when lightly touched. Remove from pan, allow to cool, and frost.



Lynda Carter
@RealLyndaCarter

Many actors become stars, but few stars can move a nation. Nichelle Nichols showed us the extraordinary power of Black women and paved the way for a better future for all women in media. Thank you, Nichelle. We will miss you.



A Breakdown on the Butt of the Meteorite

Everyday approximately 48.5 tons (44 tonnes) of space rock, debris and dirt hit the Earth's according to NASA. And then there is the occasional asteroid. Although some asteroids do burn up in the Earth's atmosphere, there is a small amount of the asteroid that do survive entry into the atmosphere. They are then reclassified as a meteorite.

Scientists have always wondered how and why some asteroids burn up and or explode when they enter the Earth's atmosphere. This happens when the asteroids enters the Earth's atmosphere and comes into contact with the atmosphere, which creates friction. This friction with the air can generates heat. This friction induced heat can generate temperatures in excess of 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit (1649 degrees Celsius). A recent study that was done, may help in answering those questions.

Meteor astronomer Pete Jenniskens who works with both S.E.T.I. (Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence) Institute and NASA. Led a study on asteroid 2008 TC3. The asteroid was spotted 20 hours before entry into Earth's atmosphere. They were able to determined that the asteroid was six-meter long rock. This advance warning also allowed astronomers to take more readings on the asteroid and to track its trajectory. This kind of opportunity does not happen often.

Asteroid 2008 TC3 exploded in the atmosphere over the Nubian Desert. The debris fell across an area that measured 4.3 by 18.6 miles (7 by 30 kilometers) in size. Jenniskens with the help of Professor Muawia Shaddad from the University of Khartoum and his students, searched the area and found over 600 meteorites. Ranging in sizes from a thumb-nail to the size of a fist.

Scientists theorized that the smaller fragments fell along the debris field that matched the trajectory of the asteroid. The larger fragments deviated more widely from the asteroid path. This is due to the asteroid exploding in the air above the desert. Theoretical astronomer Darrel Robertson of NASA's Ames Research Center, created a computer model that simulated the asteroids breakup using the data gained on the size, shape and the trajectory of asteroid 2008 TC3.

"The asteroid melted more at the front until the surviving part at the back and bottom back of the asteroid reached a point where it suddenly collapsed and broke into many pieces," Robertson stated. "The bottom back surviving as long as it did was because of the shape of the asteroid."

The model showed the smaller fragments broke off earlier during atmospheric entry and fell downwards. The larger fragments came from the back side and were sent in a variety of directions due to the asteroids explosion.

"Most of our meteorite fall from rocks the size of a grapefruits to the size of small cars," said Jenniskens. "Rocks that big do not spin fast enough to spread the heat during the brief meteor phase, and we now have evidence that the back-side survives to the ground."

End of report.



Let It Be Done

I thought it would be a good idea to tell you something about this endeavor that I undertook before you read the final chapter in *Star Trek: Brightstar 'Moving On'*

I first started this story in 2019, when I was recovering from an amputation of my left leg in a Kokomo facility. During those eight months that I was recovering, I came up with and began to write the story with no idea on how, or where, or how long it would take me to write and finish the story. During all that time, I was constantly asking myself could I do this? Could I write a story, do I even have the imagination to even attempt to write a story in the first place. I can say one thing, writing was the one thing that kept me going.

As it turns out, I do have the imagination to come up with a story. As I wrote the story, I realized that I could write one. I learned several things while writing. Oh, I'm not talking about spelling the words correctly, or using the correct grammar, or the continuity of the story (I did learn all that while writing this story.). No I'm talking about having the confidence in oneself to do those things that the voices that one hears telling you not to try, that you don't have the talent or have what it takes to write a story. Or to be a writer in the first place.

I learned to ignore those voices. I learned that I do have the imagination to write this tale and hopefully others as well. What I have learned is, you can do anything you put your mind to (as long it is legal), my body, even my soul to accomplish my goal. Will I write another story? I can't say for sure that I will, but that doesn't mean I won't. I know that if I do, I can. I'll write the best one I possibly can.

Lt. Commander James Webb
First Officer/Chief Science Officer
USS BRIGHTSTAR

Star Trek: Brightstar

'Moving On'

35

After three hours, the gathering for Captain S'tol had begun to whine down. After hour four the remaining few had finally left. The first officer walked over to Captain Deora.

"Sir, I thought Admiral Jon said he would make one last visit with a package he said he had for us?" T'sikes asked and pointed out at the same time.

"I know what he said, Sikes. I too, am at a loss as to why he is not here yet." Deora said as she began to pace.

It was then that Belek came walking towards them.

"Captain Deora, someone is wanting to talk to you in the office just over there sir," Belek said as he pointed in the direction where the office lay.

"Did this person identified themselves?" Deora asked.

"They did not. And if you asked me, this person is acting in the most illogical manner." Belek told Captain Deora.

"How do you mean Belek?" Deora asked with suspicion.

"Well, this person is staying in the shadows, not coming into the light to be properly identified," Belek stated.

"Sikes, I don't know about you, but I think we're about to find out why Jon didn't show up for the gathering," Deora said with a smile on her face.

The first officer also had a slight smile on his face as well he began to follow the captain into the room indicated. As they approach the door to the office, both notice that this door was

different. What made this door different was it had a door-knob, and it was turning on its own, or so it seems it was. Once the doorknob stopped turning, it began to open on its own, or so it seemed, again. They step over the door's threshold once the door was completely open. When all three were in the room, the door closed. Leaving Captain Deora, Commander T'sikes, and Belek standing in a pitch-black room. They could see nothing. All three heard a sound like that of someone sitting down in a cushioned chair.

"Jon, you may like sitting in the dark, but I don't. So if you don't mind, could you please turn up the lights. Besides, I don't like bumping into things." The Captain said.

Admiral Jon started to laugh as he turned up the lights and spoke to the captain, "Computer, turn up the lights please."

"I'm sorry Captain. I was trying to lighten the mood a bit." Jon said.

"Sitting in the dark? Never mind. Why didn't you show up for the gathering?" Deora asked.

"I'm sorry about that. You know why I couldn't be there. On top of that, I was in the brig for six months for taking matters into my own hands." Jon explained.

"I don't understand Admiral. Why were you in the brig? Deora asked another question.

"You might want to look at my collar. I'm no longer an Admiral, it's Captain now. Just like you." Jon explained.

"I'm sorry to hear that Adm..., I mean Captain. Is this the results of your taking matter into your own hands, I mean the time you spent in the brig and the reduction in rank? Why such harsh action?" Deora asked with curiosity.

"Captain, I just told you," Jon said.

"Oh, sorry. Does taking matters into own hands mean what I think it does?" The captain asked.

"It does Captain. Even though I managed to arrange the capture of V'rok. I still had to face disciplinary action for what they said were several violations of Starfleet and Temporal Authorities regulations." Jon said with a half-grin on his face.

"So how were you able to arrange this trip back to visit us once again?" T'sikes asked.

"Let's just say I was given special permission to do so. And this will be my last trip to the past, your present." Jan explained.

"Why? Wait a minute, you probably can't tell me. So since you can't tell me, you're not going to tell me. How am I doing so far Jon?" Deora asked.

"I'm dying Deora. They call it 'Temporal-particles Radiation Exposure'. They say it is caused by taking one too many trips to the past, something like that." Jon explained as best as he could.

Jon saw their stunned looks on their faces. It was Captain Deora who after sitting down in a chair, was the first one to ask the one oblivious question.

"How long?" She asked.

"They can't say with any certainty. All the doctors can say with any certainty is the more trips I make the more temporal radiation I accumulate. And it is accelerated when I'm in the past. But once I return to my proper time it slows. But as they say, the end is the end." Jon said as he finished.

Nothing was said as the first officer and then Belek sought out chairs for themselves to sit down in. Then Jon was the one who spoke.

"Captain if you don't mind, could I see the Brightstar with everyone aboard one last time."

The captain thought this request was a strange one, but she went ahead and answered his request.

"I don't see why not, but don't we have something to do first, don't we?" Deora pointed out to Jon.

"Yes, we do." Jon said as he tapped his, what looked like his comm-badge, "but I thought your briefing room would be best to gather everyone together to view S'tol final message. Don't you think Captain?" He asked with a grin on his face.

When Jon asked that question, several members of the bridge crew were quite surprised when they found themselves not at Belek's home on Vulcan but found themselves in the briefing room on board the Brightstar. And everyone said, "What the hell?" as they looked around the room and at each other.

"How in all of Andoria did you do that?" Deora asked.

Captain Jon just pointed at the badge on his uniform and explained.

"It's a combination of a communicator, tricorder, and a personal transporter. Something new we've come up in my century."

"Well don't ever do that again. You took twenty-years from me which I can't ill afford to lose at this point of my life." She said to Jon.

Even the first officer was slightly shaken up. You could tell when he said, "Are you sure your parents named you Jon, not Loki?" T'sikes asked with a grin on his face, like a Klingon warrior that had been annoyed one too many times.

When the first officer said this, some of the crew had a chuckle. So much so that both Captain Jon and Captain Deora were laughing.

"It's nice to know that you know your Norse mythology Commander T'sikes," Jon said with controlled laughter.

T'sikes said nothing but just looked at Captain Jon and let out a very slight audible growl. Loud enough where Captain Deora heard it.

"Now, now, T'sikes play nice. After all, we are here for an entirely different reason, correct Jon?" Deora said to both Commander T'sikes and Captain Jon.

"Aye, sir. As you wish sir." Sikes said staring coldly at Jon.

"Yes, you're quite right Deora. Shall we begin?" Jon asked everyone in the room.

Jon without saying a word had another holo-projector beam in the middle of the briefing room table. Without anyone having to or saying how they were related in some way to Captain S'tol, the projector start up on its own. As before, the light that was emitted from the projector began to take on a humanoid shape. That humanoid shape became the image of Captain S'tol. When Captain Deora looked at the image she notices something was off with this image. She didn't know what it was, but there was something. Then Captain S'tol began to speak.

"Captain Deora, Commander T'sikes, and my friends of the Brightstar welcome to the final reading of my will as it were since there is no such thing on Vulcan. I have nothing to give away. However I do have one request, Cousin Belek, upon your arrival back on Vulcan, my parents will have signed the paperwork making you the executor of our family holdings as my sister is not of age yet. You and I both know that my parents will not be at the residence at any length of time. Whatever you do, you must not, I repeat this, you must not let them know in any way that I am alive and well. Not that they could come and visit me. It would better upon returning to Vulcan that you forget this entire conversation."

Captain S'tol stopped for a moment. Everyone thought he was gathering his thoughts before continuing. But instead, he walked off the holo-projector towards the far end of the table and lower himself to the deck.

He then walked towards the end of the table where Captain Deora and Commander T'sikes were sitting. He just stands there looking at the two of them.

"Wait a minute, sir. He said my current rank, Commander, not my previous rank of Captain." First Officer T'sikes said.

"I know Sikes. I caught it myself. Jon, what's going on here?" Deora asked with great curiosity.

"Nothing going on here at all. He told the Captain."

By this time, Captain Deora got up from her chair and went over to where S'tol was standing and stood in front of him. As she stood there looking, looking at him real hard. Almost to the point of memorization.

"Who are you? Is this some kind of trick Jon?" Deora asked.

"Captain, you know who I am. This conversation is most illogical. I don't have much time. Captain Jon doesn't have much time either." S'tol said in a most emotional tone.

"If you are who you say you are, then why the emotional outburst?" She asked.

"There was no emotional outburst, only logical reasoning. Since we're on the subject of emotional outburst, why the illogical trick question?" S'tol asked.

"Now that's S'tol alright. Only he would answer an illogical question with logical answer." The first officer stated.

"Now that we have established that I am who I say I am, I would like to continue, if I may be allowed," S'tol said.

"Please do S'tol," Deora said.

Everyone sat back down at the table except for S'tol.

"As I said earlier, I don't have, we don't have much time. So I will get right to the point. I am sorry for having to put you, my friends, though for the last few weeks. But at the same time, I am glad that you step up to the challenge to help me when I asked. I can never repay you enough. That being said, I have so much to say to you all especially to you Captain Deora, and to you my friend T'sikes. I wish I could tell you more. But I have only enough time to say good-bye." S'tol said as he stopped for a moment.

"What do you mean you have only enough time to good-bye?" T'sikes asked.

"Sikes!! Stand down, let him finish." Captain Deora said as she scolded the first officer.

"Thank You, Captain, Even though he has every right to ask that question and the way he asked it. What I mean when I said, 'I'm only here to say good-bye', is just that. I cannot stay here in this timeline. My death in this timeline is a recorded fact. I think someone called it 'a fixed point in the timeline.' It has to take place. My sudden appearance would cause so many questions and so much chaos, that it would destroy everything in time and space as we know it. There is a couple more reason why. One is, my body, the cells of my body have acclimated to their time. The second reason is when I return, when we return to the future, because of Jon's condition, I will be taking over for Captain Jon." S'tol explained.

"Well, that's great!" someone said.

"No, it's not. While I'll see you, you won't see me. You'll never be able to see me again. And it has to be that way. That's why I am here today. To say thank you to you all for so much. Of course, I must ask you that what is said here today, be kept under wraps, of the record, as it were, that this conversation never took place. Good-bye, my friends."

"So that it, you're just going to say good-bye and move to the future lock stock, and barrels and live there," T'sikes stated with anger. The anger of one losing a friend for a second time.

Without missing a beat S'tol answered.

"Logically, yes that is quite correct. My time here is done. I cannot stay. More than anything I want my life to make a difference, to count for something, as it once did when I was chief of security onboard the Brightstar. I was making a difference then. They need my help more than you Captain or you T'sikes can ever know. More than I can say. And not just to keep the timeline its proper order, but other things as well. Things I can't even begin to tell you, even if I could. Sikes, Captain Deora, trust me when I say, I did not make this decision lightly.

What I can tell you is this, you and the crew of Brightstar are, no I should say, will experience the wonders of the universe. While at the same time experience the dangers as well. I would like to say one last thing before Jon, and I have to leave. Sikes, you will make the rank of captain once again and command a starship of your own..., someday. And you Captain will make the rank of Admiral..., someday." S'tol said as finished.

"What about the rest of the crew?" Deora asked.

"They each should find an envelope in their quarters," S'tol said as started for the conference table.

Once he reached the table, he picked up the device and took two steps away from the table, and sat the device down on the deck. By this time, Captain Jon had stood up from his chair and was now standing beside S'tol. As the two of them stood there, S'tol began to display the Vulcan salute, and said, "To you, Captain and my friends on board the Brightstar, Live long and prosper."

Everyone heard the device begin to power up and a light began to be emitted from it. Like a transporter beam would do. The light began to envelop them. Just before the transporter beam took effect, S'tol once again displayed the Vulcan salute and said, "Live long and prosper. Good-bye Captain."

With that, both Captain Jon and Captain S'tol dissolve in the transport effect. While this was going on both Captain Deora and Commander T'sikes were also displaying the Vulcan salute in return.

SIX WEEKS LATER.

"Sir, Spacedock McKinley says we're cleared for departure" Josh reported.

"Thank you, Josh. Advise Spacedock McKinley we're holding until final checkouts are completed and awaiting final crew replacement." Captain Deora said as she looked over at her first officer.

"Aye sir, they have acknowledged," Josh reported.

The air of the bridge of the Brightstar was filled with anticipation as everyone hustles about getting last-minute checks done. A beeping sound could be heard coming from the armrest of the first officer's chair. The first officer pressed a button.

"Sir, Engineering reports that final checkouts are completed. Final crew replacements are aboard." T'sikes said efficiently. As any Klingon officer would.

"Thank you, Commander. Josh advises spacedock McKinley, that final checkouts are completed, and crew replacements are aboard." Deora relayed to Josh.

"Aye, sir. Spacedock reports we are free and clear for departure." Josh reported.

"Thank you, Josh. T'sikes would you do the honor of getting us underway?" She asked her first officer.

"Commander Henderson release all moorings. Thrusters at station keeping." He ordered.

"Aye, sir. Moorings are released. Thrusters at station keeping." She responded.

"Kathy, once we're clear of spacedock go to one-quarter impulse," T'sikes ordered.

"Aye, sir." Came her response.

"Alright Kathy, take us out," Sikes said with a grin.

"With pleasure sir," Kathy said as she pushes a series of buttons controls on her console.

At first, nothing happened. Then slowly the Brightstar began to move forward. And finally, the ship was clear of the space dock.

"Sir, we have cleared spacedock. One-quarter impulse. She answers one-quarter impulse." Kathy reported.

"Captain, spacedock McKinley confirms the Brightstar has cleared their perimeter," Josh reported.

"I wish S'tol was here with us right now." Captain Deora said.

"I do to sir. But I think I know what he would say." The first officer said.

"Oh, and what would S'tol have said?" Captain Deora asked.

"I think he would have said, "Pick a direction, any direction. Any direction you pick will always be the logical one." Yes, I believe that is what he would have said, Captain." The first officer said.

"Well, if that is the case, Kathy that-a-way." She said as she waved her hand in the direction she indicated.

"Sir? On what heading?" Commander Henderson asked.

"Heading? Just follow your nose Commander." Deora ordered with a chuckle in her voice.

"Aye, sir. Following my nose." She said with a smile and a slight chuckle that came from her.

In twenty minutes, the Brightstar had cleared the Sol star system. Then the Brightstar suddenly went from impulse speed to warp seven in a flash of light associated with a ship using warp drive to excide the speed of light. To do what it was made to do..., to explore the last great unknown, "To Change Today For A Brighter Future."

And the Adventure Begins.

Brightstar Notes

Brightstar held two meetings on August ninth. The first meeting involved the commanding officer and the crew of the Brightstar, with the exception of Lt. Michael Charron who is in California.

The commanding officer and the first officer held their own meeting via Messenger. Item that was discussed at both meetings was on the subject of donation. Captain Henderson said that as of August of this year, the Brightstar as a whole has raised of total of one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the Wheeler mission of Indianapolis.

She also announced that as of this August, that the Brightstar has made a total of five donations to Goodwill that averaged out to five dollars for each item.

The first meeting with the crew lasted about an hour and a half. The meeting between the commanding officer and the first officer lasted about an hour.

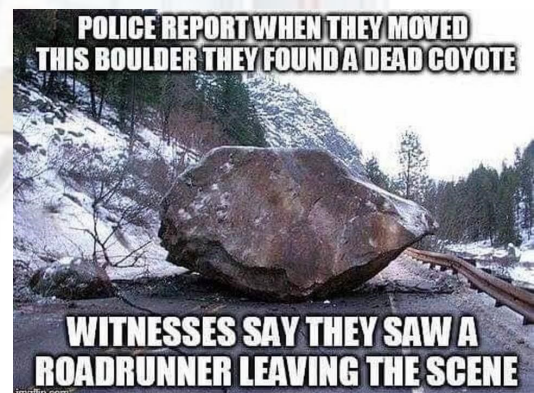
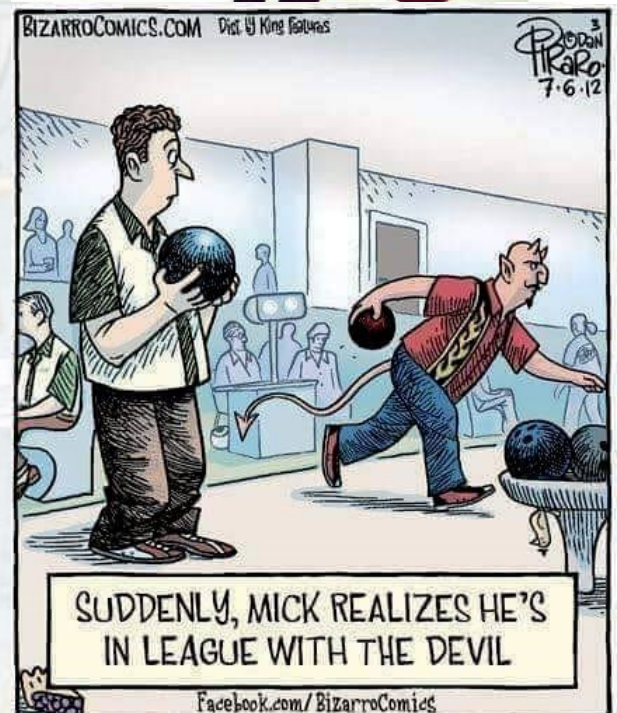
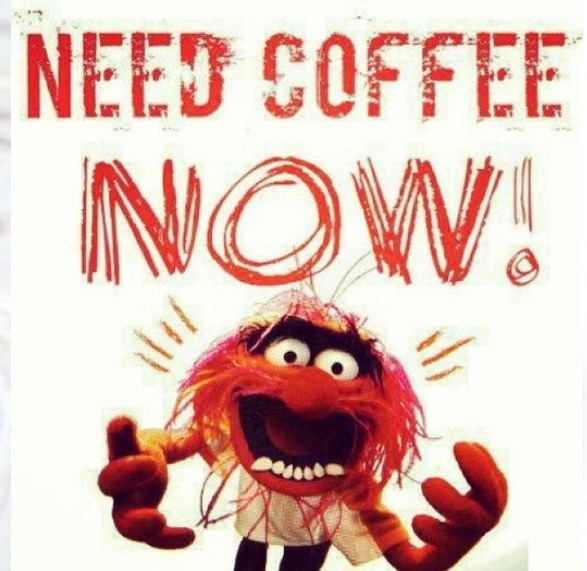
End of report.

Shore Leave

Here are some pictures from 2nd Lieutenant Micheal Charron on shore leave in Los Angeles, California taken sometime last week. Enjoy.



The Funny Colum



Nichelle Nichols (Lt. Nyota Uhura)



Nichelle Nichols
(Lt. Nyota Uhura)
December 28, 1932 - July 30, 2022
Age: 89



You have taken your place among the stars.
You are gone, but you will never be forgotten
Hailing frequency closed.