

BERNIE YEE

# STAR TREK:

## JUDGMENT RITES™

THE OFFICIAL GUIDE

*Beyond a hint book—This official guide combines winning strategies and the story of eight never-before-seen episodes*





# Star Trek: Judgment Rites



//// **Brady**GAMES



# Star Trek: Judgment Rites

## The Official Guide

by Bernie Yee

/// BradyGAMES

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# Introduction





## “Space... the Final Frontier...”



At a young age, I remember hearing William Shatner’s voice on WPIX, channel 11 in the New York City metropolitan area. Born in the 60s, I grew up in the 70s—after the fight to keep *Star Trek* on the air had been fought, won, then lost. *Star Trek* conventions had become popular by then, and I watched the show in what *Star Trek: The Next Generation* writers might call a temporal causality loop: syndication.

I was a Trekkie. I watched every episode multiple times and had my favorites. “Balance of Terror,” where Kirk struggled against his Romulan counterpart (Mark Lenard—who also played Sarek, Spock’s father—a Romulan in this episode, and a Klingon in *Star Trek: The Motion Picture!*); “Doomsday Machine” and Commodore Decker; “Mirror, Mirror,” with Spock and his Spike Lee goatee.

Long after I had become a *Star Trek* fan, I had my first experience with computers. In 1977, I met my first computer in a Radio Shack. It was a TRS-80 with 4K (kilobytes) of RAM, 4K ROM, a black and white display, a 4MHz (megahertz) Z-80 processor (a processor based on the Intel 8080, spiritual grandfather of today’s microprocessors), and a cassette deck for “mass” storage. A simple Blackjack program was running, and it seemed to remember my name after I typed it! I was hooked.

Part of my fascination with computers came directly from *Star Trek*. The ubiquitous *Enterprise* computers could do anything (even though they were operated by little blinking lights). You can imagine my enthusiasm when a version of a main-frame game called *TTY Trek* made it on to my upgraded 16K TRS-80. In that game, the *Enterprise* patrolled the galaxy hunting an improbable number of Klingons and refueling at starbases. The display was pure ASCII text—no graphics, no sound, just imagination. Simpler days, for sure.

I eventually bought a couple of floppy disk drives for the computer, left Radio Shack for the Apple II, and eventually made it to the IBM PC for writing, record keeping... and games.

Now the machine that sits on my desk is an IBM PS/ValuePoint P60; its processor is a 60MHz Pentium, representing the height of desktop computing power. Not only is it leaps and bounds faster than my old 486/33, it makes my old TRS-80 seem like an abacus and is more powerful than roomfuls of computers that existed when the *Star Trek* series was originally filmed. I have 2,000,000 bytes of RAM on my ATI video card alone, compared to the 48,000 bytes of RAM on my TRS-80. I traded my cassette deck for a 500 megabyte hard drive. My SoundBlaster 16/WaveBlaster has digitized instrument samples, my Sony color monitor is as big as my television set, and I have this input device called a mouse. Scotty may have not known how to use one in *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home*, but voice recognition for our computers exists today, and the Apple Newton looks suspiciously like those report pads Yeoman Rand used to bring to Captain Kirk. I wrote this book on a Texas Instruments WinSX 4000 notebook computer while on commuter trains, lounging on the couch or in bed, sitting on the floor watching TV and eating take-out Chinese food—a luxury even the *Enterprise* crew never enjoyed. Technology has sure changed, but *Star Trek's* appeal did not—we loved *Star Trek* not for the computers and phasers, but the personalities.

A company called Interplay Productions had come out with some of my favorite Apple II and IBM PC games—*Bard's Tale*, *Wasteland*, *Dragon Wars*, and Interplay even dared to tackle Tolkien with their Lord of the Rings project. So, when I heard they had the license to do a computer game based on the original *Star Trek* series, I couldn't wait. The Interplay programmers were taking this project very seriously and did things such as time the “transporter” effect from the series to duplicate the effect in their game. *Star Trek: 25th Anniversary* was released to great success, and playing it was like seeing all-new episodes from the old series. Captain Kirk and Scotty lost their paunches, courtesy of VGA. The recent CD-ROM version of this game even uses the voices of the actual crew from the *Enterprise*.

Because you can't get enough of a good thing, Interplay released *Star Trek: Judgment Rites*. It is one of their most ambitious games yet, with dozens of screens of art, pages of dialog, digitized sound, and a unified plot line. Although the installation took painfully long (nearly three hours on some computers), I sat quietly when my screen went blank, stars appeared, and William Shatner's voice intoned, "Space... the final frontier..."

I was thrilled when I got a chance to write a game book for Interplay's *Star Trek: Judgment Rites*. I took the time to review some materials from the old show and learned a few interesting bits of trivia. Did you know that the Klingon battle cruiser made its first appearance in the third and final season of the series, in the episode, "Elaan of Troyus," and that Chekov was introduced only in the second season? Do you know that McCoy's medical scanner was in reality a fancy pepper shaker? Starfleet was originally referred to as Space Command? Vulcans were once called *Vulcanians*? This book gave me a chance to learn about one of my favorite and memorable growing up experiences.

*Star Trek* was, and continues to be, not just a television series—it is one of the giant icons of pop culture, like Warhol's Campbell Soup Cans and The Beatles. Although much of the series looks fairly tame today (and Kirk's philandering seems downright sexist), *Star Trek* was one of the most progressive shows in its day. The *Enterprise* was run by a multi-racial crew, which included a Russian (during the time when the Cold War raged!), an African woman, an Asian, and even a green-blooded alien. The first televised interracial kiss happened on *Star Trek*.



## How to Use the Dialog Hints



I've played through the game several times while simultaneously taking notes and writing game hints on my TI notebook, running WordPerfect for Windows. I came to appreciate how much thought and respect for the series went into *Judgment Rites*. Interplay captured much of the magic from the series in this game, down to the bickering between McCoy and Spock.

I thought it would be fun to assemble each game chapter into a fictional story line, using dialog from the game that would entertain and also provide the correct solution for each chapter. So, enjoy *Star Trek: Judgment Rites*. Think of it as climbing into Kirk's uniform and participating in the filming of "lost episodes" from the old television series. You'll probably never want to flip open your communicator and order Scotty to beam you up.







# Chapter 1: Federation



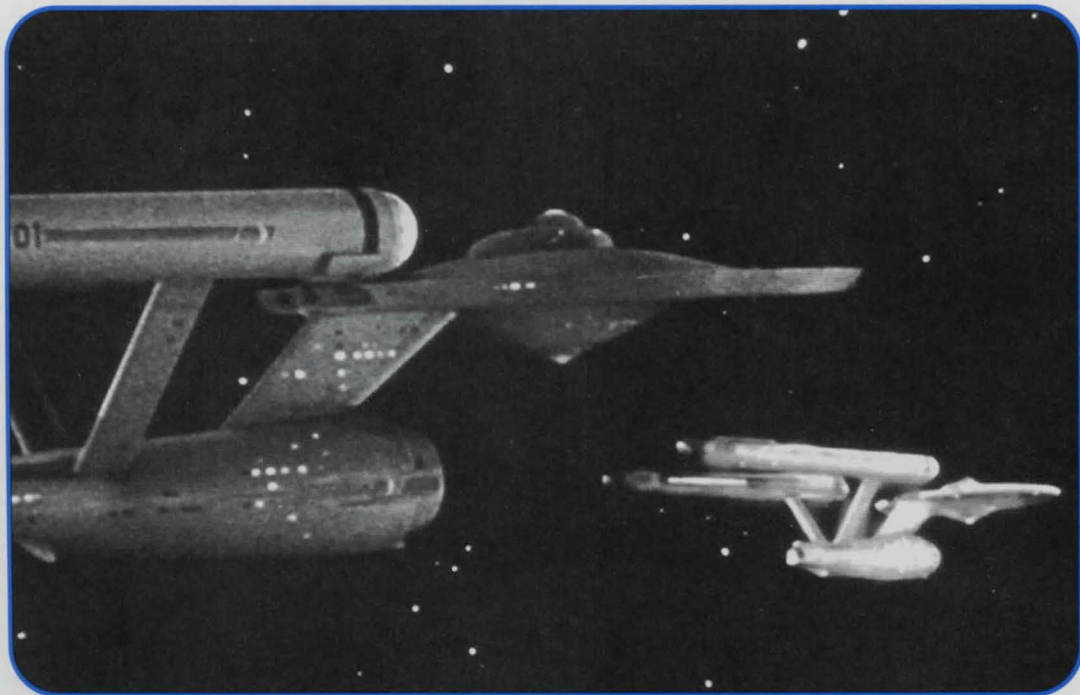


## Captain's Log, Stardate 6223.8



The *Enterprise* was en route to the Glorious Pebbles Scientific Academy, when sensors picked up an unusual energy signature in our sector. Mr. Spock, my science officer, informed me that the energy configuration was a space/time distortion field.

"Captain," Mr. Chekov gasped. "Look!"



On the viewscreen, a tumbling Constitution class starship, almost identical in configuration to the *Enterprise*, emerged from the rift's blue energy nimbus, battered and battle-scarred. "It is the U.S.S. Alexander," reported Spock.

"They're hailing us," said Lt. Uhura. On the main viewscreen, a starship Bridge similar to the *Enterprise* appeared, heavily damaged and in flames. The seriously injured captain spoke, his voice raspy and strained.



"Enterprise, this is Captain Luke Rayner of the U.S.S. Alexander. We have returned from the future to warn you. In eight days, the United Federation of Planets will be completely destroyed. A new..." Then, only static.

"Uhura," I commanded. "Bring him back!"

"Trying, sir..." Uhura frantically worked the communications

panel. "Alexander commander, come in. Boost your signal; repeat, Alexander, do you read us? Captain Rayner?"

Spock interrupted my communications officer. "Captain, sensors are picking up a warp core breach. The Alexander will explode in... three seconds."

Before I could even contact the transporter room to beam aboard survivors, a blinding light filled the viewscreen as I watched as the *Alexander* was torn apart, its saucer section careening past the *Enterprise* before exploding. "My god... Survivors, Spock? Shuttlecraft? Anything?"

"None, Captain."

The sight of a starship being torn apart by the energies that ran her warp engines—antimatter—was both awesome and horrific. My first concern was the

question: *What destroyed the Alexander?* “Spock, can you track the Alexander’s point of origin?” My first officer, however, had already begun his analysis. “Yes, Captain. It appears that the Alexander is scheduled to make a routine patrol stop at Espoir Station, a scientific research facility in the Omega Maelstrom sector.”



### Game Note:

Press Tab to alternate between the crew and the starship piloting system.

When pointer is on Kirk, click the right mouse button (or the button 2 on your joystick). Three icons appear. The left icon is the Captain’s log, where you can read reviews of past mission performances.

The center icon beams the landing party off of the ship.

The rightmost icon is the options icon. On the bridge, this icon allows you to save or load a game, adjust the music and sound effects settings, or quit the game.

Press the Escape (“Esc”) key to return to bridge controls.

The following “Hot” keys speed your actions on the ship (a complete listing of these keys is located in the General Hints section of this game book):




<i>This key</i>	<i>Initiates this action...</i>
S = Shields	Shields are raised or lowered each time this key is pressed.
V = Full Screen	Toggles the viewscreen between the bridge screen and the entire screen.

<i>This key</i>	<i>Initiates this action...</i>
N = <i>Navigation</i>	Brings up the star map. You must access this map to plot a course to your destinations.
W = <i>Weapons</i>	Chekov activates or deactivates the weapons each time this key is pressed.


“Mr. Sulu, set course for Espoir Station, warp factor six. Given Rayner’s message, we may not have much time to avert the disaster coming in eight days.”

“Aye aye sir,” said the helmsman, laying in the course as quickly as I had given the order.



**Game Note:**

Lay in a course for Espoir Station by accessing the navigation screen (N) and clicking the mouse on Espoir Station. Refer to the star system map for the location of Espoir Station.



I sat back in my chair, feeling the familiar slight tug as the *Enterprise* engaged its warp drive.

“At our present speed, we will arrive at Espoir Station in three point two hours, Captain,” said Spock.

“Good. Spock, come with me,” I said as we headed for my quarters. “Mr. Scott, you have the conn.” When we reached my quarters, I sat down with my first officer. “Spock, the ramifications of what we just saw—Rayner came back through time to warn us of a grave danger to the security of the Federation, maybe the entire known galaxy.”

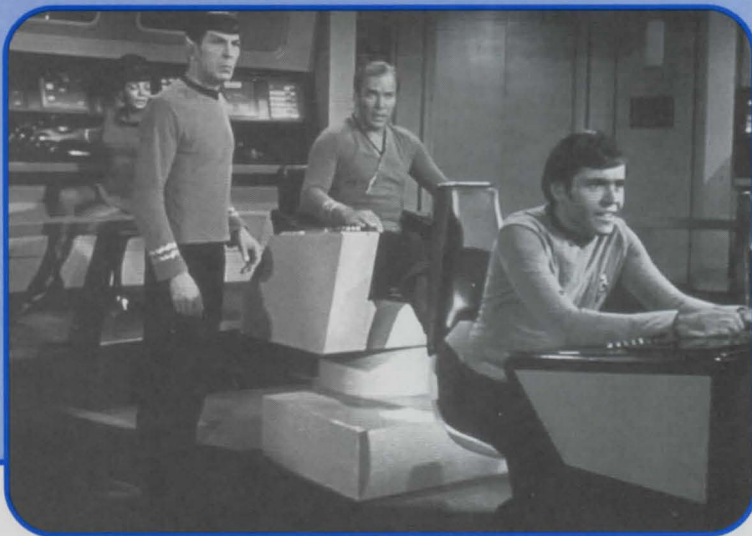
“Yes. And they must have known—indeed the logical assumption is they wanted to change history; a serious undertaking. And more than that...”

Spock never had time to finish his thought when red-alert klaxons sounded throughout the ship. “Captain, ya better get up here; two Elasi ships decloaking,” Scotty said over the intercom.



### Game Note:

*The following space combat scenario should occur only if you selected a setting higher than Federation Cadet or if you veered off course when heading for Espoir Station:*



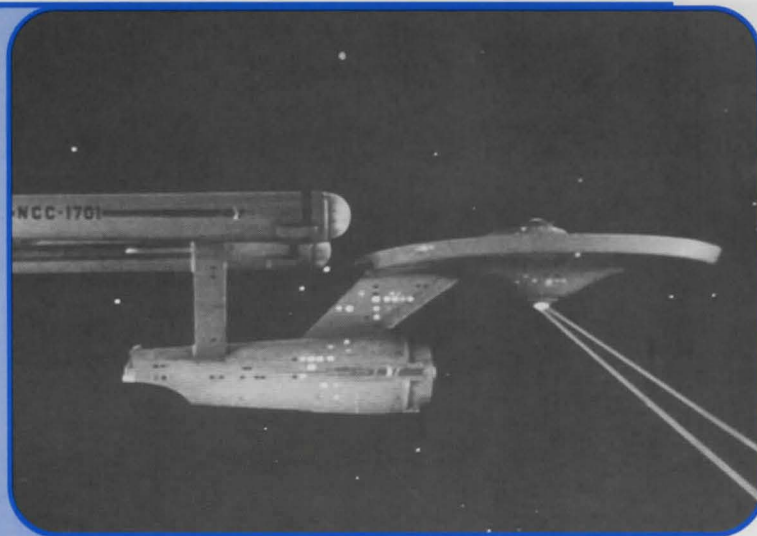
The unappetizing face of Bivander Zane, infamous Elasi raider, appeared on the viewscreen. "Well, well, the famous Captain James T. Kirk of the U.S.S. Enterprise. Are you and your Federation lap dogs prepared to surrender your tug boat to the Elasi?" The scar on the left side of his face rippled as he laughed, and I saw

Scotty stiffen at the insult. I looked over to Spock, as he was peering into his sensor display. "Captain, Zane's vessel is a Storm-class frigate, similar in design to older Klingon battle cruisers. Equipped with three forward firing photon torpedo tubes, while his escort has only two."

I stood and straightened my uniform. "Well then, Zane, you have my answer: take a hike. Mr. Chekov, raise shields and arm phasers and photon torpedoes. Target Zane's ship!" The two Elasi pirates make a run at the Enterprise, but their first volley of torpedoes missed. "Hard about!" I yelled. When Zane's ship appeared, I ordered Chekov to again lock the Enterprise's weapons on target. "Phasers and torpedoes locked, Captain."

"Fire!" Two phaser beams struck Zane's forward shields, while the torpedo volley rocked the ship's starboard shields. "Shields at 50 percent, Captain; damage to their engines," reported Spock, calm despite the explosions and debris scattered in space as a result of our weapons hit. Zane's ship turned and fired, and two torpedoes struck the Enterprise's forward shield while one torpedo from the other Elasi struck the rear shields. "Shields holding, Captain," said Spock. When Zane's ship passed

*continues*



*continued*

to our port side, I swung the *Enterprise* around for another shot. This time, all weapons struck Zane's starboard warp nacelle, and the ship exploded in a similar, but smaller version of what we had seen an hour earlier from the *U.S.S. Alexander*. It was unfortunate that the encounter came to this, but given the Elasi's intent, we had no choice.



After scoring direct hits the second ship with two photon torpedoes, the maneuverable Elasi seemed to lose his appetite for battle, turned and fled. "Let him go, Mr. Sulu," I said, leaning back in my chair. "Damage report, Mr. Scott?"

"Minor damage to the engines, Captain, and they need some work, but we can have the mains one hundred percent in thirty minutes." Scotty always knew how to keep the *Enterprise* from falling apart while breaking Federation speed records. "With you in Engineering, Scotty, they always seem to need work. Good." I smiled, having emerged from battle with only minimal damage. I turned toward the helm. "Mr. Sulu, best speed to Espoir Station. Bones, how is it down in sickbay?"



Leonard H. McCoy's voice jumped out of the intercom. "Well, if you and Spock are through shooting at the bad guys up there, maybe you could come down here and give me a hand!" McCoy's taste for battle was limited to occasions when he and Spock were in the same room. A short pause followed, then Bones continued. "Chapel and I have everything under control, Captain. No casualties. Be careful up there."

"We'll do our best," I said. "Uhura, send a message to Starfleet apprising them of our situation and our encounter with the Elasi; I can't help feel as if they have something to do with the Alexander."

"Not coincidence, Captain?" offered Spock.

"No; call it human intuition. Anyway, we'll find out soon."

In a few hours, the greying figure of James Munroe appeared on the screen. "Welcome Captain; we saw your fight with the Elasi on our long range sensors; they have been bothering us of late. We're grateful."



"That's a likely story," muttered McCoy, who had joined us on the bridge. "Well then," I said, "would you mind if we come down and take a look at your station?"

“Not at all! Espoir Station would be honored to meet the famous captain of the Enterprise. I’ll transmit coordinates for you. Munroe out.”

I looked around the bridge. “Bones, Spock with me. Scotty, you have the conn—and keep an eye out for the Elasi,” I said as I walked towards the turbolift.

“Aye aye sir,” grinned Scotty as he waved us off. The turbolift moved towards the transporter room. “Spock, what do you know about Espoir Station?” I asked.

“Espoir Station,” began Spock’s encyclopedic recitation, “is a Deep Space facility designed to study Gravity’s End, the only known proto-universe phenomenon in the galaxy.”

“Proto-what?” quipped McCoy.

“The proto-universe phenomenon or proto-event, doctor, is a place where matter from a ‘Big-Bang’ explosion from another universe distorts the space time continuum and deposits matter into our universe. It may be the only place where proto-matter can be studied. Espoir Station is of advanced design, but much of it appears to be of non-Federation technology. And much of it is shielded from our sensor sweeps.”

“Extraordinary,” replied McCoy. “It’s like having a window onto the first day of Creation.”

“Is it dangerous?” I asked.

Spock said, “It is possible, but unlikely that the proto-rift could have damaged the Alexander without destroying it completely.” Spock had deduced my hypothesis.

“And that wouldn’t explain why the Federation was in danger. I dunno about Munroe, Jim. Seems like our little incident at the penal colony started like this.”

“Well then, we’ll set phasers on stun and be careful, my good doctor,” I said. Little did I know how right McCoy would be.



### Game Note:

Click on Kirk. Click the transporter icon, and the landing party beams down to the planet's surface.



Dr. Munroe greeted us in the command center of the station. “We have something to show you, Captain,” said Munroe, without getting out of his chair. The display flickered to life, and twin beams reached out and enveloped the *Enterprise*.

Munroe’s chair swiveled, and the scientist faced me with a smirk. “Surrender, Captain, or the tractor beam will crush your ship like an egg.”

My eyes widened at the sight of the *Enterprise* caught in this trap—no doubt Scotty would begin work on neutralizing the tractor beam. I needed to buy some time.



“Why are you doing this?” As the question left my lips, a white-haired man appeared on the screen. “Actually, I’m the one pulling the strings, my dear Captain!”

The two guards drew phasers and pointed them in our direction.

“Breddell! I thought you died on that pathetic imitation of the

Enterprise you threw together!” I said. Breddell had used Vardaine technology to build a replica of a Constitution-class starship, but the *Enterprise* destroyed the vessel a only few months ago. The Vardaine were a reclusive human society—a technocracy, a society driven by scientific advancement.

“No, Captain; a cloaked Vardaine cruiser beamed me off the bridge just as your photon torpedoes breached our inner hull—much to your dismay now, I think!” He laughed. “Guards, put them in the brig!”

A burly blonde man named Menao SHEME relieved us of our weapons and communicators and waved his weapon towards the door. “Why does Breddell hate you so much, Jim—other than the fact you blew his starship to kingdom come?” asked McCoy while we were herded through the gleaming hallways of the space station.



“Well, eleven years ago, when I was a lieutenant on the U.S.S. Farragut, I foiled his plans to overthrow the Vardaine council. Breddell was discredited and humiliated.”

“Quite a stigma in the orderly, logical Vardaine society,” said Spock.

“Sounds like you like them, Spock,” retorted McCoy.

Spock was unfazed by McCoy’s barb. “Their society is driven by the pursuit of science, doctor, much like...” SHEME pushed us into a cell and activated the force field.

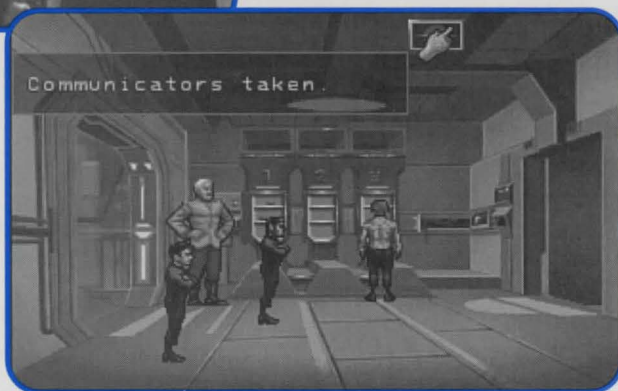
“Gentlemen, please—can we save this for another time?” I pleaded. “Spock—what else do we know about Espoir Station?”



“Well Captain, the station was only recently completed—parts of it may still be under construction.”

“Yes,” I said looking around the cell. “Doesn’t look like this cell has been used before. In fact, over there...” I gestured to a loose panel. Spock nodded and went over to the loose panel and started to remove it.

“Hey! Stop that!” SHEME, obviously secure in his large size, turned off the force field only to be met by Spock’s Vulcan neck pinch. He crumpled to the floor, and we soon recovered our weapons and communicators. “First stop, gentlemen—central control. We’ve got to free the Enterprise.”





## Hints:

You have two ways available to escape the cell. You can talk Sheme into cooperating by talking to him about his father. Follow this line of conversation:

- ⚡ "...related to Vakada Sheme..."
- ⚡ "...what did you think..."
- ⚡ "I called him my friend..."
- ⚡ "I have a memory of a man..."

Menao Sheme will be respectful to the memory of his dead father and release the landing party. Upon release, take the following actions:

- ⚡ Click on Kirk to bring up the icon choices.
- ⚡ Click the open right hand icon.
- ⚡ Sheme stands by and allows Kirk to pick up the weapons, communicators, and tricorders. These items are located in the lockers at the back of the room.
- ⚡ Click on the door that leads to the hallway. A map of the station appears.
- ⚡ Click on Central Control.

Your second choice is to overcome Menao Sheme:

- ⚡ Have Spock examine the loose panel on the wall near the force field.
- ⚡ When Sheme enters, use Spock on Sheme, who then is rendered unconscious.
- ⚡ Search Sheme for a blue passkey that opens the lockers.
- ⚡ Gather all your weapons, communicators, and tricorders, and then go through the red door to the station's turbo-lift.
- ⚡ Follow the 4th and 5th items in the preceding list.

As we appeared in the hallway, two guards materialized; diving, I stunned both with my phaser. Stepping over their crumpled bodies, we approached the yellow door. "Here goes," I said, looking at my friends.



### Hint:

To stun the guards, click on Kirk to bring up icon selection. Click on filled hand, (inventory), select the green lined phaser (stun setting), and stun the two guards. McCoy may be hit in this exchange—and possibly Spock—but they recover.



After stunning two more guards, Munroe and his wheezing assistant were in no mood to stop us, nor would they help us. “Spock,” I motioned to the controls. “Understood,” he said. “Weapons system and communications disabled, sir.”



### Hints:

Click the inventory bag and then click on Spock. Click the control panel on the right side of the room in front of Munroe. Click two control panels in the back of the room. Click off of Spock and then click inventory again, then Doctor McCoy. Have McCoy use his medical kit on the wheezing assistant to help him with his allergies. Save the game.



“Good, let’s go find out what Breddell has cooking with this proto-event,” I said, heading towards the computer room. The computer technician pulled his phaser, but his hand was shaking badly. “I-I-I’ve set the computer to an endless loop; you’ll never get on-line!” he leveled his weapon as my phaser blast struck him in the chest.

“Spock?” Spock walked over to the computer.

“Well, Captain, the computer appears to be playing chess against itself to a draw, thereby locking the system in a continuous loop. Perhaps I can interrupt its routine and end the game.”

Spock’s superior chess skills soon defeated the computer, and he sat down at the computer terminal. “I have all the information on Breddell’s files, and the access code. It appears that Breddell has developed a powerful weapon using the energies from the proto-event. It is cloaked, somewhere near the station, but it also seems

that it is under his exclusive control, most likely from his quarters. He intends to destroy the Federation.”

“Well then, let’s see what Dr. Breddell has to say. But let’s not be too hasty; we’ll take security by

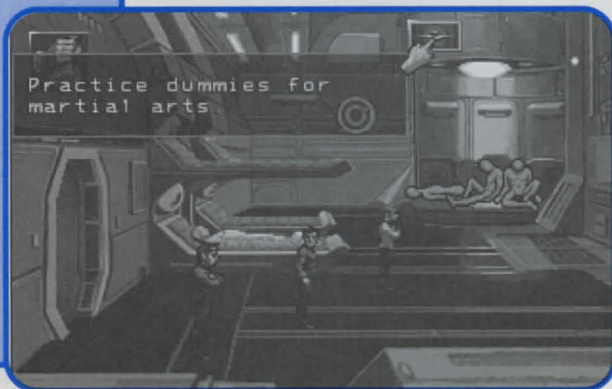


### Hints:

These moves break the computer’s loop:

1. Move to Queen’s Level 3.
2. Move other rook to support it on Queen’s level.
3. Take Queen.

Use Spock on the computer console near the chair. Use Spock and McCoy’s tricorder on the computer to the left of the chair to download Breddell’s files on his new proto-weapon. Use Spock again on the computer console.





transporting in and surprising them, and secure the facility. And we should disable any shuttlecraft to prevent him from escaping.”

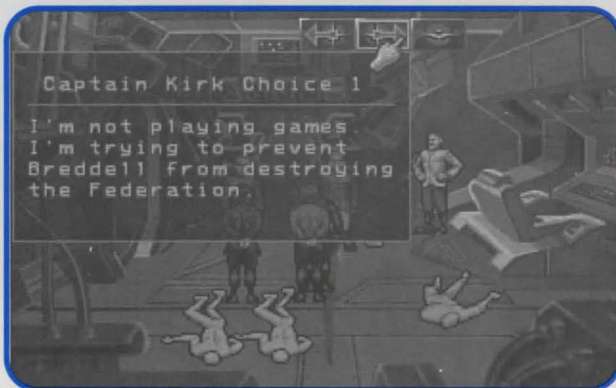
Apparently, Breddell didn't want anyone to use the transporter either, because the chamber was flooded with a potent Wanaka gas. Luckily, an air purifier taken from the crew quarters filtered the air quickly, as we made our way to the transporter. “Coordinates set to security, Captain. Let's hope we surprise them.”



### Hints:

Proceed to the Executive Quarters and pick up the air purifier. The next stop is the crew's quarters, where you find several dummies. Pick up the dummies. Proceed to the transporter room. Use the purifier on Kirk.

Using the station's resources, we surprised the security guards in the station, although McCoy sustained a mild phaser hit. The red-haired man shook off the effects of the phaser stun first. The Vardaine were large and muscular; I guessed that these men may have been the result of the eugenics program that caused so much controversy in Vardaine society. “Well played, Captain. I am Kamend, head of security.”



I needed to convince the head of security to help, as I should have convinced Sheme. "I'm not playing games Mister; I'm trying to stop that madman Breddell from destroying the Federation, and maybe starting a war!"



A look of doubt crossed Kamend's face. "Do you have proof?"

"I'll try to provide that evidence," I shot back, "Spock, show him Breddell's files!"





## Hints:

In the transporter room:

1. Click on the dummies in the inventory.
2. Click on the transporter pad.
3. Click on Spock, then click on the transporter controls.
4. Your party beams to security. Upon materializing, Kirk automatically stuns the security guards.

In the security room:

1. Talk to Mr. Kamend.
2. Click on inventory, then click on Spock.
3. Click Spock onto Mr. Kamend. Spock now is showing Mr. Kamend the files that were retrieved from Breddell's computer.
4. Have Spock lower the force field (right side of screen).
5. Have Spock lower the communications tracking (far side of screen).
6. Exit security.
7. Proceed to the Special Projects room.

In the Special Projects room:

1. Dispose of the beast with the red Phaser.
2. Use Spock on the console on the left side of the screen. He will deactivate the tractor beam that holds the Enterprise captive.
3. Proceed to Docking Bay 1.

In Docking Bay 1:

1. Surrender to the guards.
2. Spock automatically disables the two guards.
3. Use Spock on the two controls on the left side of the screen. Sabotage both controls.
4. Proceed to Breddell's quarters.

Save the game.

The Vulcan stepped forward without a hint of urgency. Leaning over the computer, Spock fed the data from his tricorder to the display. "Mr. Kamend; here are files from Breddell's computers. You will find it interesting, I trust," said Spock, as placid as ever.

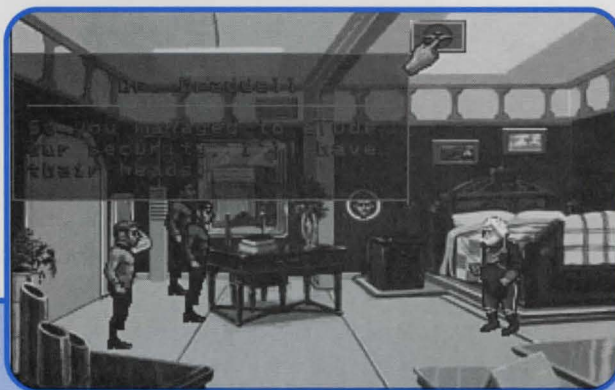
Kamend's eyes widened as he read the data. "If this is true, then it is my duty to aid you. And I doubt you could have forged these entries... Captain—my security forces will not hinder you. I will lower the security fields so you can access the tractor beam control holding your starship. Go find Breddell and do what you must."

After quickly disposing of the genetically-altered creature in the special projects room, Spock sabotaged the last of the station's systems—the tractor beam that held the *Enterprise* captive. I looked at Spock and McCoy. We only had one more loose end to tie up.

Outside Breddell's quarters, Spock transmitted Breddell's access code stolen from the main computers. "Breddell!" I shouted as we leapt into his room. "The experiment is over!"

“Ah Kirk, you managed to elude my security forces—I’ll have their heads!—but you won’t elude me!” Breddell lunged for his Vardaine phaser, inferior to Federation issue but just as deadly, and I reached for mine. I was quicker. Stunned, the old man hit the ground with a resounding thud.

“Interesting decor, Jim,” laughed Bones, pointing at the dart board with my likeness as the bulls-eye. Spock began consulting his tricorder. “I believe there is more than meets the eye to that dart board, Captain.” Spock walked over to the dart board and picked it up, exposing a control panel. “I believe I can access Breddell’s controls to his weapon platform. I am lowering the cloaking device,” reported Spock.



### Hints:

1. Have Spock give Kirk the codes to Breddel’s door.
2. Click on the door after entering the codes.
3. Talk to Breddell. Select Choice number 1—“Your experiment is over.”
4. Use phaser set to stun, on Breddell.
5. Use Spock on dartboard.
6. Use Kirk’s “take” icon on dartboard.
7. Use Kirk’s “take” icon on book sitting on desk.
8. Use Kirk’s “take” icon on bookmark.
9. Use tricorder on bookmark.
10. Use Spock on wall where controls show from behind the dartboard.

“Good—have Scotty lock onto the platform and fire,” I ordered. “And when he’s done, three to beam up.”

It was good to settle back into my command chair. Spock reported that the Vardaine Council was in turmoil, as Breddell’s anti-Federation supporters were discredited when Breddell’s plans to destroy the Federation were uncovered.

“Looks like Breddell is going to have a long rest at a Federation penal colony, far away from his scientific gadgets, right Spock?” grinned McCoy.

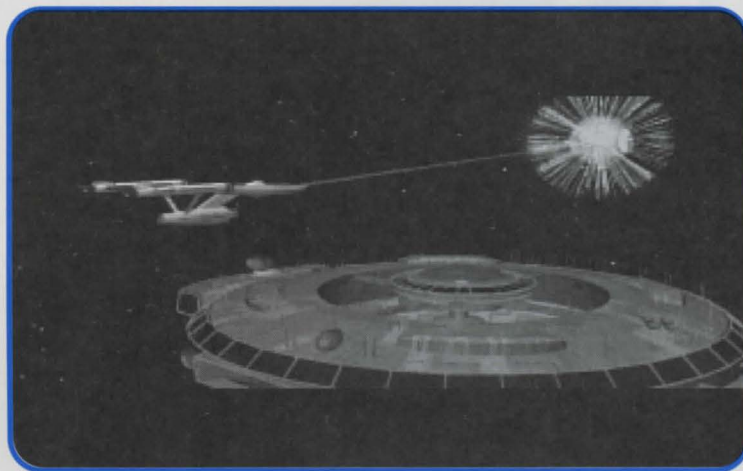
Before the Vulcan could respond, Lt. Uhura interrupted. “Captain, we’re receiving a hail from ... the U.S.S. *Alexander*.” McCoy looked over to Spock. “Temporal paradoxes are most fascinating, aren’t they?”

“Indeed, Doctor; are you trying to annoy me?” said Spock, folding his hands and looking towards the viewscreen.

The image of a starship bridge and her captain appeared. “Luke Rayner here, Captain Kirk. I know we’ve never met, but we got your signal, and Starfleet asked us to assist you in cleaning up the mess here at *Espoir Station*.” Captain Rayner looked in considerably better health than when I saw him last, as did the *Alexander*.

“It’s good to have you with us, Captain—better than you could possibly guess,” I said.

“Captain?” asked a confused Rayner. “Why don’t you come aboard, and I’ll explain.” I smiled. “It’s a long story.”





## Game Note:

Episode 1, Federation, brings back Kirk's nemesis from Interplay's adventure *Star Trek: 25th Anniversary*—Breddell. Breddell is a member of the Vardaine, a planet populated by humans. The Vardaine society is very structured, and scientific achievement is highly valued. Breddell constructed a replica of the *Enterprise*, which Kirk destroyed along with Breddell's Elasi allies.

In Federation, Kirk discovers that Breddell escaped the destruction of the false *Enterprise* and has turned his considerable scientific talents to constructing a weapon that uses the harnessed energies from a proto-event, a place in the universe where a dimensional rift allows matter and energy from a big-bang explosion through into this universe. While en route to a science station, the *U.S.S. Alexander* appears from a rift in the space/time continuum, and Captain Rayner warns Kirk of a disaster that threatens the entire Federation in a few days. Before Rayner can elaborate, his damaged starship explodes.

Kirk learns that the *Alexander* was to make a stop at Espoir Station, science facility, and decides to pay a visit. But Kirk intercepts two Elasi pirate ships (assuming you choose the level of difficulty for Judgment Rites that allows space combat), which alerts his suspicions. When he transports onto Espoir Station, he is taken captive while the *Enterprise* is enveloped in a powerful tractor beam. Before he is thrown into the brig, Kirk discovers that Breddell is behind another plot to destroy the Federation.

Kirk escapes from the brig, learns of Breddell's secret weapon and his plans to destroy the Federation. By showing this evidence to Breddell's security, Kirk wins them over to his cause and manages to free the *Enterprise* from the tractor beam. Spock disables Breddell's only means of escape, a shuttlecraft, before Kirk confronts Breddell. Spock disables the cloaking device hiding the secret weapon, and the *Enterprise* easily destroys Breddell's latest tool of destruction. Breddell is taken into Federation custody.

Your mission—now accomplished—brings the image of a Starfleet Admiral on the viewscreen. You now will receive the rating of your performance on Espoir Station.

Save the game, and prepare... for Chapter 2.



## Optimizing Your Score:

To get the maximum number of points for this mission, make sure that you:

- Ⓐ Do not insult the Elasi Pirates who attack you. In Seasoned Veteran Mode, you have to fight two Elasi Pirates.
- Ⓐ Do not make any attempt to contact the *Enterprise* before you disable Communications tracking.
- Ⓐ Talk Sheme into helping you.
- Ⓐ Stun, do not kill the Vardaine guards.
- Ⓐ Sabotage central communications and weapons control.
- Ⓐ Use Bones to treat the assistant's allergies.
- Ⓐ Talk to Munroe.
- Ⓐ Sabotage both controls in the shuttle bay.
- Ⓐ Defeat the computer at chess.
- Ⓐ Do not wake the sleeping Vardaine crew member (or if you wake him, have McCoy put him to sleep).
- Ⓐ Convert security to your cause and supply evidence of Breddell's plan to Kamend.
- Ⓐ Destroy communications tracking.
- Ⓐ Do not enter false code into the weapons control panel in Breddell's quarters.



# Chapter 2: Sentinel





## Captain's Log, Stardate 6228.2



We were en route to much-needed shore leave when the *U.S.S. Demeter*, a science vessel assigned to study emerging lifeforms in the Balkos system, hailed the *Enterprise*.

"Enterprise, this is Commander Gellman of the science vessel Demeter; Captain Kirk, it's good to see the Enterprise in the area."

"Commander Gellman, the pleasure is ours," I said, settling back in my chair. At least they weren't under attack by Romulans or the Elasi. "Do you have an emergency situation requiring our aid?"

Gellman looked a bit worried. "I'm not sure. This may be a case of better safe-than-sorry. We're orbiting Balkos III to study the Balkosi—a race of humanoids, just entering what we would call their stone age. We've been here only two days, but we've discovered some remarkable preliminary findings about their behavior—they are an unusually aggressive species. My science officer just began her deep geologic survey, when our ship was scanned by a powerful sensor sweep."

"Scanned?" I said. "I thought you said the Balkosi were just developing. Are there any other ships in the area that might account for this?"

"No. The Balkosi *are* primitive, captain. And there were no surface indications of any old civilizations—until now. Our sensor sweep picked up powerful energy readings from caverns just below the surface. Starfleet science reports indicate that you've had experience with this sort of thing before. We thought you should come and take a look."

I winced inwardly; the memories of how I was powerless to save *Miramane* were still painful. “Quite reasonable, commander. We’re on our way, *Enterprise* out.” When Gellman’s transmission faded from the viewscreen, I turned to my crew. “Sorry—looks like shore leave is delayed.”

Balkos III was only a short detour from our present course, and our trip was uneventful. Mr. Spock reported that the *Demeter* transmitted the coordinates for the power source. Mr. Spock scanned the area. “It is a cavern approximately 30 meters below ground, and appears to have an atmosphere, Captain.” He looked up from his sensor display. “The area is not shielded, so we may beam down at any time.”



“Well then, get McCoy and meet me down in the transporter room. Scotty, you have the conn.”



### Game Note:

Use the O hot key to enter orbit or click on Sulu, then click on the orbit icon. Use the B hot key to beam down to the planet.

After Bones, Spock, and I beamed down, we were surrounded momentarily by a strange light. When the light subsided, McCoy seemed a bit shaken. “What the devil was that?” Bones was always irritable after a transporter ride, and this experience did little to calm him.

Spock raised an eyebrow at McCoy’s frazzled expression. “While I cannot guarantee a lack of physical change, Doctor, we seem to be unharmed. I therefore conclude we have been scanned.”

My communicator beeped. “Kirk here.” It was Scotty. “Captain, are you all right? Sensors picked up a burst of power followed by some sort of powerful transmission.”

“Well, according to Spock, we’re fine,” I quipped. “Can you track the transmission to its destination?”

“No, sir. It was a kinda broadcast that we’ve never seen before.”

“It *never* is, Mr. Scott. Kirk out.”

Three machines stood in the room, with display panels lining the wall. The machines seemed to be shimmering. Motioning over toward the machines, I looked at my First Officer. “Spock?”



“These devices appear to be protected by an energy field, Captain. My tricorder cannot scan past the fields surrounding the machines. I suggest we find a control panel to attempt to lower these screens.”



### Hints:

To leave the room, press button two on your joystick or click the right mouse button, bring up the action icons, click the cursor on the use icon, then select the inventory by clicking the bag. Select the science tricorder. Click the green panel near the door to examine the panel, and click the various machines in the room. Then select the use icon and click on Spock; have Spock open the door by clicking on the green panel. Repeat this process until the party discovers how to open the doors automatically.

“First, we have to get out of this room.” I walked to the door that lead out of the room. It remained closed as I approached. “Spock, come here and take a look at this,” I said, gesturing to a shimmering green panel next to the door.

The Vulcan knelt down and examined the panel. The Vulcan's strong hands pried the plate from the wall, exposing a mass of wires. "It appears to be circuitry controlling the door. If I can just..." The door slid open. "Fascinating. Considering the other equipment here, the control circuit for the door is quite simple. A short power interruption was all that was needed. Apparently, the door circuitry can also respond to some sort of identification to open automatically."

"Well, that's as good as an invitation," I said waving to McCoy. "Let's take a look around."



The next room was, no doubt, the central control room. A control panel protected by an energy screen stood in the center of the room, and a large viewscreen was mounted on the wall. My communicator beeped again.

"Captain, another surge... canna lock on..." Then, only static. "Scotty?" I asked. No response.

"There appears to be some kind of interference now; communicators and transporters will be ineffective," said my First Officer.

Four doors led from the control room. Spock opened the far right door easily, and we went through to another room filled with machinery. This time, no force shield protected the humming devices.

Spock picked up some small flat devices in a bin. "These devices are designed to project a small energy field of some sort, Captain. They are not yet operational—in fact, they seem to require another piece. In this adjacent bin, these plastic pieces appear to be energy storage devices. Perhaps I can use the machines in this room to join the two pieces together."

While Spock was busy with the devices, I collected the assortment of loose components scattered on the floor. This room was a stark contrast to the orderly rooms in the rest of the complex.



### Hints:

1. Find the room with the green machinery and the devices scattered on the floor. Pick up all the devices.
2. Retrieve the objects (cards and batteries) from the two bins.
3. Use the card and the battery on the hopper on the left side of the room. Use Spock on the hopper. This action creates a “badge.”
4. Exit to the lower left of the room and, in the next room, use the badge on the recharging station in the upper right corner of the room.

“Fascinating,” said Spock, bringing over a set of badge-like devices. “These objects you’ve gathered, seemingly randomly scattered about, are all interface devices. Cables, display, binary switches ... for what purpose, I wonder?”

“Spock,” grated McCoy, “stop acting like a child on Christmas morning, and tell us what the badges will do.”

Spock ignored McCoy’s little barb. “They should cause the doors to open automatically, Doctor. And perhaps they will give us access to some of the equipment.”



Returning to the central control room, we discovered that the force field around the main unit had disappeared when we approached with our badges. “Spock,” I asked. “Can you activate this device?”

"It is not operational, Captain. But I believe with the devices we recovered, it would be a simple matter to repair the console." Spock busied himself around the device, and soon stood up. "Captain, from what I have learned from the display, there are other similar complexes on this planet interconnected with this one. I can now also shut down the other energy screens in the complex."

"Do it, Spock." Spock fiddled with the controls, and said, "Fascinating. My attempt at lowering the energy screens has activated a prerecorded display." A display of simple geometrical shapes appeared on the screen.

"A basic logic puzzle," said McCoy. "Even we illogical humans can solve this, however. Just add..." Spock was already inputting the answer, however. "Captain, the force fields have been dropped."

"Are we being tested, Mr. Spock?"

"I would say so, Captain. The challenges we encountered seem designed only to test our basic intelligence and technical abilities. If the builders of these machines wanted to keep us away, they could have done so more effectively."

"Well, let's see what those devices were in the transport area," suggested Bones.

"A logical place to start, Doctor."

We returned to the first room. McCoy glanced around. "The large central machine has a display with a star pattern—like the floors in this complex."



### Hints:

- ▲ Return to the central control room. Use the box/cube and the display on the central console. Use Spock on the console.
- ▲ For the puzzle, you need to add up the number of sides to the objects in the first two rows. Circles count as one side. Choose the figure in the third row that gives the third row the same number of sides as the first two rows.



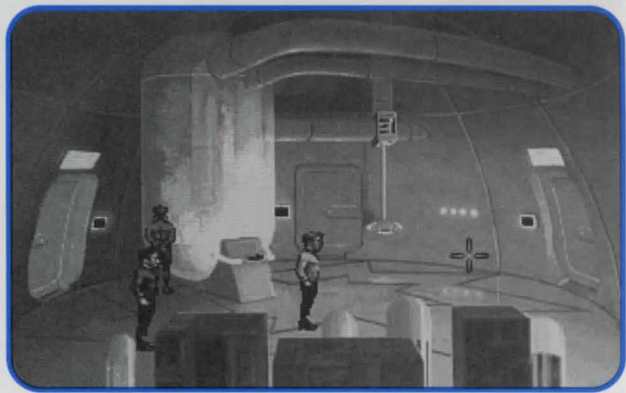
Spock was already examining the controls. “An astute observation, Doctor,” said Spock with only the barest hint of sarcasm. “This device is a sensor, the one that probably reacted to the Demeter’s scans with its own sensor probe. The pyramid-shaped conical device is a transmitter of some sort, designed to send a signal to one specific area of the galaxy only. An area, I believe, in a quadrant the Federation has yet to explore. And the signal frequency is set at .00052 angstroms, while the message is coded. Captain, a receiver would have to be looking for this particular transmission, or else it would appear to normal scans as background radiation. The other device is a scanning device, as I surmised.”

Spock looked at McCoy, and I thought I saw just a hint of gloating cross his face. “These devices are evidence of a race with more advanced technology than the Federation.”

“And taller, too—look how high the consoles are!” laughed McCoy. Spock now seemed irritated at Bones’ quipping.

“Let’s look around some more and see what the other devices do,” I suggested, trying to head off one of the many petty debates my officers often engage in.

The next few rooms held surprises. In the first room, a huge tank of unknown material dominated the orange chamber. Spock scanned the tank and said, “This is a food-production unit. The fast-growing bacteria is constantly being harvested and carried to a synthesizing unit by that pipe.” Another room contained medical examination tables and other devices.



The next room contained the food synthesizer and a tunnel that lead to the surface, too small for humans. We watched in amazement as a piece of food popped

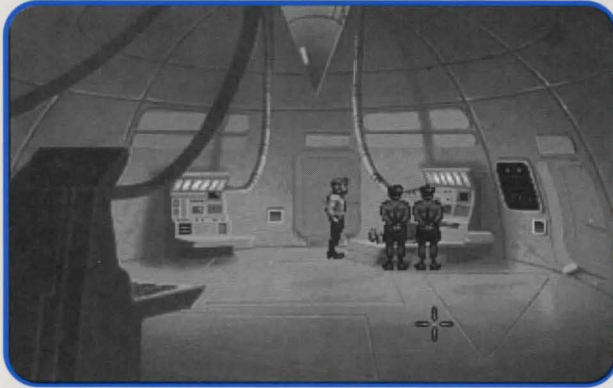


out into a tray, and a Balkosi—humanoid and about four feet tall—climbed down into the room.

“Bones?” I whispered, but McCoy was one step ahead of me and was scanning him with the medical tricorder. “His vitals seem a bit elevated for a creature of his size and anatomy, but he’s OK.” The creature munched on the food, oblivious to our presence.

“We should examine him,” I said. “I’ll stun him and we’ll take him to those examining tables in the next room.” Just then, a puff of gas from the machine hit the Balkosi in the face. I drew my phaser and stunned the little creature. “Spock... give me a hand!”





Spock lifted him easily, and we soon set him down on the examination table. Spock then stood. “Captain, I would like to examine the other machinery in the complex while Doctor McCoy conducts his examination.”

“Go ahead, this may take a while,” said McCoy, waving off the Vulcan. “OK, Spock, but be careful,” I replied.

“Interesting,” said McCoy. “Even though he’s out like a light, his metabolism is operating at a high rate.” McCoy then turned his attention to the other displays on the medical table. “My god, look at these readings—everything is elevated! No wonder the Balkosi are in turmoil, every aggression-related hormone in this being is working overtime! And tracing the morphology, the cause was the gas from the machine. It was loaded with Balkosi-specific pheromones!”

I was stunned by the implication. “Bones, are you saying that the makers of this complex lured the Balkosi here with an easy food source, only to subject them to aggression-causing chemicals?” Bones nodded vigorously. “Looks that way, Jim.”



### Hints:

1. Go to the food-producing room with a tunnel to the surface.
2. Wait for a Balkosian to appear.
3. Use Spock on the Balkosian, or stun the Balkosian with Kirk’s green phaser.
4. Pick up the Balkosian and, in the examination room, use McCoy on the Balkosian.

Spock returned to the room. “Captain,” Spock spoke with a hint of excitement in his voice. “The other room contains a mass storage device coupled to the power source for this complex. I was able to repair it with the parts found. It is broadcasting power throughout the complex—that is the source of interference with the Enterprise. The machinery was deliberately damaged, Captain. That could only have been done with the force shield down, suggesting that it was done by the machine’s makers.”

“Interesting, but what for, I wonder?” I asked.

“There’s more, Jim. If the power is interrupted rather than shut down from the controls, a signal would be sent to the bacteria vat, releasing the mix into the atmosphere.”

“Which would cause the pheromone to be spread,” McCoy added, “throughout the population on a planet-wide scale! Jim, do you think someone’s conducting an experiment on these life forms?”

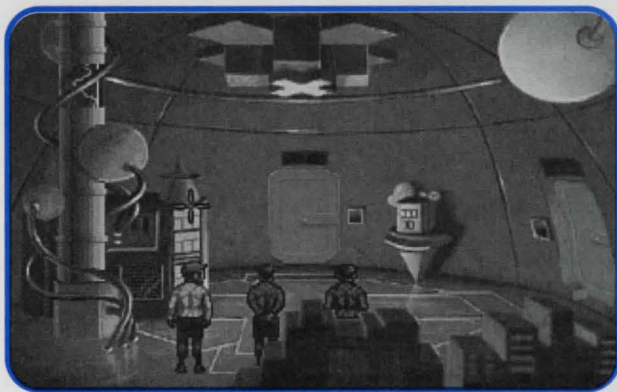
Spock answered. “It is quite possible, Doctor. The other device is an archive of some sort—but the information contained is quite volatile. Once powered off, the information—technical data on holographic and three dimension projection beyond our current knowledge—would be irretrievably lost; an illogical design for an archive. We can safely shut down the machine, but we would lose the information in the archive, and there is no telling what a shutdown would do to the other devices in the complex. And if we retrieve the information from the archive, it is clear that another signal will be sent, releasing the bacteria into the atmosphere.”

“What kind of choice is that? Condemn the Balkosi to a life of violence for some data?” yelled McCoy. “What kind of civilization left these devices to torture the Balkosi?”

“I have a hunch that someone’s testing us. It’s the way this is all set up. We keep finding out... just enough... to make—choices! Moral choices! The question is, who is doing it? And why?” I began to feel manipulated, which made me angry.

“This device,” said Spock as he held up one of the components from the room that held the manufacturing machinery, “is an on-off switch. We can connect it to the food synthesizer, and assuming that we receive the appropriate signal—probably from shutting down the power source—we can shut down the food/pheremone system, Captain.”

“So the Balkosi can develop at their own pace... hmm. Do it, Spock. But don’t shut off the power yet.”



We gathered back in the room with the archive computer. “The question, gentlemen, is whether we try to deactivate the pheremone machine or retrieve the information.”

Bones spoke up. “We can’t condemn the Balkosi to a life of violence, Jim.”

I thought for a moment. “You’re

right, Bones. Sorry Spock, let’s deactivate the power source.”

Spock walked over to the humming device without hesitation. “Done, Captain. As I suspected, the pheremone producing machine has been shut down, and we have a clear channel to the Enterprise. The archive is now lost as well.”



### Hints:

1. Use the on-off switch on the control near the bacteria tank.
2. Use the cables and control card on the power generator.
3. Use Spock on the generator to deactivate the unit.

“Scotty, beam us up.”

Back on the bridge, Uhura reported that two signals were broadcast—one which Spock reported was beamed to an unknown section of the galaxy, and the other to us. “Onscreen, Lieutenant.”

The words **Subject Suitable. Testing Continues** appeared. McCoy said, “You were right, Jim. But why?”

“That, Doctor, I think we will find out soon enough.”

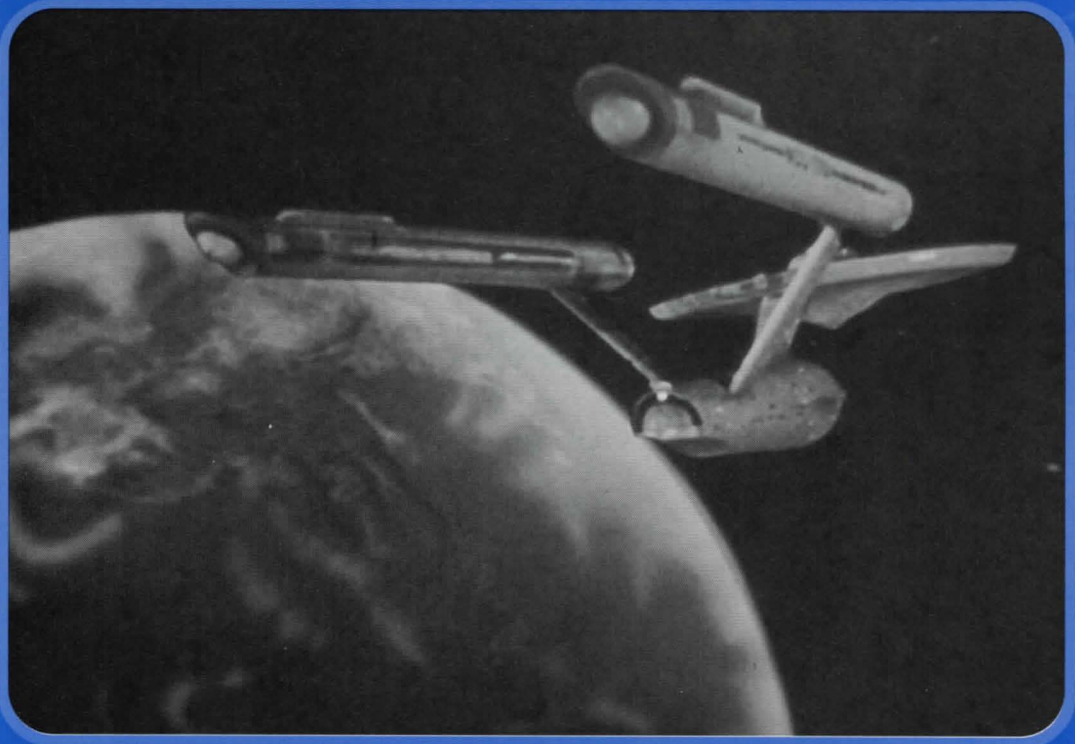


### Optimizing Your Score

To get the maximum number of points for this mission, make sure that you perform the following tasks:

- Ⓐ Solve the geometric puzzle on the first try.
- Ⓐ Install the switch on the bacteria tank controls.
- Ⓐ Use the medical tricorder on the Balkosian when the alien is both conscious and unconscious.
- Ⓐ Tricorder the food producing unit.
- Ⓐ Use the medical tricorder on the vat.
- Ⓐ Pick up each computer object, the card, and the battery.
- Ⓐ Assemble and recharge the badge.
- Ⓐ View the information sample from the archive, but do not retrieve the entire archive or you will poison the Balkosi.
- Ⓐ Save the Balkosi. If you poison the Balkosi, you lose points.

# Chapter 3: No Man's Land





## Captain's Log, Stardate 6236.5



Following our mission to the Balkosi and shore leave, the *Enterprise* is proceeding to Omega Corvus to probe radiation clouds and other gaseous anomalies. Lieutenant Uhura, however, reported a message from Starfleet Command. Admiral Cain appeared on the viewscreen.

"Admiral," I said. "What can we do for you?" Admiral Cain taught at the Academy, and she became my mentor.

Her face radiated worry. "This is a Code Two emergency, Jim. Three Federation ships have disappeared in the Delphi system within the last month. We lost contact with the U.S.S. Zimbabwe two days ago. You are to proceed to the Delphi system and learn what happened to those ships!"

"We're on our way, Admiral. Sulu, set a course to Delphi—warp seven."

"Aye aye, sir," said Sulu, as the *Enterprise* turned to her new heading. The stars shifted as we engaged warp drive.

Our trip was interrupted by Lt. Uhura again. "Sir, I'm picking up something unusual on the comm channels. It sounds like.... insects! Here it is sir..." A buzzing sound filled the Bridge.

"What the..."

Mr. Spock raised his voice over the noise, "Captain! Sensors detect an object approaching—on screen, now!"

All eyes on the bridge stared incredulously—a vintage triplane from Earth's first world war. Spock was still shouting his report over the startling propeller's noise. "Sensors indicate that the object is an authentic Earth warplane, circa 1917,



belonging to the nation of Germany. It appears to be a Fokker DR-1; and sensors are picking up an immense power source and one life form.”

Before Spock could explain, Uhura interrupted.  
“We are being hailed.”

A man appeared on the screen, dressed in leathers and flying goggles that were typical of Earth, early 20th century. His face was painfully familiar to the *Enterprise* and her crew.



Earth’s World War I. “This is Baron Trelane von Gothos of the German Air Circus! I have identified you as an enemy aircraft! You have 10 seconds to surrender before I blow you out of the sky!”

“Stop playing games, Trelane! Leave my ship alone!”

“Really, Captain,” laughed the errant god-like child of a mysterious race. “You don’t know how to have fun. Games are the joy of life!”

“Do your parents know that you’re having fun? Last time we met, they promised to punish you for having ‘fun’ with us.”

I stood upright. “Trelane!”

The figure on the screen was indeed the Squire of Gothos, draped in period costume from

Trelane removed his goggles. “Ah Captain, you need not concern yourself with them. This time, we will not be interrupted. This time, all accounts will be settled in full!” He disappeared from the screen, and his plane banked off.

Spock said, “Trelane is closing on us; I would extrapolate from his approach that he intends to fire.”

“Shields! Arm phasers!” I ordered. Spock’s even tone came back at me. “It is unlikely we could destroy Trelane’s ship, Captain.” The *Enterprise* was shaken by a weapons hit. “Energy weapon—configuration unknown,” reported Spock. So much for bullets, I thought.

“Evasive maneuvers. Helm, bring us about to 34-point-3, mark 2. Fire!” Phasers and photon torpedoes struck the craft. “Direct hit. Sensors indicate minimal damage, Captain.” Spock’s tone was even.

Sulu called out. “He’s firing, Captain!”

Spock reported again. “Shields 2 and 3 collapsed. Trelane is coming around again.” Explosions rocked the ship. I was thrown across the Bridge.



### Hint:

Although very difficult, you can shoot down

Trelane’s biplane, if you choose the seasoned veteran option mode of play. Use the weapons lock and phasers, and when Trelane heads towards you move out of his way—his weapons are powerful and can fire almost continuously. Photon torpedoes are useless against such a small craft except at close range. Keep turning continuously and vary your speed so Trelane does not get a solid bead on your starship. Getting defeated by Trelane here, however, does not stop you from successfully completing this episode.



## Captain's Log: Supplemental



When I awoke, I found myself in a stone-walled jail cell with McCoy, Spock, and Lieutenant Commander Ellis, First Officer and Security Chief of the *Zimbabwe*. As I stood, I nodded at the burly officer. "Report, Mr. Ellis."

"We were attacked, Captain, by a...triplane! What's going on?" Lieutenant Ellis was obviously disoriented from his experience and surprised to see us—he fixed me with a stare.

"What's going on," I said, dusting myself off, "is Trelane. The immature child of a race with vast power. He's obsessed with human history, especially military history. Last time, it was Napoleon. Now it's World War I. We've got to find a way out of here and get Trelane off his fascination with human armed conflict." Spock spoke up. "Our phasers are drained, Captain, but our other equipment still operates. Tricorder readings indicate that we are guarded by a single human. Other life signs are in the immediate proximity."

The room was dimly lit by a single light bulb and lined with crates. Using a stick from the bundle laying beside the hay bales, I managed to pry a crate open. "Schnapps!" exclaimed McCoy.

Uncapping a bottle, I put the drink to my lips. "Alcohol all right, but completely tasteless. Looks like Trelane didn't learn anything about food from our last encounter." Despite Trelane's power, his re-creation of food was based only on observation of Earth culture—he recreated



the appearance of food, but could not duplicate its flavor or texture. “Alcohol—hmm.”

I quickly drenched the hay with the fake schnapps and rubbed the two sticks together furiously. The hay began to smoke, and then burst into flames. I ran coughing to the door and banged on it. “Guard! Help!”



### Hints:

1. Pick up a stick from the tied bunch of wood in the far left corner of the room.
2. Open the crate of schnapps in the far right corner of the room.
3. Use the schnapps on the hay pile, then use the stick on the hay.

When the guard enters, use Spock on the guard. Attempt to pick up the guard and leave.

The guard appeared, and yelled in English heavy with a German accent. “What is going on here?”

Spock looked around as he made his way towards the guard through the smoke. “Captain, we should leave this building immediately. The proximity of this fire to a large concentration of alcohol puts us at considerable risk.” Spock applied his Vulcan neck pinch to the surprised soldier, and the guard crumpled to the ground.

Bones spoke up over the flames. “We can’t leave him here!”

Ellis pulled the guard out of the burning building, into the courtyard of what appeared to be a small German town.

Mr. Spock looked back at the smoking building. “It does not appear that we should enter that building again, Captain. Fascinating that the fire has not spread more quickly through the structures that were typical of this period of Earth history.”

A German soldier walked across the courtyard to an elderly man. "Get out of the courtyard! The Baron does not appreciate vagrants, old man!"

The old man looked frightened, and begged the soldier for mercy. "Sir, please... I have no other place..."

Ellis started to move toward the soldier, but

I ordered him to remain in place. He glared at me furiously. "Fine, Kirk, why don't you let him die too..." I noted his remark, even as I walked toward the guard.



The German soldier punched and kicked the old man as he hit the ground. "Jim..." said Bones, but I made my way towards the soldier who was staring at me. "What has this man done?" The guard snarled at me. "Do not interfere!"

"I see—he's done nothing," I said. I knocked the guard out with one blow to the back of his neck.

I turned to Ellis, and McCoy was already tending to the old man, “What’s your problem, mister?”

“Does the name Ralph Garvin sound familiar to you?”

My mind raced back, to the surface of an alien planet and to a young officer... who died under my command.

“He was my roommate at the Academy, and was killed by some blood-sucking cloud while under YOUR command.”

My voice became more even. “Space is not the friendliest of environments. I’ve always done my best to protect my crew, and I’ve always honored anyone who has lost their life under my command.”

Spock regarded Ellis without a hint of emotion. “The Enterprise is routinely assigned to unknown and extremely dangerous sectors.”

I stared into Ellis’ eyes. “I suppose you’ve never lost someone under your command, Commander? You’ve never felt the loss of a subordinate on a landing party?”

Ellis’ voice lost some of its anger. “I read the transcripts of the incident, and I’m not satisfied with the way the situation was handled.”

We had already spent too much time on a subject that would not help us get out of Trelane’s labyrinth. “Mister, we are in a life or death situation, and the more grief I get from you, the less chance we have of surviving. We can settle this later.” Ellis snapped to attention. Despite our differences, he was a good officer—determined and loyal.

The door to the tavern swung open. A tall blonde woman came out and walked right up to me. “Colonel Kirk,” she whispered. “I’m Gretel Gernsbeck. It is not safe out here. The Baron’s men are all over. Come into my tavern and we’ll talk



### Hints:

1. Use Kirk on the German soldier to knock him out.
2. Use the medkit on the fallen man who can’t get up. Ask him one question.

further.” She was stunningly beautiful, and I watched her walk through the doors back into the building.

McCoy nudged me. “Having fun, Jim?” “Not now, Doctor,” I smiled. “*You* have a patient.”

McCoy injected a sedative and a drug to promote tissue regeneration into the old man. “That should fix the hip. He should rest. Thank God Trelane didn’t take the tranquilizers from my medkit.” The old man looked gratefully at us. “You are the American pilot, Lieutenant Colonel Jimmy Kirk of the famous Enterprise squadron. I should not be talking to you, but the war will soon be over. Welcome to our humble village of Gothos.”

Ellis look confused. “War?” The old man looked at Ellis. “The Great War has lasted for four damned years and has killed millions. I never thought it was possible for so many young people to die for such a worthless cause.”

Spock whispered to me, “I believe he refers to the first of your World Wars.”

“Where,” I asked, “is Trelane?”

“The Baron has retired to his castle and sees no one. There are rumors that our ambassadors are negotiating an armistice with your President Wilson.” The old man was interrupted by a loud voice coming from the tavern. We rushed in to find Gretel standing toe to toe with another German soldier.

She fixed the swaying soldier with a cold glare. “You know the Baron’s orders are that you are to be served in the armory. You are not to enter this establishment.”

The soldier was slurring his words. “Everyone knows, Fraulein, that the Baron’s orders were never meant to be taken seriously ... even by him.” McCoy put his hand over his chin, and shook his head. “Looks like trouble...”

Confronting German soldiers seemed to be a new habit for the *Enterprise* officers. “Excuse me, but if the lady wants you out, then you should get out,” I said, walking up to this officer. He stank of alcohol. As he turned to face me, we both heard the click of a weapon from behind the bar. Gretel held a shotgun.

"I won't have trouble in my place. Get out. I will be bringing beer to the armory later tonight anyway." The soldier's alcohol-fueled courage had just run out. "I dunno who you are, but we had bedder not meet again."

"Nice guy," said McCoy.

After the soldier stumbled out, we settled at the bar. "Well, Miss Gernsbeck, you run a very ... efficient ... place."

"Hopefully less so soon, Colonel. The war should be over in less than two months. I'm glad it's coming to an end. I've lost so many friends. I've never felt so alone." There was, I thought, more to Gretel than met the eye.

"Alone?"

She leaned closer. "Perhaps some day, when you have defeated your enemy and this war is finally over, you would come and visit me. I would enjoy spending better times with you. Until then," she said, standing up straight, "you should flee Gothos and never return. The Baron despises you and has vowed to kill you if you should ever meet again."

"How do you flee Gothos?" I asked. Which was our first objective, after we learned what had happened to all the Federation ships lost in this area of space.

"I do not know, else I would have left long ago. The village of Gothos seems to ensnare anyone who comes here."

Her expression became both serious and conspiratorial. "You see, I really work for the French government, I am a spy. I have been here for two years. The Western front is close, and I send information to France."





We were interrupted by a balding man sitting at the table. “I saw how you handled that foolish brute outside. Quite impressive. I am Schiller, superintendent of the local schools. How can I help you?”

“Schools?” asked Ellis.

“Of course! Education does not stop because of war, you know. Well, Captain Hauptmann is addressing our class, trying to make the children into proper Germans, and we have a brand new chalkboard!” McCoy leaned closer and whispered, “Trelane has a strange sense of detail, eh?”

A burst of laughter came from a door.

I walked over, and peeked through the crack in the door. The back room had a table with three town-folk playing a friendly game of poker. The three men rose and introduced themselves. “I am Richard Sundergard. I publish the local newspaper. It is nice to see someone as famous as you, Lieutenant Colonel.”



Spock raised his eyebrow.

“Fascinating that, despite your reputation as an American pilot, none of these so-called ‘Germans’ are particularly distraught in seeing you.”

The man in the blue cap spoke up. “Welcome, Kirk! I am Kurt Nielsen, owner of the brewery. If you care to join, feel free, if you can pay the stake.”

“Umm, no thank you, gentlemen. I think we should excuse ourselves.”

We left and regrouped outside the tavern. “I think it would be wise to examine our surroundings carefully. Trelane fancies himself a gamesman—he may have left us the necessary tools to win our freedom, or in his arrogance he may have

overlooked his own possible weaknesses in an effort to recreate this hamlet.”

“Good thinking, Spock.” My first officer could be relied upon to give excellent—logical—advice in situations like this.



Our first stop was a general store. The shop across from the tavern was lined with everyday items. “Charming place. Less technology, more humanity. I like it,” said McCoy. The old fashioned store obviously appealed to his Southern sensibilities.

We helped ourselves to some food, rope, and other items, when Spock called me over. “Fascinating, Cap-

tain. This clock is registering off the scale—it appears to be some sort of energy focus. The readings match with the sensor scan I took of Trelane’s triplane on the bridge.”

I remembered Trelane’s machine hidden behind a mirror from our first encounter. “Yes, but it’s unlikely Trelane would focus all his power in one object again. He probably has other power focus objects around here, somewhere.” I reached to pick up the clock when the shop boy spoke up.

“Please don’t take that clock. My boss would be so upset if something were to happen to it.”

Bones looked at me. “We could just take it, Jim.”

“No. If we beat Trelane, we have to beat him by his rules. We’ll find some money and buy it.”

Bones looked amused. “Oh, I’m sure that Trelane just left some lying around.”

I laughed. “Anyone for poker?”



### Hints:

1. Pick up the rope, the broom, and the food from the general store.
2. Use Spock's tricorder on the clocks.

Just down the street stood the armory, the school, and a private residence. Outside the armory lay a fierce animal, Earth breed—a dog, German Shepherd. It slavered and bared its fangs as we approached.

McCoy looked up from his medical tricorder. “I wouldn’t get too close if I were you, Jim—it’s suffering from rabies!”

“Bones, if we could get close enough, could you...?” McCoy nodded quickly and removed a hypo from his kit. I circled around it, holding the package of beef taken from the shop.

The dog watched me hungrily. “Careful, Captain,” said Spock.

“I intend to be.” I dropped the beef in front of the dog. It tore off the paper covering quickly. “Now, Bones!”

McCoy came alongside the dog, and quickly injected something into the short, black fur. “Another satisfied patient,” said my medical officer, as the dog calmed down and went to sleep off the combination tranquilizer and rabies shot McCoy had administered.





### Hints:

Use the food on the dog. Use McCoy on the dog while the dog is eating.

In the tavern, use the medkit on the beer. The next time you visit the armory, they soldiers will be asleep.



Inside the armory were two German officers. The commander stood up. “I would have shot you on sight, Kirk. You owe your life to Baron Trelane’s kindness.”

“I’ll try to remember to thank him when I see him,” I answered.

“When you see him, you will die. And when you are dead, I will be thanking him.” I studied the room—rifles were stowed away in a locked cabinet, and a safe sat in the corner. I looked at McCoy. “Doctor, I’d like to look around here undisturbed. Let’s go talk about this.”

“Friendly bunch,” muttered McCoy as we left the armory. “Well,” I said, “maybe we could make them a little more—hospitable. Doctor, perhaps you could doctor some of the beer.” McCoy grinned. “I have just the prescription.”

While waiting for the beer to be delivered, we looked around the village. Far to the east sat Trelane’s triplane and castle. “Jim,” said Spock, looking at his tri-corder. “Trelane’s aircraft appears to be a power focus device as well.”

Admiring the amazing reproduction of the ship, my interest was piqued. “Looks like we’ll have to bring the other objects here and destroy the lot. Let’s check out Trelane’s castle,” I said, gesturing to the structure in the distance.



When I approached the main gate, I was suddenly thrown backwards.

“Energy field, Captain,” said Spock, looking at his tricorder.

“Uhh, I think I figured that out, thank you,” I said, rubbing my head as I picked myself up off the ground. We headed back towards the village.



Across from the armory stood an old man's home. He sat up on his couch when we came in. "What is it, Glingold?" In response, a cat meowed. "Oh, visitors."

"Bones, see what you can do for him," I said, but the old man spoke again.

"Thank you, but I do not require your assistance." The old man was talkative and told us he was a retired soldier who lost his son in the war. Although we knew that all this was a game, seeing victims of this war of Trelane's began to affect me.

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" I asked the old man, as I leaned over. He had already returned to sleep. I straightened his room a bit, and he awoke.

"Thank you, Colonel. You Americans are very helpful, it's a pity we are at war with you, but wars always end, and today's enemy often becomes tomorrow's friend. Unfortunately, the reverse is often true."

He reached into his pocket and handed me some loose change and bills. "It's not much, but money has its uses." With that, he fell asleep again.



### Hints:

Talk to the one-armed old man about making money, and attempt to use McCoy on the old man. Try to use Spock on the broken phonograph player. Use the broom on the floor to make some money.

The school was the next stop. We came in when Hauptmann, a stern looking young German officer was in the middle of his hateful speech. "And remember, democracy is weak! It relies on the votes of the foolish masses, who are incapable of choosing strong



leaders! The rejection of democracy will bring us victory over these stupid Americans!”

“That’s not we learned at the Academy,” I said under my breath. Hauptmann walked over to me. “Boys and girls, let me introduce you to an example of inferior democratic stock. Lieutenant Colonel Jimmy Kirk. Tell us, Kirk, how can you defend your ludicrous American system?”

“Tell you what, Herr Hauptman—why don’t we put it to a vote. You children can have a choice between a system that gives you leaders who oppress you for life, or a system which—imperfect though it may be—allows you to influence your leaders and gives you a chance to bring them to account.” I looked towards the children. “All in favor of Hauptmann’s system, say ‘aye.’” One lone boy raised his hand. “All in favor of my system, say ‘aye.’” The remaining students raised their hands. I smiled at the furious German officer.

“It appears they don’t want what you have to offer, Hauptmann.”

Hauptmann was flustered, outraged, and embarrassed. “The baron will make you pay for this, Kirk!” he shouted, and stormed out of the classroom. Spock grabbed my shoulder before I could celebrate my little victory over Trelane. “Captain, another abnormally high reading from the chalkboard.” As I reached to pick it up,

the school teacher slapped my hand with her pointer. “Please, take anything but that! Education represents our children’s future, and education cannot succeed if it is neglected or if teachers do not have the proper tools.”



### Hints:

To make the children choose democracy over totalitarianism, talk to Hauptmann and choose the following dialog path:

- A “Why don’t we put it up to a vote?”
- A Use the science tricorder on the chalkboard.
- A Hauptmann will leave. Try to pick up the chalkboard and talk to the teacher about the dangers of chalk dust.

She reminded me of my grade school teacher back in Iowa. “You know, uhh, I’ve heard that chalkboards can be very dangerous to children. Chalk dust is very bad for their lungs—perhaps I could remove this...” Perhaps it wasn’t the best lie, but it was all I could do under the circumstances.

“Absolutely not! I wouldn’t consider it unless you gave me a letter from the Superintendent telling me to do this.” Her eyes were steely blue, and I realized that I would have to get some sort of authorization.

Perhaps the newspaper editor would be helpful, I thought. I made my way back to the card game in the tavern. “Mr. Sundergard, I need you to help start a rumor about ... umm ... chalk dust.” Sundergard looked amused as I explained further. “You say you need me to convince Herr Schiller to give you the kindergarten chalkboard? Hmm. Well Lieutenant Colonel, I could help you—but you have to help me first. If you get me a transfer of duty for my son, I will do as you ask.”

“I’ll see what I can do. I think I’ll play some cards first, gentlemen. OK,” I said, “are you ready to take on another poker partner?” The men laughed and waved me to the empty chair.

To McCoy and the others, I winked. “Go have a drink outside, and give me a little time.”

Ellis seemed disturbed. “Kirk, we don’t have time while you play games!”

I looked at him directly. “That was an order, mister.”



### Hints:

With the money from the one-armed man, play poker in the back room. Use the money on Sundergard, who admits Kirk into the poker game. Take your winnings and buy the clock.

Luckily, Trelane’s men seemed dull-witted. Three hours passed. Gellert, the man who owned the store, was amazed by my luck. “Mein Gott, where did you learn to play poker, Colonel?” “Starfleet Academy,” I said, scooping up my winnings. As I emerged



from the smoke-filled room, I watched Gretel carrying the tampered beer kegs onto a wheelbarrow, for the armory. “Looks like we have some more time to kill. Let’s buy that clock and see what else Trelane has conjured up for us.”

After purchasing the energy device in the clock, we wandered outside town. Just beyond the village lay a bizarre sight. Trenches were dug, and the sound of mortar fire punctuated the silence. The groans of a soldier at the mouth of a tunnel called us.

McCoy bent down and examined him. “I can’t believe the trench would be so close to town,” said

McCoy. Spock waved me over. “Indeed, nothing makes sense. Captain, in this soldier’s pocket—there appears to be another energy focus.”

The soldier heard us. “It’s a locket, of my sweetheart,” he muttered, his voice filled with pain. “You want it? But it’s the only reminder of my girl... I’d rather lose my arm!”

I bent down. “We need it very badly. If we do something for you, will you give it to us?”

The soldier’s glazed eyes came into focus. “I have a letter for my girlfriend. If you see that it’s delivered, I’ll give you my locket.”

McCoy tried to tend to the soldier’s injuries. “That’s odd, I should be able to see immediate improvement in his injuries, but I have no response.”

Spock knelt at McCoy’s side. “The logical conclusion is that Trelane is somehow interfering. This man is meant to be a dying soldier, whose presence provides drama for Trelane’s production.”



McCoy was outraged. "He'll die!"

Spock shook his head. "Logic suggests that Trelane will not allow him to die, except for dramatic effect. He may be kept alive indefinitely."

I bent down and picked up the letter.



### Hints:

1. Talk to the wounded man, and then use Spock on the wounded man. He is carrying another power focus, and you need to convince him to give it up.
2. Offer to carry a letter to the soldier's sweetheart for him, and try to use McCoy and the medkit on him.
3. Take the letter to Gretel, and return to the soldier. After telling him you delivered the letter, he will give you the locket.

It was time to pay the German commander a visit.

"Gentlemen, let's see what condition these officers are in."

As I pushed open the armory door, we saw the two officers unconscious, with beer spilled near the bodies. I grabbed a rifle from the cabinet.

Ellis shouted to the Vulcan, "The safe, Spock!"

Spock examined the old style strongbox. "A combination will be required, Captain."

I looked at the unconscious commander. "Right Spock—let's see what the commander knows."

Spock moved quickly to the man's side and his hands rested lightly on the temples, his voice growing quiet. "Trelane... Trelane... Trelane..."

I grabbed Spock's shoulders. "Spock—snap out of it!"

Spock continued his mind-meld. "*He's not paying attention to me. Kirk... I must have revenge on Kirk... Every great man has his enemy... Nothing could be more fun than revenge... The sensation to end all sensations...*" After a long pause, Spock stood, with only a hint of discomfort as he straightened his uniform.

"I am back, Captain. I was able to mind meld with Trelane, to an extent, through his replications. These men are the crew of the *Shinobi*, the original freighter that Trelane captured. Their thoughts were altered by Trelane."

I nodded. "Where is the *Enterprise*, Spock?"

"And the Zimbabwe!" said Ellis.

"I believe that Trelane is somehow holding them prisoner. I also know the combination to the safe." I nodded again, and Spock had the old safe opened in two minutes. The heavy iron door opened, revealing—dynamite.

"This might be useful," said Ellis, gathering an armful of dynamite.

I walked over to the slumped Commander. "Now, all we need are the transfer papers for Sundergard." After restraining the unconscious officer, McCoy gave him a strong stimulant.

He woke up. "Uhh... oh, commander. You won't get away with this. The Baron will stop you!"

McCoy said, "Trelane must have given all these Federation crew members real thoughts, real motives that were as accurate to World War I as he knew."

Spock nodded in agreement. "A logical assumption, Doctor; I concur. And since Trelane's understanding of human nature is limited, that may be the key to our victory." McCoy folded his arms and grinned. "Ahh, human nature—in all its illogical glory, right Spock?" Spock looked amused. "Indeed Doctor. I must admit I sympathize with Trelane—I do not understand humans either."

I turned my attention to the struggling officer. "Sure, Trelane will stop me all right. But first," I said, rifling through the papers on his desk, "you will sign trans-



fer orders for Sundergard's son." I pointed my rifle. "Send him away from the front. Now."



### Hints:

After you drug the beer, you can go directly to the armory.

▲ Grab a rifle from the rifle locker, and use Spock on the safe.

▲ Use Spock on the commander to mind meld and learn the combination to the safe.

▲ Use Spock on the safe again, and retrieve the dynamite.

▲ Tie up the commander and use McCoy on the commander to wake him up.

▲ Use the rifle on the commander, and he will sign the transfer orders. Pick up the orders from the bin on the desk to bring to Sundergard.

"How typical of the press, not too willing to sacrifice for the good of the nation. Untie me, and I shall sign the papers to take the little coward away from his duty."

We did so, and tied him up afterwards. "Let's go back to the tavern."

We returned to the tavern, and passed the soldier's letter on to Gretel, who assured us that the letter would be delivered. We moved on to the back room, and gave the transfer papers to Sundergard. He agreed to speak to the Superintendent. Schiller handed me a note for the school teacher, who reluctantly turned over the chalkboard—after reading over Schiller's note several times and shaking her head. The young soldier was equally reluctant to give up his locket, but did so after I assured him that we



### Hints:

Speak to Sundergard, who tells you that he would do anything for the man who saved his son. The next time you talk to Schiller in the tavern, offer to remove the chalkboard, and he will give you a letter to bring to the school. Present the letter to the teacher and take the chalkboard.

passed on his letter to someone who could deliver it to his girlfriend. Soon, we recovered the chalkboard and the locket.

Spock scanned the three items and the triplane. “These appear to be all of Trelane’s devices, Captain. We need to destroy them all.” Placing the items in the cockpit, Spock wired the dynamite to the triplane. As we dove for cover, the triplane exploded in a glorious flash.

We stood... in Trelane’s castle, with the child himself glowering at me. “I suppose I should be angry at you, Captain, with your act of vandalism against my beautiful aircraft, but then barbarians will be barbarians.” He laughed, a foppish sound.



### Hints:

Put the locket, clock, and chalkboard in the triplane. Use the dynamite on the triplane, which will make Trelane very annoyed at our heroes.





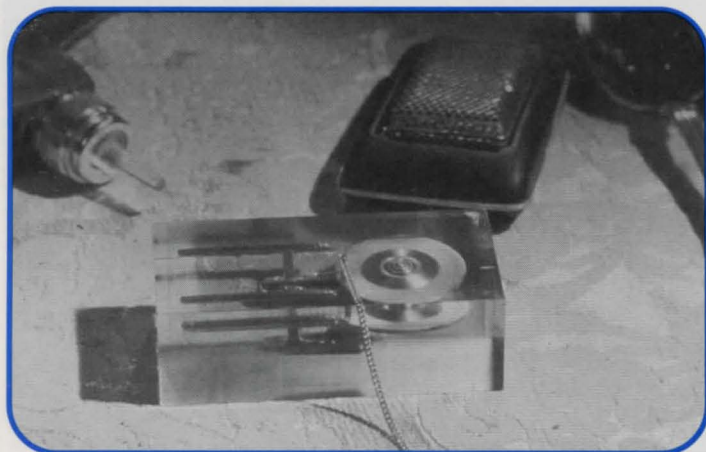
“And don’t you ever grow up Trelane? You may have the powers of a god, but that doesn’t even come close to making you a man!”

“And why would I want to be anything so inferior, Captain?”

“Inferior? You have vast powers, but no feeling, no soul, Trelane! You cannot create, you can only imitate, and very poorly at that!” On his mantle sat four bottles, one of them contained a lifelike model of the *Enterprise*. Spock scanned it. “It is the *Enterprise*.



Functioning normally, aside from being trapped. The crew are alive and well.”



Trelane noticed Spock. “My latest hobby, gentlemen; putting warships in bottles, celebrating the grand martial heritage of your species.”

Mr. Ellis noticed his ship. “The Zimbabwe! Bring it back or I’ll...” The enraged officer charged.

Trelane waved his hand at Ellis, who froze in place.

“This one’s more savage than the last one of your officers who made the same mistake. My compliments Captain, on having such spirited crew. Truly a testament to your fine leadership.”

“He’s done you no harm—it’s me you want, Trelane. Take me in his place.”

“Ahh, the gallant Captain. Intervening on the behalf of one who despises him. Don’t worry about him—worry about yourself!” With another wave of a hand, Ellis was restored to normal. He looked at me awkwardly and said, “I guess I should thank you. I ...”

“Later.” I had to get Trelane to release the ships. Spock continued to scan the room, and when he turned to face the portrait of Trelane, he stopped. “Captain, this painting is another power object.”

I knew that destroying his objects was only a partial solution.

“Well, Captain, I suppose you are making your grand plan of escape,” Trelane smirked.

“You must think you’re pretty clever, Trelane, with your replica of the first World War.” I spoke sternly, perhaps too much so when facing down a god-like life form.

“Why thank you, Captain!” Trelane’s face betrayed pleasure and surprise. I took a hard, parental tone towards this being—at the risk of the lives of the crew of four ships. “I wasn’t complimenting you, Trelane. I’ve never seen such a piece of nonsense in my life.”

“Nonsense?” roared Trelane in dramatic indignation.

“Yes,” I shouted, “you call that war? That sanitized, melodramatic drivel? Look into the memory banks on the Enterprise! Try to recreate what the first World War was really like!” I needed to goad him out of his fantasy into reality. I might have a fighting chance, if we played by rules other than Trelane’s.



### Hints:

Use Spock on the bottled starships on Trelane’s mantle. Use the Look icon on the third bottle ship. When Trelane freezes Ellis, offer to take his place.



Trelane raised his hands, and before I could close my mouth, the alien and I reappeared in a trench. The mud rose to my ankles, and the sharp smell of burnt gunpowder mixed with the acrid scent of blood. Bodies lay everywhere, pale and drained of life. A mist hung low over the ground, and the sound of sporadic gunfire seemed to punctuate the

horror of every place I looked. Death was the only victor on this battlefield, despite what the history files say. I was unprepared for this sight.

“Captain, I hope you have a good reason for dragging me out in the mud in the middle of the rain.” With distaste, he stepped over a fallen soldier, a boy no more than seventeen years old.

“For once in your life, Trelane, shut up and look around you.”

“Yes. What do you want me to notice? Your species destroying itself? That’s what makes you so fascinating!”

Trelane was right. I slumped against the trench wall, against dirt and blood. “Fascinating? The fact that my ancestors were stupid and threw their lives away?”

Trelane jumped towards me, his eyes bright. “What passions drove them to this? What great emotions are there in the human spirit that would make this possible?” he shouted, his white, gloved hand sweeping around the battlefield.

“These people sought glory. Before the war started, these boys and their parents were chanting in the street, ‘We want war.’ Beware of what you wish for; you may get it.”

Trelane stopped for a moment. “I suppose there is a point to this?”

“Is this what you want to revere? This pain? This suffering? Is this glory?”



“You’re no fun anymore, Kirk. No fun at all!! You’re preachy, just like THEM! Anything I’m interested in is always wrong!”

He looked like a child now, not a Baron, Squire, or god. “Trelane,” I said, lowering my voice, “you don’t go around hurting people, and expect them to treat it as though they’re having fun. The first thing a life form learns is to avoid pain.”

“Then how do you explain this delightful scene around us?” Trelane was truly alien.

“Some politicians decided that the only way to avoid getting hurt was to send out other people to get hurt. We’ve tried to outgrow that. Not always successfully, as Mr. Ellis might tell you. But we try.”

“Captain, yours is a most confusing species. Perhaps I should spend time thinking about it before I talk with you again.”

With a flash, I now stood on the Bridge of the *Enterprise*. The missing starships were all restored to normal size and about to resume their assigned missions. The mud and stink of the battlefield were gone from my uniform, but not from my memory. “It was horrible, Spock. Trelane recreated one of the greatest tragedies in human history. I’ve seen a lot, but even that...”



### Hints:

You need to do several things in Trelane’s castle. Use Spock on the painting and the starships on the mantle. Offer yourself to Trelane in place of Ellis. Convince Trelane that war is not a glorious event—try talking to Trelane on this dialog path:

- ▲ “You must think you’re pretty clever...”
- ▲ “Although you could have made the trench scene...”
- ▲ “Look around you, Trelane!”
- ▲ “These were the winners...”
- ▲ “Trelane, you don’t go around hurting people...”



Spock nodded. “The waste of lives is appalling, even when one operates by pure logic. When you consider what those millions of lives that were lost might have done for humanity, had the war never taken place—”

The lift door opened, and a woman walked on the bridge. “I’m Captain Gernsbeck from the *Shinobi*, Captain Kirk. I wanted to thank you personally before we left for Cephus V.”

There stood Gretel, looking confused. “Have we met before, Captain? There’s something familiar...”

“Perhaps we did, on some other planet, some time long ago,” I said. I offered Captain Gernsback a tour of the *Enterprise* observation deck, and she accepted.



## Game Notes

Several ships mysteriously vanished in a sector of space; the *Enterprise* investigated. Suddenly, in space, the *Enterprise* confronted a Fokker triplane, flown by Kirk's old enemy, Trelane.

The episode "The Squire of Gothos" introduced us to Trelane, an extremely powerful but childish being who is fascinated by human military culture. In the original episode, Trelane clashed with Kirk and placed him on trial. Kirk and Trelane fought and, when Kirk defeated him, Trelane decided to use his vast powers in a fit of pique to destroy Kirk. Trelane's parents intervened and promised to punish their child.

Now, Trelane is back. His knowledge of human culture has advanced to the level of World War I, and he fancies himself the "Red Baron of Gothos." He believes that his parents no longer watch, and he intends to have fun with the human who amused him earlier—James T. Kirk.

Kirk, Spock, McCoy, and Lieutenant Ellis—from one of the missing starships—awaken in a basement cell, in what appears to be 1918. The Yanks are driving back the German troops, who are beginning to taste defeat. In the small German village of Gothos, east of No Man's Land, three American pilots who crashed after a dogfight with the dreaded Baron of Gothos are being sheltered in the tavern. Their names: Lt. Colonel Jimmy Kirk, Major Spock, and Captain Leo "Bones" McCoy.

The Baron of Gothos is a local tyrant whose soldiers patrol the area and punish all who don't show the great baron and his soldiers "proper respect." Kirk and company must aid the villagers against them (including a femme fatale singer/barmaid, who in reality is a French spy). Getting the villagers on their side gives Kirk access to Trelane's power devices. Trelane uses a number of power sources to work his feats; each power source must be identified and properly neutralized. After all the power sources are neutralized, Trelane appears; and Kirk must make Trelane realize that war is horrible.

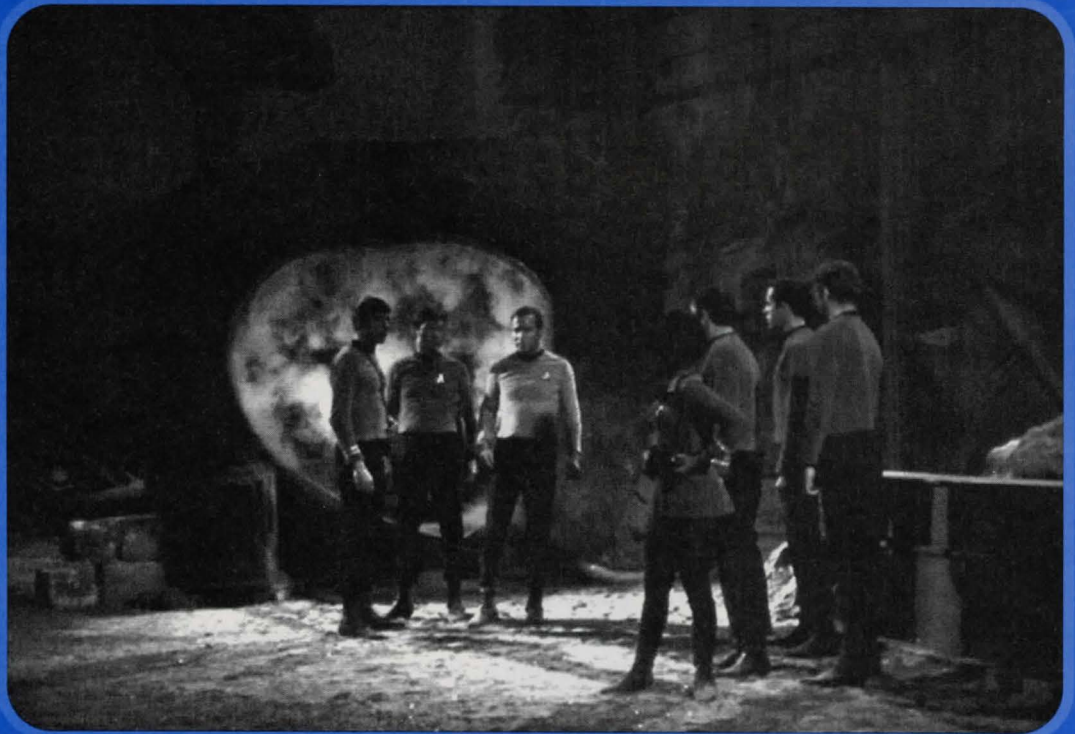


## Optimizing Your Score:

To get the maximum number of points for this mission, make sure that you take the following actions:

1. Defeat Trelane's triplane.
2. Talk to Ellis and learn his grudge against Kirk.
3. Persuade the guard to leave the burning storeroom.
4. Save the old man from the guard and treat his broken hip.
5. Defend Gretel without provoking the guard.
6. Get the food, broom, and rope by talking to the shop boy.
7. Drug the beer.
8. Do not use the rifle on the unconscious fallen guard.
9. Offer to heal Glingold and offer to repair his phonograph.
10. Only attempt to use the TNT on the triplane.
11. Attempt to heal the wounded soldier.
12. Do not fight with Ellis.
13. Get the kids to vote.
14. Tricorder the castle.
15. Resolve the conflict between Ellis and Kirk by offering Kirk in place of Ellis, when Trelane freezes Ellis.
16. Attempt to destroy Trelane's painting.
17. Do not use the rifle on Trelane.
18. Look at the *Enterprise* in the bottle.
19. Trick Trelane into looking for the babysitter.
20. Persuade Trelane to take a look at the real World War I.
21. Force Trelane to lose his composure and get him to rethink his ideas on war.

# Chapter 4: Light and Darkness





## Captain's Log, Stardate 6239.2



While exploring an uncharted system in the Deneb sector, we received what we believe is a message from a distress beacon on Onyius II. We are proceeding to this star system at warp seven point five to investigate.

Science officer Spock began his scan of the planet surface. "It may be nothing Captain, but a scan of the planet indicates a high concentration of rare gasses trapped in the planet's magnetosphere. Atmospheric disturbances could produce random radio waves. The planet seems to be lifeless, except for a weak reading at one location—of what appears to be primitive, single-celled creatures."

This particular atmospheric phenomenon has produced false distress beacons in the past, but regulations require that we check it out nonetheless. "It wouldn't be the first time, Mr. Spock, but we'll never know if we don't see for ourselves."

Lieutenant Uhura monitored the communications channels, searching for a beacon or any transmission from the planet surface. "Captain, our sensors will not be particularly useful to you while you're down there, and communications may be erratic."

"Understood, Lieutenant. Spock, anything else?"

"I have tracked the signal to its source. It is near the life forms. The rest of the planet is quite desolate. No sign of life or technology. The atmosphere is thin but breathable, and I detect signs of numerous micrometeorite hits."

I looked over at Spock's star charts. "There are three unformed planets in this system—it's no wonder there are so many micro-meteorites. I'm surprised any Class M planet hasn't been pulverized by now. Spock—you, McCoy, and I will go down. And see if Bones can find a genetic specialist; if emerging life forms exist down there, we may be privileged to see life at its earliest stages."

Bones, Spock, and Ensign Jons met me in the transporter room. Lieutenant Kyle was given the coordinates for the transporter site, and soon I experienced the slight sense of disorientation that McCoy hated about the transporter effect.



We materialized near an ancient yet presentable-looking structure, although the rest of the landscape lay barren, red-hued, and desolate as far as the eye could see. McCoy shivered. “Feels as if we landed on a skeleton after the vultures have all picked it clean.”

“A fascinating analogy. Captain,” Spock raised an eyebrow while using the tricorder. “The locus of the distress signal is inside this building.”

Ensign Jons glanced about uncomfortably. “I think the doctor is right. Anything good here died a long time ago. It feels creepy to me.”

I laughed. “Thank you for that opinion, Mr. Jons. I’ll be certain to use creepy in my log entry about this.”

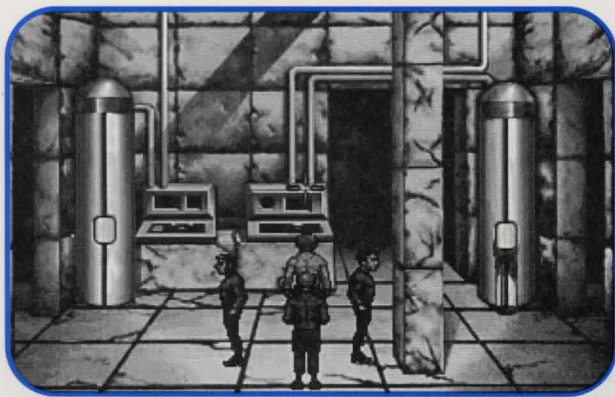
Spock looked confused for a moment, as he continued his sensor survey. “As improbable as it might seem, I am getting multiple lifeform readings from this building. I am getting no readings from the doorway itself that indicates it will bar our passage, but the jambs have traces of ionization that suggests, until recently, a force field barrier was in place.”

“Spock,” I asked, “what did the geologic scan from the Enterprise reveal?”

The Vulcan looked up. "The vast majority of the water on this world is trapped within rocks in the planet's substrata. It is unlikely that moisture could be harvested commercially because of the amount of energy needed to free it. The world is quite normal, although the rocks are rather spare in silicates. In short, this planet is habitable, but my preliminary analysis indicates it is unsuitable for colonization. The ozone layer is sufficient to allow the world to support life, but the lack of water vapor in the atmosphere makes survival marginal at best, which may explain why it was never colonized."

Bones sighed. "A damned walking computer. I'll tell you, Jim, that if I could get my operating room as sterile as this planet, I'd be overjoyed. Outside our own readings and in that building over there, I can't find any life in the environment."

"Looks like we have no choice," I walked into the building.



Machinery lined the first room. McCoy examined a console. "Well, I have to hand it to whoever built this place. All this equipment looks brand new and in good repair."

"Let's hope the Enterprise looks this good when it's this old," I said. "What do you make of these instruments?"

Spock raised an eyebrow. "A

DNA synthesizer and replicator. This is one of the most advanced genetics facilities I've ever seen. How unusual."

"How so, Spock?" McCoy asked.

"I would expect a culture capable of creating such equipment to have left behind substantially more artifacts, even if they were merely visitors to this world. Sending only a genetics lab is not logical."



Ensign Jons wiped a thin film of red dust from genetics equipment. “We should be very careful about how we proceed, Captain. I have a strange feeling that evil is lurking nearby.”

McCoy looked askance at Jons’ comment. “Evil, ensign?”

Jons nodded. “Something that wants to imperil our souls, sir. We must avoid that at all costs.”

McCoy and Spock glanced at each other, and I shrugged. “Let’s take a look around.”

As we entered the room to the right of the entrance, a golden figure materialized before us, with a face soft, beautiful, and vaguely feminine. The figure was clothed in flowing robes. Compassion and intelligence seemed to shine from the alien eyes. It spoke.

“Greetings, gentle beings, and welcome. I am Azrah of the Omegan people. You are the salvation we have long sought. Thank you for answering our summons.”

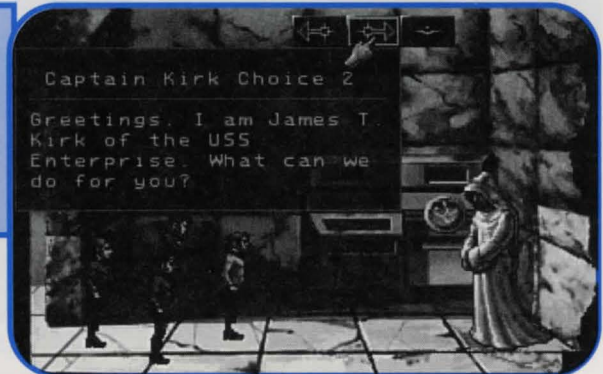
“An angel!” cried Jons, before regaining his composure.

Spock had already consulted his tricorder. “Actually, it is merely the projected image of an angel, Mr. Jons.” McCoy was examining the device along the wall. “Jim, behind that porthole, are single-celled organisms. They have a healthy metabolism and long life span, but an extremely low rate of reproduction.”



**Hint:**

Speak to the angel.



“The Omegans...” I whispered. Spock nodded.

This was not the *Enterprise*'s first encounters with so-called divine beings, so I considered several responses before settling on the most open-ended and friendly choice. “Greetings. I am James T. Kirk of the U.S.S. Enterprise. What can we do for you?”

“I am Azrah, of the Omegan people. We are an ancient and venerable race which labors to prevent the domination of this world by the forces of darkness. We require you to expunge this place of our mortal enemies. With them there is no compromise.”

“Enemies? Our instruments have given us no indications of hostilities or even another distinct population here that opposes you. Who are you talking about?” I grew more wary of this *angel*.

Azrah's eyes narrowed. “I speak of the Alphans. They are foul, cold creatures who pervert even the most sacred of ideas and concepts. Alphans cling to the heretical belief that life began within darkness. We, on the other hand, recognize light as the lifebringer and know that everything began in a brilliant lifegiving burst of light.”

Jons was already entranced by Azrah. “A burst of light. That's a common motif in creation myths.” Spock nodded. “Or in accordance with the Big Bang Theory of the Universe's creation.”



### Hints:

- Ⓐ Talk to both Azrah and Vizznr, but refrain from taking sides in their conflict.
- Ⓐ Offer to negotiate a compromise. Take the dialog path that appeals to compassion for Azrah and logic for Vizznr.
- Ⓐ Get both DNA samples.

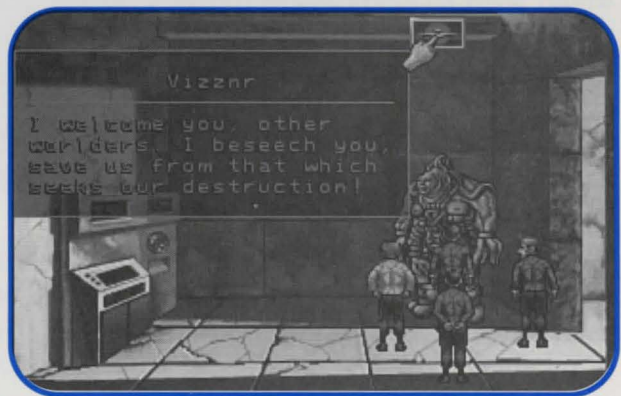
I silenced my crew with a quick glance. “Our Prime Directive prohibits us from taking part in wars, on one side or the other—it would be seen as intervention. We may be able to negotiate a compromise, however, despite your suggestion that no compromise is possible.”

The figure stopped, as if to think. “You imperil your soul by conversing with the enemy, that sugar-tongued Vizznr. I cannot protect you, but I do not imagine I can dissuade you, either. Go, do what you must. I have little time, but I will be here if you seek to comply with my request.”

A similar machine stood in the next room, and a blue apparition appeared. It was horrific, with tentacles for hands—an apocalyptic demon. But I was already sure that appearances were deceiving. The hologram spoke in a deep basso.

“I welcome you, otherworlders. I beseech you, save us from that which seeks our destruction!”

Jons recoiled “How fitting for a devil to appear on a world that looks like Hell!” McCoy reprimanded his staff member. “Enough of that, Mr. Jons, this is just another xenobiological entity.”



Spock look at Bones. “Correction, Doctor, this is a hologram of an xenobiological entity. Captain, this machine is a genetic bank that holds samples of the Alphan people. I suspect that Vizznr—like Azrah, is a fail-safe mechanism that will surrender samples of the genetic code for sequencing and replication when the mechanism is willing. I cannot speculate on what will cause it to surrender a sample, but I believe it will be necessary.”

McCoy ignored Spock’s last word. “Jim, the only life form readings are within that machine, behind the porthole... single-celled organisms with an extremely high reproductive rate but a very poor metabolism and an extremely short life span.” Spock raised an eyebrow. “Fascinating.”

“Greetings. I am James T. Kirk of the U.S.S. Enterprise. What can we do for you?”  
I asked the hologram.

“I am Vizznr, of the Alphan people here. We are the race that has possessed this world and did thrive here until the invasion by the forces of light. We are locked in a death struggle with them, for they desire our destruction. Do you aid them?”

“No, we do not. Wars and destruction are not things we value, Vizznr, and we want no part of them. Our Prime Directive prevents us from interfering in internal struggles, but with the agreement of all parties, we might be able to negotiate a compromise with your enemies.”

The creature sighed. “You open yourself to confusion in speaking with Azrah, but I do not see any way I can prevent your conversing with him. It is logical that you would want to hear his side of things before acting. I shall be left with my assessment of you that suggests you will fight emotional clouding of logic and will see through Azrah’s deception. Please, report to me your success.”

“We’ve already spoken to Azrah. Warped theology? It is true they see the world differently from you—but your world views are based on common beliefs. You see things from a different perspective, that’s all.”

Vizznr looked outraged. “Are you utterly ungrounded in logic? They are creatures of superstition. They invaded our world! They usurped our place in the world, then sought to drive us from it. How can you even begin to suggest we are anything alike?”

“You’re supposed to be the reasonable one. Your facts can’t be very persuasive if you aren’t willing to find a common ground. Logic, when applied to your arguments and theirs suggests a communality of experience. If you assume the veracity of both accounts—and your facts agree with theirs on events, if not the implication of them—then the two of you are united in a common drive to attain an end. Your contention against each other merely reflects a fear of facing your destiny, which, you would agree, is most unscientific and unworthy of you Alphans.”

“Yes,” I added. “Realizing your full potential will not be without risk, of course, but it is possible. Meet us, meet the Omegans halfway, and we will help you fulfill your destiny.”

McCoy whispered. “Not a bad psychoanalysis, Jim. Freud would be proud.”

Vizznr smiled, a chilling sight. “Your logic is unassailable and points out the one and only purpose for our races. Thank you, Captain Kirk, for making me see that. Yes, I desire your help for my people. Help us.”

The image disappeared, and the machine produced a small container. McCoy retrieved the Alpha sample, which felt cold to the touch.

We returned to Azrah. “Was it not as I said it would be? Are not the Alphans unfeeling, uncaring beings, unworthy of life on this world? Did they tell you their foul lies?”



**Hint:**

Use Spock on the computer to reactivate Azzrah.

I stepped forward. “Foul lies? There is no doubt that their perspective concerning the world is, in almost every way, juxtaposed to your view. Your philosophies are not without convergences and similarities. There is a unity of thought there, but, each from his own perspective, cannot see it.”

Jons responded first. “Captain, they are as different as angels and demons—”

“A unity of thought? That is blasphemy! They are creatures of shadow. They arose to mock us and our perfection. They are our antithesis, created after we were, to destroy us and our potential for good.” Self-righteous anger spread on Azrah’s angelic face.

“You repeatedly proclaim yourself ‘good’ and suggest that you are morally superior to the Alphans. Why don’t you act like it?” I asked.

"We have forever acted as we should. We have sought every opportunity for peace, but none is possible—or can you not see that?" Azrah's voice became gentle and pleading at the same time, but I resisted the urge to give in to agreement.

"What I see is a group calling themselves morally superior, yet a group that acts in a venal manner. What you have failed to see is that your attitudes are mirrors of each other. As shadow is drawn from light, so light needs shadow to define it."

Jons seemed to answer for Azrah. "The existence of evil does not justify it, Captain."

I ignored the zealous Ensign for the moment. "If you would stop being so selfish and were willing to give of yourself—much as you ask us to give of ourselves—you can find a solution to this problem. It will not be without risk, of course, but it is possible. Meet us, meet the Alphans halfway, and we will help you fulfill your destiny."

Azrah's mood lightened, and the alien's voice took on a melodious quality that reminded me of Altair wind chimes. "The persuasiveness of your arguments has opened for me a door through which I spy a future and a truth that I have long denied. You are correct. From my perspective, being only half of a whole, I could not see the solution. Yes, I desire your help for my people. Help us." Even as Azrah disappeared, a sample culture from the Omegans was dispensed from the machine, feeling warm to the touch.

"Ensign, let's get to that DNA sequencer and see if we can't join these life forms together," I ordered. Jons went to work on the sequencer. He looked nervous as he rechecked the readings. "I don't know why, but I could not get a good sampling of the Alphans, but the Omegans sampled like a dream."

McCoy took me aside. "Jim, maybe you should have a talk with the Ensign. He seems to be taking this harder than the rest of us, if you know what I mean." I agreed. A young officer is impressionable and often unprepared for the events we can encounter in space.

"Ensign, I appreciate your situation, but this is not the time to worry about philosophical pursuits. You have a job to do."

Jons looked at me with growing desperation in his face. “You don’t understand, Captain. Look at the Alphans and look at the Omegans. What right do we have to dilute the glory of those beautiful golden Omegans by mixing their DNA with that of a dark cruel race like the Alphans? There’s so much evil in the universe. You’re asking me to destroy a race of good and beauty by mixing their genetics with something ugly, something evil. It’s morally unacceptable. I cannot be a party to it.”

I took a commanding tone toward the young officer. “I am asking you to do nothing of the kind, Ensign. You believe in the struggle of good against evil, and I respect that, but the application of your philosophical perspective is misplaced here. The Alphans and Omegans are single-celled creatures—they are no more capable of good or evil than a Tribble. Can’t you see that?”

Ensign Jons mulled it over. “Single cells. You’re right. I’ve been a real idiot. Judging a book by its cover. I suppose I should take a refresher course in Aesop.”

Officers make mistakes, and I was glad to help Jons out of his before formal action had to be taken. “It wouldn’t hurt. Some of the wisest people in history have written for children.”

Jons looked at me. “Never judge an input card by its label. I guess that was the trap that I fell into, and kept me from doing my job and made me deceive my Captain.”

I laughed. “If it’s any consolation, you’re not very good at deception, Ensign.”

Jons snapped to attention. “Thank you, sir. I hope you’ll give me a chance to rectify my mistakes. Do you think we’re really meant to combine the two races?”

I thought for a moment. “You’ve programmed the sequences, you can tell whether they’re compatible.” Jons was already back to his efficient self. “Sir, the sequencer indicates that they need to be combined for their continued survival, but how did you know?”

“As McCoy said, it seems to be a logical conclusion.” I smiled and saw Bones shoot Spock a vicious smirk, which the Vulcan pretended to ignore. “Thank you, Jim,” grinned my chief medical officer.

“Captain, look at this,” called Jons.

The Ensign was examining the replicator nozzle. “Aside from some dust and dirt, and a small chemical deposit on the intake nozzle, this DNA replicator appears to be in the same condition that it was 50,000 years ago,” said Spock.

I set my phaser to stun, and fired at the contaminants.



Jons took a look, and nodded. “There, that took care of the grime and that small chemical deposit on the intake nozzle. I’m ready to use the replicator to produce a sample with the combined genetic data.”

Spock looked at me with a glint of curiosity. “A unique use of a phaser, Captain, but quite effective.”

Jons looked at the new sample. “I officially christen this life form the Gammans.”

We brought the new sample into the third room. Spock examined the machine. “It looks like a containment unit for an artificially created genetic construct. My



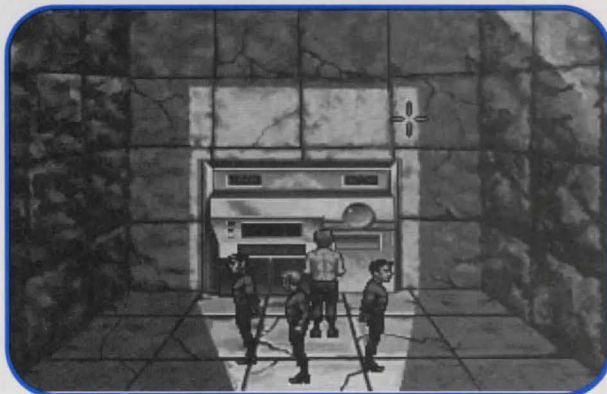


### Hints:

1. You need to convince Jons to do his job without officially reprimanding him.
2. Use both samples on the sequencer intake in the left.
3. When Jons fails to sequence the Alpha sample, speak to him with this line of dialog:  
“Calm down Ensign, no one is criticizing you...”  
“Ensign, I appreciate your situation. I am asking you to do nothing of the kind.”
4. Reuse both samples on the intake, and use Jons on the sequencer console.
5. Use Spock on the dirt around replicator output.
6. Use the stun phaser on the contaminants, and use Jons on the replicator console.
7. Get the new sample.

tricorder indicates the device contains a nutrient replicator that could last for thousands of centuries. I speculate that this device will nursemaid the genes until it evolves into a higher form of life and is ready for release on the planet’s surface.”

“Here goes,” I said, as McCoy inserted the sample culture in the machine. McCoy examined the display and said “It looks like it took it in. The colony is getting a foothold in there.” Spock checked his tricorder as well. “Life energy levels are spiking. They are building to a level sufficient for sending out a signal 100 times stronger than the one that brought us here, Captain.”



A holographic projection appeared. Beautiful and quite lifelike, this projection appears to be both a blend of Alphan and Omegan traits. “Thank you for your hard work. You have fulfilled the design for which we were created. I am authorized to tell you... [brrrzt] Thank you for your hard work. You have fulfilled the design for which we were created. I am authorized to tell you...” The projection flickered and reset.

“Spock, can you fix that? I asked.” The Vulcan examined the device and shook his head. “It would appear that this hologram is supposed to be receiving a signal, but some error exists in the receiving process.”



I opened my communicator. “Kirk to Uhura. Are you receiving any strange sub-space or radio signals?”

“Captain, there is a neutrino-based transmission being broadcast near your current position from a point of unknown origin—probably from another star system. Our equipment is not designed to handle it, but given one to two weeks, we might be able to identify patterns and extrapolate what the message is trying to say.”

I sighed. “We’ll work on the problem from here. Kirk out.”

We found several antennae of advanced design near the building. Spock was already examining the first device.



“This device appears to be similar to Federation technology, Captain; its control principles are similar to the M’dai Sensor Dish on Vulcan. It has locked the array at a 35 degree angle; without knowledge of the code control sequence, I cannot adjust it. I also detect that the unit’s power core is not functioning. It operates on geothermal energy, tapping into heat from the ground below.”

Spock pointed to some nearby rocks. “This rock formation leads indirectly to the thermal core, Captain.”

I tried my hand phaser on the rock outcropping but did not succeed in generating the amount of energy needed. Spock called me over to another antenna on the other side of the building.

“This dish appears to be misaligned, Captain. My tricorder is unable to make the necessary computations. However, the Enterprise’s computers should be up to this task.”

“Do it Spock.”

After Spock had conferred with Scotty and the ship’s computer, I spoke to the Bridge. “Sulu, I want you to broadcast a low-level microwave beam to the coordinates I am sending.” A pause, then the helmsman responded. “We have the coordinates, Captain. Please stand away from the blast area.”

A red beam from the sky struck the outcropping, and the air around the rocks began to glow red and fill with smoke.





### Hints:

- A Examine the rock just to the left of the sensor dish with the science tricorder. When you discover the exact spot to input thermal energy, Spock will tell you.
- A Contact the *Enterprise* for some assistance in heating up the thermal core of the planet.
- A Have Spock realign the second dish by using him on the control panel, then contacting the *Enterprise*. The third dish is functioning properly.
- A Make sure that Spock examines all three sensor devices and control panels. Scan the third dish.

“Let’s see what the Gammans have to say for themselves,” I said, leading the three other men back to the dark building.



The hologram now functioned perfectly. “Thank you, Captain, for your aid in constituting my people and in the unexpectedly necessary realignment of our communications array. You have performed admirably. Of the sixteen stations reporting at this point, there have been 50 percent fatalities, 30 percent other failures and only 20 percent successes—one group got points for style.”

“Your appreciation is welcome, but many questions remain unanswered. Who are you?”

"I am Cicissa, a holographic representation of a creature deemed, by my creators, to be a visual and culturally referential synthesis of the two creatures dubbed Alphans and Omegans or, more directly, Azrah and Vizznr. Clearly, you know that the primitive lifeforms you have been dealing with are incapable of creating that in which you now stand. You will also note that the more demonic of the creatures displayed a passivity you did not expect, while the morally pure creature was aggressive and bloodthirsty."

I looked at Ensign Jons. "The contradictions were noted and duly dealt with. I take it you were testing us on our ability to deal with disparate and contradictory inputs?"

Cicissa's voice sounded almost human. "Yes, your reasoning ability was tested, as well as your ability to adapt to new ideas when they conflict with deeply held beliefs and cultural customs. It was a measure of your adaptability, as well as a test of your understanding of genetic manipulation. You passed quite admirably. The Brassica are impressed with you."

I was not satisfied, nor did I enjoy playing the part of a laboratory rat. "I am not clear on who the Brassica are."

Spock interrupted. "Captain, from this site I can deduce various things about the Brassica. They are taller and more slender than we are. Each hand possesses three fingers and a thumb. I suppose bilateral symmetry and I know they possess greater visual acuity than humans. They visited this place well before humans had left the Cro-Magnon stage of development, and I note they avoided detection by us and presumably every other race in the universe before they decided to send signals to bring us to their bases."

"Thank you Spock." I waited for Cicissa's reply.

"And more you shall know, as you continue the quest. I wish you luck."

The hologram vanished. No answers. "Kirk to Enterprise. Scotty, four to beam up."

McCoy leaned on the railing of the Bridge. “Alpha and Omega. The beginning and the end.”

“In this case, Bones, a new beginning. We were the midwives for a new lifeform.”

“And let us hope that this is the end of Ensign Jons’ prejudices.”

“We all can learn to stop judging people by appearances. Ensign Jons might have done well to remember the Biblical representation of Lucifer appearing in the guise of an angel of light.”

McCoy sighed. “You can never trust anybody, although people who look like pointy-eared hobgoblins are definitely at the bottom of the list.”

Spock was unmoved by the barb. “It appears that Dr. McCoy did not learn the lesson of this mission either. Unfortunate, but not unexpected.”

“Fortunately, the Alphans and the Omegans learned. Philosophy and personal belief is not as easily divorced from logic as some would believe. We humans attain our greatest fulfillment when both of them are united.”

Spock raised an eyebrow. “Really, Captain?”

I laughed. “Really, Mr. Spock. But I’ve had enough philosophy for one day, I’d rather worry about these Brassica and their cosmic ‘quest.’”

McCoy folded his arms across his chest. “Well, with me aboard, we’re sure to get points for style.”

While everyone else laughed, Spock did not. “Many questions remain unanswered, Captain.”

I settled back in my chair. “There’s only one way to answer them. Ahead, Mr. Sulu. Warp factor five.”



### Game Notes:

The *Enterprise* is called to a planet by a distress beacon. Onyius II is an arid ball with only two small concentrations of lifeform readings, but these lifeforms are shielded well enough that a clear reading is not possible from orbit.

On the planet, the crew (Kirk, Spock, McCoy, and Med Tech Jons) discover an ancient building that contains sophisticated equipment. Two holograms are projected of two races, each claiming the other is evil. The holograms want the crew to help them destroy the other race.

This situation, the second of the Brassica tests, checks for reasoning, philosophy, and enough sophistication to do some genetic manipulation.



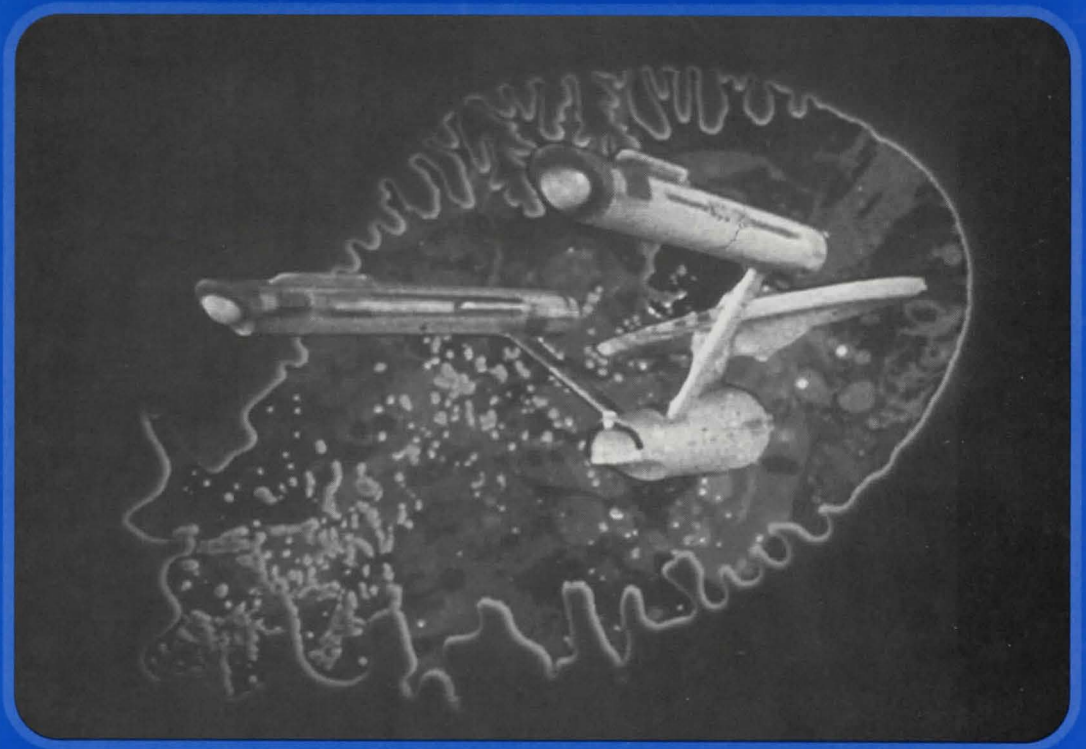
### Optimizing Your Score

To earn the maximum number of points, the players must take the following actions:

- ▲ Converse with each race and reach a philosophical compromise that allows them to give up samples of their DNA, without annoying either Vizznr or Azrah.
- ▲ Kirk must convince the over-zealous Jons—without direct accusation—that doing his job is neither a violation of his religion nor evil under these circumstances.
- ▲ Have Spock take a tricorder reading of the building from the outside of the structure.
- ▲ You must clean the replicator before making a new sample.
- ▲ You must scan all three sensor arrays and the control panels.



# Chapter 5: VOIDS





## Captain's Log: Supplemental



I sat on the bridge, considering the ramifications of what just happened with our first contact with the highly developed race that calls themselves the Brassica. Such a race could have profound sociological and tactical significance for the Federation. “Spock, where do you think we should start looking for the Brassica?”

Spock considered my question. “Logic suggests that they will provide an opportunity for us, Captain.” I nodded.

Uhura’s voice interrupted me out of deep thought. “Captain, message from Starfleet Command.”

“Onscreen, lieutenant.”

Admiral Cain appeared. Despite her facade, she looked tired and concerned. “Captain, the U.S.S. Regulus has been forced to cancel its survey mission to the Antares Rift. We’ve decided to redirect the Enterprise to that mission. The U.S.S. Hood will take over for your current assignment.”

I sighed inwardly. “Of course, Admiral. The Antares Rift has a rather dangerous reputation...”

Admiral Cain smiled. “Nothing the Enterprise can’t handle. But be careful. Starfleet out.”

“Sulu, you heard the Admiral—plot a course for the Antares Rift. Put all decks on yellow alert.” Spock nodded. “The Antares Rift is an area of unstable space; little is known about its properties. Several ships have disappeared in the proximity of the Rift. All prior mapping expeditions have vanished.”

“That’s good to know Spock,” I said. Although I was unhappy with that bit of news, Spock’s information always provided me with an edge when dealing with the unknown, with situations like the Rift. “Ahead warp factor three, Mr. Sulu.”

“Aye, Captain.”



## Captain's Log, Stardate 6257.6



The trip to the Rift has taken a two and a half days. We have just entered the Antares Rift and encountered spatial disruptions in the Rift that make using warp engines extremely dangerous. Repairs are almost complete on the minor damage we suffered upon entry to the Rift. We are continuing our survey under impulse power.

The Bridge was a whirlpool of activity. Due to the unstable nature of the Rift, we stayed on yellow alert. "Communications are back on-line, Captain," said Uhura.

Sulu was at helm control, and had been at post for eighteen hours. “Deflectors at 93 percent power and increasing.”

Spock had spent the better part of two days studying the theoretical data on the Rift. “Captain, undoubtedly that phenomena would explain many of the strange disappearances in this sector. Still, with our warp engines deactivated, our computers indicate we will be safe—”

Almost as if on cue, the *Enterprise* was rocked by some an energy discharge. Control panels short circuited as I was thrown from my chair. Lights dimmed on the Bridge, and after power was restored, a thin haze of smoke hung in the air. Uhura was already under the comm panel trying to assess the damage to her station and systems. “Communications are out again, Captain. Is anyone hurt?”

I looked at Spock, who was busy analyzing the energy discharge. “If he were human, Mr. Spock’s pride might be,” I commented. Despite his calm exterior, I knew Spock took great pride in his analytic and scientific abilities.

Spock did not raise his eyes from his sensor displays. “Captain, sensors failed to indicate any unusual activity prior to the explosion. I speculate that the disruption was caused by an extremely unusual rift in the space-time continuum, a place where radically different physical laws apply.”

Sulu nodded, worried about the *Enterprise*’s course through the Rift. “And since it was a different space-time, our sensors weren’t programmed to detect it.”

Chekov did not look pleased. “And it could happen again at any time without warning!”

I would have felt helpless and vulnerable—cut off from the rest of the ship, but my crew was around me, working in perfect motion. They wouldn’t let me down. “Uhura, we need to make communicating with the rest of the ship our first priority. Ideas?”

Uhura whirled around in her chair. Even under life-threatening danger, she was in control and one of the most capable officers on my crew. “I was barely able to reroute the necessary connections last time, Captain. Communications are

completely useless now. However,” she paused, “we may be able to enter codes into the library computer and instruct others to send messages to us.” I nodded.

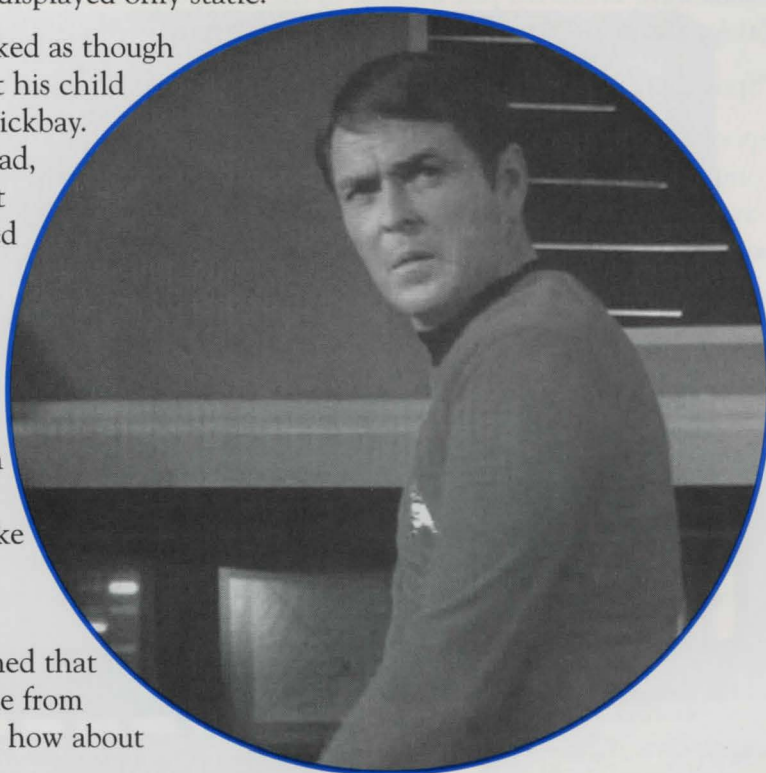
“Scotty, what’s our status?” I glanced over to the Engineering station and noticed many of the monitors displayed only static.

My chief engineer looked as though someone told him that his child had just been sent to sickbay. He shook his head. “Bad, Captain. Whatever hit the Enterprise breached the hull six meters from the Bridge. Beyond that, the instruments are useless. I can’t read or send anything through these controls. We’ll need a Starbase to make this Bridge functional again.”

Scotty’s report confirmed that our condition had gone from bad to worse. “Scotty, how about auxiliary control?”

Montgomery Scott shook his head again as he pried open a grill, revealing cables and computer components. “Captain, I canna determine the status of anything beyond the place where the rupture occurred. The rest of the ship could be dead as far as we know!”

Spock looked up from his sensor displays. “Captain, I believe I may be able to adjust the sensors to be able to detect these spatial rifts and pilot the Enterprise to



avoid them. However, the sensors are too heavily damaged here; I will need to get to auxiliary control as soon as possible if I am to reroute the necessary systems.”

Scotty called out from beneath his engineering console. “Mr. Spock, the bulkheads were breached just outside of the Bridge! Nae one’s going to leave the Bridge for at least an hour unless they’re transported out!”

“Spock, try using the computer to send a message,” I suggested.

Spock seemed pleased when he looked up from the console. “Captain, the library computer is on-line. Apparently, its circuits were shielded from the explosion. I have managed to program a message into the library computer. The first time a person accesses the computer, they will read our distress signal. Hopefully, they can code a reply into the computer, which we can access.”

Spock paused for a moment. “I am receiving communications through the computer, Captain. The transporters are operational. I request permission to be transported, so I can begin the adjustments to sensors as soon as possible.”



**Hint:**

Allow Spock to transport himself to auxiliary control.

“Go ahead, Spock.”

I watched as the transporter effect began to shimmer around Spock. Suddenly, he was enveloped by a crack-

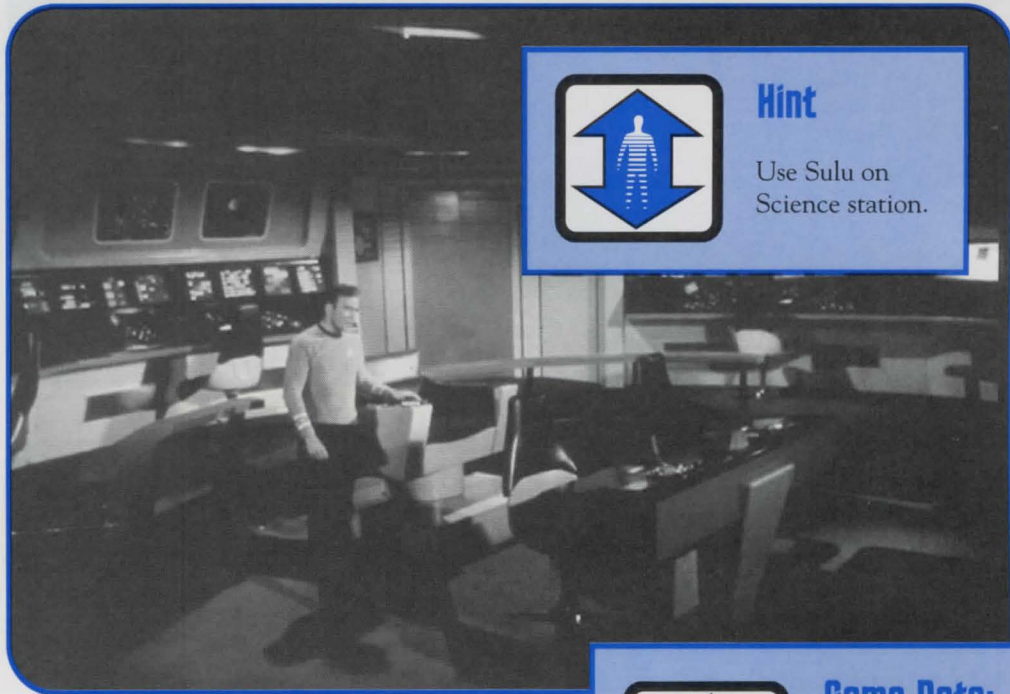
ling yellow light—clearly something had gone wrong. With a buzz, the light flashed and Spock was gone.

“Spock!” The entire Bridge watched in amazement as a short, four-armed humanoid creature briefly appeared



where Spock had dematerialized. It looked around with unblinking eyes, then it too disappeared.

“Sulu, take over the Science station. Find out what’s happening on my ship!”



### Hint

Use Sulu on Science station.



### Game Note:

Move Kirk to the turbo lift and all the crew will follow.

Sulu ran his fingers over the Science controls. “I am patching your log into the computer. You should have voice messages.” It was Chief Kyle. “Captain, we’ve managed to jury-rig an evacuation tube through the bridge turbo lift. We should be able to keep stable long enough for you to be evacuated.”

“Let’s get off the Bridge and to aux control!” We squeezed into the evacuation device and abandoned the Bridge.



### Hints:

1. Your crew provides you with the necessary information to extricate yourself from the bridge. Talk to Uhura, to Scotty, and finally to Spock.
2. Use Spock twice on the science station to establish a communications link via the library computer.
3. Talk to Spock again, and use the science station to receive the message that transporters are on-line. Spock will insist on transporting to auxiliary control.
4. When he is abducted by the alien, use the science control one more time. Sulu will volunteer.
5. Kyle will get your party off the bridge.



## Captain's Log: Supplemental



After equipping ourselves with tricorders and phasers, we are now searching for a way to find and hopefully return Spock to the *Enterprise*. I've determined that the best place to start is auxiliary control.

Another explosion rocked the ship, tossing Sulu, Chekov, and security officer Walker to the floor.

Scotty's voice burst through the static on the intercom. "Captain, it's a very good thing we took the warp engines off-line."

"How bad, Scotty?" I asked as we stood up.

"That explosion was 42 percent stronger than the one that struck near the Bridge. Our left warp nacelle is crippled, Captain."



I tried to keep a brave face as my ship was being torn apart; it was a captain's duty to provide strength to his crew during a crisis. "I hope it's not a trend. Keep me posted, Mr. Scott. Kirk out."

I walked towards aux control, and the doors slid open. My ship and first officer were in grave danger, and I needed answers immediately. "Our highest priority is control of the sensors. We must find Spock."

Sulu began walking towards the controls. "I'll handle it, Captain. Remember, I was a physicist when I first joined the Enterprise."

Before Sulu reached the sensor controls, Chekov cried out. "Aieeeeeee! Captain! Look!"

A strange figure appeared in front of a stunned helmsman. It was the alien that briefly appeared on the bridge! Fearing for Chekov's safety, I pulled out my phaser—set on stun—and fired...

\* \* \*

Suddenly, we were back in the corridor. Somehow, the creature teleported us out of auxiliary control. Walker looked disoriented. "What the... we're back outside auxiliary control!"

Sulu blinked. "It appears our alien friends like their privacy."

I was furious. "Not on my ship, they don't." I walked over to the doorway to auxiliary control. The panel next to it indicated that it was locked. We needed more information before we tried to re-enter the room, more information about the



**Hint:**

Move Kirk to door of auxiliary control.



alien sitting at the controls.

Chekov sighed. “Why do the aliens always seem to invade the Enterprise?”

Sulu looked dismayed too. “Actually Pavel, last year, five different alien species tried to take over the U.S.S. Regulus. Compared to them, the Enterprise has had it relatively easy.”

“But why do all the *competent* aliens always seem to invade the Enterprise?” asked Chekov.

I flipped open my communicator. “Kirk to Scott. Come in, Scotty.”

Scotty’s voice sounded strained. “Captain, we’re having problems with hull integrity. It’s currently at 92 percent and dropping. If it drops below 63 percent...”

“Put as much power as you can to the shields. Use them to support hull integrity,” I ordered.

“That will probably buy us only a few minutes, Captain.”

“Do it Scotty, every minute counts. Kirk out.”



**Hint:**

Use the Inventory communicator on Kirk.



**Hint:**

Choose the dialog option that has Scotty divert all power to the shields.

I thought for a moment, then reopened the communicator. “Kirk to sickbay. Bones, where are you?” I want the advice of my most trusted officers.

McCoy’s voice sounded angry. “Jim, what the devil are you doing to this ship?”

"I'm not the one doing it. Spock's gone, Bones. He was taken from the ship, by aliens that I've never seen before. I think the alien is still in aux control and it's locked us out!"

A moment of silence. I could hear Nurse Chapel in the background attending to a wounded crew member—*my* crew. "If you can get me a medical scan on them, I might find some way to combat them. Make that a priority. McCoy out."



### Hints:

Any attempt to kill or stun the alien is fruitless. Use the phaser set to kill on the door to auxiliary control once to drill a hole in the door. Do not try to enlarge the hole with further phaser fire. All further attempts will be thwarted by the Vurian. Call Scotty and have him either divert more energy to shields OR to the sensors, then talk to McCoy. Use the medical scanner on the hole to gather information about the Vurian and head to sickbay.

I pulled out my phaser, and set it to maximum force, in a tightly controlled beam. I burned a hole through the door to aux control, but the alien did not seem to notice. Chekov blew on the burned hole to cool it, then used a medical scanner to gather data on the alien.

"Let's go visit the doctor," I ordered.



Bones had just finished treating an injured crewmember's arm as we arrived. He glared up from his medical data pad. "Well Jim, I leave you alone for five minutes and look at the mess you made. What's going on out there?"

“Spock is gone, Bones. He was transporting off the bridge, and then he vanished; then this alien appeared in auxiliary control!” I felt as if I had lost my right hand. Luckily, Bones was still here.

“An alien kidnapped Spock! Why? And you wonder why I don’t like getting my atoms tossed around the galaxy...” Bones raised his eyebrow and put down his datapad.

I shook my head. “I don’t know. We managed to get a medical scan.” McCoy took the scanner out of Chekov’s hands and sat at a computer display. His eyes widened. “Jim, this says that our invaders are Vurians.”

I struggled to remember my history classes at the Academy; the name sounded familiar. “Vurians? But they’re extinct. They died out at the time that Cochrane invented the warp drive. They were slaughtered in the Three Systems War!”

Bones nodded. “Jim, I know my history. But I also know my anatomy. The alien in Auxiliary Control is a Vurian. There’s only one strange thing—” McCoy seemed confused as pages of data appeared on his screen, showing illustrations of aliens that resembles the one who had appeared on the Bridge and in auxiliary control.



**Hint:**

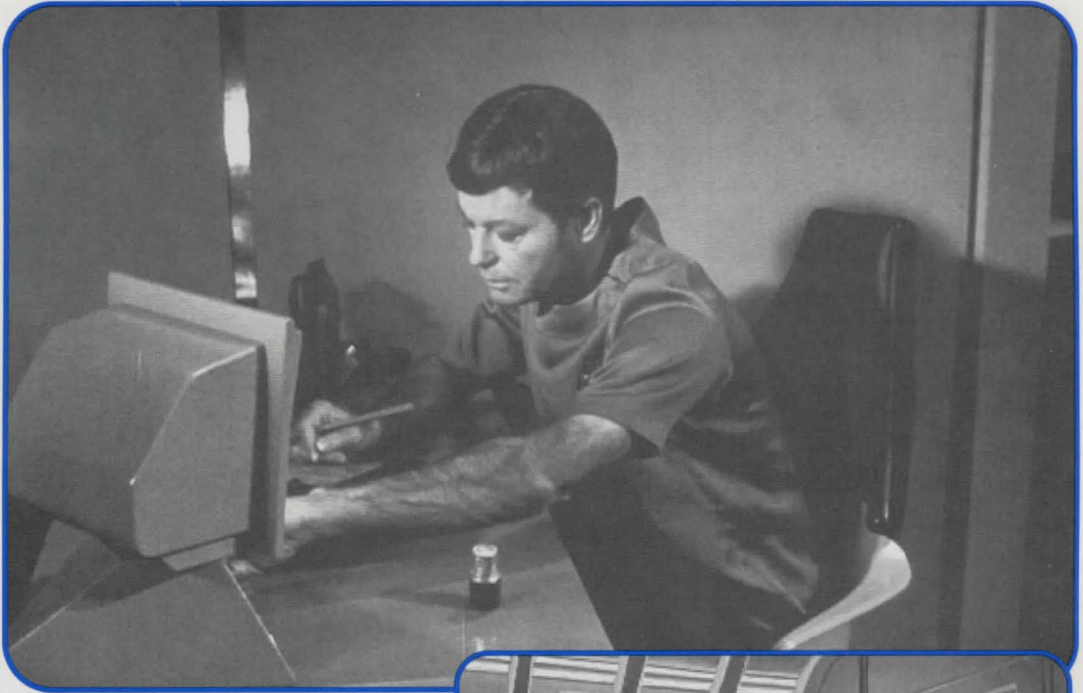
Talk to McCoy, and he will examine the alien’s readings in the medical scanner.

“What’s that?” I asked.

“This creature isn’t capable of doing some of the things that you described. It’s an ordinary Vurian, no special organs, no unusual brain patterns, aside from a few minor psionic aptitudes, nothing that suggests superhuman feats.”

There was much more to this than met the eye. “Can you neutralize it, Bones?”

“Actually, it’s a female. And yes, I know of something that can incapacitate her without harming her. A gas mixture. You’ll have to pump large quantities into Auxiliary Control for it to be effective, but it should work almost immediately.”



McCoy walked over to a medical synthesizer unit and tapped in a few commands. He reached into the bin and produced a small tank. “Here’s the gas. Be careful, Jim—there hasn’t been a Vurian for one hundred and fifty years.”

“The only access we have to life support is the junction at... Engineering!” I said aloud.

Within moments, we had arrived at Engineering. Mr. Scott was busy at repairing the impulse engines and monitoring hull integrity. His brow was knitted in a lined



knot as he barked orders to his staff. I walked to the life support junction and attached the tank to a nozzle.

“Scotty, I need you to direct the air supply from here directly to aux control; we have a pest we need to smoke out.” Scotty nodded and tapped a few buttons on the life support panel. “It’s done, Captain. You better hurry and do what you need ta do; hull integrity has just dropped below 90 percent.”

I flipped open my communicator. “Send us to auxiliary control, Mr. Kyle.”

We materialized in aux control. The Vurian had fled. Sulu examined the sensor displays and reported. “Sir, I am detecting the Vurian. She seems to have vanished through a rift in space. I have the coordinates of her last known location.”



**Hint:**

Use Scotty on life support control.



**Hints:**

Go to sickbay and talk to McCoy, who can synthesize a sleeping gas that will work on the Vurian. Go to Engineering with the gas, and attach tank to pipes to the left of the mesh grating that covers the impulse engines.

Unwilling to risk unnecessary intra-ship transport, we returned to the transporter room. “Mr. Kyle, you have the coordinates where the alien teleported?”



**Hint:**

Use Sulu on sensors on the right panel in auxiliary control. Go to the transporter room and beam into the Rift.

Kyle looked concerned. “Captain, you’re asking me to transport you into another dimension. I may not be able to get a lock on you there!”

I was not going to turn back now. “I’m aware of the risk, Mr. Kyle. You have your orders.”

“Aye sir.” The familiar view of the *Enterprise* transporter room faded, and a startling new vista began to materialize before our eyes.



## Captain's Personal Log



I’ve transported to many strange places, but beaming into an alien dimension is unique. Only the extreme risk to my ship—or to my friend Spock—would cause me to take such a drastic action.

Chekov looked around and shivered. “This doesn’t even look like a nice place to visit.”



Sulu scanned the area with his tricorder, then moved while pointing behind a rock. “There’s the Vurian. I don’t see Spock.”

I walked towards the Vurian, who was lying on the ground, still disoriented by the gas. “He’s got to be around here somewhere.”

The Vurian looked up at me—she seemed pleased to see me. “Greetings, Lord Kirk. I am Emminata. I regret the discomfort that I put you through on your ship. I wish only to preserve my joy by serving the Savant.”

I kneeled to speak to the alien. “What were you doing on my ship?”

“The Savant empowered me to remove any psionically adept being from your ship and to prevent you from following. It was not our intention to harm you.”

“He is now summoned, Lord Kirk. He awaits, not many footsteps from here, by the Fountainhead. Seek him.”

“Where is Spock?” I demanded.

“The Lord Spock is not far. His mind dances in the bliss of this place. He would welcome you. It is not a long or difficult search to find him.”



**Hint:**

Have Emminata speak again.



**Hint:**

You must pick up the satchel first, before you pick up the jewels. The various gems on the surface induce strong emotional responses. Scan them with both of the tricorders. Go east and pick up the brown satchel, then pick up the pile of blue gems from the first screen. Talk to the Vurian and find out about the Savant. Ask for his help in freeing the *Enterprise*.

“Captain,” called Sulu. “These gems register a great deal of psionic energy patterns. I picked up a few scattered gems, and waves of strong emotion—doubt, paranoia, regret—washed over me uncontrollably. I had to fight to regain control of my senses, as I tossed them aside.” A cache of blue gems sparkled, and using a satchel, I gathered them up. “These gems must rely on physical contact to affect emotions,” I said, giving them to security officer Walker. “They might come in handy.”

Spock was only a short distance away, standing rigid. His face was a twisted mask of conflict—it seemed as if he were caught in intense pleasure, if his eyes hadn’t betrayed the pain within. “Spock—what have they done to you?”



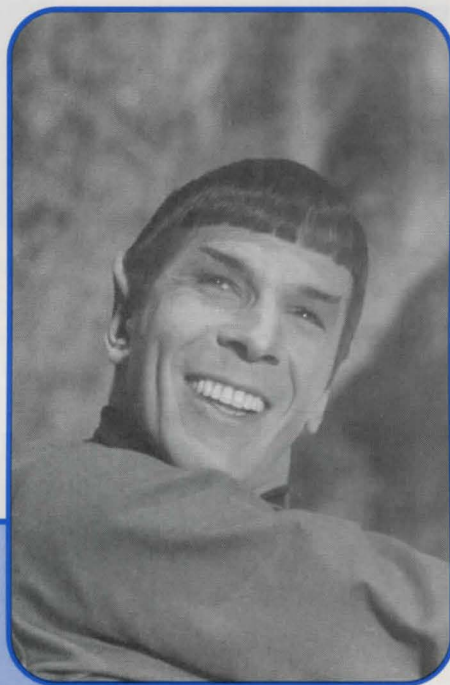


His voice was a whisper. “Fascinating. Emotional intensity of a previously unknown level... Our link with the Savant acts as an amplifier; the more minds in union with him, the greater the level of emotion. And happiness... is a powerful emotion.”

Emotions! He was being forced to feel emotions! This violation could kill a Vulcan, but Spock was half-human; he was able to survive—barely. “How can we help you, Spock?”

Spock looked at me. “Captain... Jim... I see no logical way that you can help me... Happiness is a human desire, Captain. I am a Vulcan. I want to be free of emotions. This is ... the antithesis of my desires.”

“Spock!” I wanted to grab my first officer and find a way to leave this dimension, but first I had to deal with the entity called the Savant. For now, I had Chekov give Spock a sedative to ease his inner pain. We found the remains of the Vurian ship by a huge crater. Was this the Fountainhead that the Vurian spoke of? As we approached, we were blinded by a bright light.



**Hint:**

Find Spock on the screen east of the crater. Scan him and talk to him. Use the medkit on Spock.

Shading my eyes, I saw a huge beam of light burst from the crater into the night sky. The light swirled in hypnotic patterns, forming different humanoid faces, constantly changing.

A voice boomed... whether in my head or my ears, I could not tell. "Welcome. I am the Savant. I only wish all entities joy."

"What are you?" I asked.



### Hints:

Return to the Savant at the crater and talk to him.

"Once, aeons ago, I was akin to you, a creature of flesh and pain. But I released myself from these bonds and became an entity of pure emotion, and I came to this place to find a shelter from the cares of the universe."

"Why did you kidnap my first officer?"

"Captain, you misunderstand me. It is not my will to bring harm to any creature. I have taken two creatures that are without the most important thing in existence, joy, and given it to them in infinite variety and abundance. The Vurian was filled with despair at the death of her race. She was overwhelmed by sorrow and grief. I have healed her of these afflictions forever."

"As for the Vulcan, he has been conditioned to deny his emotions. I am bringing him into contact with a part of himself that will enhance his life. It is a gift of love."

I was outraged. "Love? Spock doesn't want your gift. He doesn't need your gift! Release him and let us return to your ship."

“I will not punish the Vulcan by releasing him. However, I have become aware of the danger that your ship is in. I have the power to make certain it will come to no harm, if you agree to leave now and never return.”

“Sorry but without my science officer, I must decline your generous offer.”

The Savant’s voice rumbled across the alien landscape. “I admire your sense of loyalty. Unfortunately, I cannot extend the lives of creatures that I am not in contact with. However, I can provide you with comforts and needs through the long years you will spend at your comrade’s side before you die. I fear you may find it dull, but I will do my best to sustain you.”

I walked toward the crater. “Savant, we will not leave until Spock comes with us!”

The alien’s voice took on an almost pleading tone. “Captain, why do you begrudge your comrade’s new-found happiness?”

“Because it was not of his doing, nor his choice,” I answered.

The Savant remained unconvinced. “There are many things in nature that are not desired, but bring good fortune. Be content with your comrade’s serendipity, and ask for your safe return to your vessel.”

I walked back to my crew. “Well,” I sighed, “this is getting nowhere. Walker, do you still have that satchel of gems?”

“Yes sir.”

“Give them to me. Maybe we can make the Savant feel differently about this situation.” I picked up the satchel and felt the tingling of emotional energy. Averting my eyes, I emptied the gems into the crater and jumped back when the Savant spoke.



### Hints:

1. Talk to the Savant and try to convince him to release Spock.
2. You cannot succeed yet—refuse to leave without your first officer.
3. Use the blue gems on the Savant, then follow this dialog path:
  - “Life isn’t all happiness...”
  - “Free Spock and return us to our ship...”
  - “You are the most stubborn entity...”
4. The Savant releases Spock and returns the landing party to the *Enterprise*. Do not be hostile when dealing with the Savant.

“You disturb my rest! Fortunately, I am not alone in bliss. Do not use such a tactic again on me, I warn you!” The voice paused for a moment, then returned, with a hint of uncertainty. “What is this? What am I feeling? What have you done! What have you done!”

I straightened my uniform. “Life isn’t all happiness and joy. It’s time you experienced a reality check.”

The Savant’s voice registered panic, and I wondered about the wisdom of angering such a powerful being. But we had no choice. “No! I have spent millions of years trying to escape the anguish. Misery is the destroyer of worthy souls, Captain, and you are destroying me!”

“Free Spock and return us to our ship and this will end,” I said calmly.

“No. I shall not reward this action. I will not allow violence to be rewarded, even if I must die.” The voice seemed to echo off the hull of the derelict spaceship.

“You are the most stubborn entity I’ve ever met,” I called out. “If you can read Spock’s mind, then you know I don’t enjoy hurting others. Why can’t you be reasonable?”

The Savant seemed to let out its equivalent of a sigh. “You win, Captain. As much as it pains me, all shall be as you desire.” We reappeared on the Bridge, instantly transported by the Savant’s power.



## Captain’s Log: Supplemental



We are out of the Antares Rift, and on our way to Starbase Eight, where the *Enterprise* has extensive repairs scheduled. All crew members, including First Officer Spock, are safely aboard.

“So Spock, you mean you had an eternity of pure enjoyment and you gave it up?” asked McCoy.

“Affirmative, Doctor.”

“That has to be the most illogical thing I’ve ever heard. Humans spend their entire lifetime dreaming of an eternity of pleasure.”

“As do animals in the field. Perhaps humans are meant to be better than that. Perhaps we should dream of greatness, and not simple gratification,” I added.

Spock raised one eyebrow. “Greatness is a term subject to individual interpretation, Captain. The Savant viewed the pursuit of greatness as useless because all great deeds and accomplishments are destined to be forgotten in cosmic terms.

“A cosmic being thinks in cosmic terms, Spock. But somehow that philosophy overlooks a lot of life’s pleasures. One thing bothers me about this whole thing,” said McCoy, scratching his chin.

“Really, Doctor?” asked Spock. I turned to look at Bones.

An expression of genuine disappointment crossed the doctor’s face. “Spock finally got to enjoy himself, and I wasn’t there to see it! Now that’s something worth remembering!”

We all laughed as the *Enterprise* limped home. All except for Spock, of course.



### Game Note:

This episode is one of the longest to complete, and Kirk has to deal with the threat of destruction to *Enterprise* and the abduction of Mr. Spock.

Kirk must find a way off the Bridge with the help of his crew, direct Scotty to take emergency measures to protect the *Enterprise*, and find a way to incapacitate the alien that has taken over auxiliary control. After Kirk regains control of the ship, he must follow the alien to another dimension and free Spock from the influence of a powerful being called the Savant.

The Savant’s mission is to provide happiness to beings that do not know joy. The Vurian is the sole survivor of her race, and the Savant has taken away her despair. Spock, the Savant reasons, has suppressed any feelings of happiness or emotion. The Savant forces happiness upon Spock’s psyche, and Kirk must convince the Savant to free Spock and return everyone to the *Enterprise*.



## Optimizing Your Score:

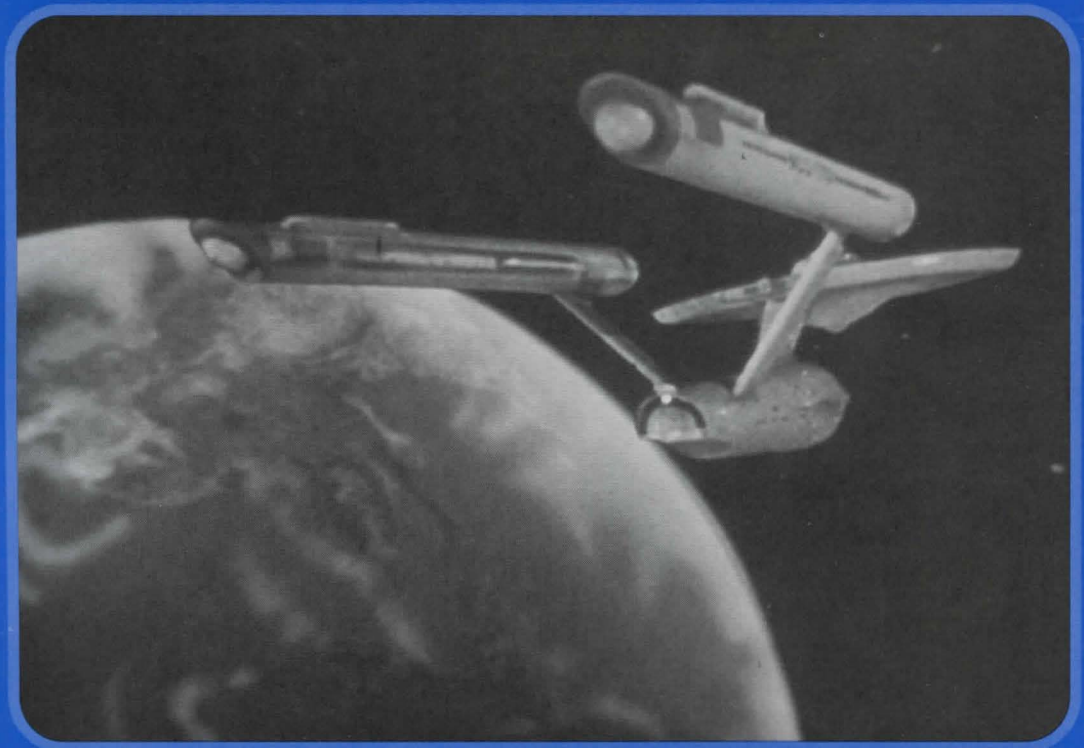
To score the maximum number of points, Kirk must perform the following tasks:

- Ⓐ Talk to Uhura, Scotty, Sulu, Chekov, and Spock on the bridge.
- Ⓐ Allow Spock to be the first transported off the bridge.
- Ⓐ Keep hull integrity above 84 percent.
- Ⓐ Order Scotty to fully boost either the sensors or the shields.
- Ⓐ Use the red phaser on the aux control door only once.
- Ⓐ Do not use the red phaser on the Vurian.
- Ⓐ Once in the alien dimension, get the Vurian to aid the party.
- Ⓐ Do not use Walker on the blue gems without the pouch.
- Ⓐ Have Sulu and Chekov examine the emotion stones with science and medical tricorders.
- Ⓐ Do not threaten the Savant.
- Ⓐ Do not use the pouch of stones on Spock.
- Ⓐ Have Chekov use the medkit to calm Spock.
- Ⓐ Do not return without Spock.
- Ⓐ Do not allow the Savant to kill itself.





# Chapter 6: Museum Piece





## Captain's Log, Stardate 6260.2



After an extended stay at Starbase Eight for repairs, the *Enterprise* was granted shore leave following the extraordinary events in the Antares Rift. Everyone—especially Scotty—is looking forward to a well-deserved rest.



I handed the inspection report back to Yeoman Rand. The repairs at Starbase seemed to pass Scotty's inspection—barely. "How long until we reach Nova Atar, Ensign?"

Chekov checked the chronometer. "About twenty-three hours, Keptin."

"Twenty-two hours, fifty-three minutes, and seventeen seconds to be precise." Spock was back to his old self and obviously had no pressing duties that required his attention.

I sighed. "Spock, there's no need to be precise. We're going on shore leave. Rest, relaxation, no calls from Starfleet..."

Uhura frowned. "Captain, we have a message coming in from Admiral Richards at Starfleet."

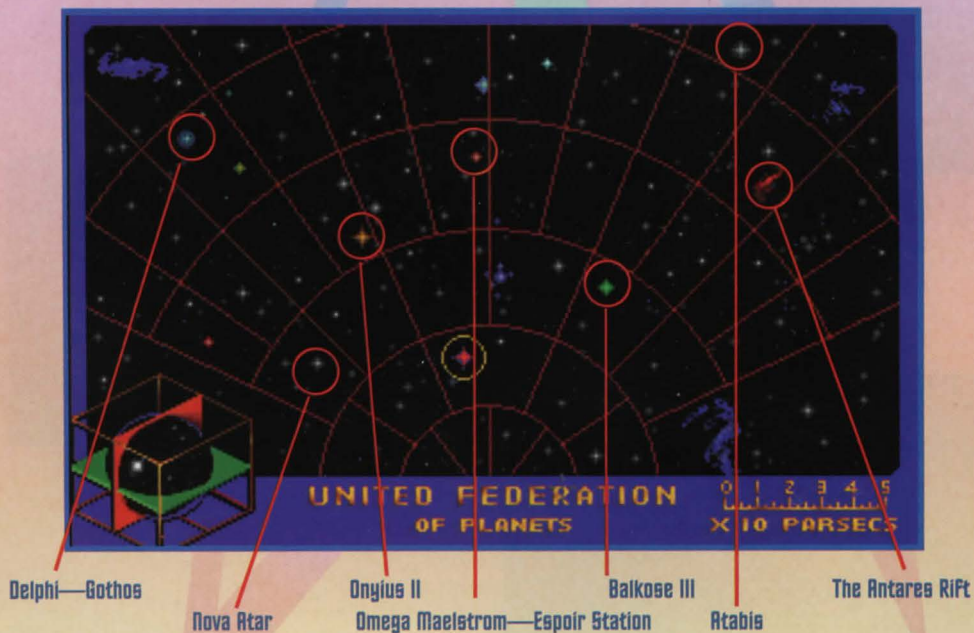
I rolled my eyes. "Uh... onscreen, Lieutenant."

"Hello Jim, I know you're going on shore leave, but..."

"What is it, Chris?" I asked, already feeling my stomach ball into a knot.

# Starfleet Academy Records: The Brassican Encounter

The display computer record that details the destinations of the U.S.S. Enterprise during the "Judgment Rites" timeFrame:





# Federation

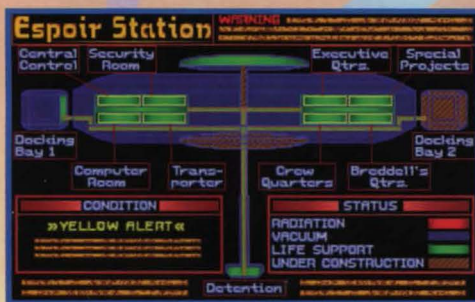


**The Mission:** Stop Dr. Breddell from using a device that will destroy the Federation.

Message From the Future—doom For the Federation.



The landing party is surprised by an old enemy of Kirk's...

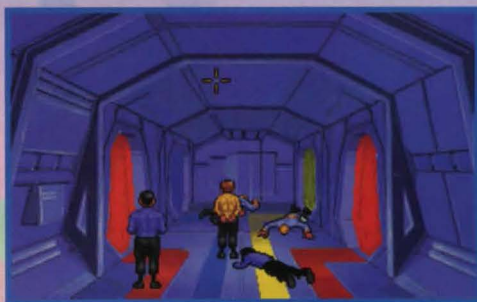


...and is taken prisoner.

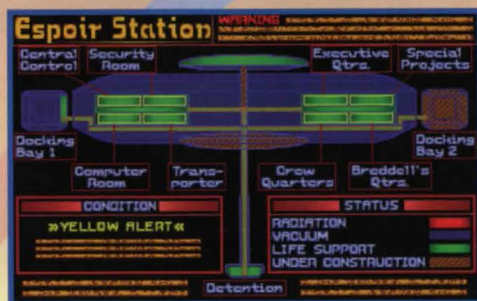
You must either win over...



...or disable the Station's guard.



The map of Espoir Station.





# Sentinel



**Mission:** Investigate the source of mysterious sensor probe of the science vessel *Demeter* on Balkose III, a planet inhabited by a primitive, developing race.

**Kirk, McCoy, and Spock beam down into a room that holds alien devices:**



**The central control room:**

**The Food production chamber:**



The archives room:



Kirk stuns a Balkosian...



... and McCoy studies its organic constitution:





## No Man's Land

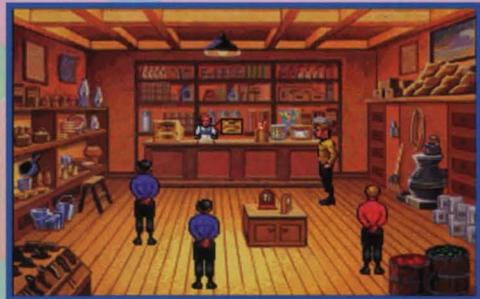


Enroute to Omega Corvus, the *Enterprise* is attacked by a Fokker DR-1, a German World War I triplane, flown by the child god-like entity, Trelane!

**Mission:** To defeat the alien, Trelane, on the alien's terms.



After the battle, Kirk, McCoy, Spock, and Lieutenant Commander Ellis—First Officer and Security Chief of the Zimbabwe—awake in a jail cell.



After escaping the cell, the team searches for Trelane's power sources.





Finding some devices are easier than others:



Trelane's castle:





# Light and Darkness



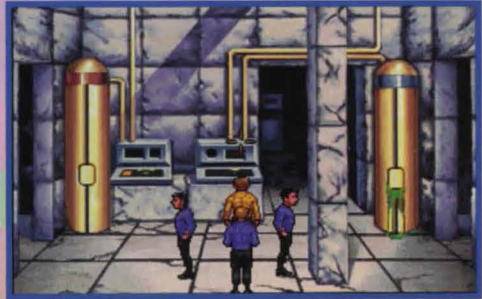
A mysterious message from a distress beacon calls the *Enterprise* to Onyius II, where first lifeform readings are discovered.

**Mission:** To solve the mystery of who set up a genetics lab on a barren planet, and why.



Upon beaming down, Kirk, McCoy, Spock, and Ensign Jons find an ancient genetics lab.

The main room of the lab:



Several communications dishes must be checked out and, if necessary, repaired...



...and the landing party must perform bioengineering tasks and wrestle with the question of good and evil to solve the mystery.





# Voids



Upon entering the Antares Rift, an area of unstable space/time, the *Enterprise* is badly damaged. When Spock attempts to transport from the Bridge to Auxiliary Control, he is taken hostage by an alien whose race was considered extinct.

**Mission:** Rescue Spock and save the ship from destruction caused by energies in the Rift.



After Spock vanishes, an alien momentarily appears on the bridge...



...and then reappears in Auxiliary Control!



McCoy prepares a gas mixture to incapacitate the Vurian without harming her.

After transporting into another dimension, Kirk, leading the landing party, engages in a battle of wits and emotions to rescue Spock from the horrors of eternal joy:





## Museum Piece



As part of a well-deserved shore leave, Kirk, Scotty, and Chekov are to attend a ceremony at the Smithsonian Annex on Nova Atar to turn over a valuable exhibit to a family from Lachian, the world of the item's origin. Before the ceremony can begin, however, Lachian terrorists attack, paralyzing the museum's security systems, and locking the trio in the curator's office.

**Mission:** Escape from the office and find a way to reach and stop the terrorists before they can escape.



Using the older technology of the museum's exhibits, Kirk, Scotty, and Chekov build devices to accomplish the goals:



Image of terrorists and hostages on Curator Breznia's security monitor:





## Though This Be Madness...



After battling a Romulan Bird of Prey class starship, A planetary distress call from Starfleet sends the *Enterprise* to Atabis, a colony planet near the Klingon border. An immense starship is approaching the planet and—if not stopped—will land on a city, destroying it. As an added problem, the Klingons also are present and have a secret agenda of their own.

**Mission:** Kirk, McCoy, Spock, and Uhura beam aboard the alien vessel and try to find a way to alter the preprogrammed landing instructions before tragedy strikes.

After encountering a few of the ship's passengers, McCoy confirms the others' suspicions—the ship is full of mentally ill people:



You find needed parts in the strangest places:



The landing party explores the huge ship, and encounters a wide variety of characters...



...make needed repairs...



...and meet the Phays, the true pilot and

guardian of the ship.



All this, however, is only a test...





## ...Yet There Is Method In It



**Mission:** Kirk, Spock, McCoy, Uhura, and Klingon Captain Klarr endure a harrowing series of riddles...

... of Brassican design and implementation.



Each sequence in the testing takes place in various locations—on varying geometric shapes,



... seeming to float in the vast nothingness of space.



Even after completing the series of riddles, yet more tests await the crew and the Klingon on the Brassican home world.

“Since you’re going there anyway... and it’s only a small favor...”

“Favor?” I said, doubt heavy in my voice.

“I don’t want to inconvenience you, but...” The Admiral grinned sheepishly.

I threw my hands in the air and laughed. “Fine, you have it! What would you like me to do?”

“We recently discovered that one of the exhibits in the Smithsonian Space and Technology Museum on Nova Atar is of great historical significance to the Seransi, an influential family from planet Lachian. The museum is going to have a small ceremony to return the item. The Federation planned to send a representative, but, well, she couldn’t make it. Since you’ll be in the neighborhood—well, no dress uniform, all you have to do is smile and shake hands.”

I narrowed my eyes at Chris Richard’s description of the mission—diplomacy was best left to diplomats, I thought. “Smile and shake hands. It will be my pleasure, Admiral. My chief engineer has already promised to show me around. We’ll... be there.”

“Thanks, Jim. I owe you one. Check your data files for details. One more thing Jim. Due to security concerns you won’t be allowed to bring any electronic equipment with you. Richards out.”

I turned to Scotty. “Now, I was saying?...”

“Cap’n, do we really have to stand around and listen to speeches from a bunch o’ politicians?” grumbled my engineer.

“It won’t be all bad, Scotty. The Curator’s is a major cognac producer, and he’s asked us to show up early to thank us for our support.”

A broad smile crossed Montgomery Scott’s face. “Cap’n, it’d be rude to keep a man like the Curator waitin’, what with an important diplomatic function to prepare for.”

“Very good, Mr. Scott; we had best prepare,” I said, smiling as I left the bridge in the company of my chief engineer.



## Captain's Personal Log: Supplemental



Some twenty-three hours later, Mr. Scott and Mr. Chekov accompanied me to the transporter room. I left Mr Spock in command. Pavel was a good officer, but I thought some experience at diplomatic functions would be educational for the young man.

We beamed directly into the office of the Curator, who stood and clapped his hands once when we appeared. "Keptin Kirk, good to meet you. I am Boris Breznia, Curator of the museum. Everyone is buzzing about visitors from the Enterprise. A real feather in my cap."

"Uh...The pleasure is ours, sir. This is my Chief Engineer, Mr. Scott. And Ensign Chekov, our Navigator."

"Most pleased to meet you both. Chekov—a fine name. I'm certain you will be interested in sampling the Kazakhstani Cognac, distilled and blended by my family. In fact, I will later show you my most prized possession. A bottle of our finest vintage, aged for forty years, from our very first pressing."

"But isn't cognac French?" asked Scotty.

"Originally, Mr. Scott. But before my ancestors came to settle this planet, they went to Cognac and purchased cuttings, brought them here, and made enhancements. You could say we re-invented cognac."

The Curator looked down at the computer displays on his desk. "I do not wish to be rude, but you gentlemen are a bit early, and I must see to making certain the cleaning crews are finished working. Please feel free to look about a bit. I will page you later, and maybe you will join me in a small toast before the ceremonies, yes?"

I smiled. "It is our pleasure, Curator."

As we walked out of the Curator's office, we saw a number of displays of technology with interactive displays. Chekov looked at us with an impish smile. "I told you we invented it!"

Scotty smiled. "Maybe we were a wee bit hard on you, laddie."

I waved my hands at the two men. "Never doubted you for a second, Mr. Chekov. Now let's take advantage of this time and look around." Scotty was busy examining a Klingon control system, while Chekov poked around an ancient Vulcan computer. He seemed fascinated by the museum piece.



### Hint:

These conversations are initiated when you examine the various pieces.

"Scotty, look at this," Chekov said. "The NiVEN, Non-integrated Vulcan Electro-Numerator, was one of the earliest versions of a Vulcan computer. Some of the components were found to only function correctly at high temperatures. Because the focus in those early days was on computational effectiveness and not user-friendliness, the operator could not stand near the NiVEN during its operation. Input to the machine was cabled in from a separate device, hence it was a Non-integrated computer."

"Oh, I'd have problems standing near that Klingon control console when it was operational," quipped my chief engineer. "The Klingon console looks operational, but without a ship attached, it's hard to tell."

I read the plaque with some interest—the device was a control console from a Klingon warship, the *Klarg*, which was salvaged from the battle wreckage near Crimmins VIII.

The intercom in the room came to life. It was the Curator. "Keptin Kirk? If you would be so kind as to join me in my office?"

"Shall we, gentlemen?" I motioned to my two officers. We walked toward the door.

"Any sacrifice for Starfleet, Cap'n," said Scotty.

"Somehow I knew we could count on you, Mr. Scott."

"I hope you enjoyed your tour, gentlemen." The Curator walked to a table, where four empty glasses and a container of dark brown liquid stood on a gleaming silver tray. "Please, join me?

Would you mind if the first toast with the Kazakhstanian was to the Enterprise?"

"Curator," asked Chekov, "why isn't that Bresnian Cognac?"

"For heaven sakes, Chekov," cried Scotty, "don't interrupt a man on the verge of toasting the best ship in the fleet with the finest cognac in this quadrant!"

"My apologies," said Chekov, executing a mock bow to the engineer.

The Curator laughed. "Questions later, then. The toast. Here's to the Starship—"

The Curator's toast was interrupted by an alarm. An alert warning flashed on his main monitor. "What could this be?"



"A conspiracy, if you ask me, Cap'n," whispered Scotty.

"Let me pull this up on-screen..." Three armed men had subdued the museum security guards and were using phasers to disable the security monitors. The Curator was outraged. "They destroyed my camera! Well, let's see how they deal with our other security

systems!” He pressed a few switches, and an electrical flash flared. The Curator fell to the floor, unconscious.

I walked over to the security console. “A simple trap—simple to disarm. Whoever did this must have figured the curator would not expect it. The terrorists have already turned off the security override.”

Scotty nodded. “I’ve checked the system, Cap’n. Whoever sabotaged it did a fine job—all o’the modules of the security system were cut off from each other when the Curator tried to trigger the defenses, and I dinna think I can repair from here.”

“I wish we had more information. We don’t know who they are, what they want, or how long we have to stop them.” I looked at Scotty, who shrugged and went back to the computer.

“Cap’n,” he cried out, “I found the floorplans for that room in here. It used to house a small aquarium. Whoever’s in there probably slid the phasers up a drain under an access panel. That’s why the security system dinna take notice.”

“At least it’s too small for them to crawl out,” said Chekov examining the floor plans. Mr. Scott pointed to another area on the plans. “Aye, but it’s close to a main drain, which is big enough. With the phasers they’ve got, I’d say they could tunnel out in about two hours.”

“Won’t the Enterprise detect the phaser-fire?” I asked.

“Not with that force field sitting above the museum!” said Scotty.

“And we can’t shut that off since the security system modules aren’t on speaking terms.”



**Hint:**

Use Scotty on the security console.



**Hint:**

Use Scotty again on the security panel until he tells you about the floor plans.



### Hint:

- 🎒 Pick up the Cognac.



### Hint:

- 🎒 Take the lance.

“Aye, Cap’n. They thought of everything.”

“We’ll see, Mr. Scott,” I said. I picked up the bottle of Kazakhstanian Cognac on the Curator’s display, as well as the decanter.

“I feel rather bad about this, Cap’n.”

“I do too, Scotty, but what you need in an emergency is always surprising. In fact,” I said looking at the suit of knight’s armor, “because we have no weapons, why don’t we take that lance?” Chekov raised his eyebrows, but removed the lance from the armor.

Beneath the bottle of cognac was a note with the Curator’s security code. This could come in handy, I thought. “Scotty, take a look at the Curator’s desk.”



### Hints:

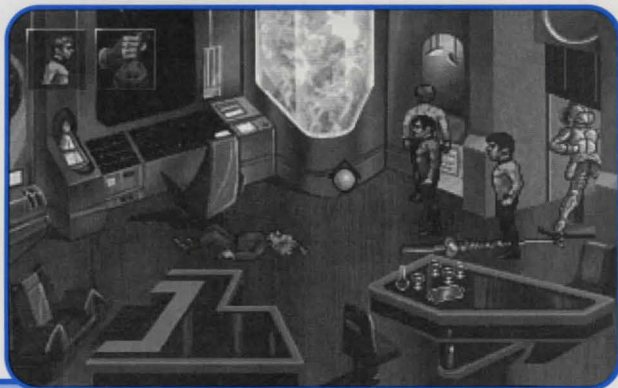
- 🎒 Take note from ledge. (The note contains the override code, VWSOP 2123.)
- 🎒 Use Scotty on the desk, twice. Use the console on the Curator’s desk to open the door.



### Hints:

- 🎒 Pick up the silver tray. Use Scotty on the Curator’s desk.
- 🎒 Use Chekov on the knight to wedge open the door.



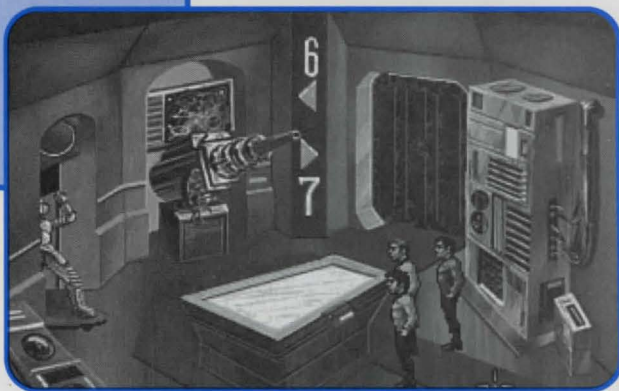


Scotty walked over to the desk and examined a control panel. “Cap’n, they’ve got a wee button under here to let the Curator open the door without getting up.” The door to the office opened. “Chekov,” I said, “see if you can wedge that knight under the door.” The knight slid under the closing door and wedged it open.



### Hints:

⚡ To make a mass driver unit, try and go to room 7, then talk to Scotty to hear his idea.



“Gentlemen, let’s take all you can carry. Maybe we can find a way to stop these intruders.”

The door to room 7 didn’t open in response to the Curator’s security override code, although the other door slid open immediately. “They must be in that wing somewhere,” I said. Scotty was already looking wistfully at the old model phaser cannon next to the door. “Cap’n, when you were in school, did you ever make a tennis-ball cannon?”

“Of course, Mr. Scott, it’s a dormitory tradition. Empty cans, tape, and a little propellant, if I remember my formula. But what’s that got to do with our situation?” I asked.

"I was standing here lookin' at the cannon and thought maybe we could use the same idea to get through that wee door."

"We're going to knock down the door with a tennis ball?" asked Chekov incredulously.

"I'm sure Scotty has something else in mind. You do, don't you, Mr. Scott?" I smiled. Either my engineer was a genius or he was crazy.

"Aye, Cap'n. In an engineering dorm, that's for freshmen only. As you move along, you get into bigger and better versions."

"We will use a big tennis ball?" asked Chekov, who was still a bit confused.



### Hints:

- 🎯 Use Scotty on phaser.
- 🎯 To enter room 4, you need to enter the access code found on the note under the bottle of cognac. Try walking into room 4 (to the south of the room 5, where phaser cannon is located), and enter the code at the prompt.
- 🎯 Room 5 contains the aurora table, the phaser cannon and the Vulcan computer. Gather these items: the capacitors from the phaser, the lance from the curator's office, the wires and interface cable from the NiVEN computer, the magnetic clamps from the docking ring in room 4 (the room with the escape pod and the Green Mark IV robot), and the wiring from the Green Mark IV robot. Use Scotty on each item to salvage the necessary parts.
- 🎯 Place both capacitors on the aurora table to charge them.
- 🎯 To get the red wiring from the robot, use a charged capacitor on the robot, then use Scotty on the robot. Retrieve the capacitor from the robot.

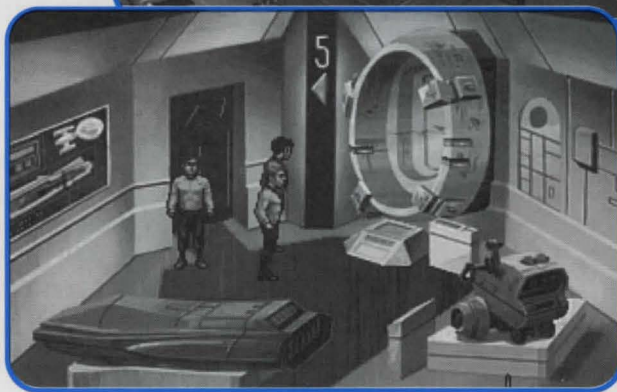
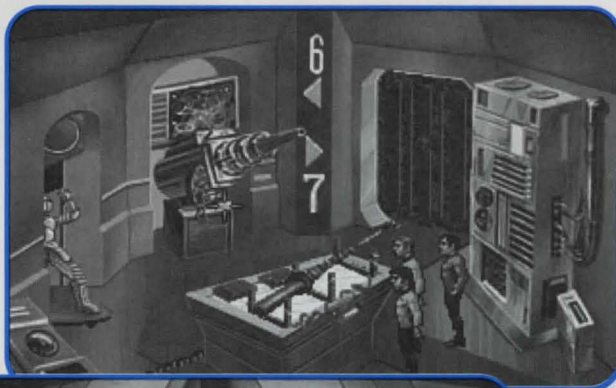
“No, laddie. I was thinking that, since we canna fix the phaser here, maybe we could build some sort of mass driver. The capacitors on the cannon can discharge a lot of power in a short burst.” Scotty held out two devices he had removed from the phaser cannon and smiled. “The Van deCourt Aurora Generator was designed to test broadcast power as both a containment system and photo-stimulation for possible use in a propulsion system. That would be a perfect platform.”

“Oh, I remember. Using magnetic fields to propel an object faster and faster. We-” said Chekov.

Scotty waved his hands. “Don’t say it, laddie. Ya dinna invent them.”

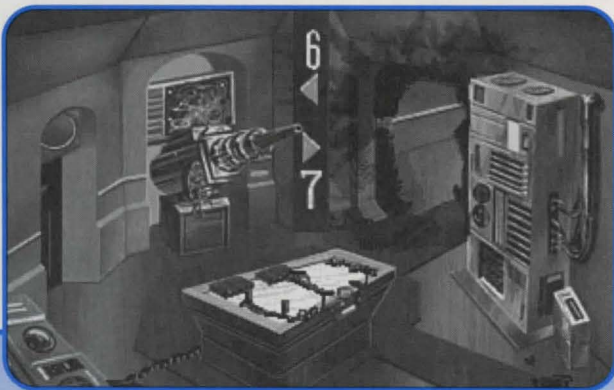
“Of course not. I was going to say we need an iron tennis ball.” the Ensign replied. I smiled as I hefted the lance over my shoulder. “Gentlemen. Let’s see what we can salvage among the museum displays here. Perhaps we can piece something together.”

An hour passed, with Chekov, Scotty, and I gathering parts under the chief engineer’s direction. He frowned and scowled quite a bit, but managed to connect magnetic clamps to the aurora generator, charge the capacitors, and connect the table to the Klingon control console with the devices we had removed from the other displays.



Scotty tentatively placed the lance between the magnetic clamps. It floated in midair and pointed directly at the door to room 7.

“Aye, that’s the ticket, Cap’n. I think we can fire the beastie now.” I nodded to Mr. Scott, who took a few moments decoding the Klingon markings on the control console. After some complaints about the illegibility of Klingonese, Scotty initiated a time sequence for firing our makeshift mass driver cannon. We ran for the Curator’s office to avoid any flying debris.



### Hints:

Use the capacitors, the clamp, the red wires, the lance and interface cable on the aurora table. Use Scotty on the Klingon control panel. Then, stand back and watch the fireworks!



The explosion rattled more than our teeth. When we returned to the room, the door had been blasted open and only the capacitors remained intact from our one-shot weapon.

The room beyond the door fared even worse. The engineering panel display was completely destroyed, much to Mr. Scott’s dismay.

However, two other units looked in remarkably good condition. Scotty and Chekov began examining the debris and display pieces for anything useful. Amid the debris from the engineering panel was a canister. Although badly scuffed when blasted free of the ceiling, the gas canister and nozzle seemed functional.

I picked up the canister. "The curator mentioned these were in each room."

"We could open the door and spray it on the terrorists," suggested Chekov.

I shook my head. "If it's fast enough to stop them from using their phasers, it'll stop us, too. And they'd get a warning if the door started to open. Time enough to put the hostages in jeopardy. Let's see what options we have, gentlemen."

Chekov and Scotty turned their attention elsewhere. Chekov, kneeled in front of a console and pried open an access panel. "Captain, look. An old communications panel removed off the old freighter, *Big Bear Running*. It is outdated by today's standards, but according to the plaque this system was known for its powerful transmitter and ease of repair."

I nodded. "Get working on it, Pavel. Mr. Scott, what do you have to report?"

I think Scotty enjoyed examining the innards of these antique devices. "An early experimental transporter, the Murnane VIII. It was from a time before transporters were safe for travel by living beings. The thing only has a small loading bay, but I think I can get it ta beam that canister of gas into the other room."

I thought for a moment. "That should be our last option, Scotty. Get to work on that comm panel. Let's try finding out who we're dealing with or get in touch with the Enterprise."

With Scotty and Chekov working on the comm unit, only a short time passed before they had rigged a transmitter conductor out of the silver plate and also managed to recharge a capacitor by using one of the fuel cells in a display probe found in another room.



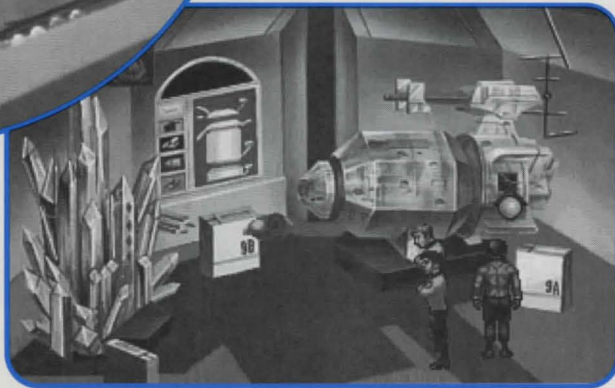
## Hints:

To repair either the transporter or communications panel, activate the little robot Barney with a capacitor from the aurora table.

Use Barney on the probe. After he opens the panel, have Scotty examine the fuel cell. Use the decanter of cognac and the silver plate on the fuel cell, and then place the other capacitor on the open panel area. The capacitor will charge.

For the transporter, use Scotty on the transporter unit. Use the heat-resistant wiring and the capacitor on the transporter. Have Scotty use the transporter again. Then use the gas canister in the transport bay receptacle. Give Scotty the order to energize, and the terrorists are incapacitated.

To repair the communications console, get a crystal from the crystal computer. Use the crystal and the capacitor on the comm panel. Use the silver tray on the comm panel. Use the comm panel and contact the terrorists.



“Let’s see how well this works. Kirk to Enterprise, Kirk to Enterprise— Enterprise, come in.”

A voice crackled over the comm channel. “Who are you?” It was not Spock.

“This is Captain James T. Kirk of the Starship Enterprise.”

After a long pause, the voice responded. “Well, Captain James T. Kirk of the Starship Enterprise, why don’t you take your Enterprise and go away. We don’t want any Federation interference.”

“Who am I talking to?” I asked.

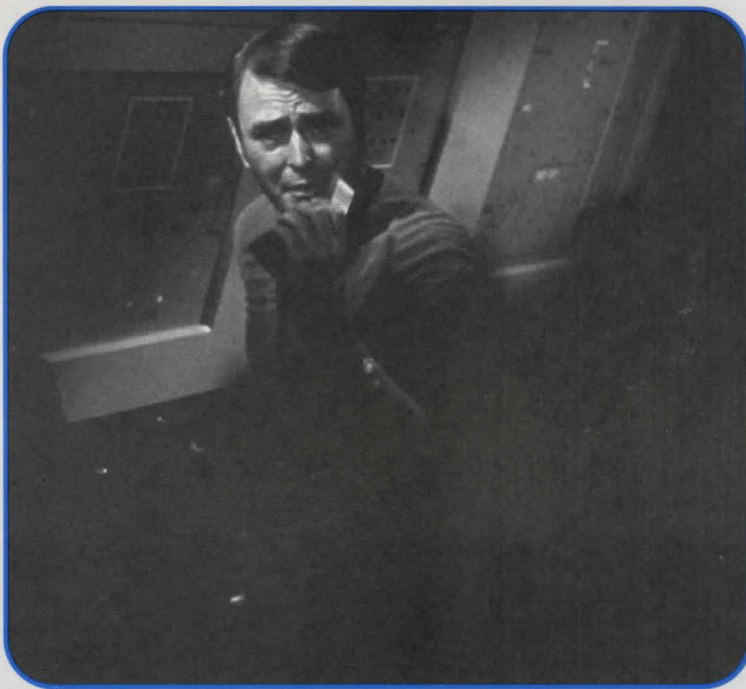
“My name is Lucas. I’m a member of the Lachian family Onacan.”

“I’ve never heard of the Onacan family,” I said.

“It’s no surprise you haven’t heard of us, even though we’re one of the largest and oldest families on Lachian. Just shows how much the Federation believes the lies the Seransi pass along.”

I wanted to reason with him. “Why don’t you and I discuss this?”

Lucas was angry but no maniac. “Why should I discuss this with you? The Federation won’t help us.”



I had the feeling that there was more to the situation than we knew. "The Seransi are your enemies?"

"Our bitterest enemies for centuries. And you're backing them." I heard other voices in the background.

"I find it unlikely that the Federation will take sides." Indeed, the Federation knew nothing of this conflict.

"If the Federation isn't backing the Seransi, how do you explain a ceremony giving the Seransi the *Quelque*? Obviously, the Federation believes their lies." Lucas was growing angry.

"The *Quelque*? You mean the probe?" I asked.

"It is more than just a probe to us. The *Quelque* discovered Lachian generations ago. The entire race owes its existence to the *Quelque*."

That was it! "I knew it had great significance, I just didn't know there was anyone else involved."

"The Seransi presently have control of the communication facilities. They've restricted access to make their position seem more powerful."

I was making some headway with Lucas. "So you feel you have a legitimate claim on the *Quelque*?"

"We have as much claim to that probe as anyone."

Lucas wasn't claiming that they had the right to it, only that their right was as real as the Seransi.

"It sounds like you have a legitimate grievance," I said. "If you agree to release the hostages now, the Federation not only will keep the *Quelque* out of the Seransi's hands for now, but we will also send in mediators to help find a peaceful solution for all."

Lucas paused. "Is that an offer?"



“That’s a guarantee.”

“Then we have a deal. We will turn off the security override and give ourselves up... and trust the word of Captain Kirk.”

We moved into the other room, and found the three men, including Lucas. They had set their phasers aside. A smoky tunnel revealed where they were trying to burrow an escape route.

“Mr. Chekov, have McCoy beam down to make sure the Curator and the guards are all right. Mr. Scott, lower the museum’s shields and have a security team beamed down. Lucas, I’ll get in touch with Starfleet right away. You have my thanks for ending this in a reasonable way.”

Lucas looked back at me as he awaited detainment by security. “If you keep to your word, Kirk, you will have my thanks.”



### Hints:

You can either use the transporter unit to disable the terrorists or repair the comm panel to try and negotiate.

It is imperative that you do not anger Lucas. You must listen to his demands and be impartial. Take this dialog path:

- ⊕ Identify yourself as Kirk of the *Enterprise*.
- ⊕ “I’ve never heard of the Onacan family...”
- ⊕ “The Seransi are your enemies?...”
- ⊕ “I find it unlikely...”
- ⊕ “I knew it had great significance...”
- ⊕ “So you feel you have a legitimate claim...”
- ⊕ “Why is the museum handing over...”
- ⊕ “Then this situation...”
- ⊕ “That’s a guarantee...”



## Captain's Log: Supplemental



The terrorists had already turned off the security override. After putting the three Onacans in custody, it was decided that the probe would not be returned to the Seransi. Federation mediators are scheduled to visit Lachian and assist in negotiations over the fate of this artifact. That the terrorists gave up voluntarily when they possibly could have escaped and that they injured no one certainly made points for the Onacan's claim.

Commendations are in order for Scott and Chekov for meritorious service.

"Lieutenant Uhura, send a message to Admiral Richards. Tell him that he owes me more than he thinks he does..."

"Aye sir. I have a feeling he's not going to be surprised."

Scotty looked up from the engineering station. "I'm afraid I'm going to remember this mission with a great deal of sadness Cap'n."

"Why is that Mr. Scott?" I asked.

"It was such a fine cognac, Cap'n. It was just waiting for us, and now it's gone forever. Such a waste. You always remember the one that got away." Scotty sighed, and the bridge crew laughed.

"Well, Mr. Scott, the Curator sent us a small gift for all our troubles, although he was none too pleased with our modifications to their exhibits. Perhaps you and Mr. Chekov will join me for a toast later..."

"Och! A man with such fine exhibits in his museum has to be a man o' honor, Cap'n! Here's to the Enterprise then!"

"Mr. Sulu, set course for our next destination. Warp factor two."

"Warp factor two, sir," replied the efficient helmsman, still grinning.



### Game Notes:

The terrorists turn out to be the Onacans, another culture from Lachian. The museum piece also is important to them. Kirk can offer a diplomatic solution appealing enough for the Onacans to release their prisoners and enter peaceful negotiations for the relic.

This mission is the first with Scotty and Chekov. Examining all the displays and items is imperative; speak to Scotty and Chekov for their ideas, and use these crewmembers on the various machines in the museum.

You *must* negotiate with the terrorists to score the maximum points for this mission.

To rescue the hostages, capture the terrorists, and recover the Lachian device, the crew has to restore antique equipment to working order and cobble together new machinery out of old parts.



### Optimizing Your Score:

Key actions to accomplish the needed objectives:

- ⚡ Build a mass-driver to blow open the first door, and then restore either an early model transporter—too small to transport a man—to deliver a gas cannister to disable the intruders.

or

- ⚡ After passing through the first security door, restore the old communications device, only powerful enough to contact and negotiate with the intruders.



# Chapter 7: Though This Be Madness...





## Captain's Log: Stardate 6266.6



While delivering supplies to outposts near Klingon and Romulan Space, we received a distress signal from the Romulan Neutral Zone.

Lieutenant Uhura, busy patching through the Romulan subspace frequency to the *Enterprise* communications system, swivelled in her chair. "On-screen, Captain."

A Romulan Commander appeared on the ship's main screen, but static distorted the transmission. My Bridge crew had seen Romulans before, but we were still taken aback—they resembled Spock, and were, in fact, related to Vulcans. Our first encounter with Romulans caused some racist sentiment among the crew before, but I trust that nothing of the sort would happen again under my command.

Our ship's universal translator immediately decoded the message. "This is Sub-commander Gaion of the Warbird Infinitum. We are under..." "...assist us, please!" The rest of the message exploded in a flurry of digital interference. I looked over to Uhura.

"Transmission jammed at the source. The transmission originated on the Romulan side of the Neutral Zone."

Scotty added, "Captain, this could be a set-up. The Romulans might be trying to lure us into a treaty violation."

I considered that option. The bridge crew turned to await my decision. "Set course, warp factor nine. I'm not going to ignore a distress call, even if it is Romulan. Yellow alert." The crew all turned around immediately, and the *Enterprise* changed course for the Neutral Zone.



## Captain's Log: Supplemental



In answer to the distress signal, we are crossing the Romulan Neutral Zone, in violation of treaty. We are approaching the source of the distress signal.

Spock was peering into his sensor displays. "Captain, a Romulan Bird of Prey is heading toward us on an intercept course. Sensors indicate that it has sustained some battle damage... Fascinating," he added as he looked up. "Sensors indicate that the energy signature of the ship's hull damage is identical to that of a Romulan plasma weapon."

"Open hailing frequencies, Uhura," I ordered.

Uhura frowned. "I have an audio response only."

"So, now it is the Federation that tries to stop me from winning my prize. We shall destroy you!"



### Game Note:

You must respond to the Romulan distress call. If you are playing *Star Trek: Judgment Rites* on a higher level of difficulty, you engage a Romulan Bird of Prey. Despite its plasma weapon and cloaking capability, the *Enterprise* should be more than a match for the Romulan. Do not stay on one particular heading.

"Captain," Sulu reported, "she's swinging around."

"Red alert," I ordered. "Chekov, arm phasers and photon torpedoes. Sulu, execute evasive maneuver alpha ... now!" The *Enterprise* turned hard to port as a plasma torpedo rocketed by my ship's hull, missing by less than 300 meters.

"Phasers locked, Captain," reported Chekov.



“Fire at will,” I said. Twin scarlet beams lashed out from the *Enterprise*, but only one struck the hull of the Bird of Prey before it shimmered and dissolved—not, however, because we had destroyed it—the Romulans had engaged their cloaking device.

Spock was scanning the area. “Minor debris

from the phaser hit, Captain. I believe that sensors may be able to track the rough position of the ship from the energy emissions from hull damage, if I recalibrate properly...” His voice trailed off as he began making rapid calculations on the sensor panel.

“Steady, Mr. Sulu,” I whispered. “Turn us around to heading 32 mark five, full impulse—I don’t want to be a sitting target.”

Spock looked up. “I believe the ship is directly off our stern, Captain. Outside photon torpedo range, but within range of our phasers.”

“Spock,” I said, “scan for an energy surge that might be incidental to the Bird of Prey decloaking. Mr. Sulu, on Mr. Spock’s mark execute evasive maneuver gamma. Chekov, manual firing only. We can’t wait for phaser lock this time.”



### Hints:

- ▲ Be prepared to lower your speed to match the Romulan ship when you engage the decloaked vessel.
- ▲ Incapacitate the *Infinitem*.



Seconds seemed to stretch into minutes, with occasional course changes to ensure that we appeared to be stumbling around blindly. Spock called out, “Energy surge, three marks off the stern, Captain.”

Sulu pulled the ship hard about and cut impulse power to one-half as the Romulan ship materialized directly in front of our forward phaser banks. Chekov fired phasers, and both struck the Bird of Prey. “Direct hit!” he cried out. The Bird of Prey began to veer off slowly.



“They are powering up their plasma torpedo, Captain,” reported Spock.

Uhura looked at me. “No response to standard surrender hail, Captain.” I knew that they would not surrender.

Chekov glanced back. “In torpedo range.”

I nodded, and a volley of photon torpedoes struck the *Infinitum*'s starboard nacelle. The ship seemed to shudder, then exploded.

Sulu's voice held a note of concern. “Captain, four Romulan warbirds are on an intercept course.”

Uhura turned to her comm panel. “We are being hailed. The commander wishes visual contact.”

Things seemed to have gone from bad to worse. “Sulu, get ready to get us out of here. Uhura, on-screen.”

“This is Commander Starius of the Invictus.” The Romulan’s face was stern and impassive, almost like a Vulcan.

“Commander, we were responding...” I began.

“Explanations are unnecessary, Captain. We thank you for your humanitarian response to the Infinitum’s distress signal, and we recognize that you destroyed the rogue ship in self-defense. We will overlook violations of treaty—this time.”



**Hint:**

Reveal no information about the Brassica.

“How kind of you,” I said.

The Romulan Commander’s face seemed to relax and his voice adopted a familiar tone. “Captain, we have discovered a mutual threat, a race of beings that seems determined to manipulate a wide variety of lifeforms, that call themselves the Brassica. If you have encountered them, it may be in both of our interests to exchange information.”

I stopped for a moment. “I have heard the name, but we know next to nothing about them. I don’t think we can help you.”

Starius stared at me for a long second, then seemed to accept what I said.

“Perhaps if you come across this information, we can share it. Please leave Romulan space as quickly as possible. The longer you stay, the more difficult it becomes to ignore this... incident.”

I sat back in my chair. “This day is not going well. Sulu, take us back to Federation space, best possible speed.”

Uhura was busy today. “Captain, we have an emergency message from Starfleet. Code One.”

Chekov turned. “That’s a planetary catastrophe!”

“Onscreen.” It was Admiral Hansen.

“Captain. A large alien ship is about to land on the planet Atabis, in the Klingon Neutral Zone. They stated that they intend to land in the midst of the capital city, then cut communications. Since then, all attempts to contact the alien have failed.” He seemed to lean closer.

“Jim, you are the closest starship to Atabis. We want you to evaluate the situation and safeguard the colonists. We need you to make first contact with the aliens.”

“Will do, Admiral. Kirk out.” As Hansen’s face disappeared from the screen, I looked over to Mr. Sulu, who was already plotting a course to the Atabis system. “Warp factor eight, Mr. Sulu. We’re keeping busy today.”



## Captain’s Log: Supplemental



Spock was scanning for the alien ship during our trip, and finally reported. “Alien ship in sensor range. I detect one Klingon Battle Cruiser on a parallel course.”

“The Klingon Commander is hailing us,” reported Uhura.

“Onscreen.”

A balding, scarred Klingon appeared on the viewscreen. His eyes flashed and he smiled. “Greetings Enterprise, welcome to Atabis. I am Captain Klarr.”

“And I am Captain Kirk. Greetings yourself.”

“I appreciate your courtesy, Captain. I wish to inform you that we mean the colonists no harm. You have my word that I intend to take no action against them.”

Klarr shifted in his command chair. I could see the Klingon bridge, dark and cramped—clearly a strict military design. “As you know, this is Neutral space. I have as much right to be here as you. If you do not question this right, I believe that we are capable of bridging any misunderstandings that might arise in this delicate situation. I have always admired the Federation’s diplomatic abilities.”

An aide motioned for his attention and brought a report to Klarr. "I believe we both have more important matters on our minds. Until later, Captain."

"Well, it never rains but pours... . Mr. Sulu, take us into a parallel course with the alien ship."

The alien craft was boxy and inelegant, but many times larger than either the *Enterprise* or the Klingon battle cruiser.

Spock arched his eyebrow. "Sensors appear to be experiencing malfunctions... Fascinating. Some anomalous readings are recurring. That would indicate that the ship itself is changing in unexpected ways. I have no explanation for the phenomena." He scanned the ship another moment. "I have found at least one area that is suitable for transport."

"Uhura, any luck?" I asked.

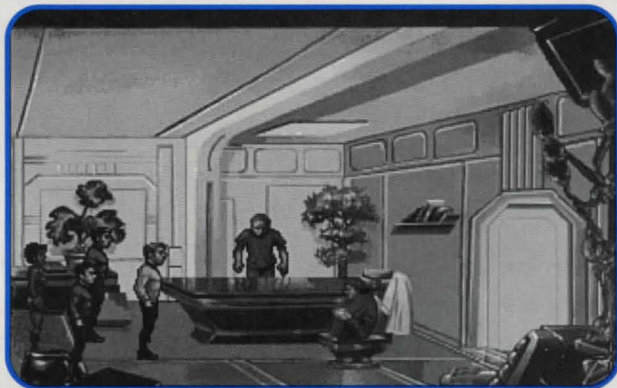
"No response from the alien ship. Perhaps their communications system is malfunctioning?"

"We're beaming aboard the alien vessel. Have Doctor McCoy meet us in the transporter room. Spock, come with me; Lieutenant Uhura, if its communications system is malfunctioning, then we'll need you."

Uhura assigned her replacement officer. "Yes Captain," she said.

"Mr. Scott, you have the conn."

We materialized in a lounge-like area of the alien ship. Two men were present, dressed in non-descript grey jumpsuits. One was sitting in a chair, knees pressed up to his chest. The other was staring at a table.



“I’m Captain James T. Kirk of the Starship Enterprise. What’s going on here? Who’s in charge?”

The man in the chair looked up. “Nobody’s really in charge. Maybe the Phays. That’s one of the things that makes me so nervous... nobody’s really in charge. I try to take charge of little things, things like making sure the lights work. I don’t like the dark. Are you going to be in charge now? Maybe you should talk to the Phays first.”

“The Phays? What’s the Phays?” I asked.

“We contemplate our Phays. Some of our people think they’re the ones who keep everything going. Sometimes they tell us things to do. They remind some people when to eat—” The man giggled. “—otherwise they’d forget. I don’t forget, but that’s because I’m smart. If you want to, you can probably talk with the Phays in the Oratory.”

“What is the Oratory?” asked Spock.

“The Builders built the Oratory—the room there to the south. They built the Garden—north. If you’re hungry, or if your head isn’t feeling right, there’s food and such in the Hall—through there, the west door. The Rest Hall is through the east door, but you might have to wait for one of the beds. The Builders were just SO logical—they thought of EVERYTHING.” The man giggled again. “You can go ANYwhere.”

“Bones?” I began, but McCoy had already begun his examination. “You know Jim, I don’t think there’s much more he can tell us. I can take a reading of him, if you think it’s appropriate.” I nodded and Bones picked up his small cylindrical scanner. His brow furrowed at the readings.

“His mental activity is very high, but doesn’t seem pathologic, Jim. Respiratory activity indicates a



**Hint:**

From inventory, use the medical scanner on one of the aliens.

high degree of anxiety, by comparison with others of his race. That much stress is unhealthy if this is a chronic state.”

The other man busily cleaned the table, which seemed spotless. He looked sallow and tired, and paid no attention to our landing party. Bones turned the medical scanner on him. “Slightly undernourished, sluggish pulmonary and circulatory conditioning. Doesn’t get nearly enough exercise, I’d say. Brain-wave activity uneven. I’d need a battery of tests to be sure—this is a completely new race after all—but he may be suffering from some blood chemistry imbalances likely to be affecting his mind.”

We moved toward the other end of the room, where a large overweight man sat playing with blocks. On a makeshift throne, an elderly man sat with a paper crown and improvised scepter. The scene was almost comic as the light above the older man flickered, casting dramatic shadows on his face. He nodded benignly at us, and his yellowish crown slipped down a little lower on his brow. He tightened his grasp on a short silvery rod with a bulbous tip.

I stooped over and examined the overweight man. He had a placid expression as he piled one block atop another, playing quietly. He appeared to be a full-grown adult. Noticing that I was looking at him, he raised his arms to me with a hopeful look.

I tried introducing myself to the ‘king’ but was snubbed. “Methinks you peasants should know your place, and speak only when royalty speaks first to you.”

I bent down to the ‘boy’. “I’m Captain James T. Kirk of the Starship Enterprise. Who are you?”

“Jakesey.”

“Can you tell me about this place, Jakesey?”

The sweet-faced adult shook his head “No.”



**Hint:**

From inventory, use the medical scanner on Jakesey.

McCoy frowned. "I believe this person has reached adulthood physically, Jim—but brain activity scan suggests he may have suffered a failure to mature intellectually."

"Uhura, see if you can get royalty over there to talk to us." As she approached the man, his eyes lit up. "What a noble-looking woman you are! You have my permission to speak."

"I am Uhura, your majesty."

"You stand out remarkably, bearing yourself like a queen. Yet these churls do not treat you as royalty. Surely you have royal blood flowing in your veins?"

She smiled at us, and Spock raised his eyebrow. "My ancestors ruled in the ancient lands of Kush and Timbuktu. We may speak as peers, you and I."

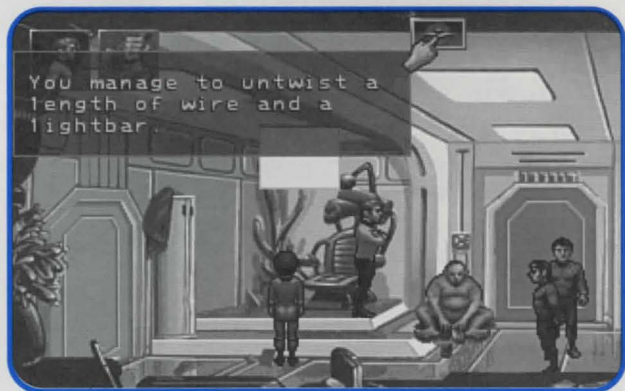
The king seemed to relax. "Oh, I am so glad to find another of royal blood! I'm soo tired of sitting here all the time—but whenever I leave, thralls and lesser folk plant their fundamentals on the Great Throne and that's just NOT acceptable! I know you'll mind the proprieties, and not let anyone else sit on the Throne. And now I'll finally be able to go get some rest!" He slipped off the chair and trundled to another room.

Spock pressed a switch on the wall and the flickering light panel opened. Standing on the throne, he removed some wire and a lightbar.



**Hint:**

Have Uhura speak to the "king."





### Hints:

- Ⓐ Be polite in all your encounters with the Klingons. When they offer advice, accept it.
- Ⓐ Talk to everyone you meet and discover what's going on—they are all obviously handicapped in some way.
- Ⓐ When the “king” leaves, you can press the switch on the far wall, open the lighting fixture above the “throne,” and remove some wire and a lightbar.

We made our way to a play room, but a wild-haired man sat against the far wall, shrinking back at our entry. Two burly brutes blocked our path. The man on the far wall screamed. “Keep back! I don’t recognize you, you strangers! Rackaback, Gormagon—you recognize these people?”



“No, Tuskin, we sure don’t,” they chorused.



### Hints:

- Ⓐ Again, be courteous to the Klingons.
- Ⓐ Tuskin is in the play room and guards the entrance to Phays, the ship’s computer.



“Keep ‘em away, keep ‘em away from me! They’ll hurt us, they’re out to get us, I tell you. I ever been wrong?” The wild man was a rather mangy-looking individual of middle age. His hair was wildly disordered, and his eyes wide and wary. He seemed skittish.

“No, Tuskin, you’ve kept us safe, and we keep you safe. We won’t let ‘em getchoo.”

The smaller brute spoke. “You people don’t want to come any closer. Honest, I don’t want to have to hurt any of you. It’s just that Tuskin won’t like it. I hope you don’t mind. But you really have gotta stay back!”

“Protect me! They’re after me!”

The larger brute seemed to be itching for a confrontation. “We’ll hurt you, so just stay back!” said Rackaback.

“We really don’t want to hurt you, you know! But you gotta stay back!” said the smaller brute, Gormagon.

“This ship is a madhouse, Jim,” whispered McCoy.

“The tricorder informs me that the Klingon boarding crew has just beamed into the adjacent room, Captain,” said Spock. I raised my eyes up to the ceiling, pleadingly.

Two Klingons walked in. “You are Kirk. I am Klarr, Captain of the Pao Yar. This is my aide.”

“I am Captain James T. Kirk, commanding the U.S.S. Enterprise. These are my crew: Science Officer Spock, Lieutenant Uhura, and Doctor McCoy. What can I do for you, Captain Klarr?”

Klarr smiled. “You can avoid interfering with me or my man as we look around the ship, the same as you. And with the same air of mutual goodwill, we will avoid interfering with your activities—unless we have cause to think your actions in some way threaten us or the Empire we represent.”

I smiled back. “We do not threaten the Klingon Empire, Captain Klarr, nor its legitimate representatives.”

“Then there will be no difficulties between us, will there? We will leave you to your investigations now, and carry on our own,” said Klarr. His aide grunted.

“We’d consider it a mark of our mutual respect, Captain, if you don’t get in our way—and we won’t get in yours.” I said. Klarr nodded and backed out of the room.



### Hint:

Use Spock on the chessboard. Gormagon challenges Spock to a chess match. Spock easily defeats the large guard. Rackaback smashes the chessboard, but you win the bear.

Spock pointed at the three-dimensional chessboard. “You like chess? Any good? Jakesey’s a wiz at it, even though he’s pretty slow about everything else. My brother Rackaback took away his stuffed bear, and Jakesey won’t come in here to play no more. This is my greatest game ever. I’ll give you the bear if you can beat me.” Gormagon looked happy.

His older brother, Rackaback, growled. “Yeah, you can have the dumb bear if you beat my brother at chess. And if you don’t cheat!”

I nodded at Spock.

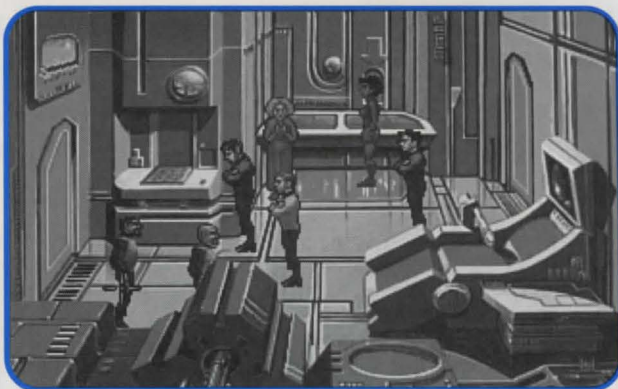
“A complex situation... however, check and mate.” Spock looked up impassively. McCoy whispered to the Vulcan, “Do you take candy from children too, Spock?” Spock did not react.

“How’d you do that!?”

Rackaback howled. “He cheated ya, brother, he musta cheated ya!”

“Naw, that’s a legal move... Here, take the bear—I promised, and I do what I say.”

Rackaback, however, was not so gracious. “I think it’s a dumb game! That’s what I think of this game!” As I picked up the sour-smelling bear, Rackaback brought a huge fist down on the chess set. We decided to leave quickly. Returning the bear to Jakesey, he smiled and offered the blocks to me.



### Hint:

Bring the bear back to Jakesey, who then gives you the building blocks.

We found ourselves in a room full of machinery. Like the lounge where we materialized, the room was clean and orderly. A woman stood at a table, weeping in the corner.

“Hi there. I’m Captain James T. Kirk of the Starship Enterprise. Who are you?” I asked.

“I’m called Moll. My son is Stambob, and I’ve failed him. I feel so badly, I’m a terrible mother.”

“Are you feeling all right, ma’am? Can you tell me what the problem is?”

Moll was in tears. “I’m a bad mother. Tried to do right, get him what he wants and needs—I’m just so depressed. Everything died.”

McCoy stepped forward. “Who died? What died? I’d like to help if I can.”



### Hint:

Find Moll in the sickbay/food dispensing area. Talk to her and find out what’s troubling her.

Moll didn't look at McCoy. "I did it. I'm a bad person. I killed all the plants, and now they don't produce any more. I'm not worthy to have a good son like him."

Uhura tried soothing the distraught mother. "A mother's job can be difficult. I'm sure you did your best for your son. Would you tell me about him? What is it you can't give him?"

"Little Stambob. I try to feed him right, give him safe food—he really likes fresh fruit. Now he can't have it any more and it's all my fault."

"Ma'am, hold onto this idea: it may not be your fault at all. We'll try to help. You have my word. Will you be OK here?" asked McCoy.

"I'm eating what the Phays makes for me, so I'm just—resting. I'm tired, and really don't feel like doing anything. I'd be so happy to know my boy could have safe food again—it's better for him than what the Phays provides, I think. But I killed the plants. They're dead, and I can't make them better."

McCoy arched an eyebrow at me, then began examining the machinery in the room. Spock had already occupied himself with the device near Moll. "This mechanized food-delivery and recycling system is similar to the *Enterprise's* system. One significant difference is that it includes a scanning feature on the person making the request for food. I also note that the machinery accepts used dishes and reusable materials for recycling, since this ship is a narrowly enclosed system."



### Hint:

From inventory, use both the medical scanner and science tricorder to check out the entire room.

Spock checked his tricorder again. "Captain, of the various mental conditions we've seen among the inhabitants of this ship, most—although not all—have been nonviolent. Doctor McCoy may need to examine these data further, but I believe through the food dispenser, the individuals aboard this ship are regularly medicated—often tranquilized."

McCoy nodded. "He's right, Jim."

Bones pointed at another device. "This seems to be a multi-purpose, nonemergency medical interventionary station—a *first aid* stop, you might say. The computer appears to be capable of advice for a lay individual to understand. Jim, I think if I check it out with my tricorder as a translation interface, I might begin to better understand these people." Spock and McCoy examined the data recorded in their equipment.

McCoy frowned. "This computer gives me some standards against which to correlate data, Jim. These people are humanoid, certainly, but it would be a dangerous mistake

to assume specific details of treatment would be the same. I can even use this workspace to concoct medicine—if I've got the stuff to work with."

Spock pressed a button on the food dispenser, and a small cardboard box popped out. McCoy scanned the contents. "As a meal, the food in this little box is a tad high in carbohydrates by human nutritional standards. Still, it would supply about one-quarter to one-third of a day's average caloric needs and includes protein, fats, fiber, and a bit of spices and flavorings. There are also drugs in the food, however: psychoactive—most appear to be calmatives and tranquilizer class drugs, with some endorphin-like euphorics."



**Hint:**

Use Spock on the food dispenser, and then have McCoy scan the contents.



**Hint:**

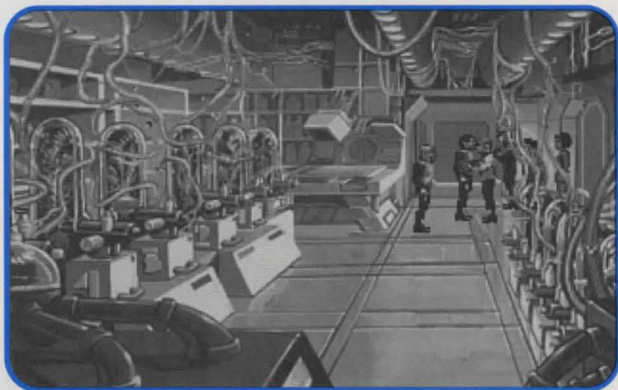
Head west to the hydroponics area, and repair the machines that tend the fruit-producing plant.

"No wonder Moll wanted to feed her son fresh fruit," I said. Let's find the garden.

The garden was a sophisticated hydroponics chamber. Plants of all sorts flourished in

containers, except for one; the contents of one chamber had died. Spock called over to me from the far end of the room.

“A combination work space and computer console, Captain, with robotic leads on the visible hookups. The data terminal appears to serve as data storage, and analysis of materials put on the countertop—in short, I believe it acts as a ‘gardener’s’ assistant to anyone working on the plants in this room. I detect some evidence of malfunction in one of the hookups, but I believe it would take the inestimable skills of someone like Commander Scott to track down the problem—much less repair it.”



“Are you saying it’s broken?” asked McCoy.



### Hints:

- Ⓐ Remove the tray underneath the plant and place it on the workbench.
- Ⓐ Use the phaser set to kill on the container to sterilize it.
- Ⓐ After it is sterilized, the workbench attempts to refill the container with plant nutrients. One of the feeder tubes is missing, so the broth is incomplete.
- Ⓐ Have Spock scan the toy blocks—which happen to contain the necessary elements for the fertilizer.
- Ⓐ Drop the blocks in the tank, heat it again with the phaser, then replace the container.
- Ⓐ Fruit will bloom in a few turns.

Spock nodded. "Only a small part seems to be broken—something involving one of the feedlines. The rest of it appears to be in good order." Spock turned to the flora. "Numerous chlorophyll-based plant species capable of producing edible portions which may offer significant nutrient value. These would be safe for human consumption—or Vulcan, for that matter."

I walked over to the dead plant chamber and pulled loose a tray. The feeder hose came free, and a mechanism pulled it out of the way. A terrible stench rose out of the container, smelling like long-dead plants!

"Let's put it up on the Work Console so we can get a good look at it," Spock and I hoisted the container onto the work space.

A voice came from the console. "The nutrient broth in this container has become contaminated. It should be disinfected before the container can be re-used."

I shrugged and set my phaser to a higher setting, and fired at the container. It heated up rapidly and foul-smelling smoke poured out of the small opening on the top. "It worked before," I said to no one in particular.

The tray was scanned again, and the console voice perked up. "This container must be refilled with nutrient broth before it is replaced for use." Two feeder hoses rolled out on wired mechanisms and inserted into the container. From one flowed a clear liquid, nearly filling the container. The other hose just made burping noises.

The console voice spoke. "Inadequate nutrients."

Spock scanned the container. "This 40 liter-capacity metal keg is constructed of good quality steel with nonreactive steel alloy lining. It is filled with a dense but nutrient-poor liquid medium. This is a typical means of root-support and nutrient-delivery for hydroponically grown plants." Spock scanned the building blocks given to us from Jakesey. "May I suggest Captain, the blocks are of an unusual organic substance high in compounds of phosphorous, nitrogen, ammonia, and calcium. In this form the chemicals are inert. But..."

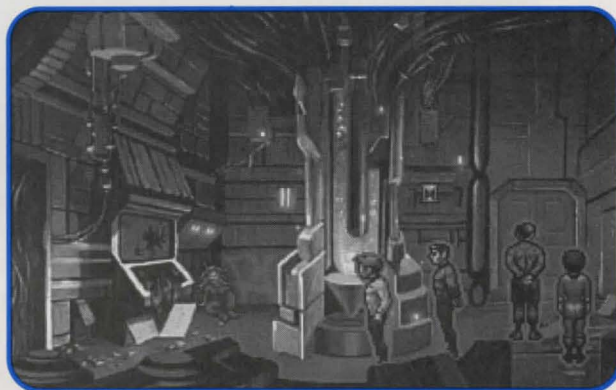
I nodded and tossed the blocks into the soup. Using my phaser, I heated the contents, and after the box quickly cooled, the workbench sensors lit.

“Adequate nutrients.”

Spock and I replaced the container and the plants seemed to perk up visibly. “At this rate of growth, the plants should bear fruit in one and a half hours, Captain.”

“Then let’s go find the Oratory.”

We entered a room dominated by a column, like a spire stretching into the sky. Lights flashed on the column—it was clearly a computer of some sort. Some smashed machinery lay against the far wall, and I thought I saw some movement in the corner. A beam blinded all of us for a moment.



Spock examined his tricorder. “Captain, we have just been thoroughly and efficiently scanned.”

A blend of voices echoed through the hall. “Please identify yourselves? You haven’t been in to see me before, have you?”

“I am Captain James T. Kirk, commanding the U.S.S. Enterprise. These others are my crew: Science Officer Spock, Lieutenant Uhura, and Doctor McCoy. Who are you?”

“We are the Phays. Did not your parents speak of me?”

Spock whispered to me. “Captain, note that it identifies itself only erratically in the singular—‘I’—and a blend of voices typifies its communication.”

“Are you suggesting it is a hive mind, Mr. Spock? Or is the voice synthesizer simply programmed for a harmonic chord of voices?” I asked.





“Inconclusive. It may also be that an array of otherwise independent machines have been linked to provide the requisite computing power, although that is an antique and unsophisticated method of achieving this level of intelligence, at odds with the overall level of sophistication at evidence. I suggest we pay close attention to both its actions and its words.”

“Phays, why would our parents have spoken of you?” I called out.

“I am here to care for all of you, Kirk. It is easier for me to care for you when you are younger, but sometimes one’s parents are forgetful. We understand. I will care for you now. You will feel better after you eat.”

“Great. A food-fixated mothering computer.”

"It could, in fact, be very much that," said Spock.

"Phays," I said, "you are about to land on a planet inhabited by sentients, in the middle of a settlement. If you are in control of this vessel, you must stop. You must not land there."

"You will feel better after you eat, dear. Run along, now, I'm very busy." Phays grew silent.

McCoy called out where a woman sat in the corner, unmoving. "Jim! Over here! She appears to be cataleptic, Jim. No response to outside stimuli, a total lack of voluntary motor responses."

"Can you do anything for her, Bones?"



**Hint:**

Use the medical scanner on the woman in the corner of the room.

"On the ship—maybe. The scanner can tell me a little more, of course. A country doctor's bedside manner can only go so far." Bones consulted his medical scanner.

"She is cataleptic, Jim—

completely submerged within her mind, completely withdrawn from external stimuli. If I were to put her arm up in the air, it would stay there until I moved it back down."

"Psychological damage or something physical?" I asked.

"I can't be sure, even with rather extensive tests. But from the tricorder readings, I would say some psychological shock ruptured an inherently fragile cognitive structure. In ancient times they would have said she was skittish, or prone to a nervous breakdown, or weak-minded. There is a myriad of childhood developmental blind alleys that might restrict her adult pattern creation-representation capabilities below the Abrams-Nyugen critical horizon."

"Bones, stop. You're starting to sound like Spock," I said, smiling slightly.

Both Spock and McCoy spoke. "You don't have to be insulting, Captain!"

They stopped and stared at each other.

"Spock, can you find out what she knows?" I asked.

Spock raised an eyebrow. "Are you suggesting I attempt a Vulcan mind meld, Captain?"

I nodded. "It does seem an appropriate effort in this circumstance."

Spock backed away. "It will take me a moment to prepare myself. Doctor, please monitor her life signs; the procedure does entail some risk."

"Not only to her, but to you, too. Am I right?" If I wasn't mistaken, there was a hint of concern in the good doctor's voice.

"I assure you, Doctor, I will retain sufficient distance to avoid being dragged into something from which I cannot withdraw."



**Hint:**

Use Spock to mind meld with the woman in the corner of the room.

"Go ahead now, Spock."

Spock bent down and gently touched the old woman's face. His eyes seemed to blank for a moment, then

he began to whisper. "I am ... Puzzlewitt. I am the one who reads it all."

A pause.

"I do not understand. I try, I read it all. So many... ideas; always jumbled, though... cannot make sense of... Puzzlewitt wants to know, hope to discover why she... why I cannot..."

Spock frowned. "I try to remember it all. Then Tuskin comes in, he destroys..."

destroys me. My hopes... all broken, all shattered. Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow! I am broken in countless pieces!”

“Doctor!?” I called out.

McCoy was monitoring both of them. “No physical injuries, Captain. Not to him or to her.”

“Tuskin’s scared of me, scared. For no reason. He thinks I know. I know... but I don’t know. I don’t understand—nothing connects to anything else. I want to know it all, hope then I’ll understand. He thinks I’ll hurt him; I don’t hurt anybody. I just want to know more. Now I only know what I know. Never know what Puzzlewitt doesn’t know anything more...”

Klarr and his aide walked into the room. “What’s going on here, Kirk?” roared Klarr.

“We’re trying to help this woman, Captain Klarr. Be quiet or you’ll put her and my Science Officer both at considerable risk!”

His aide was unconvinced. “He’s trying to make a mental slave of the alien, Captain. She could tell him the secrets of this ship, of its transit through the Klingon Empire—stop him!”

Klarr silenced his aide with a glance. “We’ll listen for a moment. I wouldn’t have a representative of the Federation damaged for rendering assistance.”

“Puzzlewitt remembers. Everything she reads. Subject: screen laminates, reflective: subject to autotrophic bonding with molybdenized nitrous compounds in the presence of cyanodiphospho-trihydrous gases. Subject: wiring systems, auxiliary to cryptologue...”

“Does ‘Puzzlewitt’ remember this ship passing through Klingon space, perhaps?” asked Klarr.

Spock spoke again. “All the paralenses were copied prior to liftoff. No new encryption was permitted. We could only read. I could only read, not write.”

Klarr's aide snorted. "That's stellar ejecta, Captain. Why would a computer terminal permit read-only interface—I ask you."

Spock's voice took on a hollow quality. "The Builders didn't trust us. Didn't think we would be—capable. We were the—damaged. Now the reader is damaged. It's broken like Puzzlewitt, like us all, like Tuskin. The paralense can't be replaced. The reader can't be fixed. Puzzlewitt can't be fixed. Nothing to read now. Nothing new to learn, to remember. Stupid like Tuskin now."

Klarr's aide spat. "This whole thing is stupid, if you ask me!"

Spock stood up. The woman remained motionless.

"Anything but stupid, in fact. Captain Kirk, the library this woman read has been recorded entirely in her mind, although she lacks the ability to understand it, or even to recall it in an orderly manner. She believed if she could "fill up" her mind, acquire enough knowledge, understanding would come. Now her personality is withdrawing, refusing to accept the loss of everything she had not yet been able to read. She pinned all her hopes on this, and without it she may lose the will to live."

"Do you know everything she knows now?" asked Klarr.

"No, Captain Klarr, I do not. This race has very unusual mind patterns, and I am fortunate she was in as passive a state as she is, mentally—it's very likely I would have been hurt were she less withdrawn to begin with. Moreover, the knowledge she does possess is a very peculiar admixture reflecting this society's uneven level of advancement: archaisms and startling breakthroughs co-exist."

Klarr nodded. "So there is much to be learned from this woman, and from this ship."

"Knowledge the Federation would gladly share with *friends*, Captain Klarr," I offered.

Klarr nodded. "Let nothing happen to this alien woman, Captain. If she should die, I will take it as indication that you would sooner let her perish than share her special knowledge with the Klingon Empire."

McCoy spoke up. "Captain Klarr, if I took her aboard the Enterprise, I might be able to help her.

Klarr's aide muttered. "Don't try it, human! They'll steal her away, Captain; that's how they are!"

McCoy shot back. "And I thought some of the folks on board this ship were paranoids..."

I intervened. "Gentlemen, gentlemen! Captain Klarr, we don't want this woman to die any more than you do. Not because we want to milk her brain dry, but because she's an important being in her own right. Just as important to the universe as—well, even as your companion here. Maybe more so."

Klarr's aide growled.

I looked over to Bones. "Doctor McCoy will do what he can. That's all that can be expected."

Klarr bowed. "That's all I would expect. Goodbye, for now, Captain. Expect to see us again." The two Klingons left, speaking in Klingonese.

"Spock, what can you tell me about Phays?"

"An extremely complex mechanical construct, Captain. Readings indicate this is a functional AI, an artificial intelligence of considerable sophistication. It may not be in perfect condition, however; certain power shunts may be repair solutions to malfunctioning subsets."



### Hints:

Although you cannot reason with Phays, you can find out much about the ship and its inhabitants:

- Ⓐ Have Uhura examine the smashed computer and fragments.
- Ⓐ Talk to your crew to learn their opinions.

McCoy looked up. "It sounds like you're saying there's scar tissue where the machine healed old damage."

"Precisely, Doctor."

Uhura bent down and examined the smashed machinery. "Captain, I have seen designs for similar devices in my studies, although only the Malafide Institute on Karabidi III is pursuing research into this methodology; it's actually quite advanced. This is a reader decryption device and mated computer terminal. The best data medium to date has been sheeted diamond, actually; a thin construct of the highly consistent lattice makes the data encodable at the molecular level. Unfortunately, the medium is fragile and expensive."

"I'm glad you've kept up on your technical journals, Lieutenant. Is this machine repairable?" I asked.

"I'm afraid it's ..."—she smiled—"...terminal, Captain. Given what I've read about computer media research being conducted at the Malafide Institute on Karabidi III, I believe these glass shards represent another culture's pursuit of a molecularly-encodable data system. The Malafide researchers have not yet solved the difficulty of strengthening the excessively fragile records without impairing the usefulness of the medium, but these people seem to have done so."

"They didn't solve it completely. Unless you think these chips and powder are what they came up with!?" I said.

"Glass is usable but remains friable under stress. I think somebody took a hammer to these, Captain."

I called out to Phays again.

"Hello there, Kirk. Welcome, all of you. You're not feeling well, are you?"

"I want some information from you, Phays."

"You feel that information will be helpful to you? Then of course I want to help. What would you like information about?"

“What are you? What are you doing here? Tell me about your history, and I’m sure that will be helpful.”

“The Builders installed the paralense library to help with questions such as yours, but I’m afraid Tuskin came in when he wasn’t feeling well. He seems to have damaged the library. We are attempting to repair it.”

Phays paused. “This ship, The Compassion, was created by the Builders to carry the folk like you, the damaged ones, asleep. We were the very best intelligence the Builders could install, although now that a few generations have passed, I’m certain I will find myself an ancient relic. The entire purpose was that, given time, the Builders would find cures, solutions to the kinds of difficulties you and the others here experience. After we land, the Builders will make you feel good, better even than when you’ve eaten well and are happy.”

McCoy’s eyes widened. “A sleeper ship, Captain. The Builders loaded up all the undesirables and shipped them off-planet. So why is everyone here awake?”

Phays’ voice increased in a harmonic pitch. “Not undesirable! No, Doctor McCoy, you are beloved of the Builders, and of us! Why else would I be programmed to keep you safe, wake you before landing, and we all return to Shambram to be welcomed by your great-grandchildren!”

“Captain, if I may,” said Spock. Two questions, Phays. How long ago did you wake *us* up? And how much time has passed since this ship was launched by the Builders?”

Phays paused again. “You were awakened shortly before we were to land. We were launched 99 ekyns ago.”

Spock nodded. “Can you translate that into the halflife of some radioactive isotope for me?” Another pause, as long as the first.

“Half the isotope of silicon 32 has decayed away since our voyage together began.”

Spock whispered to me. “Captain, the Phays is saying it has only been in space approximately 280 Earth years. Atabis does have ruins, the most recent of which



are in excess of a 1000 years old, but no sentient life—otherwise, it would have been unsuitable for Federation colonization. Moreover, the readings I took while still aboard the Enterprise indicated this ship had probably been in space more like 1,600 years.”

“Can you translate that into the halflife of some radioactive isotope for us, Mr. Spock?” I asked.

Spock nodded. “Phays. By my instrumentation, radium 226 has half decayed into radon 222 in the time you have been in space.”

A short pause. “You are mistaken. What instruments could you have possibly been using without my knowledge, Mr. Spock? The external monitors are inaccessible to the folk on board, as you well know; it would hardly do for someone as—confused—as you clearly are to get into sensitive areas. I suggest you go get something to eat; you are clearly not thinking, nor feeling well.”

“Phays, are you aware that we are not even from here? That we are from another ship, a different planet altogether? That Mr. Spock here isn’t even the same race as the other three of us?” I asked.

Phays took a gentle tone. “Everyone feels a bit cut off from the others, now and again. Of course you are one of us, Captain Kirk. Do you think we will love you less? Do you want to tell me why you are not feeling connected with the others today?”

I had enough. “Forget it, Phays.” I turned to my crew. “Analysis, people? And I’d like to hear from all of you. What do you think of the Phays?”

McCoy went first. “Mad as a hatter, Jim.”

Uhura countered. “No, Doctor—that’s what it thinks of us. For what seems to be a sophisticated intelligence, the Phays has difficulty accepting that we are not shipboard personnel. Yet that scan would indicate its capability of acquiring data sufficient to make the distinction.”

Spock paused, then spoke. “I have some doubt whether its sensor systems, or its analytic constructs of acquired data, are functioning properly, Lieutenant. The

Phays seems convinced it may safely land on Atabis, putting no one at risk. If, in the time this ship has been in space, it has suffered some mechanical breakdown, or if it were inadequately programmed at the start, then its judgments will be erroneous.”

McCoy nodded. “I must also point out that the story holds together poorly. If I read between the lines, the Builders had the technological sophistication to build a sleeper ship, construct an artificial intelligence to tend to everyone’s needs—but they could find no other way to deal with what the Phays calls ‘the damaged.’ To judge by what I’ve seen here, their idea of ‘the damaged’ is all the people genetically at risk for various mental disorders. I’m not sure I can warm up to a society that thinks it is ethical to judge its fellows as ‘damaged,’ pack them in some deep freeze, and thereby put off the necessary research and understanding which would create a qualitative improvement in these people’s lives.”

Uhura looked at McCoy. “Which doesn’t even answer the question of why these people are awake. Now?”

Spock answered. “The ship is about to land. Logical programming would be to awaken those on shipboard just prior to landing.”

Uhura shook her head. “Yet the Phays asked about our parents as if this were a generational ship, not a sleeper ship. What if the Phays woke the people too early? Yet it thinks it is landing ‘as promised,’ and the Builders will be waiting. What does that say about the extent of its malfunction?”

I nodded, thankful that my crew was as sharp as any starship captain could want. “A lot of things don’t fit together. Let’s continue to keep our eyes and ears open, and find out what we can.”

When we returned to the hydroponics room,



### Hints:

- Ⓐ Return to the hydroponics lab.
- Ⓐ Pick and then take the fruit to Moll.

the plant have given up ripe, red fruit. We brought the fruit to Moll.

“You got the plants to give fruit again! And I’d given up—oh, I am so happy! But I don’t want to eat this—my son loves fruit, can’t get enough, and I want him to have this. Please take it to him—he should be playing in the sleeping hall. I’ve warned him about not talking to strangers, but it is all right if you do so—you can tell him I said it was okay.”

Stambob was in darkened sleeping quarters. When we offered him the fruit, his eyes lit up. “This is for me? Wow, thank you! Mom’d really be happy; she has been so sad about not being able to give me what I like to eat—even though I told her it was okay, she was really really sad! Now she’ll be really happy. Thank you!”



“What can you tell us about what’s going on?” I asked quietly. The “king” was snoring in the next bed.

Stambob shrugged. “There’s nothing much to tell. We sleep here when we’re tired. I play here because I can’t play in the Play Room over there; Tuskin and his friends don’t like me in there. I get hungry sometimes, but my mom doesn’t like for me to eat bad food.”

“Tell me about Tuskin and his friends,” I asked.

“Tuskin and his friends aren’t nice to me. They’re nice to my mom because they trust her, though. She’s the only one that brings them food. Sometimes she brings me safe food too, but she hasn’t lately. I get pretty hungry, because the safe food I put away in a secret place isn’t any good any more. The food out of the machines can make me feel really sleepy, and not very good. Mom says it’s because of stuff they put in the food. Tuskin says it’s poison, and won’t take any food from anyone

but my Mom. I put some good food away in a secret place, but the food doesn't look so good any more. Do you want to see?"

I nodded. "It all smells bad now," said the boy while opening a cabinet. The sour smell of spoiled fruit wafted out of the opening, and McCoy quickly scooped up the remains into a specimen bag. "See, it went bad."



### Hint:

- Ⓐ From inventory, use the tricorder on the panel on the bottom of the wall that the boy faces.
- Ⓐ After the boy opens the cabinet, use the medical scanner on the remnants of fruit.

McCoy scanned the remains. "Organics in an advanced state of decay, Captain. No longer fit for consumption—in fact, some of the chemicals being released include alkaloid compounds which would induce lassitude and suggestibility. However, in its present state, the first effect this—mess—would have (assuming anyone was stupid enough to try to eat it!) would be extreme nausea and an almost instant purgative, so it would never get into a sane person's system."



### Hints:

- Ⓐ After bringing the fruit to Moll and then offering Stambob the fruit, talk to him to learn what he knows.
- Ⓐ Take his spoiled fruit back to the medlab and food synthesizer.

"I have an idea, Bones." We retrieved some more fruit and hurried back to Moll. Klarr was speaking to her.

“Moll, Tuskin will only accept food from you. You said you’d help us after we helped you—will you give this to Tuskin?”

Moll shook her head. “I don’t see how this would accomplish anything for you. He’s too paranoid to believe in such a generous action—he’d think there was some kind of trick.”

Klarr nodded. “I admire your intent, Captain Kirk. But from what I’ve seen of Tuskin’s behavior, I must agree with the woman. Would you take Klingon’s advice for a moment?”

I nodded. “Say what you have to say, Captain Klarr, and I’ll consider it.”

The Klingon leaned closer to me. “The way I see it, you’ll need to take Tuskin out of the picture—but without obviously hurting him. You can probably beat everyone up, but that could be difficult, and risky for you as well. Food is a universal gesture—even if it is not always accepted. If you made a powerful tranquilizer and dosed a box of food for the lady here to deliver—he might accept it and go to sleep without alarming his associates. Gormagon in particular seems cowed, and this would free him to decide for himself what he thinks of you—and us. Something tells me he holds the key to our understanding of this ship and those aboard it.”

“Good idea.” I motioned to Bones, who placed the foodbox we obtained earlier on the medical table. A light scanned the foodbox, and the computer screen lit up. The computer spoke. “The food in this box has been prepared with standard quantities of tranquilizing alkaloids, calmatives, and euphorics. The drugs and chemicals added in preparation cannot be extracted without degradation of their potency.”

Bones used the spolied fruit from his specimen bag in the work area and the computer continued its analysis and made its report. “The alkaloids present in this organic mass can be reduced to a high-potency tranquilizer. The undesirable emetics and purgatives can be eliminated. The resultant drug should be mixed with prepared food and eaten to produce a soporific effect. Do you wish to prepare the specified tranquilizer from this mix?” asked the computer.

“Yes,” said McCoy.

Moll came up to me. “I have to thank you again for what you did for my son. I was feeling so depressed because I couldn’t give him the fruit I know is better for him than what the Phays make in the machinery. I don’t trust the machinery food, and that’s why I tended the garden. Made fresh food. Even Tuskin will eat food if I give it to him, and he doesn’t trust anyone. If you ever need help, just show me what you want to give him.”

McCoy brought over the food, which had been laced with the powerful sedatives. “Tuskin will only accept food from you. You said you’d help us after we helped you—will you give this to Tuskin? It’s heavily medicated, but that might help Doctor McCoy here do something so he’s better off.”

Moll nodded. “I’ll come give this to Tuskin, because I trust you. You offer him food—anything edible will do, even an ordinary box of food—and that’ll remind him he’s hungry even though he won’t take it from you. Then I’ll come and give him this instead.”

We went back to Tuskin and offered him the fruit. His eyes glazed and he gurgled. “I am hungry... so hungry... and that looks like good...”

He cried out suddenly. “Moll? Where’s Moll! I don’t take nothing from nobody—nobody ‘cept her! You’d do something to it, make me different! You’d rewire my head!”

Moll came in. “Call for me, Tuskin? I thought you might be hungry, so I brought you something you can safely eat. You know you can trust me, Tuskin.”

“Yeah I know I can, and I am hungry. Didn’t want to eat something I couldn’t be sure of, though. Gimme that...” Tuskin stuffed his face full of food, and Klarr laughed. “Now I want to take a nap. Moll, you watch out for me, okay?” He fell asleep where he stood and we moved forward. Rackaback took a wild swing at us, but I stunned him with my phaser. I turned to Gormagon, who seemed relieved and distressed.

“I listen to my brother Rackaback and to my friend Tuskin—they say we have to protect this room and keep anyone from getting into it. Tuskin’s afraid... Well, Tuskin’s just confused. I don’t think I should go into it right now, but he thinks if people knew all about this place, they’d hurt his mind. Actually... I’m sure things would change. It might be a change for the better, maybe. Maybe not.”

Gormagon looked at me. “I’m not sure what to think of you. I just don’t know if I should I trust you.”

Moll spoke up. “Well, Gormagon, I think you should trust them. They repaired the garden, which is good for all of us. They gave fresh fruit to my boy Stambob when even his own mother couldn’t manage that.”

To my surprise, Klarr stepped forward. “Gormagon, neither my aide nor I came aboard this ship expecting anything but treachery and venality from these people. They’ve impressed me, and I commend them to you.” Klarr smiled at me, but his aide scowled.



### Hints:

- A Go back and get more fruit. Offer the fruit to Moll, then listen to Klarr’s suggestion.
- A Use the food dispenser, and take the food.
- A Use the food on the med table. Scan the spoiled fruit, then use the spoiled fruit on the table.
- A Direct the computer to fortify the food with the powerful tranquilizers.
- A Talk to Moll, then offer the food to Moll. She will bring the mickeyed food to Tuskin.
- A Go to Tuskin and offer the fruit to him. Moll gives him the doctored food instead.
- A Offer the fruit to Moll.
- A Stun Rackaback and talk to Gormagon. He will open the passage to the heart of Phays.

Gormagon considered this for a moment. “Well, despite some misgivings I had, I’ll accept what others have said about you. I think I should show you the way into the heart of the Phays—the secret entry that Tuskin is so afraid of. I feel that something good can come of this. I guess I’ll just trust you to do the right thing.” Gormagon pressed a secret button and a section of the wall slid away.

We entered a room filled with devices of alien design.

Spock seemed almost excited. “This room is thoroughly fascinating, Captain. I theorize that this is a virtual-space replica of the interior workings of the artificial intelligence which the Phays represent. The interface is seamless, and work performed in here is functionally identical to working directly in the computer. Like so much we have seen before now, that is highly advanced technology, yet archaic 20th Century style ‘wiring,’ carries the electronic information!”



He bent to examine an exposed panel. “This webwire wall reads somewhat like an antique hand-wired computer circuit, Captain, and at the same time, like something which surpasses even what can be found aboard the Enterprise. I believe this circuitry is repairable, Captain, but it appears quite unusual. Under the best conditions, it would be easily mishandled. Based on information I acquired from my interaction with Puzzlewit, we need a connector and some wire to repair this, Captain.”

Klarr nudged me and pointed to the lightbar.

“If you’ll bring that over to me, I might have a better suggestion if I took a closer look at it.” He deftly disassembled the piece and handed Spock an electrical connector. “I worked with things like these when I was younger. Given our surroundings, see if you don’t find this more useful.”



“That’s it; that fixes the broken connection.”



### Hints:

- ▲ Give the lightbar to Klarr when he offers to help.
- ▲ You need to use the connector from the lightbar to fix the console.

A voice filled the chamber. “Thank you. I am now once again whole, and no longer an intelligence divided against myself. The system you repaired will re-enable me to analyze and update received data from external and internal sensor systems, altering conceptual constructs of previously acquired data. These systems appear to have been malfunctioning for some time, although it will take additional review to clarify all conditions. Much may have been lost permanently.”

McCoy whispered, “Jim, d’you notice? The Phays isn’t switching between ‘I’ and ‘we’ like it did in the Oratory. And the voice is a single note, not a harmonic chord of blended voices.”

“And it hasn’t suggested we go get something to eat, either!” I laughed.

“I am chagrined that my disabilities have endangered my mission. The *Compassion* was launched with the best of intentions. If I can answer anyone’s questions, I will endeavor to do so.”

Klarr tapped me on the shoulder. “Captain Kirk, you don’t mind if I ask a question, do you?”

I nodded. Klarr had actually been helpful during the time on board the *Compassion*. “Be my guest, Captain—ask away.”

Klarr bowed. “That you give me first place to speak is a mark of honor, Captain Kirk, and does not pass unnoticed, particularly in light of the urgency of your own questions.”

Klarr turned to the computer console. "Phays, this ship passed through the heart of Klingon space. We were not even aware of it until it was nearly out of our territory. We backtracked it and found it must have closely approached places we find... sensitive. We expect assurances that data you may have collected there will not reach the hands of those who mean us harm."

Klarr's aide interrupted. "We seek proof! We expect you to download your entire memory into our ship's computers that we may search it for data you have no right to!"

Phays' voice responded. "Thereby would you not acquire data to which you have no right?"

Klarr shook his head. "My aide speaks too strongly. While it is true we are interested in the knowledge and technology you possess—technology to pass through our empire undetected, knowledge of how to twist space back upon itself—for that data, we will treat with you as one civilized people with another. But it is a justified request that we ask you to destroy all data dealing with anything you learned within our borders."

Phays responded. "Had I any data, I would agree to seal it. However, as you should have deduced, I have none. Until my sensory systems were repaired, my ability to receive and process data was severely impaired—especially in regard to external data updates. Based on my present reanalysis of nearby space, I would speculate that my only data on your present sphere of influence would be as that area of space existed a very long time ago indeed."

"That is information for us to know, not you! Erase it!" cried Klarr's insubordinate aide.

Klarr erupted into anger at his aide. "Silence! Phays, we would welcome access to that information, but on the same basis as we would bargain with you for technological data. We have more to offer you, I believe, than the Federation represented by these others."

His aide erupted in a flow of Klingonese. “<Since when does a Klingon bargain like a Neis’r tradesman, Captain Klarr! You are a disgrace to our family!>”

Klarr snarled back. “<Your youth is the only justification that you are not a greater disgrace, nephew/sister-son. Destruction of knowledge is never desirable!>”

I spoke up. “Phays, do not be hasty making that decision!”

“I lack sufficient data to make any assessment. I can give no answer at this time.”

I explained. “The primary reason we came aboard was to find a way to stop you from landing on top of our colony on Atabis, which would certainly kill thousands of our people. Now that your external sensors are functional, have you altered your plans about where you intend to put this ship down?”

“No, Captain Kirk, I will certainly not set the Compassion down in a populated area, now that I can see it is there. I am at present in communication with the planetary authorities, and they are directing me to a stationary orbit until further arrangements can be made for my wards.”

McCoy spoke. “How can an advanced civilization cast off its mentally impaired individuals? Our own world had a tragic encounter with breeding programs, which resulted in the Eugenics Wars.”

“I have no information about your Eugenics Wars, but a fundamental social philosophy of the Builders was that civilized people of good will would tolerate and value variability as a sign of cultural and social health. That a civilization will be judged by its tolerance of disparate ideas; by how it treats those who cannot protect themselves, be they very young, very old, or otherwise challenged; by the measure of altruism extended to those less powerful even when rightfully in possession of something desired.”

Spock nodded. “A central aspect of Vulcan philosophy is embodied in the IDIC: ‘*infinite diversity in infinite combinations.*’ It would seem the Builders pursued similar high ideals.”

McCoy was not convinced. "High ideals, perhaps, but that does not explain why these people are in space, Phays."

"More than this I cannot explain; however, you can locate additional library data under the heading, 'Compassion.'"

A pause. "Oh! I haven't made it available; I should have done that immediately! I can't imagine why I didn't think of it." Soundlessly, the items behind the translucent bubbles on the wall became visible and accessible as the bubbles disappeared. A device lowered from the ceiling, and revealed a glass disc. Uhura examined the disc and placed it in the reader.

Spock whispered to me. "Fascinating, Captain. That instance of forgetfulness is what makes it possible to speculate that the Phays is not wholly restored after all."

Uhura shouted. "Captain, this appears to be an intact reader decryption device with mated computer terminal, similar to what we saw damaged in the Oratory. Similar experimental designs coming out of the research labs of the Malafide Institute on Karabidi III have shown up in the most current technical journals—this is quite sophisticated."

I asked Phays a question. "How did your systems become damaged? An artificial intelligence of enough sophistication to run this ship for a millennium—yet you suffer mental breakdown when a wire burns out. That is but one of the anomalies I would like to understand. The garden produces fresh food but there's an automated food processing and delivery system which requires manual intervention to be connected with the fresh food—and evidently is capable of automated food synthesis. There are spatially recursive passages, yet they're built into what looks like an archaic style of sleeper ship. While none of these conditions is impossible, they do seem quite unlikely—illogical, in fact."

"I am sorry I cannot explain this at this time. I do not even know if it is explicable, but I will search my memory for an answer for you." Phays went silent.

I turned to Uhura, who was accessing the database. “I’d be interested to learn more about those who built this ship. Their achievements certainly seem erratic in sophistication, but much of it goes beyond even what we are capable of accomplishing today—for example, the paralense medium for recording computer data is something we are only now beginning to explore. I think there’s much to be learned from these people.”



### Hint:

Remove the paralense from the device lowered from the ceiling. Use the paralense on the reader.

I saw the entry:

## *Compassion*

The name of a Setic-class starship. The name signified the compassion for the travelers, all of whom were diagnosed with life-quality inhibiting disorders of Class III or higher. After a full generation of debate on ethics, a consensus opinion was reached, the so-called Diagi Decision. Final planned destination of the *Compassion* was a return to Shambram in four generations.

I called out to Phays. “Now just one minute! Phays, are you listening? You keep saying you can’t answer or you lack data, or what have you. Even the library data seems vague, incomplete, and contradictory! If you don’t know, then who does?”

Phays did not answer immediately. “Forgive the pause; I had to think long and hard to discover if you had correctly passed this final test. You correctly identify the heart of the matter. Let me introduce you to my Builders.” A glowing rift opened up behind us and a voice filled the room.

Klarr shouted, “This is madness! Phays, what is this?”

A voice boomed out. “Despite our misgivings, you have shown yourselves to be the representatives of spacefaring peoples we the Brassica would most trust to make first contact with. The contest has been in progress for some time, situations

in which your true colors have been explored. The invitation has been made. You may return to your ship if you prefer. Or you may step through whenever you are ready. Then the final round begins.”

Bones turned to me. “I think you have it right, Captain Klarr. This is madness, Jim!”

I shook my head. “I think, Bones, it’s Shakespeare who had it right: ‘Though this be madness, yet there is method in’t.’”

Klarr nodded. “I agree with the sentiment. There is something more going on here, far deeper than first appearances have suggested. I imagine you will accept the invitation. I will certainly choose to go, whether you do or not. I believe the invitation extended to all.”

“I will not permit that, Captain Klarr! I will take all methods to prevent you! I will not go; it is certainly a Federation trick!” His aide became quite animated.

Klarr spun towards his aide. “You begin to sound like Tuskin in the other room. Get a grip on yourself, and act like an officer!” But the aide was not cowed.

“Captain Klarr, I will not let you depart! These human scum have tricked you! If I have to beat up all of you, I will! You, Vulcan—you understand orders! Help me knock out my mad Captain and I will take him away and out of your hair!”

Klarr lashed out and knocked his aide unconscious. He called into his communicator and the aide was beamed away. He had been dishonored—a fate worse than death for Klingons.

I looked at me crew and they nodded. Klarr waited for me. I leapt into the glowing doorway.



### Hints:

- Ⓐ Have Spock examine the computer panel below the console. Use the lightbar on the panel.
- Ⓐ Allow Klarr to help, then use the connector on the panel. Use the wire on the panel.
- Ⓐ Allow Klarr to ask the first question to the rejuvenated Phays.
- Ⓐ Ask your questions, excuse yourself for a moment and take the crystal from the container lowered from the ceiling. Put the crystal in the reader, and read the entries under Builders or Compassion, which triggers a dialog with Phays, exposing contradictions in its story.
- Ⓐ A portal to the final Brassica test opens, and the Brassica invites you in. Talk to your crew and enter the portal with Klarr.



## Captain's Log: Supplemental [Chief Engineer Scott]



Chekov cried out. “Mr. Scott, they’ve disappeared off the sensors!”  
I leaned forward in the Captain’s chair. “Whaddya mean, laddie?”  
“Sir—they’ve just vanished.”



## Game Notes:

This chapter covers the second-to-last Brassica test and is the longest scenario in *Star Trek: Judgment Rites*. The test reveals how a civilization—here, the Federation—treats the young, the old, the criminals, and the insane.

The *Enterprise*, en route to another mission, received a distress call from a Romulan ship on the Romulan side of the Neutral Zone and is attacked by a Romulan Bird of Prey. The *Enterprise* should have no difficulty in disabling the craft, despite a formidable plasma weapon. After the battle, four other Romulan warships arrive and offer to “share” information about the interstellar “manipulators,” the Brassica. Kirk, following his better judgment, reveals only that he has heard of them but knows little else.

A planetary distress call from Starfleet sends the *Enterprise* to Atabis, a small colony planet near the Klingon border. Atabis lies in unclaimed space, where neither side will shoot first and ask questions later. The Organian Treaty is emphatically in effect. The colonists request assistance and get the *Enterprise*. An alien craft is approaching, apparently intending to land at the heart of the largest settlement—and it is not responding to their hails.

To make matters worse, a Klingon battle cruiser is shadowing the alien ship and, although they declare no intent to harm the colonists, they do not engage in detailed discussion of the situation. Captain Klarr maintains that Klingon interests are at stake. Be polite to the Klingons at all times. You find Klarr to be like Kirk—cautious and guarded with his enemy, but an honorable starship captain.

The alien ship’s history, learned on board, reveals that it is an ark: a generational sleeper-ship, populated entirely by a humanoid race who are insane. The shipbuilders (who were sane) put the genetically and chemically “challenged” into cryogenic sleep, and sent the ship on a long circuit that would return “home” hundreds of years later. The builders (revered as the Builders by those aboard ship) expected that when the ship returned, cures would be found for the travelers’ ills.

Largely automated, the ship has malfunctioned in small but significant ways. Its flight plan became VERY long—as in thousands of years—but it awakened the sleepers after a few hundred years. The entire population of the ship is certifiably crazy. This population also is completely dependent on a slightly unreliable, marginally malfunctioning, Artificial



Intelligence that the sleepers call the Phays that runs the ship—this computer also seems slightly mad. The AI does not acknowledge that much time has passed and believes the colonial settlement to be the long-gone ancient landing field. Convincing the AI otherwise is, in fact, the most important job for you to accomplish.

What the Klingons aren't saying is that the ship passed through the heart of their space without their being aware of it until it was leaving Klingon space. (They backtracked the ship and found evidence of its passage, but only after the fact.)

The Klingons would have blown up this ship, but they didn't want to start a shooting war or annoy the Organians. They worry that sensitive information from within the Empire was recorded by the ship's computer (and do not know and will not easily believe that the ship has accepted no new data from outside itself)—and they don't want the Federation getting a look inside their Empire's boundaries. Moreover, neither do the Klingons want the strange and potentially-threatening technology on the ship to fall into Federation hands! The Klingons also beam aboard the alien ship and engage in interactions with both the Federation crew and the madfolk.



### Optimizing Your Score:

This chapter is not scored separately from the next (and last) mission of the game. However, to obtain the maximum score you must not kill anyone—in fact, you can act violently only toward Rackaback, and you should only stun—not kill—him.

- ▲ Treat the Klingons respectfully.
- ▲ Examine the alien technology thoroughly, and be sure to use the particular insights of McCoy, Spock, and Uhura where appropriate.
- ▲ Deduce the history of the ship from Phays, both before and after it is repaired.



# Chapter 8: ... Yet There Is Method in It





## Captain's Log, Stardate 6269.3

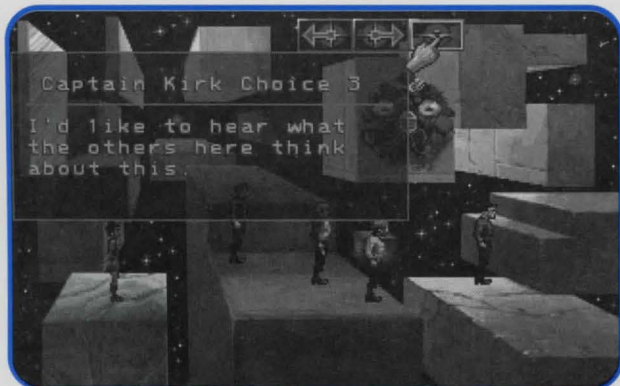


Our landing party and the Klingon Captain, Klarr, has passed through a mysterious portal in time and space and are about to finally face the Brassica, the mysterious aliens who have been testing us. Success in these final tests will lead to the establishment of formal relations between our races. I shudder to think what may happen if we fail.

We materialized on top of geometric shapes, seemingly floating in space. Despite the unusual setting, no one seemed to experience disorientation. A huge alien face peered out of the side of a floating cube and spoke.

“Welcome, all. We applaud your courage and conviction, your willingness to confront the unknown by coming here.”

I stepped forward and addressed the alien, who I assumed to be Brassican. “Will you tell us what’s going on now? Where are we?”



It seemed as though I heard the Brassican’s reply more as a voice in my head than tones in my ears. “I must ask your patience, and hope you are not too distressed by these surroundings. I cannot answer all your questions yet. The elements of our society who are most ill at ease to have our cultures meet have a few more questions for you—humans, Klingon, and Vulcan alike.”

I needed to talk to my crew about the Brassican test, as well as Klarr; all had a stake in participation. “I’d like to hear what the others think about this.”

The Brassican blinked. “Very well. I will withdraw until you address me again.”

Because he was my peer as a commander of a starship and the representative of the Klingon people, I turned to Klarr first. “Klarr?”



### Hints:

For every test, speak to each member of the expedition and weigh their responses carefully before answering the Brassica. You also may want to save the game prior to answering.

The Klingon captain looked at me carefully. “I am grateful you included me, Captain. I certainly have a stake here, representing my entire people and the Klingon Empire. If we present ourselves as cowering and complacent, the Brassica will consider us to be... weak and domesticated. That may be true of your people, Kirk—”

I began to protest, but Klarr stopped me. “—although you have given me much to think about. Do not be cowed before these aliens. Passivity may be regarded as undesirable to them as bluster and violence. There will come a time when we must march to our own drums before these people.”

I glanced at Spock. “Captain, the Brassica seem to have an advanced technology, a unique culture, and alien ways developed in near isolation. It’s certain their insights into the universe will be unusual, and the cross-fertilization of ideas will bring advances neither species can even anticipate. The logical course is to do what is necessary to establish a dialog.”

“Bones?”

“These tests—I can’t think of any alien race that has approached first contact so skittishly. They’re basically afraid of us, Captain. We can’t guarantee that all

interactions with the Federation will be perfectly to their liking, but you can expect them to proceed cautiously. As for us, we've been tested and found acceptable so far, and I can't see quitting now we're so close to the finish line."

"Lieutenant. Your opinion, please."

"Right now, the Brassica are calling the tune and expecting us to dance, which is perhaps undignified—but nothing they've set us up against has demanded we violate our personal and societal ethics. If they did—or do in these upcoming questions—then it could be a different matter. They've given us some difficult choices to make, and may pose others. But I believe, Captain, that all of us can make valid, responsible choices—and stand by the consequences."

I called out to the Brassican, and the alien face opened its eyes. "Captain Kirk, I am here. Are you ready to continue?"

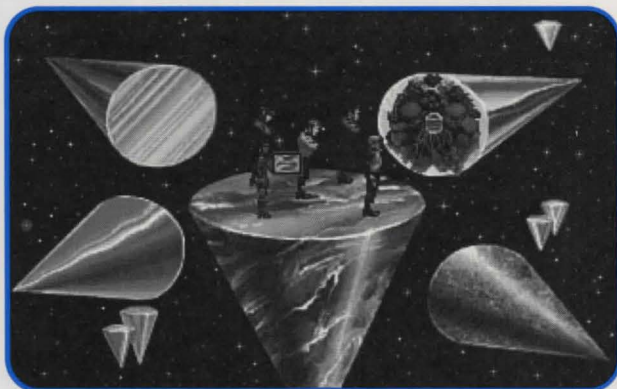
"Our mandate is to seek out new life and new civilizations. If we have to do so on your terms, we will. Let's get on with your tests."

"Listen. The final tests are modifications of legends from our mythic past, modified by what we understand of your species. You will be asked a question, and may discuss it among yourselves. Only one person may give the final answer, however." The strange vista began to disappear around us as I heard the Brassican voice. "Let it begin."

A A A

We reappeared on new geometric shapes—this time, conical objects floating in space. A new Brassican face appeared on a nearby object, and it spoke.

"It is my right to ask the first query. Allowing for the differences between your species and mine, it is that question first



posed by the riddlemaster at the basalt gates of ancient Kham. It is that question posed to the heroic companions we call the Jerynt.” The face blinked.

“Answer this: **WHO AMONG YOU MAY GO TO THE GREATEST PAINS IN THE PURSUIT OF LIFE?** You may talk among yourselves now. I will withdraw until you choose to talk with me. I will answer questions if I can and will. Once you have your answer, remember: only one of you may reply.” The Brassican seemed to close its eyes as the question hung in the air.

Spock arched his eyebrow. “The Brassican’s question is not, properly speaking, a riddle. A riddle has a right and a wrong answer. This is more a philosophical question, with many possible answers.”

“Then how can we possibly answer correctly, Spock? Or can we?” I asked.

“One answer will seem more satisfactory than all others, Captain.”

McCoy laughed. “At least we can eliminate you from this horse race, Spock. I don’t see any ‘right’ answer for you to be the person who would “go to the greatest pain in the pursuit of life.”

Spock considered McCoy’s statement for a moment. “On the contrary, Doctor. Respect for all living things is fundamental to Vulcan philosophy, pervading all aspects of our lives—a rigorous adherence, unlike humans’ variable justifications.”

“You aren’t suggesting, Spock, that you’re the right choice!” said McCoy.

“I believe I may be, Doctor. The Brassicans may agree. While acknowledging that others among us may be who the Brassicans are looking for, I believe the unremitting demands of Vulcan philosophy indicates I am the appropriate choice to be the one to answer this ‘riddle.’”

McCoy didn’t agree. “I don’t see anyone here would be the more logical choice than I—I ‘go to the greatest pains in the pursuit of life’ every hour of every day. I’m a doctor!! My life is spent wholly in the preservation of life and health.”

Uhura cleared her throat, and we turned to face her. “Gentlemen, I think you may be overlooking a fundamental difference between me and everyone else in

this room. In a more sexist society from many centuries ago, this wouldn't have been cause for a moment's consideration—but in a more sexist society, I wouldn't even be present to discuss this. However, the facts of human biology have not changed just because we travel in the stars. Among us, I am the only female. Only I am capable of bringing forth life—new life. Only I am capable of giving birth. I believe that qualifies me as 'the one among us who might go to the greatest pains in the pursuit of life.'"

I asked Klarr his opinion. "First, Captain Kirk, I would like to hear if you believe you should be the one to answer the Brassican's question—and why."

I smiled. "You are clever, Captain Klarr. Very well—so that everyone has a chance to make their own case, I will explain what I consider to be the sensible choice. I am a ship's captain. Four hundred and thirty lives depend on me, on my every decision. Those people rely on me to lead them across trackless space. As captain, I am entirely responsible for everything and everyone aboard the Enterprise. Our mission is, in part, to seek out new life, new civilizations—so it all comes down to me. I am the one to correctly answer the Brassicans' question."

Klarr laughed. "Captain Kirk, everything you say of yourself applies equally to me. My crew lives or dies on the wisdom of my decisions. Exploration of space is also part of my mandate, as representative of the entire Klingon race."

I shook my head. "And yet a starship captain stands as representative of the United Federation of Planets, those many sentient races whose goals and vision for the future are pursued together, in unison. Who shoulders the greater weight, Captain Klarr?"

A slight smile crossed Klarr's face. "No one has ever accused you of modesty, Captain Kirk. See it how you will—you, surrounded in this strange place by your crew, your fellow humans and officers—or me, the lone representative of my species and my empire."

McCoy interrupted. "You know, Jim, it's evident that each one of us believes we're the right choice to answer to the Brassica. I'm reasonably sure I'm the person they



really have in mind, but I can see that everyone else can make a case for themselves.”

“As indeed we have, Doctor,” said Spock.

I turned to face the sleeping Brassican face. “We have our answer now. Are you ready to hear it, Brassican?”

The alien face opened its eyes. “Let the one who would answer the riddle be the next one to talk—now.”

I looked at Uhura and nodded; she stepped forward. “Alone among the people gathered here, I am female and therefore capable of childbearing. Were I to make that decision, that choice, I would conceive and carry that child day and night, sleeping and waking, ill or hale, for nine months. And while conception is not usually the decision of a single individual among us humans, childbearing—the nurturing of a new life—remains a uniquely female labor. Certainly I am ‘the one among us who might go to the greatest pains in the pursuit of life.’”

If the Brassican reacted, I could not tell. “Your answer is accepted, Lieutenant Uhura. However, this is not to say whether this answer is right or wrong in our sight. Having declared your position, you may go.” Uhura shimmered and disappeared.

“Where has she gone!” I demanded.

The Brassican did not respond, but only said, “The next question awaits, Captain Kirk...”

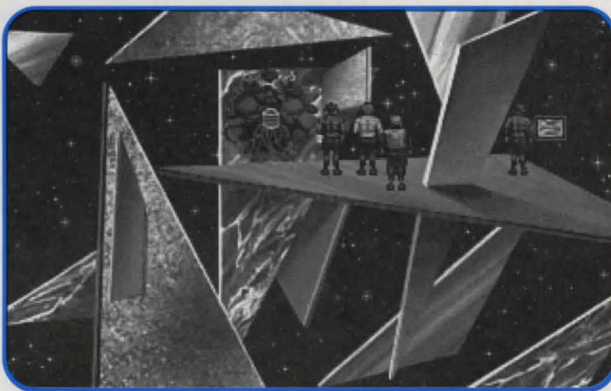
Again, the surroundings dissolved around us.



**Hint:**

Use Uhura to answer the Brassican’s first question.

A setting of triangular planes appeared around us, standing in myriad colors, textures, and angles. A new Brassican addressed us. “I am unconvinced that your alien minds are capable of understanding the honor we do you by treating you to the riddlemaster’s questions. You are, after all, nothing like the Jerynt, who hold a special place in our people’s memories. However, mine is the place to ask the second question. Answer this: **WHO AMONG YOU WRESTLES MOST INTENSELY WITH THE CHAOS OF LIFE?** Talk among yourselves if you wish. I will withdraw until you address me. I will answer questions if I can and will—and must. Remember: only one of you may reply.”



The Brassican closed its eyes, although its omnipresent face did little to give us the sense that we had any privacy.

McCoy scratched his chin. “Jim, I can’t help feeling this question is directed right to me. I can’t explain, exactly... let me think about it, and maybe I’ll figure it out.”

Spock nodded. “As with the previous question, this is a question of judgment, Captain. A departure locus for a philosopher more than a provenance suited to logical analysis.”

“Meaning that there’s not a right or a wrong answer here, either,” I said.

“I suspect the Brassica would disagree with you—there is probably a specific answer they’re expecting to get from us. However, it will not be a question answerable from the arena of pure logic. I can only offer my opinion,” Spock said.

“Which is?” I asked.

“Each of us knows ourselves best, and can best make his own case. In my instance, I believe my position as Science Officer makes me a most likely candidate, because it is the very heart of science to endeavor to comprehend the nature of the universe, which is fundamentally chaotic.”

McCoy shook his head. “The universe is closely ordered, Spock, with definite patterns. Otherwise there wouldn’t be any way for us to make sense of it.”

“As you’re certainly aware, Doctor, chaos defines the very nature of the patterns. That’s not the same as being random, of course.”

“Of course! On the other hand, I would be the last person to say a Vulcan is ‘wrestling’ with any concept!”

Spock began to open his mouth when McCoy stopped him. “And don’t you raise your eyebrow at me, Spock!”

I turned to Klarr, who was laughing at my two officer’s verbal sparring. “It’s obvious you have never spent time among Klingons, Captain Kirk. The life of the Klingon warrior is the struggle between control and chaos. Clearly, the Brassica know more of us than you, and I am certainly the one who these aliens intend to answer this question about ‘who wrestles most intensely with the chaos of life.’ My lineage, my position, all extol the kind of wild-Khek hunt which exemplifies one of the noblest traditions of my people.”

“I recognize your position, Captain Klarr, and if your assessment paralleled mine, I might have had second thoughts about my suitability to be the one to answer. However, that’s not so.” Klarr motioned for me to continue.

“I perceive myself as having the appropriate answer to this question—because of my position as Captain of the Enterprise. Surrounded by the empty reaches of space between worlds, I am responsible for the lives of everyone on the ship. It would be complete chaos without a strong hand at the tiller, but I’m there. I lead—maybe not always perfectly, but well. A captain’s work is never done, to paraphrase an old proverb. Grappling with the demands of my position make me, I think, the best answer to ‘who wrestles most intensely with the chaos of life!’”

McCoy almost jumped up. “That’s it, Jim! I have to be the one who ‘wrestles most intensely with the chaos of life’—because life, like all of nature itself, is intensely complex, intrinsically described in chaos. The branching bronchial tubes in our lungs, the pattern of the alveoli, the rhythm of our heartbeats—all chaotically patterned. The transmission of electrical impulses along our nerves, memory loci in the brain—all life, and all in the domain of medicine and medical care, for a physician must struggle to maintain the balance between staggering imbalance and life-propelling animation.”



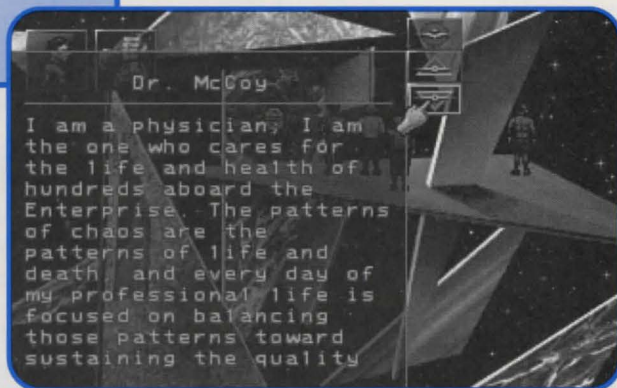
### Hint:

Use McCoy to answer the Brassican’s second question.

I had heard enough.

The Brassican returned, and I motioned to McCoy to step forward.

“I am a physician; I am the one who cares for the life and health of hundreds aboard the Enterprise. The patterns of chaos are the patterns of life and death, and every day of my professional life is focused on balancing those patterns toward sustaining the quality of life. I am the one among us who struggles most intensely with the chaos of life.”



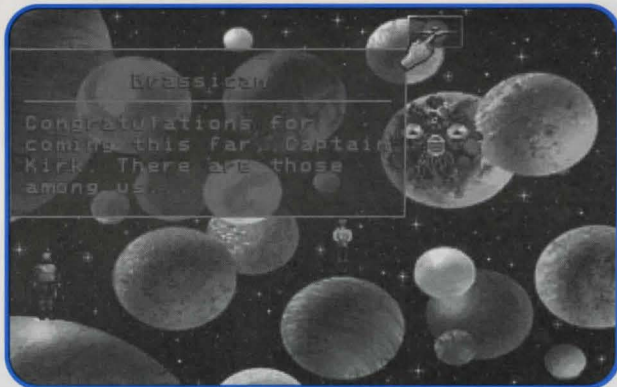
The Brassican’s eyes seemed to glance left and right. “Your answer is accepted, Doctor McCoy. However, this is not to say whether this answer is right or wrong in our sight. Having declared your position, you may go.”

McCoy seemed to blur, then disappear. I worked hard to control my temper as I glared at the Brassican. “You expect me to stand by while my people keep disap-

pearing!” The alien’s unreadable expression did not change. “The next question awaits, Captain Kirk.”

A A A

We materialized on spheres floating in a starry void. A new Brassican addressed us. “Congratulations for coming this far, Captain Kirk. There are those among us,” the Brassican seemed to be glancing around, “who doubted you could achieve even this. Let us proceed. The third question is somewhat different from those you have heard thus far, but those heroes we honor as the Jerynt found answers to each.”



“Solve this equation:  $\text{PIG} + \text{X} = \text{COW}$ . Talk among yourselves if you wish. You may address me and I will answer questions if I can. Remember: only one of you may reply.”

Solving equations seemed to be in Spock’s province. “On the face of it, this question is complete nonsense, Captain. There is no way to answer  $\text{Chicken} + \text{x} = \text{Reality}$ .”

“What’s that, what are you saying? The question was ‘ $\text{Pig} + \text{x} = \text{Cow}$ ’—and while I think it’s a strange question, I assume that’s the question we’re to respond to.”

Klarr spoke. “I think this is quite interesting, Kirk. The question I heard was  $\text{Tlok'poch} + \text{x} = \text{Sogra'nav}$ . To you that would be, approximately,  $\text{Tlok'plant} + \text{x} = \text{hive paper}$ . What question did you hear, Vulcan?”

“ $\text{Chicken} + \text{x} = \text{Reality}$ .”

"I think the answer lies in the relationship among each of the questions. The initial element of each version of the equation is something edible; after all, the tlok'poch is an edible tuber. Pigs and chickens have been transported around your colonies as farm animals, have they not?"

"Many elements of Federation society eschew consumption of animal flesh for sustenance, Captain Klarr. Nevertheless, in principle, you are correct. However, I find all the questions illogical in the extreme. The added variations on a central theme do nothing to persuade me that this question has any answer beyond 'There is no logical answer.'"

I shook my head. "I don't think I agree with you, Spock; I think there is some kind of answer. But I don't think you're right either, Klarr. How do you draw a relationship between a cow, beeswax, and reality?"

The Klingon seemed lost in thought for a moment. "I admit that is more difficult, especially because 'reality' is an abstract concept whereas the other two are... real. I'll think about this some more. But I'm sure all the ideas are somehow connected."

Another possibility struck me. "I think you're wrong, Klarr. I think part of our job may be to decide which question to answer, and so far they have addressed me as the first among us. Therefore we need to answer the question of 'Pig + x = Cow!'"

Klarr howled. "You try my patience, Kirk, with this 'first among equals' rhetoric! The three questions have a common pattern, and a common answer. Consider this possibility: A tlok'poch grows a flower that qar'tcha insects visit, and qar'tcha make nectar—and hive paper. So the concept of a 'flower' would satisfy my equation."

"And what does that do for my question? Or Spock's?" I asked.

Klarr had an answer. "Spock was asked to solve 'Chicken + x = Reality,' correct? The philosophers of Bollari VII maintain that a celestial bird something like a chicken laid an egg from which the universe hatched. The idea that reality might

have begun as something approximately egg-shaped was even an early theory of Klingon cosmologists.”

“That logic string stretches credibility, Captain Klarr.”

“On the contrary, Mr. Spock, it all fits! The tlok’poch is egg-shaped, and therefore I believe ‘Egg’ is the correct answer for ‘X’ in all our equations. Captain Kirk, in a barter society, might not a cow be worth—say, a pig with a clutch of eggs thrown in?”

I laughed. “Klarr, you wouldn’t know that I come from a farm district on Earth, a state called Iowa. Your solution to ‘Pig + x = Cow’ makes some sense, but using that kind of thinking, so would ‘pig + crate of apples = cow.’ I’m certain there’s something intrinsic to this problem, and that it is the pig/cow question that needs to be answered.”

Spock interrupted. “Gentlemen, if I may... Captain Klarr, your answer is cleverly deduced, but based on presumptive grounds which are not established. Captain Kirk, your conviction is admirable, but I find it insupportable given the evidence at hand. I do remain convinced that there is no answer. At this stage, I believe we can only agree to disagree.”

“And when it comes time to stand up to answer the Brassica?” asked Klarr.

“I am willing to put aside my belief, if it comes to that, to let either of you speak for your view,” I responded.

Spock nodded. “We must not forget that the Brassica will let only one of us answer.”

I turned to face the alien. “We’re ready with our answer now. Are you ready to hear it?”

The Brassican opened its eyes. “Let the one who would answer be the next one to talk—now.”

“Spock,” I said.

The Vulcan stepped forward and spoke in a clear, even tone. “The question I heard was ‘Chicken + x = Reality.’ In fact, this question is nonsensical, as is Captain Kirk’s version of the question. Therefore, I deduce that the pattern here is no pattern—the answer is that there is no answer.”

The Brassican paused for a moment. “Your answer is accepted, Commander Spock. However, this is not to say whether this answer is right or wrong in our sight. Having declared your position, you may go.”

I was getting very nervous; my crew members had all disappeared without explanation. “You plan to make off with everyone! Do you really expect me to keep taking that without protest!?”

The Brassican only said, “The next question awaits, Captain Kirk.”

A A A



### Hint:

Use Spock to answer the Brassican’s third question.



Klarr and I materialized on a circular disk, facing a disembodied image of yet another Brassican. “I am astonished that aliens like you have muddled your way to this point. Understand this: it is a great honor that we share with



you the riddlemaster's questions to the Jerynt. This is the last question; how you respond will be most illuminating to us."

Another deliberate blink. "Answer this: **WHY SHOULD YOU BE ALLOWED TO LEAVE THIS PLACE ALIVE?** Take all the time you want, Captain. I will withdraw until you address me, and I will answer questions if I can and will."

Klarr turned to me, his face etched with concern. "This is an intriguing question for you and I, particularly, to answer. Two starship captains representing empires at odds with each other..."

"The Federation is no empire, Klarr. And the Organian Treaty assures we are not exactly at each other's throats," I said.

"Be honest, Captain, there are many differences between us. I wish to hear your analysis of this situation before I offer my own thoughts."

I was angry. "I don't like the choices we're being given. I want another alternative, but I am not sure there is one."

"I feel much the same, Kirk, and I expect you wish to see this through as much as I do. I have a thought about how we might deal with the question, if you wish to hear it."

"Go ahead Klarr, I'm listening."

Klarr began. "They're asking us to choose one of us to proceed, and for one of us to stop here."

I nodded. "There's the implication of death for the one who remains, even though it's not explicitly stated."

"I concur. They want an answer that is either (1) I live and you die, or (2) you live and I die. I say we answer (3) we both live—or both die," growled Klarr.

"I like the concept, but what if the Brassica refuse to offer that option?"

"That is the option we choose, whether they offer it or not. What do you say? If you let me reply, that is the answer I will give."

“And if it’s not the answer I give?”

Klarr smiled, a fearsome sight. “We’ll have to see, won’t we?”

I called out to the Brassican. “We’ve got our answer. You want me to choose one of us or the other to proceed. Well frankly, I don’t think it’s right to put either of us at risk. We’re both starship captains, both legitimate representatives of millions of inhabitants on thousands of planets! I want another alternative... another choice!”

“Captain Kirk, you have stepped forward to make your choice, and that choice is very simple.”



**Hint:**

Choose ‘second thoughts’ dialog option with

Klarr. Klarr tells you that he, too, is unhappy with the choices and agrees to oppose the choices offered. Choose Kirk or Klarr to answer the Brassican, and choose the option that insists on both Klarr and Kirk leaving or staying together.

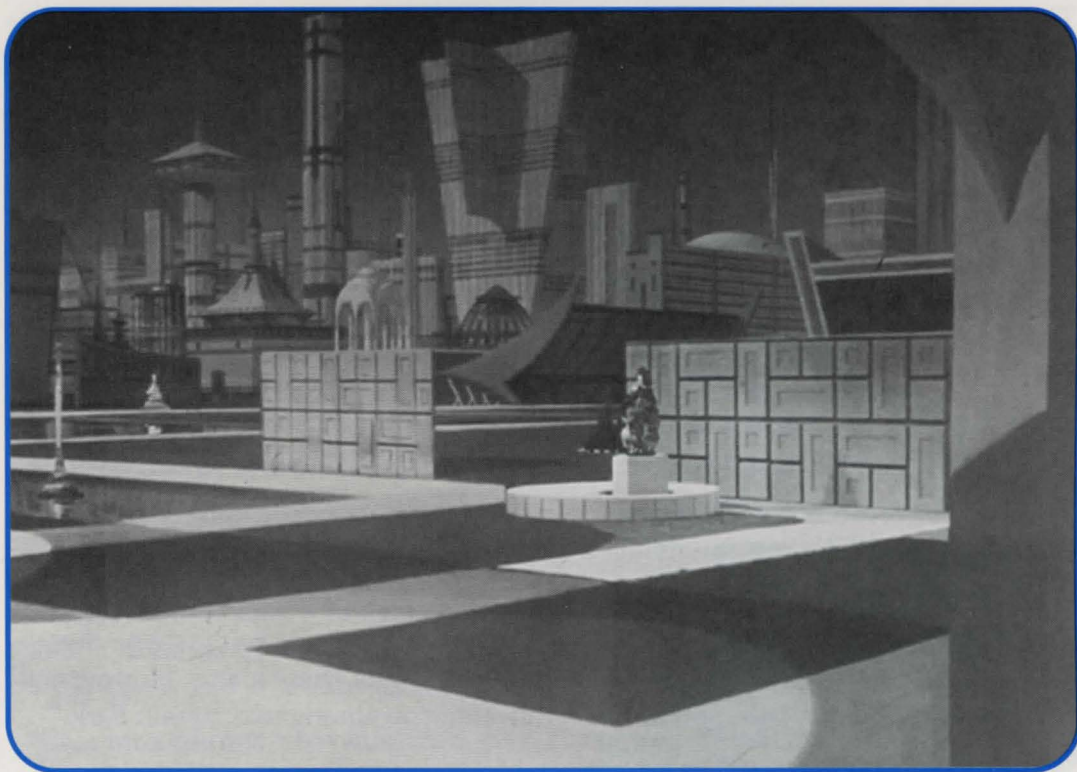
I shook my head. “We both proceed from this room or neither of us does.”

The Brassican paused. “There is no such option offered. What exactly do you mean by choosing in this way? That perhaps you should both die?”

“No, Brassican, it means we’re changing the rules! You want one to remain—perhaps to die—and one to go on. We refuse to play that game. You want to meet with us as much as we wish to meet with you—so take us both through, or let both remain in this surreal purgatory forever! Take it or leave it.”

“You have confounded me, Captain Kirk. I did not believe you would make such a choice.” Another voice seemed to echo through the void. “But I declared all along that this race had the qualities we sought, the understanding of both leadership and sacrifice, and when to break out of the mold without shattering the spirit of the contract! Captain Kirk, you have achieved all that I, at least, had hoped of you. It is time for us to greet you face to face.” The stars faded away.





Klarr and I emerged on a smooth, green-tinged stone floor, looking up at three bipedal aliens half-again our size against a pink sky. One walked forward.

“Greetings to you both! Captain Kirk, Captain Klarr, please consider yourselves welcome here. We look forward to a long and fruitful relationship with both your peoples. From this time on, your starships will be welcome here on any peaceful mission.”

“I’m pleased to meet you face to face, as well. However, I seem to be missing a few of my crew—and I insist to know where they are!”

The first Brassican bowed. "Of course, Captain." Spock, McCoy, and Uhura materialized next to me. "You're all right? All of you? You were treated well?"

McCoy smiled broadly. "Just fine, Jim! They had a little trouble getting used to the way we looked—but that was mutual, I've got to say. We met some of the others, and had a long and interesting chat."

I turned to the Brassican who greeted us. "But they couldn't be sure we would pass all their tests! Brassican—how do you explain that?"

"Some of us could not restrain our desire to learn more about you. It seemed worth the risk—and it has proved worthwhile, has it not?"

"I think there's no question that the Federation and the Brassica will have a long and fascinating future together."

The first Brassican bowed. "I heartily hope that is the case, Captain. Although my associate Septhi has great misgivings about breaking our isolation, even now, others of us have high hopes."

The Brassican named Septhi waved. "You are star-eyed, Aa, if you imagine that no difficulties lie ahead. Even now I retain doubts about these aliens. However, all conditions have been met, and so I also welcome you among us, Captain Kirk."

"Thank you... Septhi, is it?"

"Yes, and our moderator is Xenti—you could consider that the title of our leader."

"Moderator Xenti, Aa... and Septhi. I intend to show you that, in the long run, you've made the right decision. A good decision, for all our peoples."

Klarr bowed. "Speaking for the Klingon Empire, I too reiterate that I look forward to the unfolding of the relationship between all our peoples. I have been surprised by you, Captain Kirk. And while I don't know if our two peoples will come to trust one another during our lifetimes, I begin to think it might be possible." When Klarr slapped me on the back, I almost toppled into Aa's arms.

I smiled weakly. "We'll just have to see, won't we?"

“Please, Captains, feel free to look around while we summon your two ships to these coordinates, so you may return to your own people. Captain Kirk, I think you will find something interesting over here. Come over here and let me show you.”

Septhi lead me to a corner of the plaza. “Captain Kirk, I am uncertain about the relationship between your people and mine, but I have even greater misgivings about how the rest of the Klingon race will treat us. Captain Klarr seems a fair-minded individual, but you know very well he is not like most of his people.” Septhi reached into his satchel and produced a glass object.

“For your protection and ours, I have here a paralense disc of data which I want you to carry secretly to your Federation. With this knowledge, you can come to our defense—or avenge our blasted planet, if it should come to that! Will you take this disc, and thus safeguard our future?”

“Maybe, but not without knowing more about it.”

“We can upload into your ship’s computers the technological specifications to build a reader console for such a paralense, now that we have ended our isolation. What else would you want to know?”

“Most importantly, what information is on this disc?” I asked.

“The Compassion, the generation ship you explored before coming here, was in reality a probe ship which gave us a detailed scan of Klingon space. This paralense records that scan-data—if the Klingon Empire causes us any hurt, you will be able to retaliate in our stead, deep into the heart of their territory. It is our insurance.”

I thought for a moment. “Give me the paralense, Septhi.” I took the glass disc and showed it to Klarr, who seemed surprised. “What’s this, Captain Kirk? It looks like a paralense. Brassican data, no doubt! Moderator Xenti, what do you know about this?”

“Captain Kirk, is it your intention to turn over that data to Captain Klarr?”

I nodded. “Yes. In the name of the trust and cooperation that brought us here, Captain Klarr, the data disc belongs in your hands more than in mine.”

Klarr’s eyes narrowed. “What is it, exactly?”

“You might want to reconsider, Captain Kirk. What if I substituted a scan of Federation space—and told you it was a scan of Klingon space?”

Klarr was outraged. “These aliens gave you a scan of our sovereign territory, Kirk? I DEMAND you give that to me; you have no right to it!”

“And if it is a scan of Federation territory, Captain Kirk, you will be branded a traitor if you hand it over to the officer of your enemies. A pretty quandary is it not?”

“And, I think, the last Brassican test—is it not, Xenti!?” asked Klarr, clearly not amused.

Xenti shrugged. “Even if you had a reader console to examine that paralense—which of you would be the one to read it? So we will not provide it. If you believe that makes this the last of our tests... so be it.”



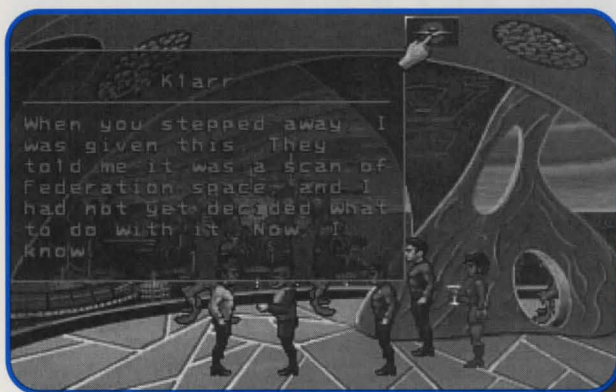
### Hints:

- ▲ When the Brassican offers the paralense disc, ask for more information, then accept the disc.
- ▲ Give the disc to Klarr, then try to return it to the Brassicans. When they do not accept the disc, return it to Klarr, who is won over by your gesture of trust.

I weighed my options. “Caution and trust must be balanced. This disc contains data which could too easily bring about death and destruction on an interplanetary scale. It must be destroyed.”

Septi spoke next. "Don't be so hasty, Captain. What if that disc contains the best examples of our most advanced technologies? If you destroy the disc and the knowledge it contains, why should we ever offer the knowledge twice? It will be lost to you forever."

I had grown tired of tests. "Fine! Since you won't let us read it, then you keep it! When the time is right, give it to us in the normal course of our diplomatic intercourse."

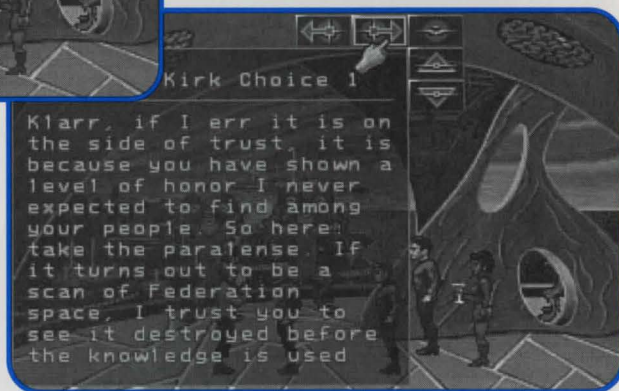


"No, Captain Kirk, we won't accept it back. Did not Captain Klarr call this yet another test? This is your decision to make. You can keep it, or you could turn it over to Klarr."

I hesitated for a moment, then held the disc out the Klarr. He looked at me for a long moment. "Trust engenders trust, Captain Kirk."

Klarr reached into his own pocket and held out a second paralense. "When you stepped away, I was given this. They told me it was a scan of Federation space, and I had not yet decided what to do with it. I think this is best." Klarr hurled both discs on the ground and they shattered into useless pieces.

Xenti shuffled forward. "Aren't you hasty, Klingon? What if that data was really the best examples of our most advanced technologies? In destroying those discs



you prove your disdain for us; why should we offer the knowledge twice? It will be lost to you forever.”

I put my hand on Klarr’s shoulder. “If the discs contained scans of the sovereign space of another people, then no one deserved to have them—not even you. If the discs were research data, that certainly isn’t your only record of it—so the knowledge isn’t lost for good. We can hope to show we can be trusted with it in the future—both Federation and Klingon. If not, so be it.”

Xenti paused for a moment. “You have won our respect, Captain—both of you. Although we would be sorry to see you destroy knowledge, however fraught with peril it might seem—especially when you do not even know what that knowledge is—in this case, nothing is lost and much will be gained. Those discs were blank, and no such scans existed from the beginning. This was truly the final test. If traditional enemies such as you, Captain Kirk, and you, Captain Klarr, can act with such civilized nobility and trust, then I am greatly reassured that our intersecting futures will enrich all sides of the equation.”

Klarr flashed his winning Klingon smile at the Brassicans. “I doubt we have seen the last Brassican test, Xenti, because that seems to be inherent to your nature. Nevertheless, I expect that our people will continue to pass with flying colors.” His communicator beeped. “Now, I think it is time for us all to go.”



I looked at the Brassicans for a moment. “Well then, if there is nothing else, let me end with this for you: individuals among us still act as individuals, for good and for ill. But overall, the different races of the Federation are joined in a mutual respect that overcomes differences of cultural ideals and behaviors. We would welcome Brassican comradeship



among us, and welcome equally an independent association with us, if that is what you prefer. I think you will find us a cooperative, civilized and forward-looking people.”

Xenti made a strange expression on his face. “I think I can already see that, Captain Kirk. Farewell!”



## Captain's Log, Stardate 6270.5

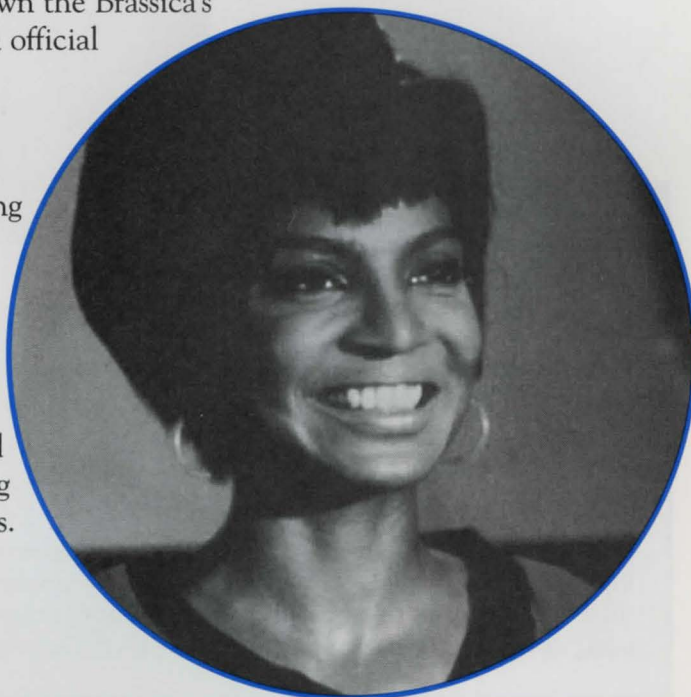


We have succeeded in making formal contact with the Brassica. We look forward to a long and productive relationship with them.

“So Lieutenant, you turned down the Brassica’s offer to become the Federation official ambassador.”

Uhura smiled. “I’m not really trained for that, Captain. And they were probably just... testing me.” We all laughed.

Spock looked up from the science station. “It was a formidable accomplishment, Captain. Establishing diplomatic relations with a new and advanced alien race. Improving our relations with the Klingons. Even my father would be impressed.”

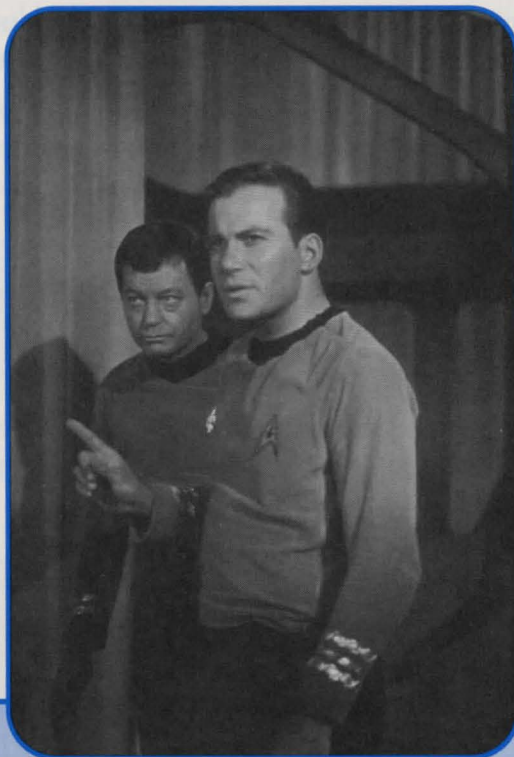


I smiled. "I'll take that as a compliment..." I noticed that Bones was scowling. "Bones?"

McCoy growled. "Everyone's so damn cheerful today! Even Spock's in a good mood! I wonder what's about to go wrong?"

Uhura interrupted the good doctor. "Message incoming from Starfleet."

Bones' eyes rolled upwards. "There's my answer."



### Game Notes:

In the final chapter of *Star Trek: Judgment Rites*, Kirk, Spock, McCoy, Uhura, and the Klingon captain, Klarr, are brought to a strange alien dimension and subjected to the final tests of the Brassicans. The Brassicans are a highly advanced if somewhat skittish alien race, and have made a custom of testing other races before deciding to make contact.

Each "test" is actually a question, and each member of the group has a valid answer. Your job is to listen to each character and assess the answer. One answer is correct and in each case, you need to click on the Use icon to use the appropriate group member on the Brassican face. To optimize your score, you need to use the correct crew member to answer the Brassican questions, as well as maneuver your way through a potentially hazardous diplomatic dilemma after you come face to face with the Brassicans.



### Optimizing Your Score:

- Ⓐ Follow the dialog in the story carefully—they represent an optimal solution to chapter 8.
- Ⓐ To earn maximum points, be sure not to use Kirk or Spock on Klarr.
- Ⓐ Use Uhura, McCoy, and Spock respectively on the first three questions.
- Ⓐ Although you can refuse the paralense and talk to Spock about Klarr's paralense, you don't get points for the optimal solution—coming to a new trust between Kirk and his Klingon counterpart, Klarr.



# Appendix





## Technical Hints



*Star Trek: Judgment Rites* is an adventure game and a simple three-dimensional space combat simulator. ST:JR also supports the General MIDI music specification. ST:JR has a laboriously slow installation process, but it's worth the effort.

### Hardware Requirements

An IBM or IBM PC compatible with 2M (megabytes) of RAM and 29M of hard drive space is the required minimum system configuration for *Star Trek: Judgment Rites*. ST:JR also requires a minimum 80386 SX processor and MS-DOS 3.1 or higher. The speed of the game, especially in the space combat sequences, on a 386SX processor is much slower than a 486 computer and seems to be virtually standing still next to the latest generation of 80x86-compatible machines, like my IBM PS/ValuePoint P60, which runs the Intel Pentium processor at 60MHz. Surprisingly, games push the technological envelope as much as "serious" applications such as Windows or WordPerfect, and if you are considering a new machine, get the fastest one you can afford.

### Bugs

Happily, I encountered no bugs during game play. If you find the varmints, check with Interplay for a bug patch file or check the games forums on on-line services such as CompuServe's Game Publisher's Forum, GENie, and America OnLine.

### Optional Hardware

Although a sound card is not necessary, it is highly recommended. ST:JR supports the AdLib, AdLib Gold, Pro-Audio Spectrum, SoundBlaster Pro and SoundBlaster 16 (and SoundBlaster compatibles), Roland MT-32/LAPC-1/SCC-1, and General MIDI formats.

The PAS, AdLib Gold, or SoundBlaster are required to hear digitized sound effects. Although the AdLib, PAS, and SoundBlaster all operate on the principle of FM synthesis—manipulation of a sound wave to emulate instrument sounds, wavetable technology is the next sound standard. A wavetable card contains actual digitized samples of instruments stored in memory, and music played through a wavetable card—such as the Creative Labs's WaveBlaster (which plugs onto a SoundBlaster 16) or the Roland music cards—sound like real instruments. The difference is phenomenal.

The SoundBlaster 16/WaveBlaster combination makes games like *Star Trek: Judgment Rites*, *X-Wing*, and *Privateer* an aural as well as a visual treat, because these newer games either support the WaveBlaster directly or the General MIDI standard (which the WaveBlaster accepts). Using a SoundBlaster 16/WaveBlaster combination also provides SoundBlaster compatibility and other benefits. A good pair of speakers is money well spent, given the quality of today's sound cards and CD-ROMs—Bose Roommates or AR Powered Partners are excellent speakers that provide solid frequency response.

A fast video card that performs well in DOS (many of the fastest Windows accelerators perform poorly in DOS applications), a good non-interlaced monitor with a dot pitch of .28 or lower, and a comfortable ergonomic mouse such as Microsoft's ergonomic Mouse or the Logitech MouseMan series also will help performance. For some time, I have been using an ATI Graphics Ultra Pro for excellent Windows and DOS performance, a Sony monitor, and a Logitech Cordless Mouse, which keeps my desk free of wire clutter. They perform flawlessly.



## Software Requirements



*Star Trek: Judgment Rites* requires 614,400 bytes free, or 600K, one megabyte (1M) of EMS RAM and MS-DOS or PC DOS 5.0 or later. Type MEM at the DOS prompt to discover your computer's largest executable program size. If you

have enough memory, a disk cache, like SMARTDRV.EXE, will improve your disk-access times by keeping some of the data from the most accessed files in a portion of RAM. SMARTDRV.EXE comes with MS-DOS and Microsoft Windows. If you have a modem, however, you can download a shareware disk cache called Hyperdisk that outperforms SMARTDRV.EXE and even many retail disk caching programs. You can find Hyperdisk on CompuServe, GEnie, or America OnLine to try out, and register for the registration fee if you like it. Hyperdisk certainly is worth examining.

## Memory Managers

Most computers sold today come with at least 4M of RAM. Due to the original architecture of the Intel microprocessor and original version of DOS used in the first IBM PCs, the first megabyte of your system is divided into low or conventional memory and high or upper memory. The first 640K of RAM is low memory, while 640K to 1024K is called high memory. All memory above one megabyte is referred to as *extended memory*. By using an expanded memory manager, the extended memory can be converted to *expanded memory* (EMS). Because most DOS programs cannot access memory above 1 megabyte, the memory manager swaps different parts of memory in and out of EMS.

Memory managers also load certain programs—such as DOS and TSRs (Terminate and Stay Resident programs like virus scanners)—into high memory, which frees low memory for the main program. The game *Riftwar: Betrayal at Krondor* requires two megabytes of RAM, with one megabyte of EMS RAM, which means a memory manager is required. The most simple memory manager, EMM386.EXE comes with DOS, or disk operating system. While *ST: JR* only requires MS-DOS version 3.1 or later, the latest version—MS-DOS 6.2—comes with a utility called MEMMAKER. By running MEMMAKER, your computer will optimize loading your various programs into high memory in the most efficient combination.





### Game Note:

Remember that ST: JR requires 1M of EMS RAM, so if your CONFIG.SYS file contains a NOEMS command after EMM386.SYS, you must remove this NOEMS parameter!

Other programs, such as Quarterdeck's QEMM and Qualitas's 386Max are more sophisticated versions of EMM386.EXE and can eke out more low memory. If MEMMAKER, QEMM, or 386Max fail to create enough memory to run ST: JR, you have to create a boot disk with a pared-down CONFIG.SYS and AUTOEXEC.BAT file.



## Creating A Boot Disk



The process of creating a boot disk is easy. At the C:> prompt, type:

```
FORMAT A:/S
```

Then, insert the appropriate blank disk into drive A. You can use any simple text editor, such as MS-DOS's EDIT.COM, to create the ASCII files for CONFIG.SYS and AUTOEXEC.BAT.

### Boot Files

Boot files are files that contain simple instructions when you turn on the computer. The following configurations are examples of sample CONFIG.SYS and AUTOEXEC.BAT files to use with the various memory managers. The following configurations apply to the Logitech mouse driver version 6.2 (MOUSE.SYS) in the C:\MOUSE directory and a SoundBlaster 16 with drivers in the C:\SB16 directory.

Remember, if you use a data compression scheme (Stacker or DoubleSpace), you need to insert the appropriate `DEVICE=C:\DOS\DBLSPACE.SYS` line in the `CONFIG.SYS` file. Some actual parameters may vary because the size of different mouse drivers (such as Logitech drivers vs. Microsoft drivers) do vary.

A sample `CONFIG.SYS` file for MS-DOS 5.0, MS-DOS 6.0, PC DOS 6.1, or MS-DOS 6.2 may look like the following example:

```
DEVICE=C:\DOS\HIMEM.SYS
DEVICE=C:\DOS\EMM386.EXE 2048 RAM
BUFFERS=25
FILES=25
DOS=UMB,HIGH
DEVICEHIGH=c:\MOUSE\MOUSE.SYS
DEVICEHIGH=C:\SB16\DRV\ASP.SYS /P:220
SHELL=C:\DOS\COMMAND.COM C:\DOS\ /p
```

The following lines show an example `AUTOEXEC.BAT` file for MS-DOS 5.0, MS-DOS 6.0, PC DOS 6.1, or MS-DOS 6.2:

```
@ECHO OFF >NUL
CLS
PROMPT $p$g
PATH C:\DOS
C:\DOS\SMARTDRV.EXE          (delete this if you still don't have enough RAM)
```

A sample `CONFIG.SYS` file for QEMM 7.0, using Hyperdisk:

```
DEVICE=C:\QEMM\DOSDATA.SYS
DEVICE=C:\QEMM\QEMM386.SYS RAM R:1
DEVICE=C:\QEMM\DOS-UP.SYS @C:\QEMM\DOS-UP.DAT
DEVICE=C:\QEMM\LOADHI.SYS /R:2 /SIZE=51456 C:\HYPERDKX.EXE S
DEVICE=c:\QEMM\LOADHI.SYS /R:2 /size=38320 C:\MOUSE\MOUSE.SYS
DEVICE=C:\QEMM\LOADHI.SYS /R:1 /SIZE=5280 C:\SB16\DRV\ASP.SYS /P:220
```

```
DOS=HIGH
SHELL=C:\DOS\COMMAND.COM C:\DOS\ /E:512 /p
BREAK=OFF
BUFFERS=4
FILES=30
FCBS=1,0
```

A sample AUTOEXEC.BAT file for QEMM 7.0:

```
SET BLASTER=A220 I5 D1 H5 P330 T6
SET SOUND=C:\SB16
C:\SB16\SBCONFIG.EXE /S
C:\SB16\SB16SET /M:220 /VOC:220 /CD:220 /FM:220
@ECHO OFF
PATH=C:\DOS
PROMPT $p$g
```

A sample CONFIG.SYS file for 386Max 7.0:

```
FILES=30
DEVICE=C:\386MAX\386MAX.SYS PRO=C:\386MAX\386MAX.PRO
DEVICE=C:\386MAX\386LOAD.SYS SIZE=38032 PRGREG=2
        PROG=C:\MOUSE\MOUSE.SYS
DEVICE=C:\386MAX\386LOAD.SYS SIZE=4992 PRGREG=4
        PROG=C:\SB16\DRV\ASP.SYS /P:220
DOS=HIGH
SHELL=C:\DOS\COMMAND.COM C:\DOS\ /E:512 /p
BREAK=OFF
BUFFERS=4
FCBS=1,0
STACKS=0,0
```

A sample AUTOEXEC.BAT file for 386Max 7.0:

```
SET BLASTER=A220 I5 D1 H5 P330 T6
SET SOUND=C:\SB16
C:\SB16\SBCONFIG.EXE /S
C:\SB16\SB16SET /M:220 /VOC:220 /CD:220 /FM:220
@ECHO OFF
PATH=C:\DOS
PROMPT $p$g
SET TEMP=C:\DOS
C:\DOS\SMARTDRV.EXE
```

After you create the proper boot files, save them on the new boot disk. Make sure that you return to the `C:>` prompt (exit Windows or your text editor), turn off the computer and turn it back on with the boot disk in drive A.

## Windows 3.1/Windows for Workgroups 3.11

Windows, Microsoft's graphical DOS front-end interface, is very popular and—assuming that you have enough memory (about 8M)—you can run *Star Trek: Judgment Rites* in a full-screen DOS session.

### OS/2 2.1

IBM has solved many of the memory management problems of DOS with their graphical operating system, OS/2 2.1, a sophisticated 32-bit operating system that maintains DOS and Windows 3.1 compatibility. Simply run a Virtual Dos Machine with the appropriate settings and you should be able to run ST:JR. OS/2 provides true 32-bit multitasking, which means that you can safely download a file from CompuServe in one application while fighting a Romulan Bird of Prey.

You should note that Interplay doesn't even say that ST:JR will run on OS/2. Although these settings should run ST:JR (and maybe 90 percent of other DOS-based games), these are not the default VDM settings for OS/2. You may want to set up a new template for game settings: use the Ctrl key to drag the program tem-

plate to an empty spot in the template folder, and drop a copy of the default program settings. Rename it "Games." Change the settings to the following, and then close the template.

The following lines show OS/2 and 2.1 settings:

```
DOS_FULLSCREEN
COMM_DIRECT_ACCESS: OFF
COMM_HOLD: OFF
COMM_RECEIVED_BUFFER_FLUSH: NONE
COMM_SELECT: ALL
DOS_AUTOEXEC: C:\AUTOEXEC.BAT
DOS_BACKGROUND_EXECUTION: OFF
DOS_BREAK: OFF
DOS_DEVICE: (none)
DOS_FCBS:16
DOS_FCBS_KEEP: 8
DOS_FILES: 20
DOS_HIGH: ON
DOS_LASTDRIVE: z
DOS_SHELL: (setting provided by OS/2)
DOS_RMSIZE: 640
DOS_UMB: ON
DOS_VERSION (setting provided by OS/2)
DPMI_DOS_API: AUTO
DPMI_MEMORY_LIMIT: 4 (or 0—most DOS games don't use DPMI memory)
DPMI_DOS_BUFFER_SIZE: 8
EMS_FRAME_LOCATION: AUTO
EMS_HIGH_OS_MAP_REGION: 0
EMS_LOW_OS_MAP_REGION: 384
EMS_MEMORY_LIMIT: 1024 (2048)
```

(This is EXPANDED memory. If a game uses more than 1024K, use a higher number.)

HW\_NOSOUND: OFF  
HW\_ROM\_TO\_RAM: ON  
HW\_TIMER: ON

(This is important, especially for  
games that use sound boards.)

IDLE\_SECONDS: 60  
IDLE\_SENSITIVITY: 100 (This is important.)  
INIT\_DURING\_I/O: OFF  
KBD\_ALTHOME\_BYPASS: OFF (unless you want to run your game in a window)  
KBD\_BUFFER\_EXTEND: ON  
KBD\_CONTROL\_BYPASS: NONE  
KBD\_RATE\_LOCK: OFF  
MEM\_EXCLUDE\_REGION: (none)  
MEM\_INCLUDE\_REGION: (none)  
MOUSE\_EXCLUSIVE\_ACCESS: OFF  
PRINT\_SEPARATE\_OUTPUT: ON  
PRINT\_TIMEOUT: 15  
VIDEO\_8514: OFF  
VIDEO\_FASTPASTE: OFF  
VIDEO\_MODE\_RESTRICTION: NONE  
VIDEO\_ON\_DEMAND\_MEMORY: ON  
VIDEO\_RETRACE\_EMULATION: OFF (you may have to experiment with this one)  
VIDEO\_ROM\_EMULATION: OFF  
VIDEO\_SWITCH\_NOTIFICATION: OFF  
VIDEO\_WINDOW\_REFRESH: 1  
XMS\_HANDLES: 32  
XMS\_MEMORY\_LIMIT: 2048  
XMS\_MINIMUM\_HMA: 0

For future game installations in OS/2, install the game by using a DOS window from the command prompt, then just drag the Games template to the desktop, use the Find function to locate the path and file name of the new game, modify the object name and icon as desired, and the new game should be ready to run.

# General Hints



*Star Trek: Judgment Rites*, like the original series, consists of exploration, interaction, danger, and combat. There are three levels of play: Federation Cadet, Cadet Graduate, and Commissioned Officer. If you choose Federation Cadet, you avoid the game's set starship combats. If you stray off course, however, you will engage the enemy, but they are easy to defeat.

Like every starship captain, you need to find your way around the bridge. When the game begins, you will see a starship-shaped cross hair in the main viewscreen. The cross hair indicates the direction the *Enterprise* is travelling and also serves as the targeting reference for the ship's phasers and photon torpedoes. Press the Tab key to get to the bridge officers. Notice the two diagrams of the *Enterprise* on the stations above Scotty and Spock—these diagrams will tell you damaged areas of the *Enterprise* and fore, aft, port, and starboard shield status (no red outline means shields are down and bright red outline means shields are at maximum). The two bar graphs above the view screen indicate the recharge rate of the phasers and photon torpedoes. While weaker than photon torpedoes, phasers recharge (and can fire) at a much faster rate.

Kirk is the center of activity on the bridge. If you click the left mouse button (or button 1 of your joystick) on Kirk, you see his three command options.



The leftmost option is the Captain's Log. You also can access the Captain's Log by pressing the "R" hot key. The Log lists past missions completed and the points awarded by Starfleet Command.

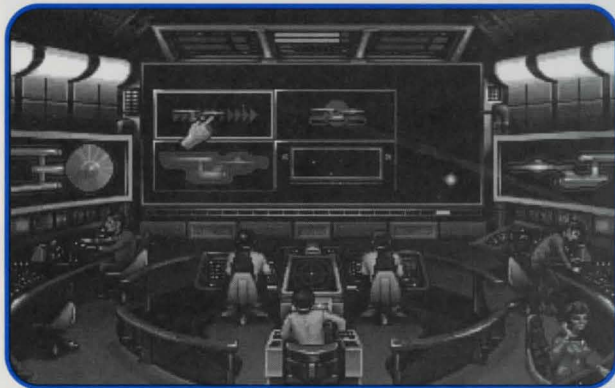
The middle icon is the Transporter command, which you also can activate by pressing the "B" hot key. This beams the land-

ing party off the ship. You must be in orbit around a planet and have lowered your deflector shields before you can beam down.



The command insignia on the rightmost icon is the game options command, which also can be accessed by pressing the “I” hot key. Here you can save or load a game, turn music and sound effects on or off, or quit the game.

Clicking on Lieutenant Sulu brings up helm control options.



The leftmost helm control icon shows the *Enterprise* around a planet. Click on this option or use the “O” hot key, and the *Enterprise* will enter standard orbit.

The next icon to the right shows a starship with arrows moving forward. Select this option with your mouse to change your impulse speed. You also can use

the numbers 1 through 9 and 0 to adjust your impulse speed, 1 being slowest and 0 being fastest.

The next icon raises and lowers the shields, which you can toggle on and off by pressing the “S” hot key.

Selecting the Viewscreen icon brings up the viewscreen options—you can increase magnification by a factor of 2, 3, 4 or 5, or return to the normal magnification by selecting “1X.” You also can use the “<” or the “>” hot keys to decrease or increase magnification.

Sulu also can change the view from the viewscreen. The normal view is directly ahead, but you can choose the rear view (hot key F4), port or left view (F5), starboard or right view (F6), above (F7), or below (F8). Press F3 to return to the normal forward view. Choosing the full screen option (hot key "V") toggles your entire display into the viewscreen view.

Chekov is the tactical officer.

Pressing "N" or choosing the circular grid icon brings up the sector's navigational map. Refer to the manual that came with the game to determine where the various star systems and galactic oddities are.

The cross hair icon activates weapons. You also can press the "W" hot key.

The next icon, the cross hairs on the Klingon battle cruiser, is the weapons lock icon. When you lock onto a target, the ship appears on the viewscreen with a yellow targeting square, which turns red when you lock weapons on target. When you fire, the computer attempts to adjust your direction of firing so that you will hit a moving target. The farther away the target, the less accurate weapons lock becomes.

Clicking on Uhura activates communications.



Clicking on Spock allows you to access the science station.

You can talk to Spock to hear his Vulcan wisdom by clicking on the first icon (the mouth) or by pressing hot key "T." Spock is full of valuable advice and insight.

The next option is the ship's library computer, which also can be activated by pressing hot key "C." Type a subject, such as *VARDAINE*, and the ship's computer tells you what it knows.

Spock also conducts target analysis with the next icon, or by pressing "A." If you engage target analysis, the *Enterprise* schematics above Spock and Scotty is replaced with a target analysis (shield strength and damage) of your current target.



Clicking on Scotty brings you the talents of the miracle worker on the *Enterprise*.

The first icon accesses damage control. You can direct Scotty to give certain systems priority.

The various systems to be repaired are: the shields, the bridge (control of ship), sensors (display), the hull, the phasers, and the photon torpedo tubes.



The other icon orders Scotty to give you emergency power. It's risky, but may mean the difference between life and death.

## Combat Hints

Some veterans of *Star Trek: 25th Anniversary* did not enjoy the space combat sequences, because it added an element of “arcade”-like action to the adventure game, and did not seem a realistic simulation of starship combat.

This may be so, but an element of visceral fun comes along with destroying a Romulan Bird of Prey. If you plan on fighting, you may want to eschew mouse control for joystick control,

which is more annoying during the adventure part but may give you the life-or-death edge you need for space combat. And there are a few things to keep in mind during the space combat segment of *Judgment Rites*. First, raise your shields and arm your weapons immediately! As soon as the *Enterprise* is hit, start Scotty on repairing the shields.

Know your enemy. If you are facing more than one ship (as in the encounter with the Elasi), take out the most powerful enemy first. Use the ship position monitor on the sensor display between Chekov and Sulu to determine the enemy's position relative to the *Enterprise*. If the dot is to the left of the center of the display, the enemy is to the ship's left. If the dot is above the center display, the ship is above the *Enterprise*, and so on. Ships behind the *Enterprise* will be in the outer band of the display.

The only way to find out which ship is most dangerous is by careful observation. For example, one of the Elasi ships in the beginning of the game can fire three



photon torpedoes at a time, while the other can only fire two. If you see your targeted ship fire three torpedoes, lock onto him and take him out first!

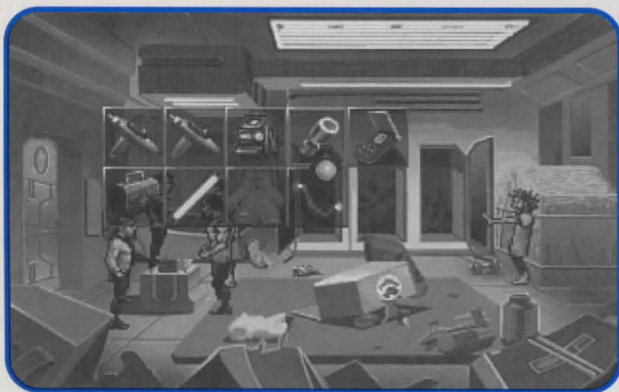
Although multiple views are available, as well as a full screen view, I found these alternative views relatively useless. The full screen view doesn't show instrument readings. The other views may come in handy when trying to fly the *Enterprise* out of an enemy weapons barrage, but evasive maneuvers should limit your exposure to enemy fire. It's best to use the sensor display and keep moving. Do not fly in a straight line. Vary your speed and keep moving quickly to stay on the defensive. After you get a bead on the enemy, however, it pays to slow down so you don't overshoot your target too quickly. Weapons lock is a useful targeting aid. When you move in close, be ready to fire your photon torpedoes. If you lose, remember that a rematch is always a saved game away.

## Exploration

Clicking the right mouse button (or pressing button 2 on your joystick) brings up the action icons: choose the appropriate icon (eyes to look, mouth to speak) for the action that you want to take. You can pick up and use items by—respectively—selecting the left and right hands on the action icon.



Saving games frequently in every chapter is a good idea, so that you can go back and correct a mistake if you did not receive a high enough rating from Starfleet. To survive Judgment Rites, remember—you are the Captain, but you are not the only person in your landing party. Spock, McCoy, and the others all have unique talents and perspectives that may help you solve your dilemma.



You can use Spock or McCoy on a particular object, then use their tricorders on the object.

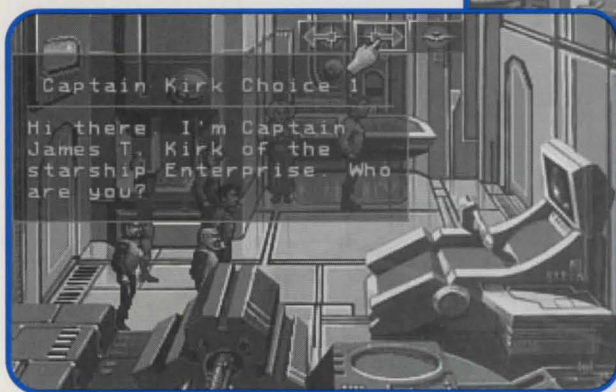
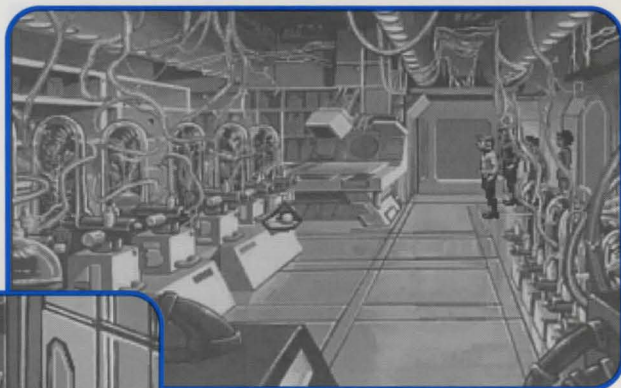
Talk to your landing party at various times during the game—they offer their opinions.

Examine everything carefully, and pay attention to what is said.



Every puzzle has a solution, but it may not be a solution that Kirk is capable of executing. Use your crew wisely, and pick up everything that isn't nailed down.

Of course, there are numerous sentient beings that Kirk can speak to during the game. ST:JR offers you a number of dialog options. Choosing the appropriate tact depends on your situation.

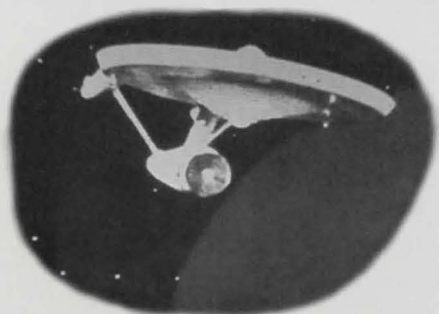


If you don't get close to the optimum score for each chapter (at least 3 commendation points, if not 4), go back and try again, if you like. Don't forget to talk to everyone, and see if you can't help them. Keep in mind the

Federation's objectives—to seek out new worlds and new civilizations. After all, you are on a mission of goodwill, as you

***"...BOLDLY GO WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE."***

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