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*Marian College  
Indianapolis, Indiana*

*Literary Anthology*

**Marian College**  
Library  
Indianapolis, Ind.

*Vol. 39*

*No. 1 ~ 1980-81*

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## Passages

Tomorrow the sun shall rise by itself  
As the child's hands pull on apron  
strings

And Mother sends her off to bed  
In a dark hole where night eyes  
pierce

A playful world winding down.

But the closet is full of broken toys  
Outgrown clothes and dreams  
Oh to touch the moon or pound  
its surface

Shaping it to fit the hole  
And jam the circuits.

I've run the race too fast, too fast.  
The child dons a woman's clothes  
No fish to catch but husbands now.  
Have I danced? Did I learn?

Do I know?

Now slow -- now slow -- now slow.  
And tomorrow the sun shall rise by  
itself.

Dot Lakmann

## Welcome, Sister!

Here once again at the same school,  
But for you, new classes, new friends.  
You're taking the hard task of living,  
Of decisions, and mending loose ends.

They say you've followed my footsteps,  
But why don't they measure our feet?  
Your shoes will never match my shoes;  
Our trodden paths seldom will meet.

I may have taught you to walk,  
But your dilligence determined your step.  
I may try to influence your thinking,  
But your own beliefs you have kept.

I'm proud that you chose the same  
school;  
I hope we'll grow closer through the years.  
I'd like to share and understand  
with you  
All the memories, the laughter and tears.

I hope it's not too late to say it;  
'till I do, my mind and heart can't rest.  
I love you very much, little sister,  
I'm proud of you, and you're the best!

Anon.

# *~ The Best Darn Rifle for the Money ~*

*by Kris Nuttall*

This was going to be a very big day. This was going to be the day that Frank and Henry finally bag a bear, and there was no way they could fail. They had all the necessary equipment for the woods: a first-aid kit, a bottle of bug juice, a portable EBR (Emergency Broadcast Radio), brightly colored clothing, two canteens of scotch, and a pair of the best darn rifles for the money. They both carried an AK 470, a rifle powerful enough to fell a grizzly yet weighing only four pounds, with an effective range of 5000 yards and an accurate range of 4000 yards, a rifle that could take the worst outdoor punishment and still look like new after one cleaning, and which had a written guarantee to last twenty years.

Frank and Henry were stumbling along the trail after sipping a generous portion of their canteens when Frank saw a brown blur, raised his trusty AK 470, and fired.

"I got him!" yelled Frank.

"Whooeee!" exclaimed Henry.

"I think it was a brown!" Frank said gleefully.

At that time the portable EBR made its customary two warning beeps and proceeded with its message.

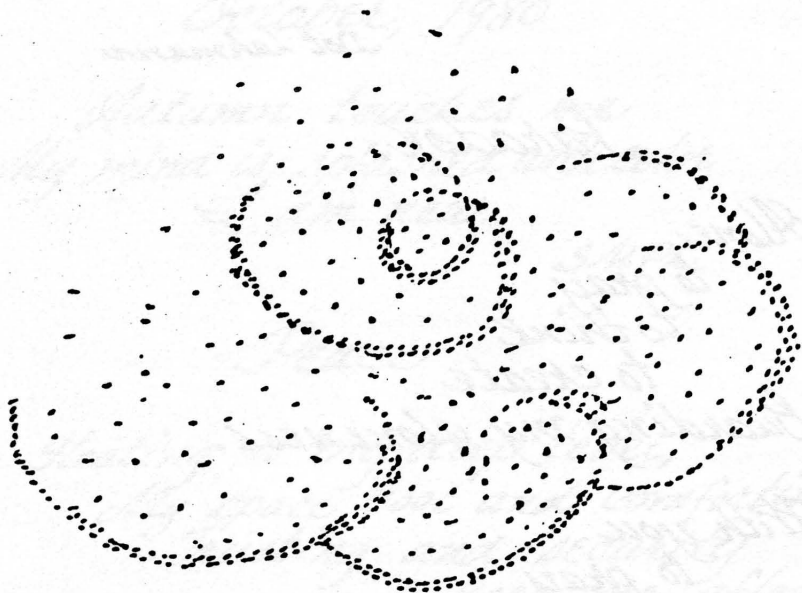
"Attention all hunters. Be on the alert for a lost hiker named Charles Jones. He is five feet eleven inches, 180 pounds, brown hair and beard, and is wearing a brown jacket. He was assisting in the search for a lost little girl when serarated from the main search party."

Frank and Henry looked dumbly at each other

for a minute and then ran to where the brown blur had been. When they were five yards away from the carcass they heard a little voice pleading, "Please wake up Mr. Jones, please."

"Oh...my...God." Henry wept out as he fell to his knees.

In anguish Frank threw his AK 470, with electronic scope sights and built-in silencer as hard as he could against a tree, but the AK 470 merely bounced off without a scratch. There was no way that Frank could have broken the AK 470, since it was the best darn rifle for the money.





## Loose Change

Echoing in the shaft  
clunk clunking  
Bouncing off bare walls  
unheard, unseen  
Silver-bronze scattering  
as they fall  
Loose change  
There's a hole  
in my pocket  
The coins fall through

Dot Lahmann

## Paradox

Alone  
to pray  
to think  
to create  
Guarding my aloneness.

With you  
to pray  
to share  
to rejoice  
Recreating ourselves.

SMPL

## Autumn

Autumn mixes color  
In her magic color machine  
She changes all that she touches  
To reds, gold, oranges  
From greens.

SMPL

October, 1980

Autumn touches me  
My mind is splashed with color  
I am new.

SMPL

## Peace

Floating at my deep level,  
My space cool and comforting,  
Trusting and security  
keep me afloat.

SMPL

# *To Ride on the Wings of an Eagle*

*To ride on the wings of an eagle,  
to rise above the highest mountains  
and soar ~*

*Flying to a place where all time  
is erased  
where freedom and grace are king ~*

*To ride on the wings of an eagle,  
to let the wind take you and  
lead you to where  
beauty and strength survive  
and the spirit is free ~*

*Touching other wingtips  
and growing in the warmth  
of the sun,  
Feeling the love and energy  
flow  
from head to body, from  
wings to soul ~*

*To ride on the wings of an eagle  
observe, ponder, open your wings,  
TAKE FLIGHT,  
and become one in soaring to  
the Highest Mountain.*

*Katrina Kuarr*

## While at the Fork of Loves

I love you ever so much so.

How much? You may never know.

How frustrating at times to have all this  
love,

this inadequately expressible love,  
innerly secured

while seeking its total expression.

And yet I ask what is 'total'?

The road is long, varied and frightening  
for those

who embark on love's true journey.

I stand here, now at the fork of  
the roads,

all of which beckon me tenderly.

I know not which to choose,  
or better yet rechoose.

I only know what I feel and even  
those feelings

which I usually know so well

seem so intense, so new, so whirling.

My soul is caught in the ebb of love.

I am frightened and scared  
for I know not where the ebb will  
take me.



Yes, indeed, I love you much.  
I need your love, your caring,  
your touch.  
I simply must trust that what is  
now is good —  
good, I pray, for both of us.

S.D.N

To Eric:

Fields of corn,  
beans  
and hay —  
On fresh black soil,  
fertile  
they lay.  
Through seasons of sun,  
rain,  
and snow —  
God will watch  
your harvest grow.  
Take good care  
of your estate.  
Remember  
always —  
this is God's place.  
Love, Jennifer (Small)

## *Tribulation*

*Hounding, pounding in the thickneass  
of grey matter  
Patience — Bah!  
Hammer the Rock  
Break its structure, or be broken  
Death — in a box!*

*Ah, my headstrong child...  
Flowers spring forth where not sown  
See them.*

*Haters gush in arid places  
Feel them.*

*Patience — what?  
Punctured, pierced, yet persistent  
Death became life  
Didn't you shiver in the mourning sun?  
For love's sake — Let Me Out!*

*Sounding, bounding  
over murky, muffled disillusion.  
Patience — yes!*

*The Rock transforms  
The hammer builds  
Joy — on wings of praise.*

*Dot Lahmann*

## Dandelion

I am a flower  
yellow and bright,  
visible like many,  
very similar in sight.

I am a flower  
just longing to stay,  
typical and predictable  
in every way.

I've lost my color,  
I watch as it falls;  
my head is then covered  
with whiskered white walls.

I am a flower  
just longing to stay,  
typical and predictable  
in every way.

I feel so denied,  
my image withdrawn,  
standing so isolated  
like a rejected black swan.

Is there much beauty  
when things have adjourned?  
It's really too late  
to be so concerned.

I am a flower  
that's found out the way,  
that typical and predictable  
is not how to stay.  
Chris Reeves

## Sky Lines

Birthday sky~  
Rainbow wrapped

Morning sky~  
White contrail scored

Dinnertime sky~  
Mashed potato clouds  
and golden gravy

Evening sky~  
Pink and grey chiffon

Night sky~  
Diamonds on black  
velvet

SMS4



# ~ One ~

by Kellie Sheerman

Silhouetted in the evening sky as stars surround the single figure, the earth revolving round and round, swirling, whirling, spinning her round and round, she stood in her defiance of the night. She, strong willed, determined--almost to the point of no return. Cry out, said the voices within her, cry out and make them see. Speak to them of things they know not. Scream to them the wrong they tell. Laugh, my child, laugh into the night unto the darkness. We await your choice; it is they or it is we. It cannot be both. Do not heed their words. Their words are flushed with evil, with wrong. Ours is the path. Come, my small one, come. The moon steals high into the inferno of the evening hours.

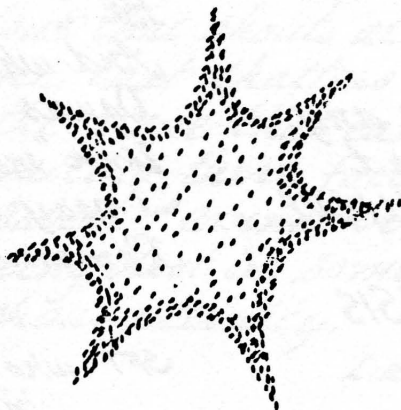
Yet, so still she stood, so cool, so calm, her eyes misty with dreams of the void where space conquers all, carrying her to where they cannot be. No, they will find me not. It is there where I go, and go they will not. Neither, neither road I take. It is not yet. Not here. Not now. No, and never will be. Yes, I will defy you. You, here lying inside of me. And them, lying outside of me, trying to attain answers to what they know not. Yes, oh yes, I know. And always will. Laughing madly, hysterically, I know. Carry my secret on the wind in a breeze for all to hear. Yet hear they cannot. No, I laugh until I cry and laugh and cry again. Let them kneel and beg and cry again to me. Yell. Scream. Ache for words that will never be spoken.

Come, it is time. The moon and the stars trickle off the sky while rays from the Other Side invade our time, soon to be your time. Come with us, little one, come. We betray you not, the voices within her sing out. They beckon her to follow, to wander on with them. Come, they plead, come.

And as the first rosy fingers reach up to push away the night, the black, the bad, she stands. Oh, she stands, solemnly awaiting, struggling, ready for the light to come in, to push them out. To let her live. Yes, that is the way--life. Life is all. Life is good. Let the light shine in. Bring on the dawn, she com-

mands. Yes, live I will. And the evening sky took on the amber glow of day, of good. But the stars had not all dimmed. Yes, they have light also. And they have life. They have power. It is they who win. It is rightly their turn. Day had her claim on the Other Side, not this one. Yes, this side was theirs, the night's, the world where black and gray and shadow prevail. Mystery and caution, and above all, fear is night. Yes, night equates these and many more with her. And this little one (mmph, ha), yes, she belongs with the shadows of voices, not the colors and blinding light of you, day. No, she is night now and forever, evermore.

So day finished her climb and sparkled on the edge, awakening all things to a new beginning. Birds began their caroling, and butterflies flitted across the fields of gold and green and daffodils. And looking to the last whisp of night, I saw her there as if she were a cloud of mist, hovering, floating to the Other Side. Yes, she is no more. She is lost to them to follow. She is at peace within, without. She is everywhere. She is in all and beckons those now chosen to hear the voices. Those who yearn for the secret and wish to trail the rim of night. Turning 'round to face day in all her glory, to life, I perceive a figure, standing haloed by day. With reds and yellows, blues and greens radiating around her, through her. Rejoicing. Smiling. Singing. Come day, work. Time we are losing.



# *Thespian Time*

*(Fondly dedicated to JD 264)*

What challenge  
There is in  
Creating  
Creators  
(Whether an-or-pro-agonists)  
Charging you  
To collaborate  
In sustaining  
Dis-belief  
Drawing  
Sub-text up and out  
Historionically  
BEING  
What is meant  
Real  
Realer  
Real-est  
Acting  
Always as  
IF...  
Faithful to any  
Author's word  
MAKING BELIEVE  
In what  
Is CATHARSIS

Shared  
Emphatically felt  
From exposition  
To denouement  
Never, ever  
Exclaiming  
(Delsarte?)  
What is merely  
To be heard  
Make magic  
You  
ARE...  
BE..  
And when there  
Dawns  
Your "moment of truth"  
I pray thee  
Remember  
me.....  
SFT who puts "method"  
into madness.

Tricorn

The time has come when  
sirens no longer sing;  
Nor will the roc ever  
again be heard,  
And the phoenix will never  
rise on golden wings,  
And Tiresias, poor Tiresias  
can say not a word.  
But the unicorn lingers  
in the minds of us all,  
For she alone heeded not  
reality's call.

L. A. Edwards

## Pebbles for Thought

The rock that gathers speed,  
The stone that shouts at me,  
The rock that shatters glasses,  
And the stone that cannot see  
Are waiting there forever  
For whatever cannot be;  
Collecting dust in someone's thoughts  
Throughout eternity.

L.A. Edwards



55. 12. 95.  
J. J. J.



## *Between my Distances*

*My first distance  
is killed by the gray sky of your smile.*

*Forever.*

*My second distance  
will never die.*

*She keeps her irony  
with strict rules,  
with secret lies.*

*But I am still alive.*

*I walk with magic steps  
toward my first dead distance.*

*Marta Hernandez*

# Indifference

Hords jumble around me, ideas chasing  
after each other,

clashing

against walls of indifference.

Drones without faces  
drag time with blood-red leashes;

hours drag like seconds.

Echoes of reality clash within my mind,

up  
a tubular stairway

and down a sandy  
slide.

Voices like clock-tones, two-sided from  
the  
twin within myself,

Force themselves from my eyes  
as tears.

L. A. Edwards

# ~ Bored to Death ~

*by Michael Pratt*

My best friend Mike and I considered ourselves to be the best tree-house builders in the state of Indiana. In the past three summers (as we were going through adolescence), we had constructed, torn down, and reconstructed about five or six of these lofty hideouts. Well, into our fourth summer, we began growing bored of the danger and excitement involved in tree-house building. We began searching for something new, something that would surely worry our mothers sick (one of most boys' favorite pastimes). That's when Mike and I found the drainage pipe--a pipe large enough that we could walk into it, provides we leaned forward from the waist as if we were doing a bending exercise or trying to touch our toes with our hands.

The idea struck us at the same time--to walk through the pipe and find its beginning. We raced to my house to get a flashlight, fantasizing all the way there and back about the dangers ahead, as if we were about to embark on a journey to the center of the earth. There was an apartment complex under construction about a mile and a half from our neighborhood. The pipe pointed in that direction, so we assumed that's where it started.

We returned to the end of the pipe, peering in with eager anticipation of the adventure that lay ahead. I assumed the lead, flashlight in hand, tense from the surge of adrenaline running through my body, daydreaming childish thoughts of underground creatures, lying in wait around the next bend. It was not until we had turned the second bend that I realized something was wrong. I had the eerie feeling we were all alone, deep inside the earth with no escape. The end of the pipe, once bright and showing the security of daylight from where we started, was now gone. It seemed as if we had been walking for hours in the deep, timeless tunnel. We walked on, soon turning the third bend, and there it was, the end of our trip--light at the other end--not bright light as if it were direct sun-

light, but a rather dull light. Mike and I didn't care though, for we were relieved to see any kind of natural light. We walked on until we found the end, a large cement room which measured approximately eight feet wide, eight feet long, and twelve feet high. Upon entering, we discovered that our pipe was the main drainage channel for the street drains of the apartment complex, and the room we were in was fed by smaller drainpipes from the rest of the complex. It was at this point that we noticed the rain.

The rain did not alarm us at first because our escape seemed simple. One of us had to climb the rungs placed in the wall and lift the grate on the street's edge above. I tried first, but the grate was either too heavy or it was somehow sealed into the road. Neither Mike nor I could budge it. At this point we began to get concerned, for the rain was coming down harder, and our only means of escape was to make the long walk back to where we began.

Mike and I entered the pipe with me once again in the lead. The water we walked in was now six inches deep, so we walked quickly at a double step. When we had reached the first bend, the water had risen to twelve inches. We stopped to catch our breath, thinking about the short distance we had come and the quick rate at which the water was rising. We started again, trying to run; however, the crouched position we were forced into greatly hampered our progress. Finally we rounded the second bend with the water now just below our knees. There was just one more bend, but the water was rushing faster and faster. That's when I fell. I didn't hurt myself, but I broke my flashlight. This meant, of course, that we had to slow our pace to feel our way along the pipe. Just as we began to feel as if we might not make it, we reached the last bend. And there it was--150 yards away--DAYLIGHT. We had made it. The opening provided us with enough light to pick up our pace.

We came to the end of the pipe, stepped out onto

the ground and collapsed, exhausted because of our close brush with death. Mike and I walked in the rain for an hour or so and then returned to the opening of the pipe. Now water was gushing out, covering up about two-thirds of the opening. At this point, Mike and I decided we had had enough excitement for one summer. Tree-house building took on an unexplained attraction for us. . .

## *Now*

*Smiling is my now—  
at myself  
at my friends  
at nature.*

*Tomorrow may not be smiling.*

*SMPL*

## *Within*

*My day was spent below the well,  
Deep inside the rock of my being,  
Dark, cool and calm.*

*Down where the foundation is strong,  
Where the waters are cool and clear,  
Thinking of my life and  
decisions.*

*SMPL*



## Snow Child

Snow, you child-maker,  
Teaching us we cannot walk  
Teaching us we cannot see  
Teaching us the futility of sureness  
and the necessity of faith.

As you renew the landscape,  
so you renew us —

"Concentrate on walking;  
place one foot, then the other,"  
you whisper gently.

"Look closely now;  
that path you always took  
isn't even there.

"Break new ground! See,  
those are your footprints!"

You acknowledge our presence  
as we acknowledge your gift —  
Each of us marks the other.

SMsb

# Haiku ~

In the leafless oak

a pair of restless crows

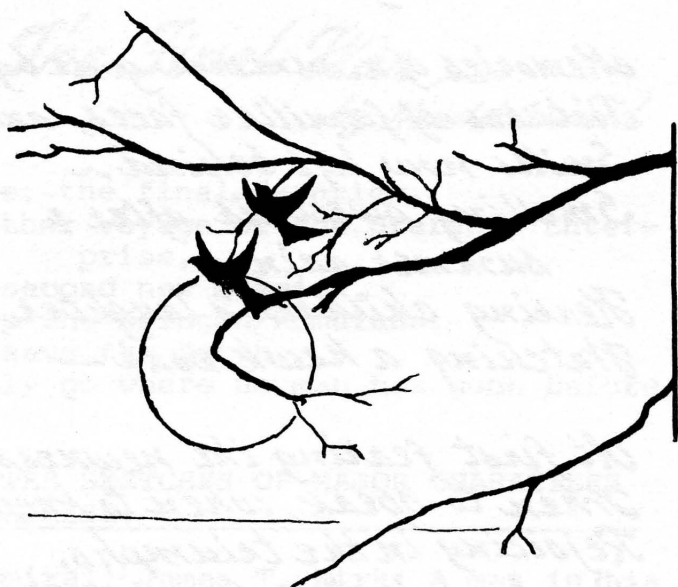
and the setting sun

Drew Appleby

葉を落としたに櫓

鳥の番<sup>が</sup>い休<sup>や</sup>まず、

沈みゆく陽。



*Japanese Calligraphy by Keiko Powers*  
*Drawing by Diana K. Solar*

## Boys' Club Camp

Memories of a summer gone by,  
Pictures of familiar faces, and  
Smiles now left behind ~  
Smelling sweet air after a  
    summer rain,  
Hearing children's laughter,  
Hatching a hawk soak ~

At first fearing the newness ~  
Then to speak, when to keep silent,  
Rejoicing in the triumphs,  
Praying during frustrations,  
Learning, growing, appreciating ~

Children of laughter,  
Children of sorrow ~  
So many children to love,  
Needing kindness, needing love,  
Needing a gentle hand ~  
Yet always the innocent smile  
Stays ~

Giving so much and wanting  
    to give more ~  
That words to say when little  
    children go home ~  
Summer memories linger on . . .

Katrina Kuarr

# ~ The Final War ~

by Harold Oswald

Space, the final frontier.  
This is another voyage of the Starship Enterprise,  
Its second new mission,  
To stop the Klingon/Romulans,  
And save the Earth.  
And to boldly go where no man has gone before.

## CHARACTER SKETCHES OF MAJOR CHARACTERS OF THE ENTERPRISE:

---

Captain (Admiral) James T. Kirk: A man in his early 40's, whose independent nature and heart make him a natural leader, he always takes ship and crew problems before other problems.

Mr. Spock (Science and First Officer): He is of Half-Vulcan, Half-Terran background, which accounts for his analytical mind and extraordinary strength. His life is almost totally run by logic and reason.

Dr. Leonard McCoy (Lt. Commander-M.D., also Senior Ship Surgeon, and head of Life Sciences Department.): Even though he has the most advanced equipment in the 23rd Century, he would rather practice medicine with his heart, rather than with his head.

Lt. Commander Montgomery Scott (Chief Engineer-Third in Command.): He is a middle-aged man of Scottish descent. He knows more about a ship's engineering than anybody alive, or dead.

Lt. Commander Sulu (Helmsman-Fourth in Command.)  
He pilots the Enterprise from the bridge.



Lt. Commander Uhura (Head of Communications): She runs all ship communications. She is a Bantu from Africa; she is also fifth in command.

Lt. Chekov (Weapons/Navigation): He is from Russia. His primary duty is the Weapons Console, in the Bridge. He is also parttime navigator, located to the right of Sulu.

Dr. Christine Chapel (Assistant Chief Medical Officer): She chose the Federation after her husband, Roger, disappeared. She will take over as head Medical Officer when McCoy resigns, which she hopes never happens.

Lt. Janice Rand (Chief Transporter Officer): She used to be the Captain's Yeoman but was promoted to Lieutenant and was made Chief Transporter Officer.

\*\*\*\*\*

Captain's Log-Stardate 7906.21: We have just left the orbital drydock high above San Francisco. We had a second re-design in our phaser system. It consisted of having a bypass connected away from our warp power system, and returning it to our original and improved phaser system. We have been ordered by Starfleet, along with the U.S.S. CONCORDE, to immediately proceed to Starbase 14, where they have been captured by the Klingon/Romulan alliance and, as a last resort, fight against the alliance. The ENTERPRISE is now approximately 1 1/3 hours from Starbase 14.

\*\*\*\*\*

As the Captain finished his log, he hit the button to shut the log computer. Just then, Scotty entered the Bridge from the turbo-lift elevator. He immediately walked over to the Captain's chair.

"Captain," he said, "Can I have a few words with you?"

"Sure, Scotty," the Captain answered. They both headed towards the turbolift. "You have the con, Mr. Spock," he added.

When the doors to the turbolift closed, Scotty was the first person to talk, "Captain, I am a little worried about the phasers. They haven't had a really good testing yet," he complained.

"And?" the Captain followed.

"It is possible that the phasers will not work at 100% efficiency, maybe not at all. I think that we should stop at the asteroid testing station and test them out. It should only take about one hour," he continued.

"Scotty," the Captain replied, "we don't have time to stop over and test the phasers. If you have done all that is possible, they should work. If they don't, well, that is a chance we will have to take," he added.

"But Captain," Scotty continued, "I wish you would reconsider; if the improper amount of energy is put into the phasers, we could lose the entire phaser system, therefore leaving us only with photon torpedoes. And those, Captain, we only have 20 of," he pointed out.

"Understood, Scotty," the Captain said, but Starfleet orders take precedence. I told Starfleet the situation, but they still want us out there, whether our repairs are completed or not. They seem to think that we can complete our repairs en route."

The turbolift doors opened, and they walked into the phaser room. They moved over to where several people were working on the phaser coupling system.

"How is the coupling system coming along?" Scotty asked.

"Not too good," one of the ensigns answered. "In fact, the power system doesn't seem to remain steady; it keeps jumping around

whenever we couple the systems together. So we have to keep taking the system apart, recalibrating the power, then recoupling the systems. We've done this five times already," he added.

Just then, the intercom interrupted them. It was Uhura calling the Captain.

"Bridge to Captain Kirk, Bridge to Captain Kirk."

Kirk walked over to the intercom. "Yes Lt., what seems to be the problem?" he said.

Spock came to the screen. "Captain, we are prepared for warp speed. Jupiter capcom has our intended warp plot and has cleared us for warp speed," he said.

"Very well, Mr. Spock, I will be there presently," Kirk answered. "Can you handle things here, Scotty?" he questioned.

"Aye, Captain. We should be able to," he answered.

With those words, Kirk left the phaser room, and headed for the Bridge. He entered the turbolift, the doors closed, and he gave the usual "Bridge" order. The elevator obeyed, first going horizontally, then finally, in the vertical direction, stopping at the Bridge. He proceeded to his chair, located in the center of the Bridge.

"Stand by for warp power, Mr. Sulu," the Captain ordered.

"Aye sir," Sulu answered, "we are ready for warp drive."

"Warp 12, Mr. Sulu," the Captain ordered.

"Yes sir," Sulu answered, "Warp 12."

The ENTERPRISE suddenly sprang forward, as the collision between matter and anti-matter created the energy necessary for warp power. However, nobody on the Bridge noticed it, since the inertia dampening system was working perfectly.

Approximately 12 seconds later, Sulu

N  
110  
17M2  
announced, "Warp 12, Captain. E.T.A. for Starbase 14 is now 2.37 hours, at warp 12."

Then, Uhura announced, "Captain, I have an emergency message from Starbase 14."

"Put it on audio, Lieutenant," he responded.

"Aye Captain," Uhura followed.

"Jim, this is Admiral Steinz. I know that you have been ordered out here, with the CONCORDE, but I have some grave news. The Klingon/Romulan alliance has demanded that we hand over this Starbase. I refused, and now they said that they are going to destroy us. What are the E.T.A.'s of your ships," he asked worriedly.

"The CONCORDE will be in range in approximately one hour. The ENTERPRISE will be in range in approximately 1.75 hours. Can you hold them off until then?" he asked.

"I don't know Jim. They have a new weapon. It seems to drain the power in the deflector generators. We are down to only 30% deflector power. They have been taking pot shots at us for the past 15 minutes. They know that we can't keep our deflectors up for very much longer. That's why I called you, Jim," he said.

"If you could just get a little information on their draining weapon, we could possibly find a way to knock that system out so that you can build your power back up," he explained.

"All that we know, Jim, is that it also causes them to use a lot of their power. When they use it, they fire their phasers at us, but they have no engine power, so it must cause quite a drain on their warp systems. We just can't get a good shot at those ships," he complained. Suddenly, the RED ALERT signal was heard coming from Starbase 14. "Jim, our

deflector generators have just blown. We're defenseless..." the screen went blank.

"Uhura!" Kirk exclaimed, "Get them back," he ordered.

"I can't," Uhura answered. "They are not transmitting," she added.

Spock added, "Captain, Starbase 14 is no longer there. All there is, are the drones that they released before we lost contact."

"Well," Kirk said aloud, "the Klingon/Romulans wanted a war; now it looks like they have one," he added angrily.

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Captain's Log-Stardate 7907.18: The Klingon/Romulan alliance has destroyed Starbase 14, mostly due to a new weapon that they have developed. It drains the power in the deflector generators, which is the only way to keep up the deflectors except for the emergency power, which can only supply several hours of deflector power. The CONCORDE is now holding its present course until we catch up to her. And we will continue together. We have contacted Starfleet to ask for backup ships, but the rest are in drydock. So the CONCORDE and the ENTERPRISE are the only two ships capable of stopping the six ships making up this alliance. If we can find a way to block their weapon, we have a good chance to stop them. We are now 30 minutes from battle.

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Several minutes later, the ENTERPRISE caught up with the CONCORDE, and together they headed for the area of space which once contained Starbase 14. During that short voyage there, the Captain of the CONCORDE beamed over to the ENTERPRISE to plan the strategy they would need to fight a war which never should have happened.

On the Bridge, Lt. Chekov announced, "Mr. Spock, I read a group of vessels approaching



us at warp 8. The ship configuration is that of both the Klingons and Romulans."

"Very well, Mr. Chekov," answered Spock. "Lt. Uhura, please call the Captain to the Bridge. Mr. Chekov, signal YELLOW ALERT, and keep me posted as to the distance and velocity of the ships," he added.

Several minutes later, Captain Kirk walked onto the Bridge. Spock spoke first, "Did Captain Stacey beam back over to the CONCORDE?" he asked.

"Yes, he did. He wanted to be there, just in case there is any trouble," the Captain replied.

Spock added, " There is a group of Klingon-Romulan configurations headed our way at warp 8, approximately 379,000 kilometers distant, and closing. And as you already know, YELLOW ALERT has been posted."

"Very good, MR. Spock," the Captain complimented. "Mr. Chekov, sound RED ALERT, and let me know when battle stations are achieved," he added.

"Yes sir," answered the Russian Lieutenant. "RED ALERT, RED ALERT, BATTLE STATIONS. THIS IS NO DRILL! THIS IS NO DRILL! BATTLE STATIONS!" The RED ALERT klaxons rang out, as the ENTERPRISE was about to enter a war. The lights on the Bridge turned red.

"Standard light, Mr. Chekov," ordered the Captain. "Distance from ships, Mr. Chekov," he added.

"150,000 kilometers and closing at warp 9," answered Chekov. "Battle stations are assumed, Captain," he added.

"Very good," he replied. "Mr. Sulu, since our deflector generators are located in the rear of the ship, keep most of the deflector power there to protect them. Mr. Chekov, keep all phasers and photon torpedoes forward," he added.

Mr. Spock interrupted the Captain, "Captain, if we can get several phaser or photon torpedo strikes on the aft port side of the ships, it is possible to deactivate the weapon."

"Are you positive, Spock?" requested the Captain.

"Quite sure, Captain," Spock said. "Sensors indicate that that is where 80% of the total energy of their warp system is being spent."

"Distance to the ships, Mr. Chekov," Kirk commanded.

"95,000 kilometers, and closing, Captain," Chekov answered.

"Lock all phasers on the aft port side of the ship closest to us. Fire on my signal only," Kirk ordered.

"Phasers locked on target, Captain," Chekov replied.

"Mr. Sulu, slow to warp 6, keeping our aft section away from them."

"Yes sir," acknowledged Sulu.

"Stand by on Phasers, Mr. Chekov. FIRE PHASERS!" ordered Kirk.

The phasers worked! They hit squarely on the closest ship. Evidently, they didn't have their deflectors up; because when the phasers hit, the ship blew apart. The CONCORDE repeated process on the ship closest to it with the same results. But, Mr. Chekov was so excited about what had happened that he failed to notice an alarm flashing its deadly warning: The phaser coupling had broken. The phasers now did not function. When the Captain ordered the phasers to be fired again, nothing happened.

"What happened, Chekov?" the Captain inquired.

"The phaser coupling broke, Captain; the phasers are useless. I am now switching over to the photon torpedoes," answered Chekov.

"Stand by on torpedo tubes 1 and 2," said Kirk. "Torpedoes away!" he added.

"Torpedoes away," said Chekov. A moment later he added, "A direct hit, Captain, their new weapon is deactivated."

Then Lt. Uhura announced, "Captain, the ship we just attacked is trying to contact us. Shall I put it on audio?"

"Yes, Lieutenant," Kirk answered.

The faces of the commanding officers appeared on the screen

"ENTERPRISE and CONCORDE, we are willing to accept a cease-fire, since you have seemed to penetrate our new weapon. We cannot continue to wage a losing battle to your sophisticated ships. We wish to meet with you in the near future. We now cease hostilities on your Federation. Will you cease your hostilities on us?"

"We are willing to draw up a cease fire on board the ENTERPRISE. Since you are violating Federation space, you will be required to be present on this ship," Kirk said.

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Captain's Log-Stardate 7908.89: A peace accord has been drawn up between the Klingon-Romulan Alliance and the Federation. The plans for the new weapon have been distributed to all members of the Federation, which is what the Federation wanted. The Klingon/Romulan Alliance is to be broken up, and the Federation will offer help to restore peace to both parties involved. The Romulans accepted, but the Klingons refused, which didn't surprise us. They are going their own way. The ENTERPRISE is now headed back to orbital drydock for repairs on our phasers. THE FINAL WAR is over, I hope that it remains that way. It probably won't, but then again, miracles do happen. Look at the 1969 Mets in the now defunct game of baseball.

THE END-FOR NOW



*Week of  
March 16-20 !*

