

ENTERTAINMENT FOR HUMANOIDS

OBSERVATION I

\$3.50



ENTERTAINMENT FOR HUMANOIDS

OBSC'ZINE

MARCH 26, 1977



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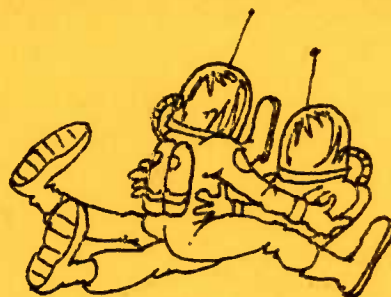
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The EDITORIAL



Finally, here it is, the first issue of THE OBSC'ZINE! (And am I glad to have finally finished typing up the beast!)

I'd like to use this space to mention a few things; about this issue, and about the next issue. First off, I'd like to thank Vivian Sheffield for her loan of the original Spock drawing, entitled "R & R", for my use as the cover of this issue. I'd also like to thank Alice Jones for giving me permission to print the illustration. My sincere thanks also to the artists represented in this issue -- they did a terrific job under the world's shortest deadline -- and I promise to give them more leeway the next time around.

Contents for THE OBSC'ZINE #2 already include the following stories:

"Pon Farr," by Marcia Mathog
the "Kama Vulca," by Santaclasa; illustrated by Doug Rice
"The Big E Meets The Big O or The Ultimate Trek Tail," by
Lora René
"There Goes Paradise," by Johanna Cantor
"Kismet," by Dani Morin

Also scheduled for THE OBSC'ZINE #2 is a cover illustration of Kirk by Alice Jones, Paula Smith's Species Jokes, and a series of articles on Pon Farr, as interpreted by various fan writers. Anyone is welcome to write a treatise on anyone's own personal theory of the whys and wherefores of Pon Farr. Donna McIntosh, Anne Snell, and Rose English will have more poetry. Submissions for THE OBSC'ZINE #2 should be received by the end of May. (How about bringing your limericks, Pon Farr theories, etc. to give to me at SeKWester*Con?) The second issue of THE OBSC'ZINE is scheduled to be printed at the end of June.

Incidentally, anyone interested in helping collate WARPED SPACE and/or THE OBSC'ZINE should let me know so. I will keep your name on file, and will endeavor to notify you at least a week in advance of each collating date. Collators are welcome to spend the night and are usually fed breakfast the morning after.

For THE OBSC'ZINE #1

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ADDITION

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL
1900-1901

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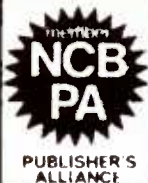
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back cover--Clare Bell

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Joni Wagner--p. 13
Beverly Zuk--pp. 36, 41, 46



This issue is dedicated to Paula M. Block. I tried to get it out in time for your birthday on February 14, but hope you don't mind if it is slightly more than one month late ...



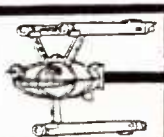
*Do you know what hermaphrodites do for kicks?
They sit on themselves.*

--M.A. Moody

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1106
NO.

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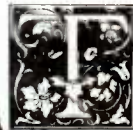
**T' KUBTIAN
PRESS**



TALES OF OLD T'KUHṬ

The Tale Of Conscience

Translated and Illustrated by GORDON CARLETON



The true sign of when young men and women of the race become of age is when they discover each other. So it was with Lahv'N and T'Layh. However, it is the second sign of the coming of age that parents shall try to keep them separate for a time, and so it was that these two stole away to rendezvous in a secluded glade known only to young lovers.

Lahv'N and T'Layh found the place much to their liking, almost as much to their liking as they found each other. The wind was sun-warm and the high towers of rocks encircled and shaded them from the sun and other unwanted observers, save for the Orb in the sky.

Together they walked and laughed and sang sweet words that only lovers know, said in the way only lovers can say. And so they spent the day in this manner until the shadows of the rocks lengthened towards night.

"T'Layh, my love, if we are to couple we must start before the sky turns violet, for if our beds are not slept in we shall be missed," whispered Lahv'N into the tiny ear of his beloved.

"But, Lahv'N, I cannot unless your words are true," protested the girl, though not trying to elude the embrace.

"And how will you know if my words are true?" he asked.

"Only you can know the truth of your words. Your conscience will tell you if you've lied to me--or to yourself."

Lahv'N thought for a while before speaking, his arms still holding the girl closely. "How will I know this conscience of mine?"

"Your conscience will appear as a stern reflection of yourself ... or so my mother told



me," she added with a smile and a flutter of eyelashes.

Lahv'N reflected for a moment. Then his hand slowly stroked the girl's arm, down her side, lingering on her hips. "I see no visions ... except for you."

And so they intertwined, discarding their clothes. Their bodies rubbed and caressed and rolled and convulsed until their love scent rose above the rock towers a third time. And they slept for a time.

Lahv'N was the first to reawaken. The sun had almost set and the Orb loomed on the opposite horizon. He looked at T'Layh as she slept, her hair hanging over her serene face. He thought of what she's said, about conscience. He thought about the things he'd said to her, to get her there, to get ... What was that sound?

A beam of light at first, shimmering into a form; the form solidified into a man--a tall, dark, stern man.

The man looked about, but without any variance in his expression.

Lahv'N stood up, his knees knocking slightly together. He faced the intruder, trying not to notice any resemblance. "Who--what are you doing here?"

The intruder eyed him, slightly uncomfortably. "I came to ... observe."

T'Layh remained asleep although she repositioned herself, unashamed of her nakedness. Lahv'N looked down at the movement and had to force his eyes to meet again with the intruder's. "Why ... why do you observe?"

"To understand the universe better," began the intruder. "To learn--new things."

So naive, Lahv'N thought to himself, ~~for a being able to observe!~~ "Where do you come from?" he asked feebly.

"I come from there," said the observer, pointing to the Orb. "That planet is my home. We call it 'Vulcan'."

The Orb? thought Lahv'N with a shudder. The Orb is always in the sky above us--what better place for Deceadence to live, but where he could always--~~listen!~~ "Is--what you ... uh, observed ... different from what you'd ... do?" asked Lahv'N, trying to mask his concern.

The intruder inhaled and blinked twice before answering. "We would do things ... differently."

Lahv'N's mind reeled. "Where you come from one would not do as I have for the attentions of a lady as beautiful as T'Layh?"

The intruder raised an eyebrow and explained, "On my planet, physical beauty alone is not sufficient for a ... response of this type."

Lahv'N did not like the sound of this at all, but he persisted. "No, not her beauty alone, but for her love. For the love she has for me, and I for her."

The intruder raised his eyebrow again. "On my planet we do not do such things for love alone. For such an activity as this we need more than mere beauty and love--a bonding, permanent and everlasting, a bond so strong it is as if from birth ... " He seemed unable to explain further. "I must go now," he added.

"Shall you ever return?" asked Lahv'N curiously.

"Perhaps," came the solemn reply, "but I think not to this spot." With his left hand he touched a box attached to his belt. He began to shimmer and raised his right hand in a sign. The shimmer vanished.

Lahv'N sat down thoughtfully. He looked at the silent female form beside him. She stirred and looked up at him. "I thought I heard voices," she said sleepily.

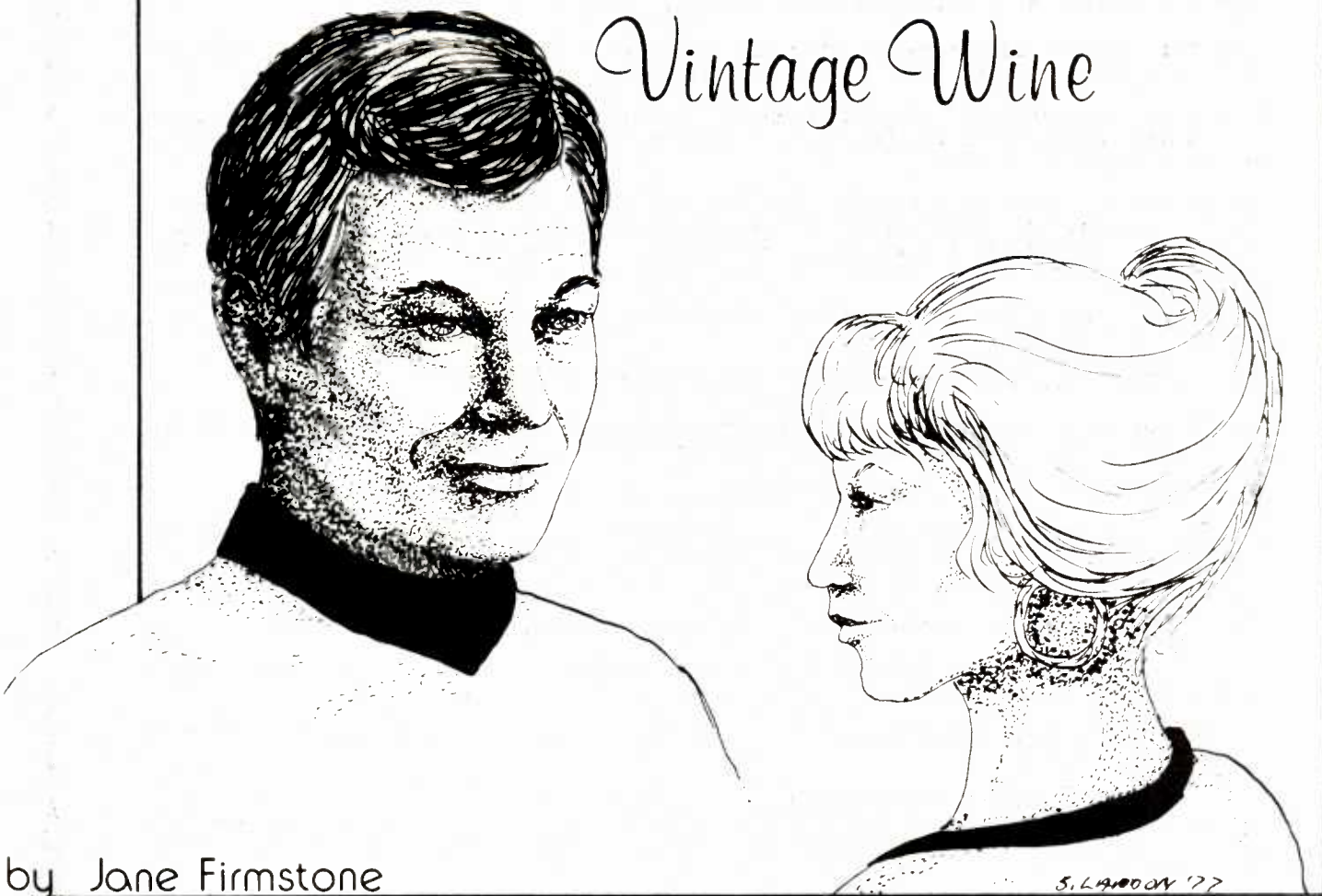
"Yes," Lahv'N began, without really knowing how to explain the event. "I was talking to my conscience."

Lethargy fled from T'Layh's eyes. "What did your conscience say?"

Lahv'N ran his hand along her thigh. "Does not a conscience stay with you if you lie to yourself, or to another?"

And the shadows of the long rocks lengthened and joined into one darkness as the Orb glowed in the night sky.

Vintage Wine



by Jane Firmstone

When I woke I looked over at Bones. He was staring at the ceiling and I vaguely wondered how long he had been awake. I rolled over and slid my hand down his chest to grasp his sleeping penis.

"Pretty good last night." I commented sleepily.

He kissed my nose and smiled crookedly. "Yeah, it wasn't bad for an old man."

"Don't get on that kick again," I warned him gently. "I'm not in the mood. Anyway I thought we settled that last night."

He moved his arm so that I could snuggle against his chest. "I love you a lot Bones, but I'm not in love with you, so don't worry about entanglements. Your age doesn't mean shit to me, what matters is what's in your head. If the years that you've lived have contributed to that then that's all that matters. The saddest thing you can do is grow older, but no wiser."

He laughed and I joined him in feeling good about life and just being here, in bed, together. Since his birthday last week Bones had been feeling very uptight about being fifty-one. He leads a productive life, but a lonely one and everyone needs to know that they are loved, even Chief Medical Officers.

As a lowly Ensign I didn't think that McCoy would pay me the slightest bit of attention, but I guess his southern chivalry won't let him ignore anyone. When he accidentally slammed into me rounding a corner and knocked me down he was most attentive and apologetic.

He insisted on running a quick physical, to make sure that I hadn't damaged anything. To tell the truth I was delighted by it. I had been on board for six months and I don't think that he had ever noticed me before, even if I am a lab tech in the Bacteriology Section.

"Nothing seems to be broken," he said at long last.

I nodded, although I could have told him that earlier. If there was anything that I had learned about medicine it was that broken bones hurt.

"Thank you for looking after me," I said as I slid off the exam table.

"Going back on duty?"

"No, I was just getting off." He did not comment and I nearly made it to the door before he spoke.

"Have you had dinner yet, Ensign ...?"

"St. Thomas, Mercury St. Thomas," I said, quickly filling in the blank.

"Mercury?" His eyebrow shot up and an amused look came into his blue eyes.

That first name of mine has gotten more attention. I could never get a straight answer from my parents about it. Maybe the fact that I was an eight-month baby had something to do with it.

"I'm a speedy runner," I quipped. "And I haven't had dinner yet."

McCoy grinned. "Well, Mercury, will you join me? I can't promise you nectar and ambrosia, but there must be something eatable in the galley." He gallantly extended his arm and escorted me to dinner.

He was right--it wasn't the food of the Gods, but it was edible and my appetite was spiked by the excellent conversation that went with it. I had no idea that McCoy was so verbal. He had a good working knowledge of what I did in the Bac T Lab and he grinned when I told him that I aimed to be a lieutenant in record time.

"Don't worry, Mercury, you'll make it, but remember there has to be some Indians. We can't all be chiefs."

Well, I intended to be a chief. Chief of the Bac T Lab and from the way Bones was looking at me I figured that I could count on his support on the way up.

When dinner was finished he invited me to his room to sample a vintage bottle of Saurian brandy. It seemed to be an excellent idea.

We sipped and talked and sipped some more. I half-ways expected him to offer to show me his etchings, but he was a perfect gentleman. I began to like that gentle man very much and by the fourth glass of brandy I came to know that I very much wanted to have him make love to me.

I slipped out of my chair and walked around to stand behind him. When I placed my hands on his firm shoulders I could feel the tension tying his muscles into knots. Slowly I kneaded the firm flesh and felt the knots relax. When the last of them was gone I leaned over and whispered in his ear, "I want you to make love to me."

He stood immediately and I looked up at him, not knowing if he were angry with me for being so bold, or what.

"What did you say?" he asked, almost crisply.

Oh Lord, what have I done? "I want you to make love to me."

He just stood, for a long moment, with his hands resting on my shoulders. Then as I watched his manner softened and warmed and he bent to kiss me. Softly, gently at first then with more and more pressure, till his lips were bursting mine. He caught me in his arms and swept away my breath.

When he released me I stepped back and unfastened my uniform. It slid down to puddle at my feet and I stooped to pick it up. I was suddenly conscious of the weight of my breasts as they fought both gravity and my bra. When I stood up I unfastened the bra and let them tumble free.

It felt good to be half-nude before an appreciative man. I felt his eyes following the heavy swing of my breasts as I set my uniform on the chair and slid out of my boots and panty hose. Except for my panties I was nude and McCoy was not.

"It's your turn," I hinted. I was every bit as eager to see him as he was to see me.

He took the hint and slid his shirt off. A sprinkling of greying hair trickled down his chest. Nice. I like men with a bit of fur. He took off his boots next and his

socks. I watched with a bit of interest as he slid his pants down, but he was wearing briefs.

He turned, flipped on the desk viewer and shut off the lights. The un-programmed viewer gave the room a nice glow, softening corners and angles. He slid his briefs down and I did the same. When I looked at him he was standing nude with a most impressive hard-on.

"You're beautiful," I whispered.

"That's my line," he said as he bent to nibble my neck. I shivered as his lips traced up to mine. I held him close, loving the warm firmness of his body pressing mine. Loving the feel of his maleness pressing insistently at my belly.

We lay down and he kissed me for a time. I liked that and I knew that he was going to be a memorable lover. Bones, for I could no longer think of him as McCoy, explored the inside of my ear with the tip of his tongue, giving me the most delicious chills.

He trailed his lips down and tasted my breasts. It felt so good that I couldn't help laughing from the joy I felt. He stopped.

"What's so funny?" he wanted to know.

"Not funny, my love, beautiful, ecstatic. You make me feel so good I can't help laughing." He was silent a moment. Maybe he'd never made love to a woman who laughs, maybe all his women ever did was moan.

A warm chuckle floated up. "You make me feel good, too," he said and went back to kissing my breasts.

I moved a hand down to hold him. He was hard ... ready and I slid my hand along the shaft, enjoying the silky feeling of movement in the skin. His pubic hair was crisp and felt good against the back of my hand. He strained against me and I squeezed him, eliciting a soft moan.

He trailed his lips down, pausing briefly at my navel. I giggled at the unexpected assault and I heard the rumble of his laughter. He blew into it causing a perfectly obscene sound. The laughter was stronger this time and caused a quiet quaking.

He continued down and I found that I was holding my breath. When his lips touched me I cried out and spread my legs even further. I felt my self opening ... warming ... enjoying. When he paused I propped myself up and looked down.

He was looking up at me and for a moment he had a terrific moustache. I laughed delightedly and so did he. I ran a hand through his hair.

"How do I taste?"

"Salty ... like the sea, only warm and soft." His laughter entwined with mine and I pulled him up.

He fit in me nicely and I wrapped my legs around him. He undulated with an easy rhythm that I matched easily. His kisses were warmer now and slippery ... from me.

I tasted nice.

He began to move faster and I rode with him. I could feel his orgasm well up and then subside as he waited for me.

"He'd better wait for me, or I'll eat him up," I warned.

"He'll wait," Bones said tightly. "He'll wait."

Suddenly the time for waiting was past. "Now!" I screamed in a whisper. "Now you son-of-a-bitch!"

I was surprised by the strength of his assault, but not for long. I held on as he rode the cresting wave of his own orgasm. We finished together in a shattering instant when all the universe fell apart and left only us.

I lay in his arms for a long time, feeling warm and loved. When he finally rose to go to the bathroom, I propped myself up and watched him pass. I liked the way his neat bottom fitted into his muscular legs. Even soft he was impressive and I watched the easy swing of it against his leg and loosened testicles.

When he came out I went in, aware that his eyes were on me all the way. I gave my hips an extra swing. The swing of a satisfied woman. He seemed surprised when I



slipped back into bed with him.

I kissed the tip of his nose. "I don't like to fuck and run."

He drew me into a kiss. "Neither do I," he whispered. "Neither do I."

We lay in each other's arms for a long while. I liked the feeling of him pressing up against me. His penis was semi-hard and it nestled against my thigh as though it knew it were welcome.

"I'm old enough to be your father," he said out of a clear sky.

"Age is a relative thing. You look like you're forty, you act like you're thirty and you fuck like you're twenty," I said, feeling philosophical.

He laughed. "I think that there is something eminently wrong with that statement, but my ego says not to challenge it."

"Don't let your age hang you up. Cassanova got it on until he was quite a lot older than you are. Youth has a lot of things going for it, but it doesn't have the one thing that you possess in abundance ... experience." He seemed to be listening so I continued. "I knew that when I came up here that I was going to make love with you and I knew that you'd be good. I knew you wouldn't let me down."

"Not if I could help it," he said snuggling up to me. "You have a nice body. Nice to cuddle up to and kiss." He demonstrated expertly. "You have a nice mind too, don't ever change."

"I'll try not to," I said sleepily. He pillowed my head on his shoulder and we fell asleep in each other's arms.

I stopped thinking about last night when Bones kissed me gently. I kissed him back and squeezed his penis; it was waking up.

"Do you want to make love again?" I whispered as I nibbled his lower lip.

"I will if you keep playing around down there," he said with a grin.

I flipped the covers back and leaned over to kiss his left nipple. He wiggled and I kissed the other one, running my tongue around it slowly. I blazed a trail of tiny kisses down his muscular chest, pausing only to swiftly probe his navel with the tip of my tongue, then continuing down to the crisply tangled V of his pubis.

I traced the gently curving line of his erection with my finger. Bones shivered. He stopped when I took the tip of the glans between my lips. I took him deeper loving the feel of his soft-firmness in my mouth. He tasted slightly salty and very human. He pushed up and I engulfed him, enjoying his pleasure and deriving my own from it.

I felt him begin to tremble and he touched the back of my head gently. I knew that it was time to change positions. I drew away from him and swiftly threw my leg over his hips. I impaled myself and sat for a moment just enjoying the feel of him.

"I like the feel of you in my belly," I told him. Bones laughed and reached up to knead my breasts.

"I like the feel of you too. Don't move, just sit there and be a part of me for a while."

"Someday we should try Tantric sex," I suggested.

"What's that?" he asked as he ran loving fingers down to my clitoris.

"If you want to know, you'll have to stop that so that I can think," I gasped. He moved his hands back to my breasts and I said, "Tantric sex is where two people sit, one inside the other. You merge your bodies and then your minds. One becomes the other and you sit for hours floating and feeling and loving. When you finally reach an orgasm it isn't just your own, but the other person's too, and you can't tell your ecstasy from hers."

"Sounds facinatin', but I think I'll stick to the old-fashioned stuff." He pulled me down and tasted my breasts. Tantric sex might be good, but what he was doing to my mind was pretty far out, too.

I clenched my muscles on him and he moaned low, lifting me with a thrust of his hips.

I began to fuck slowly then faster as orgasm drew near. When I was sure that it was now for both of us I shifted into high gear.

Bones climaxed so hard that he dug into my thighs with his nails. I didn't even feel it. I was star-soaring on my own and it took a long while to come down.

I looked at the chronometer, it was nearly time for me to go on duty. I sat up and he traced his fingers down my back.

"You're special, Mercury," he said gently.

I turned and looked into those incredible blue eyes. "So are you, Bones. Don't wait too long before you ask me to taste the wine again."

His eyes sparkled with love and amusement. "I won't," he promised.

And he didn't.

limericks . . .

*There once was a Vulcan named Spock
who was in desperate need of a fock; (sic)
in great distress and dismay
he sought the House of T'way,
in search of the Peace of T'wat.*

--P.M. Muelenberg

*Said the beautiful Rigellian whore
to the Vulcan, "Just talking's a bore.
Tell me, haven't I got
a most beautiful twat?"
"Indeed, Madame. But what is it for?"*

--Lora René

*A virgin from Vulcan's hot veldt
longed to know how a human cock felt.
She indulged her curiosity
with extreme virtuosity--
'til her body heat caused it to melt.*

--Lora René

*A lass from the planet Placentia
wed a Vulcan in Pon Farr dementia.
When the fever had passed
she was simply aghast
to discover his cock in absentia.*

--Lora René

COMMUNICATIONS DIVISION
USS ENTERPRISE / NCC 1701

SUBSPACE MESSAGE PRINTOUT

TRANSMITTED STARDATE: 7864.1
RECEIVED STARDATE: 7864.1
SECURITY CODE NO.: 001-01-007

FROM: United Federation of Planets Internal Revenue Service

TO: All male taxpayers

MESSAGE: Notice of Increase In Tax Payment

To bring about a more equitable tax structure within the Federation, this division has researched the entire broad-based tax structure and has found that the only thing the Federation has yet to tax is your peter.

It was apparently overlooked in prior research due to its being out of work 98% of the time and in the hole 2% of the time. Moreover, it has two dependents, who are both nuts.

Accordingly, beginning 7864.1, your peter will be taxed according to its size, using the peter-checker scale listed below to determine your category. Please insert this information on Page 2, Section F, Line 3 of your standard #F16902 income tax form.

- 25 - 30 centimeters Luxury Tax
- 20 - 25 centimeters Pole Tax
- 15 - 20 centimeters Privilege Tax
- 10 - 15 centimeters Nuisance Tax

The owner of any peter under 10 centimeters in length is eligible for a refund as we feel he should not go in the hole.

Males exceeding 30 centimeters should file under Capital Gains.

Please do not request extensions.

Very truly yours,



Panzy Fuclesie
Councilmember from Rigel
United Federation of Planets

UHURA'S FANTASY

by Karen Fleming

Shifting a little in her seat, Uhura glanced at her chronometer. *Shit!* Three hours and not a single incoming signal! She wished fervently for a chance to call someone--anyone! --just to chat for a while. The patterns of light and color on her board shifted and played with one another lazily as other ship-members used the system without coming through her station. After a while the colors tended to blur and fade into each other as she sat just watching their psychedelic display.

With a sigh, she turned around to watch her crewmates. Spock was bent over his viewer, completely immersed in something in the computer--she snickered, *Mental masturbation!* To each his own. Beyond the Captain's chair, Sulu and Chekov were going through maneuvers on their consoles--*the lucky stiffs!* They appeared to be enjoying making a game out of the Helm-Navigation strategy drill. The Captain was slouched in his chair, head resting unceremoniously on his hand, deep into one of the innumerable reports that passed through his hands--*probably on its way to some bureaucratic wastebasket!* He heaved a sigh and adjusted the viewer's scanner to another section of the report. *Comrade in boredom!* Uhura smiled sympathetically.

We should go away together, Captain. Where? Your quarters? Mine? The corners of her mouth curved up in a wicked smile. As long as it's my treat ... Let's make it some place exotic ... dark, cozy ... with an ornate bed thickly covered with sheets and pillows of satins and pseudo-furs!

She imagined his face as she had seen it on various occasions--sometimes very matter-of-fact-like; but that wouldn't do at all! Not for what she had in mind. His eyes--so expressive--now bright, almost laughing, mirroring a smile that could make a lady's heart stutter to itself. Now warm, moist, sensual--*Umm, almost got it ... but a little more ... lust!*

She could see him now standing buck naked in front of her, fire in his eyes and a firm, thin smile on his lips, gently pulling her down with him onto the bed, tugging at the flap of her uniform ... *Uniform?* She considered it a split second and blinked it away. His hands were moving teasingly over her body ... *No. Something more exotic ...*

She was hanging--not really hanging--her bare feet rested firmly on a carpeted floor, but her wrists were caught above her head in manacles attached to the wall behind her. Past her in another room was The Bed.

Uhura put Kirk in front of her again and let him reach for her. *No. Still something missing!* She looked him up and down--then glanced around her, above her, at the manacles, the cold steel locked around her wrists. When she looked back at Kirk she found the missing key to her restraints dangling from a chain around his neck.

She welcomed the pleasant sensation of his body moving against hers as his deft, eager fingers stroked her, searching out every curve and crevice ... Still not quite ...

His breath was hot on her hipple as he tongued it into a hard knot on her aching breast, sending tendrils of excitement to throb at the mouth of her vagina. She whimpered, shuddering under the onslaught of his mouth and hands--his strong, frenzied hands kneading her buttocks, prying into the crevice between her legs. Heat flowed from him in waves, perspiration pouring from him until he glistened and his damp hair curled into little ringlets. Her breath now came in gasps. She was writhing against him, violently, enjoying the firm maleness of him, the sheer power living in his body, the sweet-savage sound of the breath rattling through his throat ...

"Lieutenant." The sound was distant.

"Lieutenant Uhura." Now it seemed louder, more insistant.