

A journey into space

WHAT IS
IT CAPTAIN?!!



Student Politics - - The final frontier - these are the voyages of the Starship Discovery II. Its one year mission: to seek out new depths of incompetence; to amass new mountains of red tape; to boldly go where no bureaucracy has gone before!

Captain Kirk was reposing in his new Naughty de universe reclina-rocker, quietly sipping a pina coloda and watching the universe go by. Off to one side stood the lethargic First Officer Threetoes and Lutenant Ptomic - a short, pug-nosed man with a gnarled face topped with a shock of greasy black hair. He was in his mid-fifties. Lutenant Threetoes I.Q. was slightly higher.

Lutenant Oowhora was studiously picking her toenails at the communications console when she picked up the signal on SUB space frequency 2.

"Captain Kirk! Captain Kirk! she squealed excitedly.

"Not now darling" breathed Kirk.

"I've got a headache."

"But Captain Kirk! We're receiving a message from a Clingon battle cruiser. It's Commandeer Rellim."

Kirk sat bolt upright in his seat and switched off the chair's built in vibrator.

"Put him on the screen!" he ordered.

Rellim was a scornful, wicked looking buggar with a nasty temper. He was known throughout the galaxy as a force to be reckoned with.

A convulsive shudder rippled up and down Kirk's God-like body as the image of his arch rival flickered across the screen.

Lutenant Ptomic rushed to Kirk's side and whispered "I advise caution, Captain. These Clingons are treacherous. You've got to keep your wits about you."

Kirk shrugged his massive shoulders and half complied.

"What do you want with us, Rellim?" demanded Kirk in a booming voice.

"I have some classified information which may be of interest to you, Kirk. But I can only reveal it to you in private."

At this point Lutenant Lago stepped forward and whined, "If you've got something to say, then say it to me too!"

Rellim grinned evilly but said nothing.

"Clear the bridge!" snapped Kirk, at once commanding the instant respect and obedience of his dismal crew of drones. Once they had exited and the sliding doors clanged shut, Kirk sank back into his chair and said "They're gone. Now we can talk."

Rellim spoke: "I'll do the talking Kirk. Listen well. I have documented evidence that your crew is a nest of bloodthirsty mutineers"

"But how can that be?" asked Kirk. "They love me!"

"Silence!" demanded Rellim. "I can prove to you that Lutenants Ptomic, and Lago, and First Officer Threetoes, are plotting to

undermine your authority and relegate you to the status of a mere puppet/figurehead - with them pulling the strings. I offer this for your perusal."

Rellim held up a document to the screen. It bore the Starship Discovery II letterhead and was signed by Ptomic, Lago and Threetoes. Kirk's razor-sharp intellect quickly digested this revelation and he blanched as the truth sank in.

"So it's true!" he blurted. "I must take some manly action to crush this heinous rebellion."

Rellim vanished from the screen as the Starship Discovery II was rocked by a violent tremor. Kirk smiled as he quickly recognized Rellim's traditional parting gesture of a photon torpedo across the bow. Then his mood grew sullen again as he thought of the plot against him.

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