



Back TO School!





































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Klingon Alphabet and Number Calligraphy

Quote of the month:

Learning carries within itself certain dangers because out of necessity one has to learn from one's enemies.
Leon Trotsky

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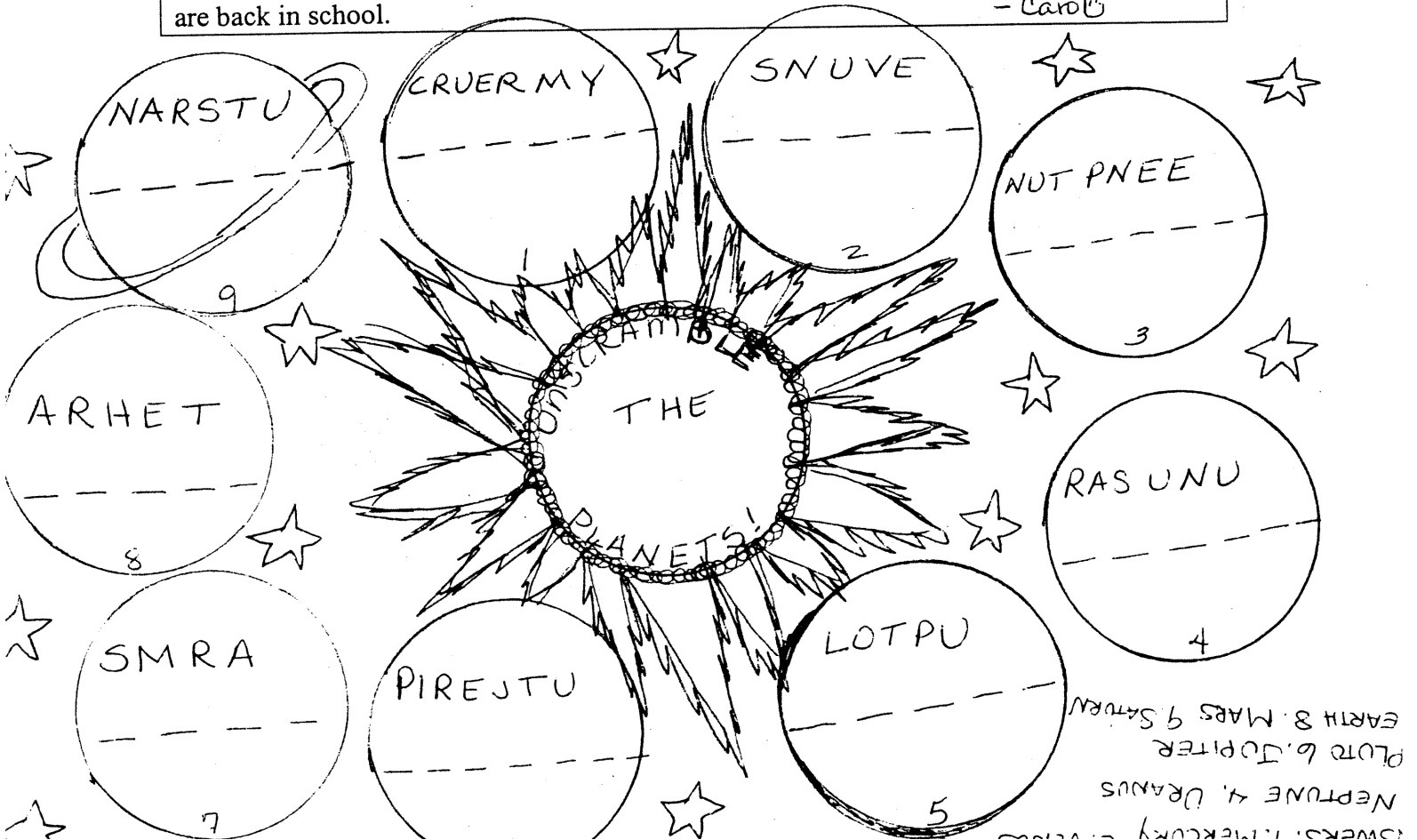
Science Officers Log:

As I sit down to prepare this autumn, communiqué I thought for a moment on what autumn brings: changing colors, colder nights, and shorter days. The arrival of autumn also brings us the beginning of another school year. I thought I would make *back to school* the theme for this quarter's issue, and further I decided to make the children the focus of this issue. All of the articles and submissions herein, are related to, or written by the children of our club. This school year will see the beginning of the new millennium, 2000. What an adventure awaits us!

Long ago, I happened to ask my great grandmother where she was and what she was doing when 1899 became 1900. She told me she was dancing with her father. She told me how her family rode to the dance on a buckboard wagon, and how the flicker of the candles and lanterns made the room seem to move and dance with the people. She told me how things were then in 1900, with no electricity, plumbing, or running water. The world she lived in seemed so modern to her compared to that which her great grandmother had lived in and yet when she told me the story back in 1965, her world seemed even then completely unbearable by my standards.

I wonder at the world we live in, and what changes will be awaiting us as we go into 2000. What will the world look like in the year 3000? Will our children play in holodecks, and receive their education through interactive computer simulators? Think about it, much of the technology that seemed like so much fiction in Star Trek the original series, is now science.

The children studying today will come up with the answers for tomorrow's technology. The little child walking to school caught up in his or her own dream world, may be the one to invent warp drive or replicator technology. Watch out as you drive down the road, talking on your cell phone, and listening to the latest CD. The children are back in school.
- Carol

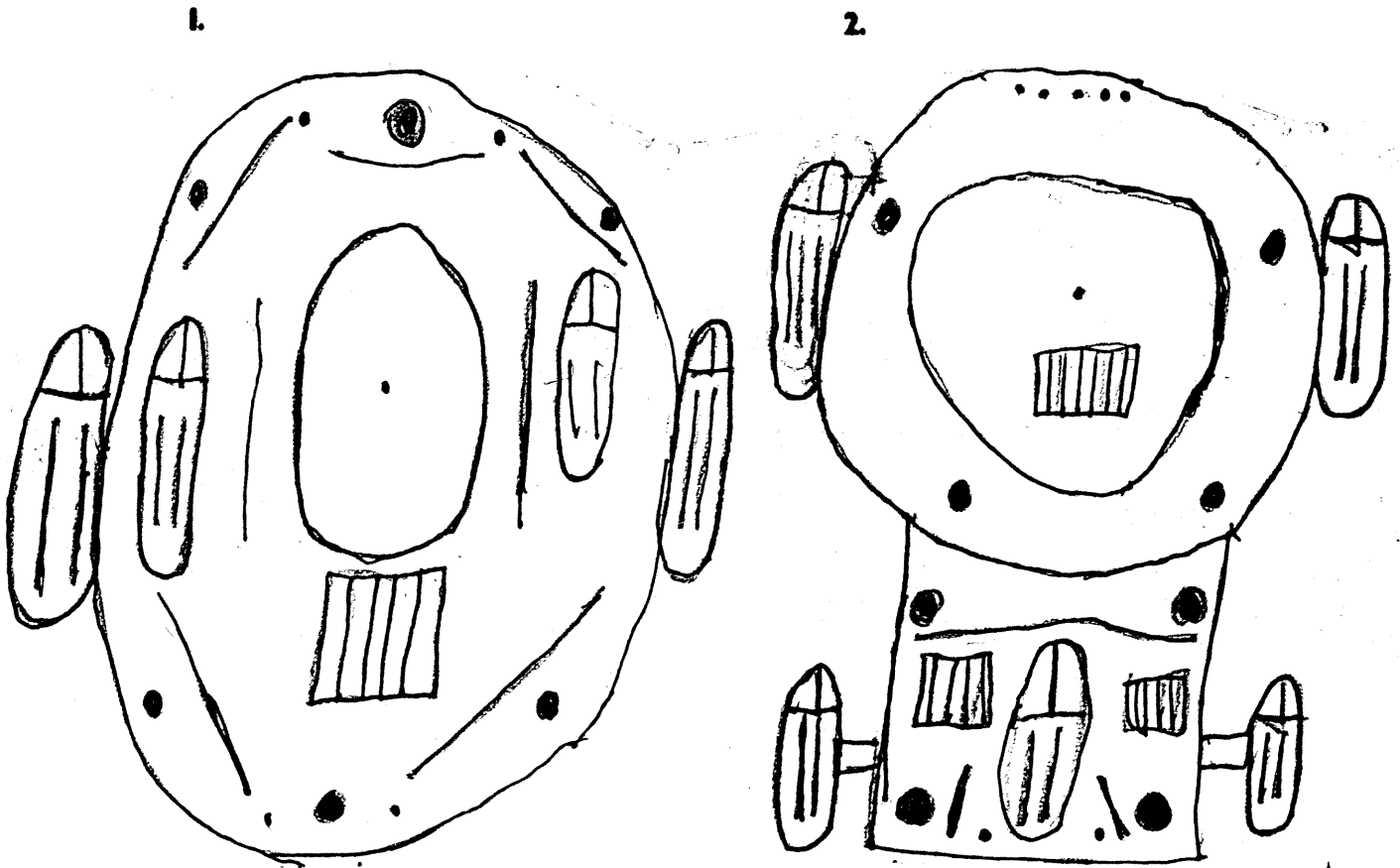


SHIPS OF THE GALAXY

BY BRANDON HOLFELTZ

NOTE: These ships have at least 2 warpcores, slipstream drive, one shuttlebay, cloaking device and the newest weapons and defenses.

1. ONE OF STARFLEET'S NEWEST WARSHIPS. THE U.S.S. WARBIRO (WARBIRO PROTOTYPE)



2. ONE OF STARFLEET'S NEWEST WARSHIPS: THE U.S.S. MAJESTIC (MAJESTIC PROTOTYPE)

Molly's Day

To Molly O'Brien, Deep space Nine looked like a giant cookie hanging in space, and the view of the station from the shuttle craft made the three-year-old giggle, "There's my Daddy!" she squealed. Molly's mommy sat quietly looking out of the window, "Yes, sweetheart" she whispered quietly. Keiko O'Brien had not seen her husband in several weeks. She missed him terribly. And although she was about to see him, she felt a little sad that the visit would be so short. Her job on Bajor kept her busier than she had intended. She planned to have a few days together, but at the last minute she had been asked to cut her visit short, and complete her assignment weeks ahead of schedule. She wondered if she should have given up her career to be with her husband, and she wondered if they were doing the right thing for their daughter.

The shuttle docked onto the docking ring, and Molly was all wiggles wanting to see her daddy. "Just a few minutes longer sweetheart" Keiko whispered to the little girl. Molly was long over due for her vaccinations and well-child check-up. Keiko wanted her to be seen by Dr Bashir. Keiko suffered a small prejudice concerning doctors, and if possible wanted Molly's medical care to be given only by human, starfleet doctors.

Just outside of the docking doors stood Miles O'Brien and Mr. Worf. Due, to extraordinary circumstances, Worf had been the person to assist Keiko in the labor and delivery of Molly. He felt an overwhelming sense of closeness to the little girl, which both embarrassed him, and warmed his soul.

Molly bounced out the door as it opened, "Daddy!" Miles was ready to catch her as she flew into her arms. He kissed her and reached for Keiko. Keiko hugged him warmly pressing Molly even closer into his shoulder. "Miles, I just have a few minutes, I have to return to Bajor. Something came up and I have to go back right away... can you get Molly over to Julian?" Miles O'Brien was washed with emotions, joy to be with his daughter and wife again, annoyance that Keiko was leaving, and something like Fear at the prospect of caring for his little girl alone, "How long will you be gone?"

Keiko sensed that Miles was feeling nervous, she thought it was so cute how serious he was with Molly. "I'll just be a day or so, if you need help with Molly, ask Kira I'm sure she would help you." Miles straightened up a little taller, "I don't need help with Molly, I just wanted to know when, um, well, when I'd see you again." Keiko smiled at her husband, and Miles said a little louder, "can't I want to have my family all together? I can care for Molly just fine" Keiko smiled, "Good, then I won't worry." Keiko kissed her husband and daughter, and said goodbye to Worf, and stepped back into the shuttle. As the doors closed behind her mother, Molly whispered, "daddy, I have to go..." Worf excused himself, and Miles was left alone in the docking area.

"Daddy, what's that?" Molly was much more talkative than Miles remembered, and much heavier. "Here sweetheart, why don't you walk for a minute." Miles set Molly down, took her hand and began walking back to their quarters. He did not truthfully know what to do with a small child, but it annoyed him that Keiko spoke as though he couldn't figure things out. The entire way, Molly kept up a steady stream of questions, more questions than Miles wanted to answer. When they got to their home, Miles spoke quietly, so Molly could not hear, "Computer, what is the best way to make a child sit quietly?" In a female's voice the computer responded, "Specify." Miles started again, "three year old human female, keeps asking questions- how do I stop the questions?" The computer responded in a single word, "candy." Miles smiled. It had been years since he had replicated a sugary substance, the choice seemed logical, "computer replicate one red lollipop." In seconds the room was filled with blissful silence. Molly was playing, and enjoying her candy, and Miles was resting in his favorite chair.

The com chirp startled him so much he jumped. It was commander Sisko, "Chief, I know it is your holiday, but I need your assistance in Ops." Miles responded, "on my way," he scooped up Molly and walked into the hallway towards the Ops.

On the promenade, there was a scurry of activity. A special Romulan delegation was headed towards

Deeps Space Nine. It was thought that the conference would bring a new peace agreement between the Romulans, and the Federation. The Dominion and the Borg had brought them together to fight a common threat. Now more than ever, both sides realized they needed each other to survive. The Peace conference was going to mean visitors to the station, and the merchants were in full swing to capitalize on the event. Station personnel were scampering about making last minute preparations. A communication grid had been set up to allow both Starfleet and Romulan homeworlds access to the historic event.

Miles and his people had completed all the necessary arrangements hours ago. He had been a slave driver, because he wanted to have some quiet time with his family. He couldn't imagine what Sisko needed of him, but he hoped it was something one of his crew could handle. After all, he had Molly to care for, and he needed time to have her with him.

Miles held Molly in his arms, as he wove in and out of people in the corridor. Molly was quiet, licking her candy, and she had one small arm draped over her daddy's neck. About half way to Ops, Miles noticed one of the members of his crew working on a circuit in an unsafe manner. True, the crewman was new and young, but Miles was tired of explaining the same principles over and over to this crewman. Miles rushed over to him, and sat Molly down. The Chief scolded the crewman, and went over the safety protocols as if he was a child. As Miles spoke he wondered to himself, if maybe this crewman just needed to be transferred to another department. After all not everyone had the knack of engineering, and Miles certainly did not want to baby-sit this crewman another day. He made a mental note to suggest the transfer to Sisko after the conference

Unknown to Miles, while he was talking, Molly was looking at the exposed circuitry. She saw one of the isolinear chips, a red one, and removed it. Knowing the chip didn't belong to her, made Molly want it even more. So she did what many small children would do, she traded. She stuck her lollipop into the slot where the chip had been, the two were after all both red, and Molly giggled when it fit just right, into the slot.

Molly's giggles broke the tension. The crewman blushed and Miles realized he had better get to Ops. He ordered the crewman to get assistance from another crewman, and left. In Ops, Sisko was trying to manipulate something in Dax's terminal. Kira, Dax and Sisko looked up at the same time. Kira smiled and reached for and hugged, Molly "Hi sweetheart, you are getting SO big." Molly hugged Kira back, and crawled up on her lap. Sisko acknowledged Molly, then turned to Miles, "Chief I was going to ask you to run a diagnostic on the communication grid, to be certain everything was working to maximum efficiency, but just now, Dax has found a problem."

Dax said, "Chief, I began a sweep of the grid, I noticed a small glitch in this sector, it almost looks like a ghost signal, and just now when I tried to trace it, the terminal I was using shut down." Sisko interrupted, "Chief, you know how important this conference is, I can't afford to take ANY chances. IS someone using this grid? And I need you to find out why Dax's terminal shut down, when she was investigating," turning to Kira he added, "call Odo, do we have a security problem?" As they discussed the possibilities, perhaps sabotage, or a serious error, they were distracted just long enough for Molly to pull another chip from the exposed circuitry. Molly put the pretty thing in her pocket, with the other pretty thing then waited patiently for her father.

Just then an alarm sounded in the corridor beyond OPS. Odo, the chief of Security called Sisko, "We have an accident on the promenade, one of Chief O'Brien's crew was injured working on a circuit board just outside of Quarks Bar. We are taking him to Dr. Basher, but it looks pretty bad." "I'll meet you out side of Quarks," replied Sisko. "Chief, I want you to get on this, find some answers!" and Sisko was out the door. Miles, stood there for just a second, wondering what he was going to do with Molly and as if she heard his thoughts Kira said, "Go ahead Chief, I was just about to go to my quarters, I'll take Molly for you."

"Actually," Miles hesitated for a second, "Actually, Molly is scheduled for an exam with Julian, could you take her there and I'll get her as soon as I'm through?" Kira smiled picked up Molly, and told Miles, "Go!"

As Kira walked through the corridors with Molly, she hugged the little girl, and spoke to her in true motherly fashion. Molly put her arm around Kira's neck, and with the other hand; she played with Kira's earrings. Molly fingered each piece of her earring, and gently twirled the chains, which hung down. Kira called Julian, to see if he was ready for Molly, and because he wasn't quite ready; Kira took Molly to the promenade to get some lunch. Kira walked up to a replicator, set Molly down, and ordered fruit, Milk, and a sandwich for Molly. As Kira walked to a table, Molly ordered, "Cookie." from the replicator. The computer responded, "Molly O'Brien, parental override has forbidden this item." Molly again demanded, "Cookie," and again the computer refused. Kira could not help but laugh, "Molly, come eat your lunch, and I'll get you that forbidden cookie." Kira and Molly enjoyed the meal. Kira had difficulty keeping up with Molly's questions, and a couple of times it was a bit painful having her earrings pulled. But overall, the experience was wonderful, and Kira found herself envious of the O'Brien's. Afterwards, Julian confirmed he was ready for Molly, and Kira walked her there, hugging her all the while.

Julian was cheerful as ever with Molly, he barely acknowledged Kira, just indicated where to sit Molly. Kira left, and Julian began his examination. With every medical implement he picked up, Molly quipped, "What's that? What's that for?" Julian grew tired of the questioning almost immediately. He began giving her an in-depth technical review that would have made any 5th year medical student's eyes gloss over. But Molly's just looked at him so seriously, that Julian stopped and laughed. "Do you think you'd like to be a Doctor someday Molly?" Molly quickly shook her head. "Then, what do you want to be when you grow up?" Julian asked her. "Pretty" was all she said, and Julian had no doubt, but that she would indeed accomplish that goal.

When he was finished with the exam, he asked Molly what her favorite treat was Molly shouted "COOKIE." Julian smiled, and ordered the computer to make one children's vaccination- chocolate chip cookie. While Molly munched on her cookie, Julian told her how lucky she was to get her medicine this way, and he told her how children used to get shots, to which Molly cried, "Ouchie."

Dr. Bashir received a chirp from the computer, Odo chief of security was hailing him, "Bashir, it seems Chief O'Brien is busy, and has asked me to attend to his daughter, are you finished with her yet?" Dr. Bashir responded that he was, and set Molly down from the examination table. As he talked to Odo, discussing the events and the death of the crewman this morning, Dr. Bashir became distracted just long enough for Molly to gather another souvenir from her visit to the station. She put the shiny light-up thing in her pocket, and waited for Dr. Bashir to finish his conversation.

Odo sat in his office with Molly. He didn't know how to entertain a little human girl. He had turned himself into a pony and given her a good romp around the office, then he morphed into a ball, and let her run around with him. Now he was tired, and he couldn't believe that she was still full of energy! He was showing her the items on his desk when the Romulan delegation called him.

The Romulan Commander was tired of babysitting these diplomats, he was a man of action nothing more. These kinds of missions always made him angry. He made many sacrifices to his people, he had not seen his home or his family in years. He felt he deserved something better. He was going to call the station, and find out what was the cause for concern. What he saw when the view came on screen, nearly through him into a fit of laughter. The entire screen was filled with the cherubic face of a small human female. And what was she saying? Something like, "peek-a-boo." He instantly straightened up, and commanded, "what is the meaning of this?" The changeling who ran the station security came into view, "I apologize, what can I do for you?" As Odo and the Romulan commander spoke, Molly reached down and grabbed an interesting trinket out of Odo's drawer. Molly just knew she would have a lot to share with her Mother when she came back, and she was happy knowing in her little mind, that her mother would like the pretty things as much as she did.

Worf called Odo on the com, "Odo, there is a disturbance at Quarks." Odo replied, "On my way." As he entered the promenade with Molly, he noticed Jake with Nog. He called to him, and passed Molly to him.

Jake had no idea what to do with Molly. He stood there for a moment, eyes wide. He looked at Nog, who threw up his hands and walked away. He followed after Odo, who by this time had arrested two traders for fighting at Quarks. Dax was in the bar, assisting Odo, and she offered to take Molly for awhile.

Dax sat Molly down for a moment to tell the chief and Sisko of her intentions of watching Molly. While she did, Molly tried to order another cookie. When the replicator refused, she borrowed a small shiny thing off of the control panel, and added it to her collection. Dax picked up Molly and walked towards ops.

In ops, everything was in a flurry. Reports of missing components, and malfunctioning equipment had Sisko alarmed. The computer was malfunctioning and reports of erratic behavior was coming in from all parts of the station. He called an emergency senior officer meeting. When they had all convened, the missing items had been explained. O'Brien thought for just a second, then realized, "with all the components missing, one would only need to or three more parts to make a communication jamming device." Sisko realized he had a saboteur on the station. He had no choice, he shouted "RED ALERT"

Molly was frightened by all of the barking and noises, and Sisko lifted her to his shoulder. Back in the Ops Sisko called and talked to the Romulan Commander. He told the Commander of the problems and discussed the possibility of sabotage. The Commander told Sisko when his arrival time would be, and told him the conference would go on no matter what else happened. Then the Commander told Sisko, he was impressed with his care of this child. The Commander stated, there was hope for peace with the federation, if we were capable of such devotion to our families.

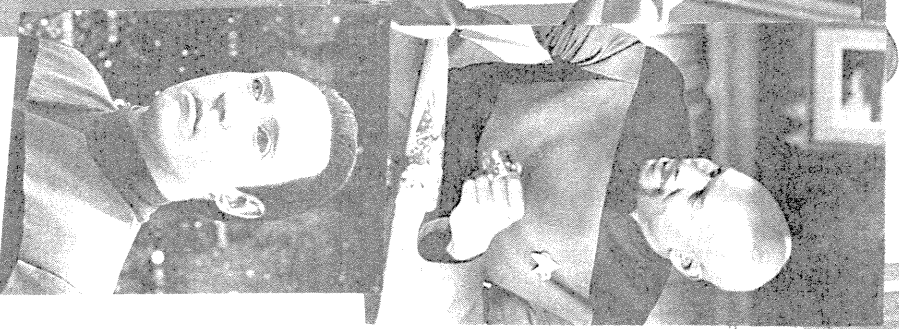
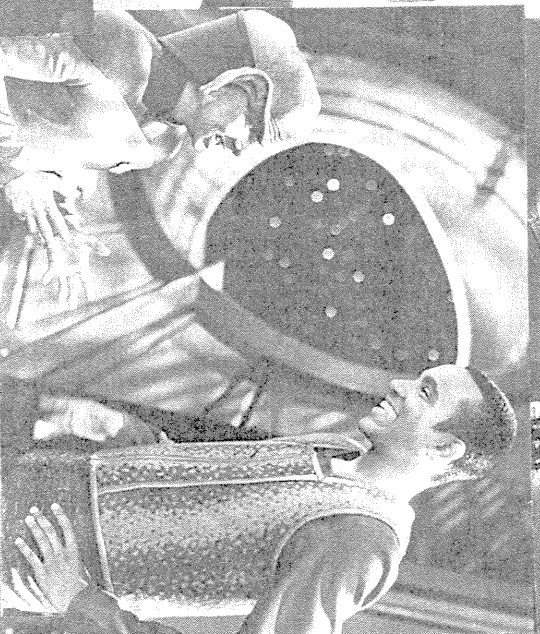
Sisko was taken aback so much, he was unable to reply. He turned to Dax and said, "what was that all about?" Dax told him, how important families were to the Romulan people. "But they are important to us as well," replied Sisko. But Romulans don't believe we have strong family bonds, after all we protect our little ones from outsiders, so it is understandable how misconceptions can take place. Dax and Sisko took Molly to an officer lounge, and ordered her some dinner. When Dax brought the tray over, Sisko realized Molly was already sound asleep. He laid the small girl down across the table, and something familiar fell out of her full pocket. Sisko reached into her pocket, and let out a bellowing laugh. "Dax, I have found our spy."

The whole station was in action, Miles quickly ran his people into carefully choreographed diagnostics. As specialized teams they began reviewing all systems, until- it showed up. "CHIEF, you should see this!" Miles looked up as his crewmen pulled out a small paper stick with a round, red drop of sticky, something. Miles uttered one soft sound, "Molly."

The candy had melted into one of the circuits causing the nanites to go into sugar shock. They reacted and over reacted to the new fuel source. The nanites were unable to slow down, or react to the commands of the central brain. So the station quite simple, went into a hyperactive sugar fit. Miles sat down and started to laugh. "I have a date with my daughter, clean this up."

Miles found Molly with Sisko, in Ops. Sisko was returning the parts to Kira who was trying very hard not to laugh. Sisko explained to O'Brien what happened, and O'Brien explained to Sisko what had happened. Miles apologized for his daughter, and Sisko laughed. Mile began to leave with Molly, then turned and asked, "One question please sir, do we have to tell Keiko about all of this?" Sisko fell into his chair laughing, and secretly wondered, what Molly's second day on the station would be like, and he sighed.

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FRAMEMGO HISTORY

By Lt. Commander Ruth J. Burns

This story came about because members in our club were asked to write a punch line to the following joke that was started by Data in the Next Generation episode, "The Outrageous Okona". It was made a contest and mine got a bit longer than a punch line. So here it is!

"A monk, a clone and a Ferengi decide to go bowling." On their way they meet a Pink Framemgo dragging a huge cloth bag. None of them had ever seen the like of this creature and wonder just what sort of being it is.

The monk walks around it examining it while the clone tries to engage it in conversation. Meanwhile the Ferengi is watching the creature with interest and a little bit of trepidation because this being is in some way familiar to him. Not just because it is a pure shade of pink but its ears are extremely Ferengi like.

The monk sneezes, wipes his nose and completes his examination of the "creature". "What sort of being is this anyway?" The clone asks, "I don't think it is a construct, or a clone, I have never seen anything like this before."

Meanwhile the Ferengi keeps examining the creature trying to figure out just why it seems so darn familiar. He just can't quite remember why.

Just then the Pink Framemgo walks around the Ferengi and starts examining him very closely. He too wonders why this being he is looking at is so familiar to him. Could it be those ears?

The clone asks the monk, "Why do you suppose this creature has such big ears?" "Maybe the Ferengi could tell us since his ears look almost the same."

Meanwhile the Ferengi is backing away from this strange being who looks like a bird with big ears. Just before the Ferengi gets away the Pink Framemgo grabs his left ear, making him scream in fright. Everyone knows how horrible the sound of a Ferengi's scream is. It was just too much for the Ferengi so he slapped at the Pink Framemgo making him let go of the ear. The Ferengi stopped screaming, making everyone's else's ears much more comfortable.

At this point the Pink Framemgo spoke for the first time, "Hello, cousin", he said to the Ferengi. The Ferengi just about died of astonishment, because he finally remembered the story about a creature that a "mad" Ferengi scientist made from an Earth animal the Pink Flamingo and his own son. It was a horrible looking creature because it looked like the pink Flamingo with Ferengi face and ears, but it had the body of the flamingo with arms, hands and also the long skinny legs of a flamingo that bend backwards at the knees.

When the scientist showed his work at the University, he was literally chased out of there by all the other scientists. They were so upset by what this "so called" scientist did that they destroyed his lab and thought they had destroyed everything pertaining to his awful experiment as well. But here standing before the monk, the clone and the Ferengi was proof positive that something remained of that experiment.

"Where did you come from?" the Ferengi asked the Pink Framemgo.

"I came from my home planet of Framemganar." He said.

"What do you mean your home planet?" asked the Ferengi. "I thought that everything about your race had been destroyed years ago."

"Well, not everything, obviously, since I stand here before you." said the Pink Framemgo.

"How is it that you are here, the Ferengi thought that no trace of you exists anymore?" The Ferengi asked.

"Well, our creator was smarter than those scientists thought because he sent a whole flock

of us to an uninhabited planet many parsecs from Ferenganar. Living on our home planet is what saved "us" from the Ferengi's wrath, we have grown, thrived and prospered on our home planet for many years." Said the Pink Framemgo. "We have even applied to the Federation for membership."

"How have you done what you say in such a short time?" Asked the clone.

The monk just stood there wiping his eyes and nose with his handkerchief after sneezing violently several times.

Then the clone asked, "What's wrong with you, are you allergic to something, or what?"

But the monk just shrugged because he had taken a vow of silence when he joined the order.

The Pink Framemgo jumped in and said, "I'll bet he is allergic to feathers. Lots of humans are."

"You could answer my question since you are so full of information." The clone said.

"Of course I can, and I will." Said the Pink Framemgo. "It wasn't hard to do, since we have the financial cunning of the Ferengi. We are also completely hooked up to the Ferengi Financial Network, the Swiss Banking Cartel, and the Colombian Emerald Mafia. These organizations, along with several others are hidden on various secret planets for their protection. Just like we are." "As a matter of fact," he continued, "we have gotten together to form a very very rich, very strong alliance. We Framemgos were made part of that alliance mainly because of our knowledge, and our ability to gain profit quickly. Having rich natural resources on our planet helped a lot, as well."

During this long explanation, the clone started tapping two of his feet and swinging his three arms back and forth in annoyance. "Get on with it!" he said.

"Our mentor, Professor Krauq and his son Raquk were very rich even by Ferengi standards. They had the forethought to save their Latinum with the Swiss Banking Cartel making their funds unreachable by the FCA Liquidators. Besides that, the Liquidators didn't think they had the lobes to follow the Rules of Acquisition so successfully." Said Pink. "The professor and his son used Rule # 95 -- 'Expand or Die'. Which was to our advantage as well as it was to Krauq's family. Of course they used-- Rule # 85 -- 'Never let the competition know what you are thinking' -- to fool the other Professors, the Liquidators and all the other Ferengi as well. The professor passed on his knowledge of the Rules of Acquisition to us, which is why we are doing so well."

"That doesn't answer my question as to why you are here now!" Exclaimed the Ferengi.

"Yes, what is it that you want here?" Asked the agitated clone, while the monk sniffed again, and wiped his nose again with a very large handkerchief.

"Well--Rule # 75, states that, --'Home is where the heart is...but the stars are made of Latinum', so we have decided to start expanding our financial empire." Answered Pink.

"We have sent our emissaries out to all corners of the Alpha Quadrant to get new customers and gain more profit."

"But why are you dragging that huge bag along with you? What do you have in there? Is it something dangerous?" Asked the clone.

"Feathers to Ferengi, NO!" Pink said, "we are just bringing you one of our most profitable commodities. At a profit, of course....as you can see we follow the Rules of Acquisition and especially the 47th. Rule,...'Never trust a man wearing a better suit than your own!'"

"But you,... you,... you aren't wearing ANY clothes!" The Ferengi and the clone said together. The monk just sneezed several times again.

"Precisely, you wouldn't want us to crush our feathers by putting heavy cloth all over our bodies, now would you?" Asked Pink.

"But what does that have to do with Rule # 47?" Asked the Ferengi. "You are making me crazy with all these weird explanations!"

"Well, since we don't wear any clothes, that shows that we don't trust anybody! And that's how we can get along so well in business and make so much profit." Pink exclaimed.

The clone said, "You still haven't answered my question about the bag. What is the profitable commodity in that bag?"

"Why?" exclaimed Pink, "I thought everybody knew about our 'Pink-47's!'"

“WHAT??? YOUR ‘PINK 47’S’!!!! WHAT ARE ‘PINK 47’S’ ????” The clone and the Ferengi asked in unison. The monk blew his nose, wiped his upper lip, then folded his handkerchief and put it neatly away in his pocket.

“Why they are our famous down pillows that’s what! Our pillows are soft and wonderful because we lovingly stuff each pillow with 47 billion down feathers that are collected from the pink Framemgo people. That is also why we don’t wear any clothes, it would crush our feathers and destroy the downiness, but why not utilize Rule # 47 along the way, huh? It does make for more profit.”

At this point the monk takes out his wallet and buys 47 pillows from Pink while the others look on in consternation.

“Aren’t you allergic to those pillows?” Asked the clone.

“Why are you buying something that makes you sneeze?” Asked the Ferengi.

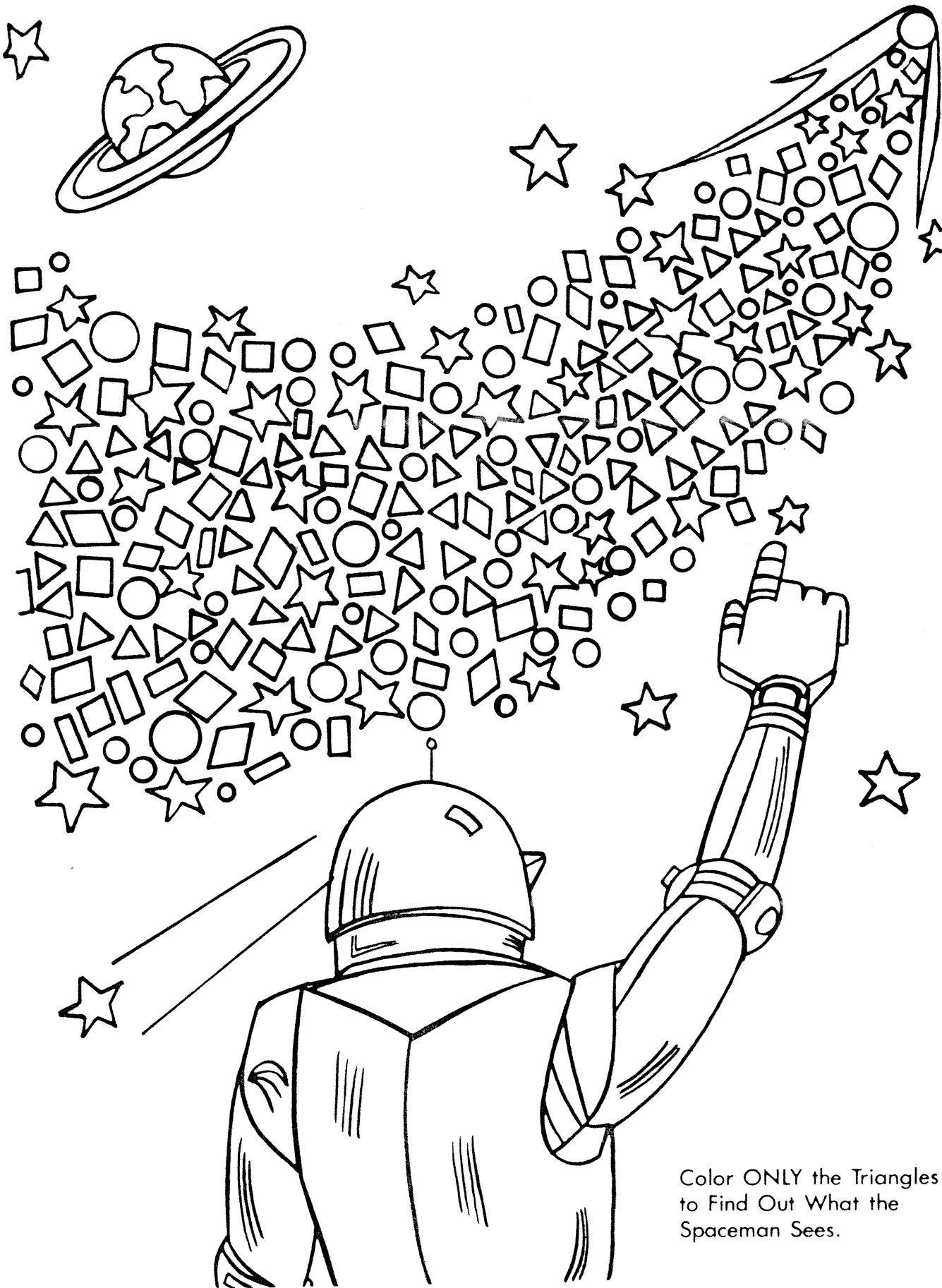
“ Well, since my allergies have kicked up I can’t go bowling with you, and since I am miserable anyway, I just want my fellow monks to feel exactly the same way I do. All 47 of them!”

The clone and Ferengi were so exhausted from all the explanations, scares, and excitement of the past hour or so that they decided not to go bowling either. What’s the profit in bowling anyway?

**** By the way “Pink 47’s” can be acquired by way of the Internet, catalogues, shopping malls, the home shopping network and almost any other place where you can purchase house goods. You can contact –www.Pink47's@Framemgo.com or if this address is off line or otherwise unavailable in your area, call 1 (801) 965-6535 the official phone for the USS Kelly Records Department and ask for ‘Pinky’!**







Color ONLY the Triangles to Find Out What the Spaceman Sees.

In the back to school lunch box.

In Needix's cookbook is a recipe for a type of granola bars that I am going to use for the back to school lunch box.

They are especially easy to make, you can have the children help with the process.

4 cups old-fashioned rolled oats

1 cup wheat germ

1/2 cup instant nonfat dry milk

4 cups mixed dried raisins, apples, bananas, dates

(Substitute; nuts, chips, and seeds as desired, for any of the above items)

1/2 cup shredded coconut

1/2 cup (1 stick) butter

1/2 cup honey

1 teaspoon vanilla extract

2 teaspoons cinnamon

Preheat oven to 350 degrees and combine all the dry ingredients in a large bowl. Stir. In a small saucepan, heat the butter and honey slowly until they just begin to simmer. Then remove from heat and stir in the vanilla. Next coat a shallow 9 inch square baking pan with cooking oil or butter or use non-stick spray and set aside.

Stir the honey-butter mixture into the dry ingredients, making sure to coat the granola mixture very well. Spread the mixture out onto your greased baking pan and pat down to an even layer. Bake mixture for 25 minutes at 350 degrees, checking the granola every 8 minutes or so to make sure it doesn't burn. You should also stir the mixture each time and pat it down again. This will guarantee even cooking.

After the 25 minutes, when the mixture is done, remove it from the oven and let it cool. Then cut it into 2 inch squares, which you can either wrap individually or seal in an airtight jar and store in your pantry. Makes 16 pieces.

Seven of Nine's Lunch

7 carrots

7 stalks of celery

7 green onions

7 green stuffed olives

7 black olives

7 slices of jicama

9 wheat thins

9 triscuits

9 nix crackers

9 pringles

9 doritos

9 ripples

Place each of the vegetables in a small zip lock bag. The crackers and chips can either be in separate bags or all together in one bag. A container of dip can also be available for this. Either a sour cream dip or ranch type, or your choice of dip.

By Commander Ruth J. Burns

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BACK TO SCHOOL MATCH GAME

RULES:

- 1. MATCH EACH CHILD TO THEIR PARENTS**
- 2. SOME HAVE BOTH PARENTS, SOME DON'T**
- 3. WHAT IS SPECIAL ABOUT ONE OF THESE PARENTS?**
- 4. USE A LIGHT COLORED MARKER OR CRAYON TO DRAW THE LINES FROM CHILD TO PARENTS.**
- 5. NAME THE STAR AND THE CHARACTER, EXTRA CREDIT FOR FULL NAMES.**
- 6. THERE ARE 12 CHILDREN, ONE IS PICTURED TWICE, CAN YOU TELL WHO? DON'T GET CONFUSED WITH ONE AS A CHILD AND A PARENT.**
- 7. THERE ARE 14 PARENTS.**
- 8. TURN IN YOUR ANSWERS ON A SEPARATE SHEET OF PAPER BY THANKSGIVING AND THE WINNERS WILL GET A PRIZE FOR XMAS!**

HAVE FUN!