

CLUEBOOK

# *STARFLIGHT*

PROJECT  
"FLYING DUTCHMAN"





17-11-4619

## PROJECT 'FLYING DUTCHMAN'

### Security Class 1A Starship Commanders:

No doubt you have heard the rumors regarding the "ghost ship" that was discovered last week near sector 131,105. The ship was towed to the Interstel drydock and thoroughly examined. The results of that examination were astounding and almost beyond credibility. They are, in general, as follows:

1. The ship, the **ISS Intrepid**, is of a design not yet in production by Interstel. It is a new spacecraft design *in the final production stage* at Interstel's Research & Development branch. It is an estimated *4 to 5 months* before this prototype ship is ready for test launch.
2. The ship was badly damaged, and there were no life forms aboard. The shuttlecraft, a new design feature that enables crew members to journey short distances away from the ship in space, was missing.
3. The only navigational data that survived the **Intrepid's** final journey intact were several maps and flux listings. The Captain's log, however, is nearly complete as far as we have been able to determine.
4. The dates in the Captain's log start on 14-05-4620, *five and one half months from the present*. This fact, and the design of the ship, would seem to indicate that the **ISS Intrepid** has traveled backward in time from our future. The content of the Captain's log, which we have included in this report, substantiates this theory.
5. The log contains much useful information about neighboring stars, planets, and fellow sentients, but more importantly reveals important clues as to the cause of the stellar flares that endanger our galaxy.



6. As you are aware, this report has the highest security classification, and has been distributed to only a select few of Interstel's best starship commanders. The reason for this is that the captain of the **ISS Intrepid**, one Max Zarfleen, is at this time an Interstel captain newly graduated from New Oxford University at Pelinoriat, Arth. He had already been chosen as the best possible captain of the prototype ship even before the "ghost ship" was discovered. No hint of this information can be leaked, for there is a danger of creating a time travel paradox that will make it impossible for young Zarfleen to return his ship to us. **THIS MUST BE AVOIDED AT ALL COSTS!** Interstel scientists who have been studying this problem disagree as to the possible effects of changing any part of Zarfleen's journey; for example, if any starship captain, after reading Zarfleen's log, collects one of the artifacts listed in that log, will there be any effect on the present time? Will the **Intrepid** disappear? Will the log disappear? Some scientists say yes, that is what will occur, and all of our knowledge of the returning ship will be wiped out. Others say the ship will disappear, but the copies of the log will remain. Still others say the copies of the log *and* the ship will remain. Since the effects of time paradox *cannot be accurately predicted*, Interstel policy will be to act on this information sent to us through time.

**Your objectives are as follows:**

1. Counter the rumors of the existence of a "ghost ship" with the rumor that it is an abandoned Veloxi scout ship of unusual design.
2. Study the captain's log of the **ISS Intrepid**, and gather clues and information to use as needed. We have included a detailed index to the log for easy reference.
3. Seek out and destroy the cause of the stellar flares.

May the Rock of Truth shine brightly upon you.

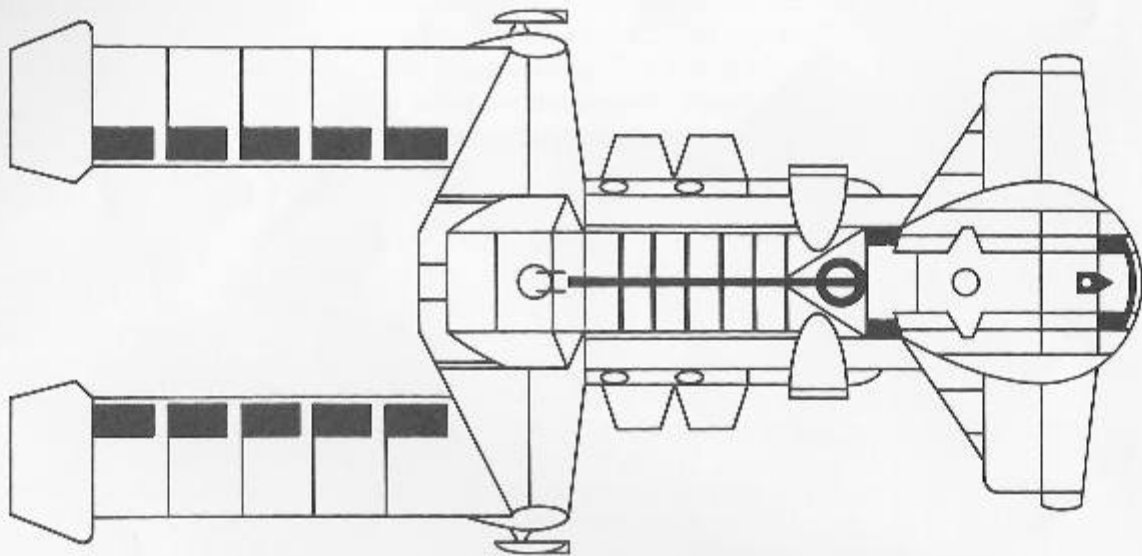
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**CONFIDENTIAL**

**ISS INTREPID  
CAPTAIN'S LOG**

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ISS INTREPID



**ISS INTREPID: CAPTAIN'S LOG****Captain's log, Stardate 14-05-4620****16:22.06**

Why didn't Interstel provide me with a more experienced crew? I would assume that testing a prototype of a new ship class such as the **Intrepid** would rate a high personnel priority. My crew are rookies, as I am, just out of the Academy with *no* advanced training at all. To be fair, we have very high aptitudes in our chosen fields. Perhaps Interstel needed a true control situation for the trials of this new ship class, and padding the test runs with an experienced and highly trained crew would have given erroneous results. Since my crew is as lacking in funds and experience as any other raw crew, our first order of business is to beef up our coffers by mining in the neighboring systems. We will proceed to the first planet in our own system. First Officer McGuin tells me that there are valuable minerals to be found there.

**Captain's log, Stardate 26-05-4620 21:01.58**

We are due to dock with Starport in less than an hour. Our first trip out was successful — we nearly filled all four of our cargo pods with minerals found on the first planet of our home system, and the outermost planet of the nearby O-class system at 123,107. We also mined the fifth planet of the neighboring system. On the second planet of this system, at the coordinates mentioned in Notices on Starport, we recorded a message in an old ruin, a clue pointing to a possible colony or base in another system. We also picked up some endurium. Vok Phenocti, the ship's navigator, and Pushti Vetufixi, the engineer, make an incredibly efficient mining team, communicating instantly as they are able to

do over certain 'hive-mind' channels, which I confess I do not understand. To inquire is to commit a serious breach of etiquette, and so I will allow my two red insect companions to maintain their privacy. We are blessed with an absence of xenophobia — my crew and I are totally compatible. We have two willowy Elowan aboard. Falerion, our communications officer, is excellent at solving any minor disagreements, and Bethamial, our medical officer, keeps us entertained with songs, stories and jokes. Even the bawdy jokes are elevated to good taste when related in an Elowan's musical speech.

**Captain's log, Stardate 27-05-4620 09:01.37**

We received a fair price for the minerals, enough to upgrade our engines two classes, and to purchase more endurium. Considering the very high price charged for it, collecting endurium wherever we find it has become a top priority. We will depart for the next leg of our explorations.

**22:48.16**

What a difference those new engines make! Our rate of fuel consumption is down dramatically! We ran into a flux at 128,105 that transported us to 146,112. It took Phenocti many hours to determine our location, leading me to the conclusion that advanced navigator training is essential on our return to Starport. Encountered androids called the "Mechans," and when I told them we weren't "Noah 9" they shot at us! We are at this time without weapons or defenses, and so were forced to retreat. (Was there not a mention of Noah in the old Technical Reference Manual, and in the "Religious Writings" appendix? I'll have to check that tomorrow.)

**Captain's log, Stardate 28-05-4620 08:56.44**

We found ruins and endurium on the fifth planet of the nearby F-class system at 145,107. The planetary coordinates for the ruins were 36N x 90E. Encountered more Mechans here; this must be their territory. Until we learn how to deal with them, the **Intrepid** will avoid contact.

**25:51.13**

Flew upspin and encountered several Velox. Phenocti informed me that since we were in Veloxi territory I would be wise to agree to pay the tribute they requested. It was a small amount, so I paid them. The Velox seem to be very responsive to obsequiousness, and much as I despise the posture, I adopted it when communicating with them. They told me of an Old Empire distress call when I asked them for general information, and they gave me coordinates for an artifact in the Axe constellation when I asked for information regarding other races. Maintaining good relations with alien races is *vital* important. Very valuable information can be gained by conversing in a friendly manner, which is difficult to do while blasting away with a laser!

**Captain's log, Stardate 04-06-4620 13:00.25**

We discovered a planet guarded by a mysterious drone just between Veloxi and Mechan territory. Found another one guarding the innermost planet of the upper system of the binary system nearby. These must be of great value if someone went to this much trouble to guard them! However, we are not equipped at this time to find out what that value is. Found a flux at 123,127 that took us to



128,143. This was very near the location of the planet referred to in the message we found in the ruins on the second planet of system 123,101, so we proceeded to the fourth planet of the system 118,146 and found a beautiful Dodecahedron artifact in a ruin there (16S x 20W). We recorded an old message that referred to a 'cloaking device' that was stolen, the thief's trail leading to system 68,66. We also recommended this world for colonization.

**Captain's log, Stardate 22-06-4620 15:18.55**

We had an unusually high rate of alien encounters on our return to Starport. The reason for this became apparent when we had our Dodecahedron analyzed at Starport. An interesting little device, and I would like to have kept it, but we badly needed the funds to pay for advanced accelerated training for Navigator Phenocti and Communications Officer Falerion. We upgraded the **Intrepid** with revenue from the planetary recommendation, and now we have very efficient engines and basic weapons and defensive capabilities. We will depart for our next journey after the crew (and the Captain!) have had some shore leave.

**Captain's log, Stardate 29-06-4620 23:42.02**

Phenocti easily found a flux at 126,87 that took us very near the coordinates of the distress call the Velox told us about. We found ourselves at 173,88, the other end of the flux, and proceeded to locate the source of the distress beacon, which was in orbit around the first planet of system 175,94. Following directions from the beacon, we discovered the answer to the intractable Mechans. They are androids sent out to prepare worlds for Noah, a colonization project of the Old Empire. After preparing the colony world of "Heaven," they have been awaiting the Noah 9 colonists for over a thousand years. The colonists never arrived due to ship malfunction, which forced them to make an emergency landing on this planet. The suspected reason for the malfunction was sabotage.

First Officer McGuin feels that this planet is suitable for colonization, and so we will send a message drone to Starport.

**Captain's log, Stardate 05-07-4620 20:34.21**

We explored the area thoroughly until an imminent stellar flare forced us to leave. First Officer McGuin is to be commended on his recognition of the condition of the star — without his warning Interstel would have been minus one prototype starship. We identified and tracked several fluxes, and added them to our growing collection of navigational data. We discovered an unusual four-star cluster at 164,85 and within the cluster we found a planet we recommended for colonization. We are now returning to Starport.

**Captain's log, Stardate 25-07-4620 10:12.34**

All of my crew are now trained to the maximum level of expertise that Interstel can provide them. The *Intrepid* has some battle capabilities, both offensive and defensive, and better engines. We will search out the Mechans, and see if we can communicate with them.

**Captain's log, Stardate 28-07-4620 23:24.03**

We convinced our metal friends that we were the long lost Noah 9! As we approached system 145,107 we again encountered Mechans. This time, armed with hints and information, we convinced them that we were Group 9, we did not

worship Layton, and that it was all right to go from code blue to code red. They couldn't answer our questions fast enough! The Noah Project was a desperate attempt on the part of a group of scientists who called themselves "The Institute" to save the human species from destruction. These scientists were convinced of the existence of an encroaching "Dead Zone," an increased instability in stars coreward. The Institute sent out android groups to identify and prepare underground colonies on habitable worlds, and then to protect the surrounding area until the colonists arrived. The fourth planet of this system, Heaven, is the planet the Mechans have been guarding, waiting for Noah Group 9 to come and claim it. Since its value to those who have been dead for 1200 years is questionable, we will claim it instead. We figured that this world will be acceptable for a colonization recommendation. After all, someone has been keeping this planet warm for us for over a thousand years! Then we will explore the two planets guarded by some kind of orbiting drone that the Mechans don't know anything about. It is frustrating that we cannot pass.

The Mechans also told us that the old Sol system is in a constellation called Pythagoras, along with a system named Mardan. We are curious to discover whether or not Earth really exists. Perhaps we will be given the opportunity!

We will return to Starport.

**Captain's log, Stardate 04-08-4620 11:49.55**

The **Intrepid** has been fitted with the finest, fastest engines available from Interstel. Navigator Phenocti tells me this will further decrease our rate of fuel consumption, imperative since we intend to journey farther away from Starport. We will depart in the morning.

**Captain's log, Stardate 10-08-4620 22:12:49**

We returned to the mysterious planets guarded by orbiting probes. These are Veloxi devices — indeed, this is Veloxi territory. After many encounters, much paying of tributes and sickeningly obsequious posturing (to the great delight of Phenocti and Vetufixi, who did not bother to confine their snickers to the hive-mind frequencies!), we finally managed to establish friendly relations with the Velox, who lowered their shields and gave us much useful information. To get past the guard drones we need to give correct answers to the drones' questions. Correct answers are always a multiple of six, a holy number to the Velox. In the days of the Old Empire, the Velox had what they called "the ellipsoid focusing stone," which the queen used to communicate with her drones. The stone was stolen by a space pirate named Harrison, and the Velox had to resort to the much less efficient hive-mind frequencies for communication. They are quite pitiful in their wistful desire for the stone's return, and if I had it in my possession I would turn it over to them. Once friendly, these Velox are very hospitable and informative. They delighted in swapping off-color jokes with Bethamial, and even invited us to visit Sphexi, their holy planet and the home of the "Most Magnificent Hexagon," whatever that is. I think that will be our next destination.

**Captain's log, Stardate 13-08-4620 20:34:31**

We visited Sphexi (132,165), and while there picked up a great deal of endurium and a pretty bauble, a crystal orb. I am uncertain as to the wisdom or morality of stealing from friends, but my crew reminded me that our mission is to save all the races from destruction, and that we should keep the orb because it may help us to complete our mission. I followed their advice, and we fled Velox space. Now I wonder if the Velox will be telling people about the pirate Max Zarfleen who stole their "small egg." I don't know if I like being a pirate!

We proceeded to the Veloxi drone-guarded planets. McGuin recommended both as good colony worlds, so we sent off a message drone to Interstel. On one of these worlds (the first planet of 143,115) we discovered something of interest. In some Old Empire ruins, we found a strange artifact resembling a black egg at 28N x 4E, and a message containing the coordinates (56N x 16W) for the offensive headquarters of Earth on a planet called Mardan Two. If we come across Mardan Two, these coordinates may be useful. We then returned to Heaven where we took advantage of abundant mineral deposits. We will return to Starport.

**Captain's log, Stardate 19-08-4620 11:54.23**

We have sold our minerals and extra endurium. But the black egg we will keep, along with our misbegotten crystal orb. After all, we "space pirates" have to keep *some* booty aboard! May as well keep the valuable stuff.

There were some odd references to the "Cross" constellation in Starport notices. I think we will investigate that next.

**Captain's log, Stardate 29-08-4620 23:34.11**

Falerion, our peace-loving Elowan, expressed her concern as we were about to take the continuum flux found at 118,107. She told us that the Cross constellation at the other end of the flux is the territory of the Gazurtoids, a xenophobic and hostile bunch of holy joes. The Elowan have discovered that the only way to deal with this race safely and peacefully is to enter their space unarmed, shields down, and communicate with them in a respectful manner, taking care to give no offence. It is a difficult decision, but if evasive action is impossible, I will follow Falerion's advice.

The Intrepid emerged into Gazurtoid space, surrounded by hostile ships. Retreat was impossible due to their sheer numbers. Before entering the flux we had lowered our shields and disarmed our weapons, and now we attempted to communicate using an extremely obsequious posture. It worked! After preaching at us awhile, and foretelling of our ignoble demise, they left us alone.

We then took one of the many fluxes here — this area is a sort of grand flux junction. Phenocti chose the one at 101,77 just below the yellow G-class star of the cross. This deposited us in Spemin territory, at 61,131. The Spemin rival the Gazurtoids for obnoxious behavior. By this time we were fed up with being obsequious and blasted two of their ships into the Spemin afterlife. When we dropped out of combat to hail the remaining ship, we found her to be quite polite and willing to share some useful information with us. They told us of a great "City of the Ancients" in a nebula just outward of their home planet, upspin and outward of our present position. After rummaging through the debris of the blasted ships for anything useful (which pained Falerion and Bethamial very much), we took our leave of the Spemin ship.

**Captain's log, Stardate 02-09-4620 18:53.19**

We followed the Spemin's directions and found ourselves in a medium-sized nebula liberally sprinkled with fluxes. In system 56,144 we found three ice planets. On one of these planets we found the Ancient City. It was an archaeologist's paradise, and the ruins here have much to tell Interstel specialists. However, we were only equipped to appreciate the huge deposits of endurium, which we did to the fullest capacities of our nearly empty holds! Another thing of interest we collected here is what appears to be a crystal pearl. I added it to our clear acrylic pirate booty collection case on the bridge.



**Captain's log, Stardate 06-09-4620 02:46.22**

We limp home, after nearly losing our ship and our lives to the most hostile and deadly race in the galaxy. After taking a series of fluxes that brought us far Outward, we were attacked by a single Uhlek vessel. We had heard of them from other races, but were still unprepared for their uncompromising ferocity. They refused to acknowledge our friendly hail, and we'd barely time to raise our shields before the first strike blasted our hull. This hit destroyed our combat maneuver capabilities, and the second strike badly injured my crew. MY CREW! I took the helm and dropped us out of combat to try and maneuver away, but as soon as we entered the Maneuver navigational mode, there was a brilliant flash of light from the crystal pearl in the pirate booty case. Somehow it warped us out of Uhlek territory! It looks like we will make it to Starport for medical attention and repairs. Medical Officer Bethamial is the most badly wounded of my crew. Beautiful, graceful Bethamial. Damn the Uhleks!

**Captain's log, Stardate 07-09-4620 11:16.25**

Bethamial will live! She will need some time in the Photosynthesis Vats but she will be all right. I know it is improper to refer to an Elowan as "he" or "she," but the impersonal "it" seems to rob a sentient of his or her humanity. Another inappropriate term! My father was right: all those philosophy classes at the University were a waste of time. "Why bother when you're going to fly a starship, boy? Who needs a flying philosopher?" He never enjoyed the intense discussions I had with my mother on controversial and fascinating subjects. She and I would talk the night through, defining "criteria for sentience" and playing with time travel paradox, far and away our favorite topic. Now here I am, Captain of the **Intrepid**, Interstel's golden-haired boy. And wishing I could blow every Uhlek out of the space-time continuum for what they did to my crew. Falerion, Phenocti and Vetufixi will be released from the medical facility in the next few days. But we will wait for Bethamial before we continue.

**Captain's log, Stardate 14-09-4620 21:49.44**

Bethamial is ready to return to her duties! The **Intrepid** has been fitted with the finest weapons and shields available, and will be able to depart from Starport in the morning. We will head downspin and coreward into Elowan and Thrynn territory.

**Captain's log, Stardate 04-10-4620 19:31.24**

The Elowan we encountered were too busy preparing for their "Harvest Festival" to talk with us at any length. When I asked Falerion and Bethamial about it, they were too embarrassed to explain what the Harvest Festival is. I imagine it has something to do with the very mysterious and highly secret reproductive rituals of the Elowan. To be able to communicate with the Thrynn we will have to return to Starport and let Bethamial and Falerion take a short leave. The Thrynn would never talk to us if they knew Elowan were on board the **Intrepid**. We will hire a Thrynn communications officer for this trip.

**Captain's log, Stardate 06-10-4620 23:18.59**

We discovered a potential colony world at 144,44, and sent off a message drone to Interstel. We met many Thrynn ships, and established profitable communications with them right away. Thank goodness they responded to a friendly posture — any more obsequiousness and Phenocti and Vetufixi would have mutinied!

The Thrynn offered to buy our crystal pearl at a very good price, but the crew agreed it would be insane to give it up, all things considered. We asked them about other races and they told me a possible location for the planet that held the

ruins of Harrison's old base. It is in the Staff constellation, and since we pirates should stick together, the **Intrepid** will eventually investigate. The Thrynn are a race of intergalactic wheeler-dealers, and they told us a great deal about valuable artifacts scattered around the galaxy, which they offered to purchase from us if found. They told us of a flux (98,79) to take out of the Cross constellation that would bring us to a system where we could find a shimmering ball device. They also mentioned a ring device to be found on Mars in the Sol system. We have to find that system! I seem to remember a captain's log entry in the old Technical Reference Manual that gives some sort of clue.

**23:58.55**

We will need to go to the Staff constellation to find the answer. There is a vertical group of three stars on the starmap that looks like a staff to me, upspin and coreward of Starport.

**Captain's log, Stardate 12-10-4620 14:37:39**

We have explored all three systems of what is indeed the Staff constellation. On the innermost planet of the downspin system (180,120) we found ruins, tons of endurium, and a part of a message that gave us the coordinates of ruins on the old Elowanian homeworld, and mentioned that the Institute believes that the cause of the flaring stars is somewhere coreward and upspin. On the second planet of the upspin system (180, 124), we explored the ruins until we came across some clues that led us to two abandoned bases, apparantly used by the great pirate Harrison himself. In one (59N x 22E) we found a strange rod-shaped artifact, and in the other (54N x 13E) some clues as to where Harrison might have gone. Once back in space we encountered a starship of an unusual design, but somehow vaguely familiar. It warped into hyperspace before we had a

chance to hail it. When we started to explore a nearby system, our hull started overheating and we barely managed to escape with our lives. It is the same system warned of in notices on Starport. Several ships have disappeared here. We'll give that area a wide berth until we discover more about it. Phenocti discovered two fluxes near the Staff constellation. We will take the one mentioned in the Captain's log in the old Technical Reference Manual (176, 123), which should put us only eight sectors away from the Sol system.

**Captain's log, Stardate 17-10-4620 23:55:12**

Luck remains with us. We found the constellation Pythagoras, and within it the Sol system — Earth is not just a fairy story after all! It is the third planet of system 215,86, and an excellent colony world. In ruins there (12N x 104W) we found a cube-shaped artifact and some information as to the coordinates of headquarters on the planet Mardan Two, which just happens to be in a neighboring system. On Mars, the fourth planet of the Sol system, we found the ring device artifact right where the Thrynn said it would be, at 90N x 0 (W/E). It was lucky we had the coordinates — from space Mars appears to be a water planet with no land masses at all. The tiny island on which the ring device was located is impossible to detect. The second planet of this system is also a good colony world.

**Captain's log, Stardate 19-10-4620 22:45:49**

We proceeded to Mardan Two, the second planet of system 217,88 and conducted some interesting, but non-profitable, exploration. But on Mardan Four, the fourth planet of the same system, we mined an incredible amount of plutonium, and I'm sure we'll net a nice profit by recommending the planet for colonization.

**Captain's log, Stardate 24-10-4620 15:30:06**

Conducted some further exploration of the area and discovered another black egg device on the second planet of system 234,20 (at 35S x99E), in the constellation known as "The Axe." I added it to our pirate booty, then we took the flux at 179,52, which brought us into Thrynn space. This proved remarkably fortunate, since the Thrynn pay twice as much for plutonium as Starport, and our holds just happen to be filled with it! On the old Elowanian homeworld (the second planet of system 129,33) we found the ruins of an outpost of the Institute (60S x 45E). After reading through what little information remains in this once magnificent place, we found references to a Red Cylinder and a Tesseract, with clues as to their locations. We are returning home to Starport for some much needed shore leave before pursuing these leads.

**Captain's log, Stardate 10-11-4620 19:45.51**

Bethamial and Falerion have rejoined the crew. Everyone feels rested, and tomorrow the **Intrepid** will depart for Elowanian space to gather information from the Elowan, who should be finished with their Harvest Festival by now. Even humans don't party *that* hearty!

**Captain's log, Stardate 12-11-4620 23:03.17**

The Elowan wouldn't speak to us. They said they could smell the stench of a 'Friend of the Thrynn' from 400 parsecs, and would we please leave! We flew into Thrynn space and *they* took a couple of potshots at us! We returned fire, and made our way back to the Elowan. Suddenly it was "Well met, Friends of the Elowan." Once they were willing to be friendly, they gave us much information about the Ancients, as well as the general galactic situation (i.e.,

flaring stars). In addition, they recited to us an Elowanian children's rhyme that provides the key to the location of the star Akteron, the home system of the Institute. We will hotfoot it to Akteron!

**Captain's log, Stardate 16-11-4620 18:41:58**

Using information that we later received from the Mechans, we found the Institute at coordinates 75S x 66E on the sixth planet of the Akteron system (165,84). I think I know the secret of the flaring stars, and I know what has to be done to stop the process from continuing. There is one thing we need to collect before we can carry out the solution — a device known as the "crystal cone." But I am deeply troubled by the serious moral and ethical dilemma in which I find myself. When should the survival of one species take precedence over another? And who has the right to decide? I fear this question will prove academic, since the crystal cone lies protected within Uhlek space. We will return to Starport to prepare for our next journey.

**Captain's log, Stardate 18-11-4620 16:42.44**

Had a stimulating conversation with my old professor of philosophy, Kerwin Dahgles. He is convinced that huge amounts of endurium fuel, when ignited by an explosion of sufficient magnitude, will enable a starship to travel in time. He says it has something to do with the very nature of endurium — it has puzzled him for some time that endurium crystals behave erratically, quite different from other crystals. Of course, this behavior is what makes superphotonic travel possible, but Dahgles says that theoretically there is no limit to the capabilities of superphotonic travel, and with enough endurium *supertemporal* (faster than time) travel is possible. I had to take leave of my old friend before I blurted out what I think I have discovered. What would he have said had I told him my thoughts about the true nature of endurium?



**Captain's log, Stardate 20-11-4620 23:19.29**

My crew decided that dealing with the Uhleks might be easier with the aid of the "cloaking device" we have heard about. From information received earlier from the Thrynn (who referred to it as the "shimmering ball") and information found in ruins on various planets, we pinpointed its location as the first planet of system 68,66. After endless searching on this watery world, we finally found a message that led us to the ruins containing the cloaking device. We will search these coordinates tomorrow.

**Captain's log, Stardate 22-11-4620 21:42.11**

We were successful in locating the cloaking device at 12N x 32E. As we left orbit we were attacked by Gazurtoids and discovered that the cloaking device only works during combat. Went into Spemin space and bullied them into revealing a series of fluxes that will take us into Uhlek territory. The coordinates of the fluxes are as follows: the first is 106,139 to 65,181; the second is 64,186 to 31,184; and the third, which placed us very near our destination, is 35,186 to 23,199. We proceed with great caution.

**Captain's log, Stardate 24-11-4620 18:33.16**

So far so good. The first planet of the system 20,198 contained the crystal cone, at the coordinates given to us by the Elowan (29S x 55W). We collected endurium here, and will depart for the crystal planet in the morning. I'm positive that the one we seek is the strange planet that caused our hull to overheat.

**Captain's log, Stardate 25-11-4620 14:59.32**

As we left orbit after finding the crystal cone, we were attacked before we had a chance to activate the cloaking device. If only we had acted with more speed! The **Intrepid** has been nearly destroyed by Uhlek warships. My crew has been killed. I am letting the ship drift while the Uhleks prepare to board. Using one of the black eggs in the case on the bridge for a detonator, and the pods of endurium for fuel, I rigged up a timed explosion that should, if my good professor was correct, blast the **Intrepid** through time. If only there were a way to ensure the direction of travel, or the distance. I can only hope that my ship will serve some purpose, either as a warning to the past or an historical treasure to the future. Even if the endurium simply blows my ship to Hell, at least the Uhleks won't get her!

If this log is being read by sentients in my past, it is important that you know this information: to stop the stellar flares, you must have the crystal orb to nullify the defenses of the crystal planet (192,152). You must have the crystal cone to identify the control nexus of the planet. And last, you must have a black egg, an explosive device of deadly magnitude. And then, if you feel you are morally able, you must destroy the crystal planet with the black egg. I wish I had time for more detail, but the Uhleks are preparing to board. If this information makes no sense to you, preserve it for those who will be able to benefit from it.

If my log is found by those in my future, I beg of you, obliterate the Uhlek murderers from the galaxy before it is too late. I will strike the first blow against them. I will depart in the shuttlecraft, but I will not go alone. For company I will have the other small, black egg. Had I known before what I know now, I would have visited the Uhlek Brain World that the Thrynn spoke of, and would have left the egg there. Too late for that now. But not for the Uhleks who will hunt me...I hope. For them I hope this egg will provide a moment's entertainment.

Captain out.

XY	XY
7,94	71,84
9,16	135,84
15,135	54,146
22,22	25,48
23,199	35,186
25,48	22,22
31,184	64,186
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