

Cycles...

possible, snicker and say: "Why don't you go dance on the moon like Armstrong?"

Even now I do not wish to believe.

★★★

There once lay a great continent to the north.

I first heard this theory as a youth of sixteen. I had just begun my first year—and what appeared would be my last—at the *Universidade de São Paulo*. A test case, an educational experiment, I was, in many ways, simple—knowledgeable in the deviousness of the jungle, but innocent of the concrete snares of the city.

I hated the city. I thought I would never be able to adjust. I feared its hard straight lines and unyielding streets would snap me and return me to the jungle broken, forever a wasted one. Or that its great stone towers would drive madness into my skull like a spike and that, starved for the touch of earth, the sight of open sky, the smell of green growing things, I would end my life by leaping from one, seeking freedom in that final fall.

I wept, and hated my tears and the city that caused them. Most of all, I hated myself for a weakling and a child.

In a child's rage, full of fury and frustration, I vowed to *o Cristo Preto* that I would endure. I would not end my life as a discarded one, hollow and unfulfilled, like the *jivaros* who come to the city expecting to find the roads paved with gold only to become the ghostmen of those stoney streets, doomed to wander forever in a twilight world neither of the city nor ever again of the jungle.

Lonely ones. Poor lost marginal men.

I knew if one traveled north from Brasil, through the wilds of Panamá to the Edge of the World, one would come to clean bluegreen waters where float islands that long ago came boiling and heaving up from the sea like drowning men clawing for air.

Mountain chains of a once mighty continent, said *Profesor do Nascimento*. A continent as large as ours. A high level of civilization, a technology the equal of our own, a sophisticated people who took with them the science of embalming when they perished. Swallowed whole by the implacable sea and only these few island morsels spit

JAYNZ SHIPS

Star Trek
Gaming Material

TICONDEROGA-class Light Cruiser

by Matt Burke and
Dale L. Kemper

Ship's Data

Hull Data:

Numbers—NCC 8000-8050
Model Numbers—Mk 1
Date Entering Service—2/2207
Number Constructed—1

Size

Length—243m
Width—130m
Height—69m
Weight—150,000mt
Cargo Units—300

Other Data:

Crew—320
Shuttlecraft—4-8
Transporters—
3 standard 6-person
3 emergency 22-person
2 cargo

Engines and Power Data:

Total Power Units Available—48
Movement Point Ratio—2/1
Warp Engine Type—FWC
Number—2
Power Units Available—
22 each
Stress Charts—O/M
Maximum Safe Cruising
Speed—Warp 8
Emergency Speed—Warp 10
Impulse Engine Type—FID
Power Units Available—4

Weapons and Firing Data:

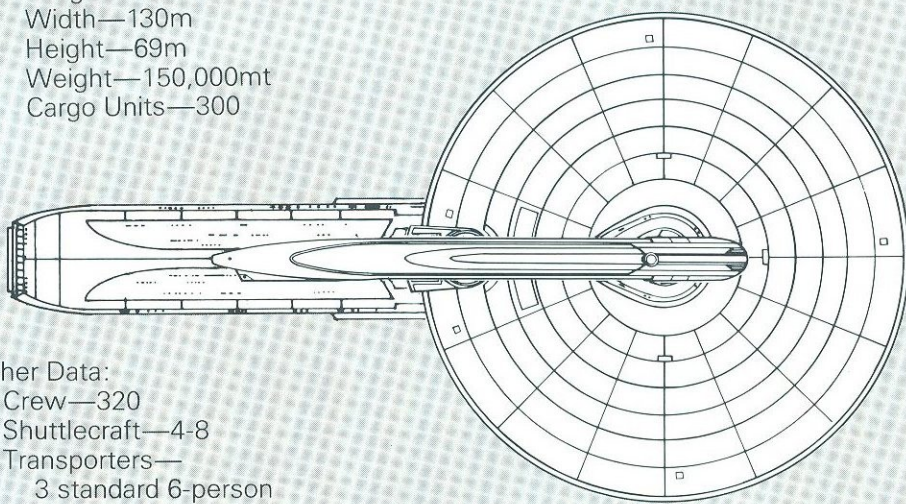
Beam Weapon Type—FH-10
Number—10, in 5 pairs of
banks, 2 weapons per bank
Firing Arcs—2 fwd/port, 1 fwd,
2 fwd/stb
Firing Chart—W
Power Range—0-7
Damage Modifiers—+3(1-10)
+2(11-17) +1(18-20)

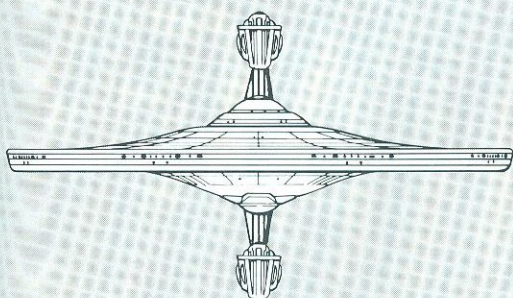
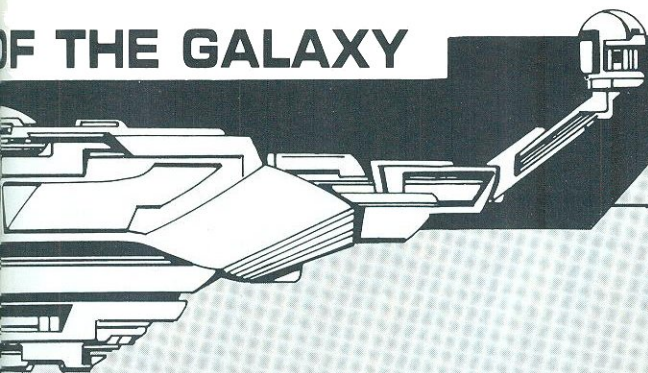
Missile Weapon Type—FP-5

Number—1
Firing Arcs—aft
Firing Chart—W
Power To Arm—1
Damage—16

Shields and Damage Control Data:

Superstructure Points—20
Damage Chart—B
Deflector Shield Type—FSO
Shield Point Ratio—1/3
Maximum Shield Power—16





The *Ticonderoga* Class Light Cruiser is the newest class of vessels to come off the Federation assembly lines. At present, only the *Ticonderoga* has been completed, with the construction of 24 more vessels to begin if and when she successfully completes her trials.

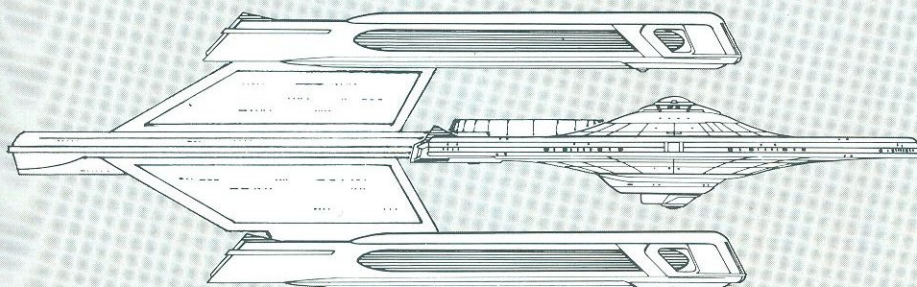
The *Ticonderoga* is the first Star Fleet vessel with up and down warp nacelles as opposed to the conventional side to side method of dual engines in the past. Great study and design experimentation has gone into this alignment, with a number of new theories in warp engineering occurring as well. Not until the evidence of improved performance (see the *Swift Solaria* in Issue 3/4) came about was this radical design ever seriously considered.

Tests have shown that through some still not understood principle of warp matter/anti-matter balance a vessel using this engine configura-

tion should attain greater speeds with more safety than a vessel using the standard configuration. Practical trials have only been conducted with vessels less than 40,000 tons but designers and warp engineers can find no reason why this advantage should not help larger ships as well. *Ticonderoga* has been built to make sure that this is indeed so.

If the class is a success, Star Fleet intends to use the vessels for such tasks as escorts for important convoys and pirate suppression. Finally, the privateers who prey on helpless shipping will come up against a vessel that can both outgun them and outrun them. This never-before-seen situation is looked upon with great expectation by many merchant corporations and far-flung frontier worlds.

The trials of the *Ticonderoga* are scheduled for later this year. Only then will it be known for sure if the class will be a success or not. Regardless of the outcome, the *Ticonderoga* Class may very well be the last major Star Fleet vessel to be equipped with standard warp engines. The continuing tests of the new battleship *Excelsior* and her transwarp drive may make all other means of interstellar propulsion obsolete before the final ship of the *Ticonderoga* Class is completed.



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Cycles...

back up. Twenty thousand years ago.

As soon believe in Atlantis or Mu.

If there were indeed in the past great inhabited landmasses in the Northern Hemisphere, I argued, why have divers found no evidence, no trace of them on the ocean floor? No ruined cities, no rubble of roads, no sign that man ever lived there. Only endless slag, the frozen remains of once-molten earth spewed forth by undersea volcanos. A lunar surface beneath the sea.

"There are references in the bits of writing that survive," were Jango's words to me. "Here, and in Australozealandia, and in Afra in the ancient song cycles."

Jango, my husband, my historian.

"Something happened twenty thousand years ago," he said. "Something so terrible that almost no records survived, save these few fragments. In ancient Ibo and Swahili Mothertongue, in early Portuguese and the Ur-Inglis.

"They correlate. All make reference in one way or another to northern lands. And to a catastrophe. Or war. A war fought with suns. There is mention of weapons like suns in the *Ibo Birdsong Cycle*. I was struck by that, the image. 'Suns unleashed at man's command.'"

"No," I said.

Jango's beautiful mouth smiled.

"You do not want to believe, do you? You cannot allow yourself to believe. I know you."

"No," I said, but knew he was right and that he knew he was right.

I wished to walk upon the moon. I wished to lead man into space. To take the first small step that would start us up the path toward what I believe to be our purpose and our heritage—the stars!

I knew in my lifetime we could have the moon. I wished to be the one to give it to my brothers.

But if I allowed myself to believe that there had once been a civilization the equal of ours—more powerful, if they could indeed command the energy of suns—a civilization that could have had the stars but chose instead the grave, I could not bear it.

If I allowed myself to believe that we might have spent the past twenty thousand years building on their glory—rather than painfully starting over—and that today we might have had the stars and I alive to see it, then I would be destroyed.

So I did not believe.