



# Communication

#188

New Series

Special Christmas Edition 1998

Volume 2 Issue 10

This issue we thought we'd bring you some last minute Christmas shopping ideas and some fun to sooth that holiday panic. So sit back, order by mail and enjoy your holidays. As Sherlock Holmes said to the KKK, "Squeezin's Greetings!"

*The Papers on the Sundial*

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### A Bauble in Space Time (or the Second Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle)

by Carl L. Heifetz

Mr. Spock was rather over six feet in height, and so excessively lean that he seemed considerably taller. The tight fitting tunic and trousers of his Star Fleet uniform accentuated his wiry slimness, the electric blue color complementing the green cast of his pale skin. His gray eyes were sharp and piercing, and his thin hawk like nose gave his whole expression an air of alertness. Large pointed ears betrayed the fact that, in parentage, he was half human and only half a member of the Vulcan species who originated on that planet. Looking about his spartan quarters abstractedly, he appeared to be searching for the proper beginning to his private diary. Then, eyes focused clearly ahead and a half smile that betrayed his partial Terran origin, he sat down in his straight backed chair, raised both of his expressive eyebrows, made a long arm, started the recorder, and began his narrative. "Personal log Commander Spock, old Earth date December 27." As he spoke, his mind's eye reviewed the exciting events that had presaged a new understanding of the Cosmos and the true nature of the space-time continuum.



The adventure began indecisively on his part. He had to convince Captain Kirk to change course, that they had an opportunity to achieve a great scientific breakthrough, even at such an inopportune moment. The ship had just been through a very rough adventure meeting both the Klingons and the Romulans almost simultaneously. Repairs were desperately needed. The entire crew of the *Enterprise* was demanding rest and recreation. Romulan prisoners had to be deposited at the closest Star Base. And worse yet, they were out of materials for any Star Fleet uniforms except red, which the members of the crew, for good reason, refused to wear on away missions. Yet, as he gazed at the bright blue stone clutched between his thin, strong fingers, his eagerness to conclude the search of several generations of his ancestors overwhelmed his normal reticence. Replacing the gem, he rose from his chair, initiated the communication device, and stated, "Captain Kirk, I must see you about an important scientific matter that

must delay the conclusion of our journey by 6.39 cycles and take us approximately 8.36 to 9.47 light years away from our current course."

The response from his friend and superior was almost immediate.

"Spock," the disembodied voice replied, "You must be out of your mind. What could be important enough to delay us for almost an Earth week and keep the crew away from the well-earned pleasures of the hedondome on the Star Base. You better have a very good reason, Mister, or your name will be Harry Mudd with all of the young folks in the crew."

"It's my blue carbuncle, Captain. A very urgent situation has emerged," responded the science officer.

"Bones and I'll be right there!" yelled the Captain, excitedly. "Why didn't you come to sick bay? You must really be in bad shape to call the bridge on a matter like this! Is it your Vulcan physiology?" With that, the communicator went dead silent.

With little time for Spock to contemplate Kirk's mysterious response, the door urgently signaled several times.

"The door is unlocked," stated Spock, blandly. With that, the door burst open, and in rushed Captain James Kirk and Dr. McCoy, the Chief Medical Officer.

Spock observed them in his

quick peering manner, his eyes and brain attempting to logically analyze the performance of his two comrades. The handsome, by human standards, Captain Kirk looked very worried. His perspiration dripped down from his forehead, under a shock of brown hair, onto the fashionable green v-necked tunic that he often favored. The rounded, older face of Dr. McCoy was flushed red in sharp contrast to his blue, short sleeved medical tunic. Unable to discern the source of their discomfort, Spock waited expectantly for an explanation as the only logical course of action. Questions would never elicit any meaningful responses from his all too human and over emotional colleagues.

The answer came in a torrent of words from Dr. McCoy. His slight southern accent yelled out, "Let me see your necrotizin' infected lesion before it spreads! Why the hell did y'all wait so long to say anythin'? Ah might be just a country doctor, but Ah know how to cure an infection, even in a green-blooded Vulcan! A staphylococcal infection could be very serious to your system!"

"Dammit Spock!" Captain Kirk chimed in. "What's out there a week away that you need for your carbuncle? Is it some special Vulcan ritual? We have all of the latest Vulcan antibiotics on the ship already, and can get more at the Star Base."

The source of his friends' concern becoming obvious, Spock withdrew from his pocket the beautiful blue gem saying, "This is the blue carbuncle that I meant, not an infectious lesion. I appreciate your medical skills, Dr. McCoy, and would very readily put myself in your skilled hands should I have an abscess. Please, sit down and compose yourselves while I tell you about this bauble and its relevance to the prolongation of our voyage."

Spock held out his hand, palm upraised. Residing therein was a brilliantly scintillating blue stone, rather smaller than a bean in size, but of such purity and radiance that it twinkled like an electric point in the dark hollow of his hand.

The now calmed James Kirk queried, "Yes, Spock, it's a pretty bauble, but so what? Why change course and waste more time getting to a nice vacation replete with beautiful women who require my attention, and incidentally getting our vessel repaired?"

"Because," replied Mr. Spock, "It is our duty to seek new worlds and go where no man has ever gone before."

"Can't we go later?" asked the now relaxed Dr. McCoy. "What in blazes is the rush?"

"No, that would take us too far away from the point of entry to a parallel universe," Spock replied. "This stone is the key."

Hearing but not comprehending, the Captain and the doctor looked expectantly towards their science officer for further edification. Noting their confusion, Spock continued, "Regard the blue color of this stone."

"So what?" asked McCoy, starting to lose patience. "What do Vulcans care about beautiful gemstones, anyway?"

"I think I see your point," stated Kirk blandly, "All carbuncles, including the mineral type, are red in color. This is a major discovery should it really be a carbuncle and not some other bauble."

"How in blazes do you know that, Jim?" asked McCoy.

"Easy," replied Kirk, "one of my former girlfriends used to prattle on about jewelry. If I recall, she wanted a ruby engagement ring."

"Engaged? I never heard that you were ever engaged!" erupted McCoy, staring incredulously at his Captain.

"I said she's a former girlfriend," retorted Kirk. "But Spock, get on with your explanation."

"If I may continue uninterrupted, I will provide you with all of the answers that you seek," replied Spock. Now that he had finally received their undivided attention, Spock continued, "An ancestor of mine acquired the gem sometimes between Ancient Date 1887 and AD 1890. His Biographer did not specify the exact year, and the Chronologists of my ancestor's records are not in agreement on

this, although most favor AD 1889. It is clear however, that it occurred on Earth Date December 27. According to the original narrative, the gem was found less than 20 years previously on the banks of the Amoy River in southern China, an ancient state in pre-Federation Earth. As I have already stated, it is remarkable in having every characteristic of the carbuncle save that it is blue in shade instead of ruby red."

"But how could he know that it was the only one. Did he



investigate further?" asked the Captain, an interested look now displayed on his ruddy countenance.

"My ancestor was a very meticulous scientist, having published many monographs," replied Mr. Spock. "Between the years AD 1891 and 1894 he scoured the world - Tibet, Persia, Arabia, the Sudan, and many other distant locales - without finding another similar gem."

"Then," asked the doctor, himself finally relaxed as he drank from a glass of wine that he had obtained from the replicator device on the wall, "How do you know that it is indeed a carbuncle and not some

other gem that is naturally blue?"

Replied Mr. Spock, "Unable to locate another blue carbuncle, my ancestor stopped off in the South of France at a place called Montpellier to perform chemical experiments to authenticate its identity. He was a truly remarkable chemist, ahead of his time. He even invented a method to specifically detect minute amounts of human blood in aged specimens. He studied the stone finding that it had an index of refraction of 1.79 plus or minus zero point zero four and a buoyant density of four point zero. He determined, and I recently verified by scanner, that the stone is an iron silicate crystal containing, in each molecule, three atoms of iron, two of aluminum, and three silicate ions. It is indeed a carbuncle, and it *should* be deep red in color."

"So what!" yelled the doctor. "Why should we postpone our rest leave. What's this got to do with us?"

"Wait just a minute," said the now interested Kirk. "What do you have up your sleeve, Spock? There's more to this story, isn't there?"

**Ed. Note: As a matter of fact there is, but you will have to wait until COM#189 to read it.**

**TO BE CONTINUED.....**

## BRIDGE

By FRANK STEWART

"It was a near thing, Watson," said Sherlock Holmes. "For a moment I feared the Professor had me at last."

Holmes, South, put up dummy's ace of clubs, only to see Professor Moriarty ruff and evilly return a trump.

"I won in dummy and counted six trumps, two diamonds and a club ruff in dummy," Holmes said. "I knew Moriarty wouldn't let me ruff a second club, so I had to make something of the hearts."

### NO ENTRIES

"You lack the entries to do so," Watson observed.

"Perhaps," said Holmes. "But I ruffed a heart and led a club; and as I foresaw, the Professor ruffed West's trick to lead a second trump. I won in dummy, ruffed a heart, ruffed a club, ruffed a heart and led the jack of diamonds to the queen."

"You can ruff another heart to set up the suit, but dummy has no further entry," said Watson.

"On the fourth heart," said Holmes, "I threw the ace of diamonds. Moriarty had to return a diamond to dummy's king, and I was home."

"Amazing, Holmes."

"Elementary."

Spotted by Carl Heifetz in the *St. Petersburg Times*

North dealer			
Both sides vulnerable			
North			
♠ A Q 8			
♥ K J 9 5 3 2			
♦ K Q			
♣ A 6			
West		East	
♠ None		♠ 7 6 5 3	
♥ 7 8 4		♥ A Q 10 8	
♦ 10 7 5 4		♦ 9 8 8 3 2	
♣ K Q J 9 8 2		♣ None	
South			
♠ K J 10 9 4 2			
♥ None			
♦ A J			
♣ 10 7 5 4 3			
North	East	South	West
1 ♥	Pass	1 ♠	Pass
2 NT	Pass	4 ♣	All Pass
Opening lead ---- ♣ K			



The time was May, 1997. The audience of the Sunshine State Sherlockian Scion Symposium sat

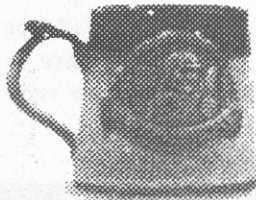
stunned by the performance of two insane Sherlockians as they translated "Hound of the Baskervilles" into a rock opera of cheap proportions. Reality was suspended as they watched two characters with loud jackets and a single prop per role. They rocked to the rhythm of a Holmesian musical. Well, now YOU can be there! Yes,

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(Includes membership to *The Pleasant Places of Florida*).

Didn't get to attend Sherlock's Sunshine Celebration of the Master's 144th Birthday in January? Don't feel bad - now you can purchase a publication of the entire program! **The Pleasant Places of Florida** has just printed **The First Annual Sherlock's Sunshine Celebration Publication**. This booklet contains all the toasts, all the rituals, all the presentations, and all the details about the dinner you ever wondered about. So find out what went on when you weren't there. Send \$25.00 to "Happy 144th,"



Make checks payable to Carl Heifetz. (Int'l add \$1.00)

### A GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP

As I entered the rooms at 221-B, I overheard: "But you mustn't," Holmes was saying. "Stay your decision for one more day, I pray you."

"Very well," replied Lestrade, and putting on his hat, he nodded to Watson and left.

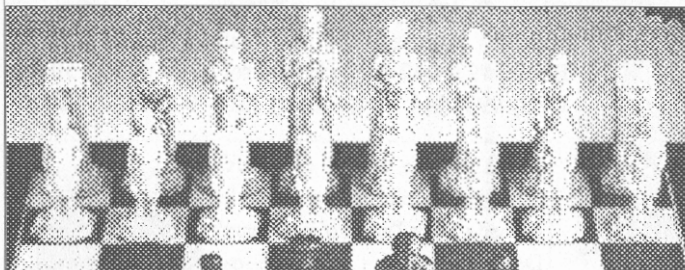
"Poor fellow," Holmes explained. "He's been on this case for months and his superiors are really after his skin. He's considering resignation."

"Surely one case..." I began, but Holmes interrupted.

"A royal case in which Lestrade has followed leads given him by me rather than what the department desired," he said. "If I had but one more nail perhaps I could convince him...." His voice trailed off and I knew it would be a three-pipe night. I left him to his thoughts.

The next morning, I exited my rooms to find that we had a visitor. Lestrade (cont. page 6)

## THE HOLMES & WATSON NATURAL CHESS SET



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(from page 5) joined us for breakfast.

"He just waltzed in to the Yard and announced that he couldn't take the pressure I'd been putting on him and wanted to turn himself in. Imagine that!" the Scotland Yarder was saying.

"Yes," Holmes smiled and winked at me. "Imagine. By the way, let me be the first to wish you a happy holiday, Lestrade."

"What?" he said, distracted. "Oh, yes. And to you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes."



## Presents We'd Like to See



There are many characters in the canon to whom we'd like to give gifts. Here are a few we thought you might find interesting:

Jephro Rucastle: An autographed copy of Miss Manners' latest book.

Dr. John Watson: A soundproofed reading room.

Robert Ferguson: Garlic and a sun lamp.

Violet Smith: A Volvo.

Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope: A year's supply of carpet cleaner.

Godfrey Emsworth: Oil of Olay.

Mary Sutherland: A well organized family

photograph album.

Jabez Wilson: A real job.

Charles Augustus Milverton: A public relations firm.

Mrs. Hudson: A vacation in the south of France.

Mr. Melas: A year's supply of karate lessons.

Victor Hatherley: A pair of lead-lined gloves.

Count Sylvius: Some sense.

Henry Baker: A vegetarian diet.

Professor Presbury: Cosmetic surgery.

Henry Baskerville: Night vision goggles.

Beppo: A portable x-ray machine.

## Reel Gifts

For those of you looking for Holmesian Movies to give—or receive—we've stumbled across a few that are now on video we thought you might enjoy.

*The Adventure of the Red Menace*. 1955. Charlton Heston, Robert Preston, Janet Leigh, Doris Day. Holmes must discover who is painting national monuments crimson.

*Lestrade*. 1989. Harrison Ford, Larry Storch, Linda Carter, Gerard Depardieu. Lestrade has been kidnapped by a band of French nationals and Holmes must find him before the Scotland Yard detective's blood is replaced with cheap French bourdeaux.

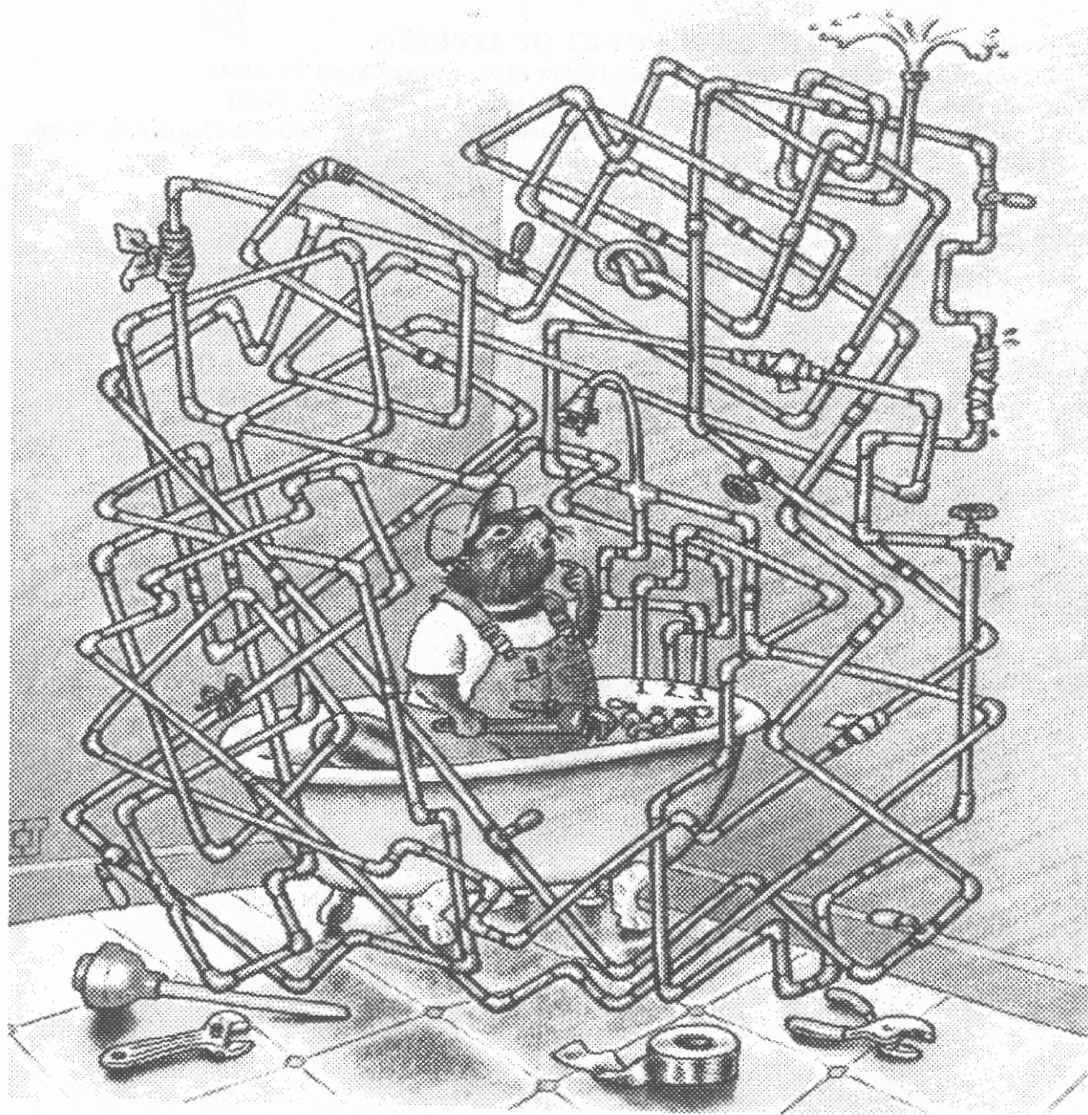
*Currency of Fear*. 1985. Peter O'Toole, Peter Falk, Peter Fonda, Pia Zadora. For Queen and Country, Holmes must put an end to a unified European monetary system.

*The Adventure of the Broken Guitar*. 1991. Sean Connery, Shawn Cassidy, Shania Twain. Holmes is kidnapped by a desperate group of Country/Western singers.

*The Adventure with Big Ears*. 1998. Kevin Costner, Anne Heche, Will Smith, Jeff Goldblum. Holmes must stop the Walt Disney Company from owning the entire world.

# A Three-Pipe Problem

Can you tell which tap leads to the problem pipe?



From *The Giant Book of Mazes* edited by Jeffrey A. O'Hare

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