



Movie Dunce

M A G A Z I N E

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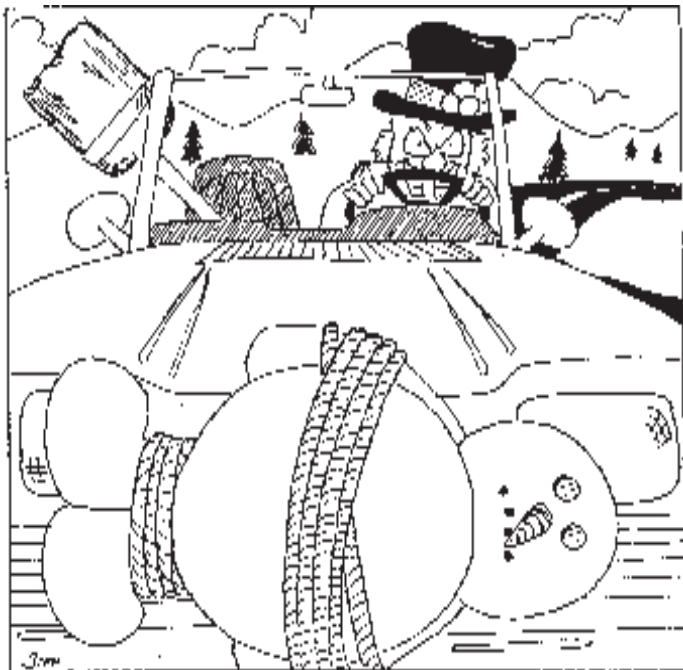
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ALL STAR TREK ISSUE!

By the Movie Dunce

This month is the all Star Trek issue. The central story was originally a two page synopsis which spiralled out of control and wound up being an issue all by itself (I figured, people already know I'm a big fat nerd anyways, so what the hey). So in this issue you've got your Star Trek story, Star Trek Zodiac, and even Star Trek jokes. But for as much Star Trek as you will get in this issue, there will be no Klingon. Because as much of a nerd as I am, even I will absolutely *not* do anything in Klingon, because that would be tantamount to admitting what a complete waste my life has truly been, what a waste of oxygen I am, and that I should be put out of my and your misery with extreme prejudice at once. What's that? The Cancer Zodiac is written in Klingon? Sh-t. Well forget everything I just said and have a good time.

GREY MATTER



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more. But mostly just me.

THE ZODIAC: by Q

ARIES: Worf doesn't just have a forehead, he has a five or six head.

TAURUS: The upside is that your touch makes women swoon, the downside is that your touch is the Vulcan nerve pinch.

GEMINI: You have Klingons around Uranus, you should wipe better.

CANCER: "*qaStaHvIS wa'ram loS Sad Hugh SijlaH qetbogh llod.*"--Klingon advice

LEO: No matter how many showers you take you still stink of targ.

VIRGO: Fortunately after a late night of drinking, you finally go to bed with a Risan dancer, unfortunately when you wake up

you will find that she has turned into a Ferengi flea merchant...and he's male.

LIBRA: You may walk like a Risan, but you talk like a Gorn.

SCORPIO: Your wit is as sharp as a *bat'elh*, but your wisdom is as dull as a Pakled.

SAGITTARIUS: You are doomed to suffer from diarrhea more explosive than a warp core after a field collapse.

CAPRICORN: Your new girlfriend's nickname will be "Polly"; short for Polyethylene.

AQUARIUS: Lwaxanna Troi will take interest in you at a diplomatic gala.

PISCES: Picard is bald. He-he's just bald!

I was only joking around, here's the real Zodiac.--MD

THE ZODIAC

ARIES: Not to say that you're furry, but you have more hair on your ass than most people have on their entire bodies.

TAURUS: All the chicks look at you and say that you're a 10... ..on the loser-meter.

GEMINI: Not to say that you're gay, but the only dick that you haven't tasted is your own.

CANCER: Not to say that you can't get a date, but the last girl you had sex with popped.

LEO: Not to say that you're a man-whore, but the only pussy that you haven't fucked is your cat.

VIRGO: If you're not gay, you should be.

LIBRA: I have a little Jew in me, he's still stuck in my teeth.

SCORPIO: The only thing I want in a girl is me.

SAGITTARIUS: Your mother has fleas.

CAPRICORN: As a woman, old age is both a blessing and a curse. The blessing is that your wisdom has increased one hundred fold, the curse is that your boobs swing like pendulums.

AQUARIUS: Substitute the word man for woman and testicles for boobs, and the same thing holds true for men.

PISCES: How many times do I have to say it, don't show it to them until they ask!

Movie Duncce Presents...

Sometimes I wonder to myself what Hollywood would do when given half a chance to remake a truly great film. What would they do in order to f-ck it up so bad that people would not only hate it, but also the original, because the original would remind them of it. Who would they cast? Who would direct? What changes would they make? It is with that in mind that in the fine tradition of *Tim Burton's Star Wars* (Movie Duncce December 2009) I present to you *The Wizard of Oz* as written by a Trekkie:

The Wiz-Ard of Crosh

By Stefan B. and Matthew H.

PART ONE

The scene opens with a thunderous Jerry Goldsmith soundtrack as credits roll and we travel through a star field. Slowly we pan over to the Starship Enterprise 1701-E which is orbiting high above a lush blue and green planet. Captain Picard sets the stage with a little narration.

Captain's Log: Stardate 58008.400

We are in orbit around the planet of Betazed for some much needed shore leave. Chief O'Brien will be taking this time to overhaul the transporter pads while the command crew take the shuttlecraft to the surface, leaving Ensign Wesley Crusher in command of the Enterprise. Hopefully this will not be recorded as the worst decision ever made by a Starfleet Officer.

Captain's Log Supplemental

If you turn Stardate 58008.400 upside down it spells "OOH BOOBS". Also I am currently making this Log while sitting in the lavatory, where coincidentally, I am making another Captain's "log".

Down on the surface of the planet, Deanna Troi and Worf were enjoying a romantic picnic by a lake. Their solace was interrupted by the banshee-like wails of Deanna's mother, Lwaxanna Troi, calling for her daughter.

"Oh little one, where are you? Is that nasty Worf-man with you again?"

Worf growled, and remarked that her mother's voice was only slightly less irritating than the ear piercing shrieks of a globfly. Deanna quickly develops a headache.

"What do you want mother?" barked Deanna.

Lwaxanna, with Mr. Homn in tow apologized for interrupting them and asked Worf if Klingon mating season

has begun, because that would account for his smell and lustful thoughts toward her and her daughter. Deanna's headache immediately turned into a migraine.

"Mother, why are you here?"

"Well, I needed to know whether or not Worf would be joining us for dinner, because if so, Mr. Homn will need to make a trip to the local landfill so Mr. Worf could have something to eat."

"Mother!" whined Deanna.

"Well don't get angry at me, little one," replied Lwaxanna, "It's the closest equivalent Betazed has to Klingon cuisine."

Worf screamed, "Will you never leave us alone, devil woman?!"

Lwaxanna replied, "That reminds me, little one, is Mr. Worf housebroken, or do we need to buy a sandbox?"

Meanwhile, on the bridge, Wesley Crusher was too busy being precocious to notice a perimeter alert that had been set off by an incoming ship. A very large cube-shaped ship.

Back on the planet, Deanna and Mr. Homn desperately tried to pull Worf off of Lwaxanna Troi as Worf throttled her, screaming at the top of his lungs, "You are the scourge of Betazed, and you will die without honor!"

After they succeeded, Deanna cried, "All I want is a normal life, without all this drama!" She stamped her feet and ran off sobbing.

Worf started to run after her to plead forgiveness, getting as far as saying, "Deanna, wait!" But he stopped, and watched her fade into the distance.

In the meantime, Lwaxanna noticed Picard walking nearby and desperately started waving at him, yelling, "Woo-hoo! Jean-Luc! I can sense your feelings for me all the way from here!" Picard walked faster and didn't look back.

Deanna, at last alone sang a sad song, "Somewhere...under the rings of...Betazed, I fell in love with...Worf's tur-tle head..."

After singing and walking for a while more, Deanna ran into Guinan who was serving drinks at the local cabana with Isaac the bartender. Isaac kept asking Guinan which the clone was, Picard or Stubing?

Romulan Jokes

What do you call five drowning Romulans?

A pretty good start.

Why won't a shark bite a Romulan?

Professional courtesy.

"Running away will not solve your problems," said Guinan, "You must stand up and face them." Deanna turned around and saw Worf behind her. They embraced.

A shadow fell over Betazed. Everyone looked up to see a giant cube eclipsing the sun. Guinan yelled, "RUN!"

Betazed found itself under attack by a Borg invasion force. Large green tractor beams spewed out from the ship scooping out large swathes of technology and land. The greater mass of the Betazoid population started to panic, and ran around like ants on an anthill that had just been kicked over. The Borg armies transported in around them and began to infect the population with nanites that transformed them into Borg-like zombies. After wiping out an entire police force, one Borg picked up a communicator and said, "Send more cops."

In the midst of all the chaos, Worf and Troi raced back towards the shuttlecraft so they could get back onto the Enterprise, which, as it turned out, was no longer there because Wesley had taken it out of orbit to impress a chick with his new "hot-rod". The chick in return said, "I thought you were gay."

Wesley replied, "No, you're thinking of Doogie Howser."

Worf and Troi jumped into the shuttlecraft and started the ignition. Worf closed the door, and Deanna gasped, "What about the others?"

"There is no time!" barked Worf.

They took off with Deanna at the controls. She said, "Look! There's the captain!"

And indeed it was the captain, but it was too late. He was surrounded by a battalion of Borg and had already been infected. He was now: Locutus of Borg.

They heard a sudden rapping on the back of the shuttlecraft, and Worf shouted, "Tractor beams! Evasive maneuvers!"

Deanna threw the shuttlecraft into swirling arabesques, trying to keep the tractor beam from locking as well as avoiding others, making Worf spew his lunch onto the control panels. He growled, "Accursed women drivers."

There was a sudden brilliant flash, and all the shuttlecraft instruments went dead.

"Worf!" said Deanna, "We've lost all power. What happened?"

"I do not know, perhaps a new weapon of some kind."

"I've lost all control of the shuttlecraft. We're going to crash!"

"Today is a good day to die. We will die as Klingons, we will die with honor!"

"Worf..." said Deanna, "You really should get your priorities straight."

The shuttle then careened out of control and landed with a delicate thud on the planet below.

Groggy, and with a massive headache (although slightly less painful than the one caused by her mother) Troi and Worf woke up in the smoldering ruins of their shuttlecraft.

The Two-Word review

Arsenic and Old Lace: Halloween hijinks

At First Sight: Blind love

Aviator: Millionaire mentalcase

Bamboozled: Offensively interesting

Barbarians at the Gate: Corporate politics

Being Human: Human timeloop

Ben-Hur (Heston): Four hours!

Big Top Pee Wee: Sorry sequel

Blob (McQueen): Killer jam

Blob (Dillon): Good remake

They slowly stood up and discovered that they were not on Betazed, but they were indeed on a strange new world, with new life and new civilizations...I think you know the rest.

"Worf, I don't think we're on Betazed anymore."

At that moment, Beverly Crusher sprang up like a jack-in-the-box from behind the shuttlecraft, and said, "You're telling me. Dr. Pulaski and I had a front row seat for the entire ride while hanging onto the back door. By the way, thanks for not waiting Worf, even though we were waving our arms and asking you to wait. Didn't you know that it was us?"

"I knew that it was you." said Worf.

"Well, I guess that explains why you didn't open up when I started knocking."

"Worf," said Deanna, "You said that was a tractor beam."

Worf growled, "I lied."

"Wait a minute," said Deanna, "You said Dr. Pulaski was with you. Where is she?"

"Well," Crusher said, "She was right here a minute ago hanging onto the shuttlecraft nacelle."

"I think I found her." Said Worf, "Or part of her at any rate." Worf straightened up and tugged down on his uniform, "The bitch is dead."

There was a quiet rustling, and from behind the bright bushes and tiny little houses that surrounded them emerged tiny little beings with great big ears. Ferengi. "Come out! Come out!" They beckoned to one another, to emerge from their hiding places.

One Ferengi in a frilly pink tutu and garters said, "I'm already out."

Deanna held out her arms in a peaceful gesture and said, "We're from the Starship Enterprise. We come in peace."

A Ferengi held up a chunk of Dr. Pulaski and said, "It looks more like pieces to me. You are a female, are you not?"

"Yes, I am." said Troi.

"Sssickening." said the Ferengi.

"What? That I wear clothing, as opposed to the Ferengi custom of unclad females?"

"No, I meant your breath. It smells like you've been gargling with the saliva of a Klingon's ass."

More Romulan Jokes

How is a Romulan heart like the Iconian Civilization?
They're both myths.

What is the difference between a shark and a Romulan?
One is a cold hearted bottom dweller, and the other just lives in the ocean.

Troi and Worf exchanged a knowing glance.

"...Sssickening," continued the Ferengi, "And who is this dead woman, whose hand I now hold?"

Deanna respectfully said, "That is...was Dr. Katherine Pulaski, a former member of our crew.

The Ferengi, suddenly interested, chirped, "The same Dr. Pulaski of the Hope Expedition to the Rigel Colonies?"

"I believe so."

"The same Dr. Pulaski of the Antillian Plague on the moons of Rhisa?"

"The same."

"Everyone!" shouted the Ferengi, "The scourge of Crosh, the Ferengi home world, is dead!"

The Ferengi suddenly erupted into a rousing chorus of, "DING! DONG! Pulaski's Dead! (The wicked witch, the little snitch) DING! DONG! Katherine Pulaski's Dead!"

In the midst of the impromptu celebration, the mayor came out to greet them, and they were introduced to the various Ferengi Guilds. Worf even smiled, not because he enjoyed the festivities, but because he had released some particularly smelly gas.

Suddenly Locutus appeared before them. He grabbed Crusher and said, "Beverly, only in this less robotic form can I express my love for you. Come with me...resistance is futile. The rest of you will join us as part of the collective...soon." And with that, Locutus and Crusher transported away.

Worf said, "We need to get back to the Enterprise."

"But how, Worf?" asked Deanna. "Our shuttlecraft has been destroyed."

The Ferengi mayor piped in and said, "You must see the Wiz-Ard. He will help you. Powerful magic has he."

Worf asked, "What is a Wiz-Ard?"

"A great and powerful man who lives in the Emerald City," explained the mayor, "We can show you how to get to him...for a price."

"A price?" said Deanna.

The Ferengi continued, "According to the Rules of Acquisition: What is friendship without profit?"

Deanna slowly sauntered over to the Ferengi and gently began to finger his ears. "I think," she said, "That we can come to an arrangement...without profit involved."

The Ferengi, in the throes of ecstasy whimpered, "Maybe just this once."

"How?" Deanna gently whispered into his ear.

"Just follow the Gold-pressed Latinum Road and it will take you straight there."

"Thank you," said Deanna, suddenly turning cold and walking away. "Come on, Worf."

As Worf went to join Deanna on the glittering thoroughfare that was their salvation, he gruffly brushed past the Ferengi and flicked his ear. The Ferengi screamed. Worf and Troi merrily skipped down the lane singing, "We're off to see the Wiz-Ard, the wonderful Wiz-Ard of Crosh!"

Worf and Troi continued on the golden road out of the village of screaming Ferengis.

On the Borg cube, Locutus approached Beverly Crusher, "Beverly," he said, "No harm will come to you aboard this vessel. I do not wish you to be a prisoner. I wish you to be my companion, to come to me of your own free will."

Beverly refused to talk.

"Why do you resist my love? I am the perfect mate. I am intelligent, powerful, and exude machismo. Is it my complexion? The assimilation process often dries out the skin and makes one look leprotic. Perhaps it is the buzz saw on my forearm. It does not have to be so. My arm has receptacles for...multiple attachments," he said, arching an eyebrow.

Troi and Worf followed the Gold-pressed latinum road out into the agricultural fields where the road suddenly forked into three different directions.

"Hmm," said Worf, "Perhaps our exit was a tad hasty."

"We were supposed to take the latinum road all the way to the Emerald City, but there are three, so which one do we take?"

Suddenly a voice from the quadratriticalene field behind them said, "I would choose that one."

"Who said that?" asked Worf, "All I see is us and that scarecrow hanging in the field."

"I said that," replied the scarecrow, "Or didn't you recognize and old friend?"

"Geordi!" shouted Deanna. "It's good to see you again."

"It would be good to see you too. Only right now, I can't see."

"Where is your VISOR?" asked Deanna.

"I think it's somewhere over there," said Geordi, "I can just hear the proximity sensor going off, so I know that it's close."

"Found it," said Worf, picking it up and handing it back to Geordi.

"Thanks, Worf. Do you think you could get me down from here?"

As Worf pulled Geordi off of the pole which held him fast, Deanna asked, "How did you get here, Geordi?"

"I'm not sure," he said, "One minute I was walking on the beach, and the next minute there was a brilliant flash, and 'poof', here I am, hanging on a pole in a field, as blind as a Regallion bat. You know counselor, just once I wish I could have real eyes, like you or Commander Worf."

"Well, guess what, Geordi," said Deanna, "We're off to see the Wiz-Ard."

“The wonderful Wiz-Ard of Crosh,” chimed in Worf. Deanna continued, “He is the wonderful wiz he is because of the wonderful things he does. He’s going to get us back home to the Enterprise, and maybe he can get you some real eyes as well.”

“I think I’d like that,” said Geordi, “Mind if I join you?” And with that the three of them were on their way.

When Wesley Crusher arrived back in the Betazed system, after having the Enterprise washed and hot-waxed, he noticed something strange in the sky, a circle and a square. The circle was the planet Betazed, but what was the square? The only thing that he could think of that was square in space was...

“Oh crap,” said Wesley, “That’s a Borg ship! Helm, get us out of here before it sees us!”

“Aye sir,” said the navigator, who put the Enterprise into a hard turn that would take them around to the dark side of the planet. There was a brilliant flash, and the bridge shuddered.

“It’s too late,” said the helmsman, “They’ve spotted us.”

As Deanna, Worf and Geordi got on down the road, pangs of hunger began to gnaw at Deanna and Geordi. Worf merely grumbled that hunger was a warrior’s companion. With his VISOR, Geordi spotted almond trees up ahead. After plucking one from the tree, the tree screamed. It screamed long and loud, most of it was a high-pitched string of obscenities.

“Why would you do that?!” screamed the tree, “Don’t you know how painful that is?”

“I didn’t know that it was painful at all,” remarked Geordi.

“Well how would you like it if someone yanked off *your* nuts?!” exclaimed the tree, who then made a fist-clenching motion with its branch.

“We’re sorry,” said Deanna, “But we’re very hungry, and I love the way your nuts taste. I like to slide them in and out of my mouth.”

“You want nuts?” said the tree, “I’ll give you nuts!” And it began raining almonds down on them like little stinging missiles.

“OW!” cried Deanna, “Your nuts are hitting me in the face!”

“I don’t like the way your nuts smell,” said Worf.

“I never thought that I would see the day when nuts would assault us,” said Geordi as they all moved to safety. “Get it? Assault. A-salt. You get it? Because we normally a-salt the nuts. You get it? Deanna? Worf? You get it? Why aren’t you laughing?”

Worf growled to Troi, “Perhaps it would have been better to make a meal out of him.”

The Borg sent repeated volleys of photon charges which steadily drained the Enterprise’s shields.

“Tactical,” said Wes, “How long can our shields withstand those blasts?”

“Just a few more hits sir.”

“Okay, here’s what I want you to do. Send out a wide quantum torpedo burst on my mark. Helm, when the torpedoes detonate, I want you to take the Enterprise to these coordinates at Warp 9, “He typed them into the computer, “Has everyone got it?”

“Aye sir!” they shouted in unison.

“Engage,” said Wes.

The quantum torpedoes shot out and halfway to the Borg vessel burst into a gargantuan wall of flame. When they dissipated, the Enterprise was gone.

Once Deanna, Worf and Geordi were safely out of the line of fire they began scooping up handfuls of almonds, Geordi came upon an old friend standing by the side of the road. “Data,” said Geordi, “Check it out, guys; it’s a statue of Data.”

“Impressive,” said Worf, “It is very lifelike.”

As Deanna leaned in for a closer look, she said in astonishment, “This *is* Data. What happened to him?”

A squeaky murmur emerged from Data’s lips, “Emotion chip.”

“Of course,” exclaimed Geordi, “It’s his emotion chip! It must have overloaded his programming again. If I shut it off, he should return to normal.”

A few adjusted microcircuits later, Data creaked back to life, “Thank you, Geordi. How did I get here?”

“What’s the last thing you remember?” asked Geordi.

“I was at a computer dating service talking to a Cray-5000, when there was a bright flash, and now I am here.”

Geordi said, “I was walking on a beach when there was a...bright flash...and, hey, wait a minute. Worf, Troi, do either of you remember a bright flash that brought you here also?”

“On the shuttlecraft,” said Troi, “Just before we crashed.”

“We thought it was a Borg weapon,” said Worf.

“The confluence of this flash in our three separate events would seem to indicate a greater purpose in mind. A grand design if you will.”

“Only one person I know of uses a bright flash to move around,” said Geordi.

“Q!” exclaimed Worf.

Still More Romulan Jokes

What’s the difference between a pocupine and a Romulan Warbird?

A porcupine has the pricks on the outside.

What’s the difference between a condom and a Romulan Warbird?

You can only fit one prick into a condom.

Pakled Jokes

Why did the Pakled grandmother have her reproductive tubes tied?

She didn't want any more grandchildren.

How do you break a Pakled's finger?

Punch him in the nose.

"But why hasn't he revealed himself to us yet?" asked Deanna.

"Because the Q entity irrelevant," droned Locutus who appeared before them, "The Q entity is being added to our collective as we speak. As will the three of you. Resistance is futile."

PART TWO

"Into the forest!" yelled Worf as Borg drones began to materialize around them. Everyone ran off of the trail and through the quadratriticalene fields towards the distant tree line while the zombie-like Borg slowly skulked after them (as evil so often does). Yet as slow as they were, one still got ahead of Troi, having transported there, then two, then three. Troi had been running so hard that she literally bounced off of the first Borg and tumbled backwards onto the ground.

Worf saw Troi on the ground before the approaching Borg, and shouted, "Deanna!"

Geordi heard Worf's cry and leveled his phaser at the Borg and fired. The first two fell in a shower of flesh and sparks, but not the third. It had adapted and formed a shield to protect itself, and reached down to assimilate Deanna. Fortunately Geordi had slowed it down long enough for Data to arrive, and Data, to put it simply, just ripped the Borg's head off, and Deanna, Worf, Geordi and Data escaped into the forest.

"Transport them from the forest," ordered Locutus, "We will assimilate them aboard our ship."

"We are unable to comply," replied the subordinate Borg.

"Explain," asked Locutus.

"Something is blocking out our transporter lock."

"What is blocking the transporter?"

"Unknown."

"Can it be overridden?"

"Unknown."

Locutus paused for a moment and said, "Send scouts into the forest and assimilate all lifeforms you encounter."

As the Enterprise hung over the northern pole of Betazed, Wesley Crusher paced the bridge.

"Hopefully the magnetic poles will hide us from the Borg sensors for a while," said Wesley, "Communications, has Starfleet picked up our distress signal yet?"

"Yes sir, they've mobilized the entire fleet, but it's going to take a while. The closest ship is the Phoenix, and it's over a day away."

"Terrific. Science, have you located Captain Picard on the planet?"

"No sir. Either he's not there, or his communicator has been damaged."

Wesley began to think the worst, "Would our sensors pick him up if he has already been assimilated?"

"No sir."

Wesley sighed. "Okay, Science, I want you to start a Level One search for any member of our crew that went down for shore leave, focusing on the Bridge Crew."

"It'll just be a moment sir," said Science, who tapped a few keys on his computer, "Good news sir, I've located the bridge crew, they're—"

His answer was cut short by a massive jolt to the Enterprise.

"It's the Borg," said Wesley, "They've found us. Helm, evasive maneuvers!"

"But what about the bridge crew?" Asked the science officer.

"They'll have to wait," said Wesley, "We're under attack."

After running for what seemed like hours amongst the undergrowth, Deanna, Worf and Geordi finally came to a stop. Data stopped a few hundred yards further on, "Why have you stopped?" he asked, as he made his way back towards them.

Worf, who was breathing like an angry locomotive, grabbed Data by his tunic. He shouted, "Because if I don't stop, I am going to barf up a lung!" And in case he felt that Data didn't believe him, he proved it to him by doing so all over Data's uniform.

Geordi mumbled, "And I thought they smelt bad on the outside."

Still panting, Worf said, "It is getting dark. We should camp here tonight and resume our journey at dawn."

"What about the Borg?" asked Geordi.

"We have a significant lead," said Worf, "Plus Data can keep watch if he hears them approaching."

"Why didn't they simply beam us out?" asked Deanna.

But none of them had the answer.

The Enterprise and the Borg ship exchanged heavy volleys of firepower as they danced around one another. The Borg cube was starting to look like Swiss cheese, while the entire warp nacelle of the Enterprise had been sheared off. It was only by incredible fortune that the Enterprise was still intact.

The bridge of the Enterprise shuddered yet again, and the science officer yelled, "Sir, they're locking on a tractor beam."

"Rotate the shield modulation," said Wesley, "Don't give them time to adapt."

With one final rock of the Enterprise, the science officer said, "It's too late sir, they've locked onto us."

"Then we're sitting ducks," said Wes, "I wish Captain Picard were here."

The entire bridge crew answered, "So do we!"

The Borg ship began to develop a large hole in the center of its mass that a quantum torpedo had not created.

"What is that?" asked Wesley.

"Hanger doors, sir. They're pulling us in."

As the massive doors closed behind them, the Enterprise disappeared into the Borg cube. It would never leave.

As the arms of the night surrounded them, Data, Geordi, Deanna and Worf sat in a circle around a pile of stones that was glowing red from an extended blast of Geordi's phaser.

Worf said, "If the Borg add Q to their collective, they will be formidable opponents."

"That's the understatement of the year," said Geordi.

"They won't be just formidable," said Deanna, "They will be..."

"...unstoppable." finished Data.

"But how can they even capture a Q?" asked Geordi.

"I suggest we ask him that when we see him," answered Worf.

"Worf," asked Deanna, "How can you be so certain that he hasn't been assimilated already?"

He said, "We're still here, aren't we?"

"It is possible," said Data, "that Q has been helping us all along."

"How so?" asked Geordi.

Data explained, "Geordi, when you were walking on the beach before you arrived here, did you carry a phaser with you?"

"No, I was unarmed."

"And after you arrived, when you met Worf and Troi, did you have it then?"

"No, I never noticed a phaser in my hand until..."

"Until you used it," said Data, "There is also the matter of the forest we are in now. Is it not strange that the Borg have still not been able to lock onto our coordinates?"

"I have been wondering about that" murmured Geordi.

"And isn't it strange that so many of us have been brought together...here?"

"It makes me wonder what else is out there for us,"

A moment after Geordi's remark, Data's hypersensitive hearing picked up a sound.

"What was that?" asked Data.

"What was what?" asked Worf in return.

"That low growl. Was that you Worf?"

"I did not pass gas, if that is what you are inferring."

"There it was again," said Data, "Coming from the woods."

"The Borg?" asked Worf.

"Unlikely," said Data, "I do not hear the low humming of their servomotors. This is something else."

"Terrific," said Geordi, "Now Data's hearing monsters."

"Lions?" suggested Deanna.

"Tigers." continued Worf.

"And bears, oh my!" finished Geordi.

"I do not see the humor in this." said Data.

A twig snapped in the darkness, and a roar echoed throughout camp. Deanna screamed, and even Worf jumped at the noise. Heavy thudding footsteps slowly began to descend upon the camp. The roar grew louder, and each step produced a minor tremor as it got closer. The tension grew until Deanna could take it no more, and yelled, "What is it Data? Is it lions?"

A large rotund shape emerged from the darkness.

"Tigers?" asked Worf.

A quivering red gelatinous mass, whose roar caused fear in the hearts of men and Klingons.

"Bears?" asked Geordi.

"Oh my, it's Commander Riker," said Data. But Deanna almost didn't hear that part because Geordi was too busy screaming like a ten year old girl.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Riker.

Data replied, "I think he was startled by your sudden approach, Commander, as well as your growl. That was you, was it not?"

"Yes, that was my stomach. I'm hungry."

"Would you like to eat my nuts, sir?" Data asked politely. Riker declined.

Beverly Crusher stood cold and mute next to her former Captain. It had been hours since her capture, and she was quite hungry. Perhaps sensing her thoughts, Locutus turned to her and said, "Our sensors indicate that your bio-circuitry is breaking down from lack of nutritional intake. As a Borg, and internal replicator is automatically implanted during the assimilation process and all nutritional requirements are automatically replicated into our system. Since you do not yet have this device, I have ordered the crew to construct for you this replicup. It is a replicator/cup that will replicate any substance you wish to imbibe." He handed her the cup, "You may drink whatever you wish, all you have to do is speak the name of the liquid and it will materialize. It is my gift to you, and if I may recommend, the nutritional paste number six is quite satisfactory." Locutus turned back around to focus on assimilating her friends.

Beverly looked into the empty cup and whispered into it, "Tea, Earl Grey, hot."

As the evening drew on, the conversation took a more serious tone, and Data asked Riker, "Commander, do you believe that Q is an entity who would be grateful?"

Ferengi Jokes

How do you take a census of the the Ferengi?
Toss a bar of gold-pressed latinum into the street.

How many Ferengi Rules of Acquisition are there?
As many as it takes to steal your money.

Traditional Starfleet Humor

How is a Vulcan like yogurt?
They're both cultured.

A Klingon is out hunting in the woods. Suddenly he comes upon a clearing, and there before his eyes is a beautiful, totally naked woman. She looks at him seductively and says, "I'm game." So he shoots her.

Two Betazoids who are friends happen to run into each other on the street one day. One of them says to the other, "You're fine, how am I?"

"I suppose even Q would have a little gratitude, why do you ask?"

"If we are successful in freeing him, and he is indeed grateful, then there is a wish I have to ask of him."

"What's your wish, Data?" asked Geordi.

Deanna answered for him, "To be human."

Data said, "With my emotion chip I can feel joy, melancholy, fear, and a wide range of other human emotions. But as much as I "feel" human, I still do not feel the steady beat of a heart in my own chest."

Riker said, "Data, I offered to make you human when I was a Q back after Farpoint Station! Are you saying you'll take this gift from Q but not me?!"

"Sir," Data tried to explain, "The two situations are entirely--"

"I don't want to hear it Data!"

"But Commander..."

"Put a cork in your cakehole, Pinocchio!"

"I don't know, Commander," said Geordi, "Data might be right about this. Q's "gifts" were always part of some sick game he was playing, but under these circumstances a well earned reward might be in order. And I would love a chance to have real eyes for once."

Riker batted his arm through the air and said, "BAH!"

"I just want to go home," said Deanna. Worf pulled her closer.

Riker looked at Deanna, and then down into the fire. He mumbled, "If only I had the nerve..."

"The nerve to do what, Commander?"

"DATA! You weren't supposed to hear that."

"Oh. Sorry sir."

As morning arrived, the five (five and a half if you count Riker's belly) continued their trek to the Emerald City. Around mid-day they came out of the forest and saw before them a grand city with gleaming spires. They had arrived. Exhilarated by its beauty, they accelerated their pace and found themselves back on the Gold-pressed Latinum road which now lead a straight path to the gates of the city.

At that moment, a drone came to Locutus and informed him, "The humans have emerged from the forest and we are tracking them."

"Beam them up for assimilation," ordered Locutus.

"We are still unable to lock onto them," replied the Borg.

Locutus said in a surprisingly angry tone for a Borg, "If you cannot lock onto them, then create a wide stasis field to immobilize whatever is down there."

"One moment sir...a field has now been created. They have been immobilized."

"Good," said Locutus, "Send down a team for assimilation."

On the surface, Riker thought, "Damn. We were almost there, too." Several Borg materialized around them and just stood there staring at them, "What are they waiting for?" Wondered Riker, "They have us at their mercy, why don't they just attack?"

On the Borg cube, the drone informed Locutus, "Sir, they moment they beamed down, our team was also caught in the stasis field. They are also immobile."

"Damn," said Locutus, "I hadn't thought of that."

Up until now, Beverly Crusher remained silent, knowing that escape was futile she had not even tried, but instead stayed close to Locutus, quietly sipping her tea. But now that her friends were captured, she felt that she had to do something, even if it meant her own life.

"Locutus," she said, "If you let me talk to them, I may be able to reason with them."

"Resistance is futile," Locutus said firmly.

"Yes, I know that," said Beverly, "But they do not. Perhaps I can help them see the error in their logic, so that they, like I, will be able to service you (mechanically speaking, I hope)."

The face of Locutus was stony.

"Please," asked Beverly, "There's no harm in trying."

Locutus thought for a moment and said, "The stasis field requires a great deal of energy, talking requires less. You may talk, my love, but remember..."

"Resistance is futile," Locutus and Beverly said in harmony.

"Got it," said Beverly, "I'll give them the message."

On the surface, one word kept going through Riker's mind, "Crap...crapcrapcrapcrapcrapcrapcrap." Worf's thoughts were of a similar sentiment, only of a more gruff nature, and utterly unrepeatable in public.

Deanna thought, "Perhaps if the Borg would open up with their feelings..." Geordi mostly screamed like a ten year old girl, while Data, always unflappable, kept right on thinking 000110100101110010010110.

A crackling voice came through on Commander Riker's com-badge, "Cammanderxxshz, this is Beverly Cruzzsht. I am being held captivzzht aboard the Borg ship, but am

currently unharxxxxsht. I told them that I would tryxxxzht to help xshsee reason and volunteer for assimilaxxshion. The Romulan philosopher Piggus Latinus had a phrase for situations like this: Reparepay to unray. Good luck and Crusher out.”

Riker thought to himself, “Reparepay to un—of course, Pig Latin! Prepare to run!”

Beverly whispered to her cup, “Molecular acid,” and upturned it upon the Borg central console. The console erupted into a fountain of acrid smoke and sparks as the acid ate its way through the ship.

Locutus grabbed Beverly firmly by the arms and said, “That was foolish.” But it was too late, the damage had been done.

The instant the field went down Riker yelled, “Data, now!” and Data clobbered the two Borg that stood between them and the city gates, sending them flying twenty feet into the air. Then he did a flying tackle to sack four more, ripping appendages off whenever possible. “Move!” yelled Riker, and the crew ran while Data performed his one man concert of chaos.

“Reestablish stasis field,” shouted Locutus.

“The field cannot be reestablished in time,” said the Borg, “The damage to the control circuits was too extensive.”

While Data kept the Borg busy, Riker and the others reached the city gates and started pounding on the doors, screaming, “Let us in! Let us in!”

A small hatch opened up at eye level and an even smaller chipper fellow with a British accent leaned out and said, “Well, what’s the password?”

“We don’t know the password,” yelled Riker, “Let us in.”

“Well, I can’t let you in if you don’t know the password.”

“Why not?”

“Well, it just wouldn’t be proper. If I let you in without knowing the password, then I would have to let everyone in who didn’t know the password, and then the city would soon be over run now, wouldn’t it?”

“If you don’t let us in, we will die out here.”

“Well, there’s no need to get dramatic about it.”

“I mean that there are people here who are about to kill us.”

“Well that’s your affair, not mine.”

“Can you at least give us a clue?”

“Well...a clue?! I don’t think anyone has ever asked me that before. Very well, you can have a clue. It is a letter of the alphabet.”

The crew looked at each other somewhat quizzically and said in unison, “Q?”

“Well, I’m rather impressed,” said the man in the hatch, “I hadn’t even said which alphabet yet. Very well, you may come in.”

Riker yelled, “Data!” Data looked up from beating a Borg to death with its own arm and joined them promptly, closely followed by another twenty or so Borg who had recently beamed down.

The chipper fellow opened the door for them and said, “Well, welcome to the Emerald City, jewel of the land of Crosh.”

“Thank you,” said Riker, as he and his crew passed by him, looking back at the ominous horde of Borg that were quickly descending upon them. The chipper fellow slammed the door in their faces with scant seconds to spare.

After much commotion and flailing about, a knock came at the door. The chipper fellow leaned back out and said to the Borg, “Well, what’s the password?”

“Somehow I think they’ll be there a while,” said Riker. “We should split up, that way we can cover more ground and find the Wiz-Ard sooner.”

“I think we should go that way,” said Deanna, pointing to a large sign that said THIS WAY TO SEE THE WIZ-ARD.

Riker futilely tugged his shirt over his belly and said, “Come on.”

Locutus stared at Beverly Crusher. There was fire in his eyes, “You are a fool, human. I offered you power.”

“You offered me slavery.”

“I offered you love.”

“But only at the cost of my humanity. I will never offer up my soul unto your philosophy of the machine, even at the cost of my own life.”

“So be it.”

Locutus turned to the Borg next to him, “Take her to the birthing chambers and prepare her for assimilation.

After a bit of walking, Riker and the others came to a large, but empty waiting room with a receptionist desk. Riker strode up to the desk and again tried to tug his shirt down over his ever growing waistline and asked in an official tone, “I am Commander Riker from the Federation Starship Enterprise. We need to see the Wiz-Ard as soon as possible.”

“I’m sorry,” she said, “But the Wiz-Ard is busy right now. You’ll have to take a number.”

The receptionist then handed Riker a piece of paper that had several squiggly lines on it. Riker looked at it and said, “Is this a large number?”

Traditional Starfleet Children’s Humor

What stars go to prison?

Shooting stars.

If athletes get athletes foot. what do astronauts get?

Missile toe.

Traditional Cardassian Humor

Why did so many Bajorans get caught and sent to prison camp?

They were lonely for the rest of their family.

How many Bajorans does it take to shingle a roof?

One if you slice him thin enough

“What do you think?”

Riker and the others took a seat.

One of the Borg stepped away from his comrades who continued their efforts to guess the password, in order to update Locutus, “Attempts to gain entry to this city have been unsuccessful; the city gates appear to have been encoded.”

“Then we will beam you directly into the interior,” said Locutus.

“Not possible; there is a force field around the city. It is like that which prevented us transporting the humans out of the forest, only stronger. It is most likely the origin of that force field. We recommend sustained aerial bombardment to knock out the field.”

“Make it so.”

A regal looking man walked out of the Wiz-Ard’s chambers, at which point the secretary stood up, looked around the waiting room and said, “Plim Burbletyfo!” She looked around the waiting room again, as though there were someone other than the crew of the Enterprise there, and stated again, “Plim Burbletyfo!”

Riker took a shot in the dark, he stood up and waved the slip of squiggly lines, saying, “Oh, that’s us.”

“Right this way, sir,” said the secretary, “The Wiz-Ard will see you now.”

As she led them into the Wiz-Ard’s chambers, the whole city suddenly rocked violently. “Earthquake?” asked Riker.

“Unlikely, sir,” said Data.

Worf already knew, “Aerial bombardment.”

“Geordi,” asked Deanna, “How long can this city hold out?”

“I don’t know, I’d need to see the power plant that’s running it first, but if it’s anything like a Starbase, I’d say no more than an hour of continual bombardment.”

“Then I suggest we keep our meeting with the “Wiz-Ard” brief and to the point,” said Riker.

The city rocked again, the ceiling cracked, and dust began to fall around them. Geordi, who was near the window, said, “Commander, I think you should check this out.”

“I’ve seen aerial bombardments before, Geordi.”

“It’s not that, sir, it’s the EM band; it’s off the charts. It’s almost like the Borg are etching something into the atmosphere.”

The message slowly formed as explosions rocked around them. Deanna spoke the words aloud as they formed, “Surrender humans,” Deanna gasped, “This message is meant for us.”

The message then reformed, as if in response to her, and produced the words, “No shit, Sherlock.”

“This must be relieving for you, Counselor,” observed Data, “Because among us, only Commander Riker and Geordi are human.”

“Somehow Data,” she said, “I don’t think the Borg will appreciate the difference.”

No sooner had they walked through the doors than the city rocked violently again and the entire opposite half of the massive chambers exploded into a fury of flames. Q walked out from the flames covered in soot and addressed the crew.

“Well, it’s about time you showed up. What did you need, a written invitation? A Mulrovian snail could have gotten here faster.”

“Q, what the hell is going on?” demanded Riker.

“My dear Commander Riker, hell is going on. My own personal hell, I would have you know. The Borg caught me while pretending to be a human in front of a mirror.”

“You say that like you’re ashamed of it,” said Deanna.

“I am ashamed of it,” said Q, mumbling afterward, “At least I wasn’t caught being a Klingon.”

“For that,” said Worf, “We can both be grateful.”

“You people have been a terrible influence on me,” said Q, “I have done several good deeds since our last meeting, and have even saved the universe twice. And did you people even send me a thank you card? Of course not.”

“What do we have to do,” asked Riker.

“It’s just a simple rescue and retrieval operation. Rescue the fair maiden from the dragon, and bring me the dragon’s heart.”

“Who is the maiden?”

“The fair maiden is played by none other than your own Doctor Beverly Crusher, who even as we speak is being prepared for assimilation.”

“And the dragon?”

Your former Captain of course, Jean-Luc Picard. Or as he is more properly known now, Locutus. It’s not actually his heart that I need, it’s the main programming circuit located next to it. But to get it you’ll have to kill him. So, same difference, really.”

“You expect me to try to kill my own Captain?”

“Why not? You’ve done it once before.”

“You son of a—“ growled Riker as he leaned toward Q.

“Will, don’t,” said Deanna, putting her hand on his arm. Worf, seeing the gesture, clenched his fists and scowled.

“So, if there’s no further questions, ready or not, here you go.”

And with a snap of Q’s fingers, they were aboard the Borg ship. The entire ship was alive, walls moving and pulsating with energy, repairing it’s own damaged parts. It was a macrocosm of the Borg themselves, part organic, part machine, but completely lethal.

"Where do you want to begin the search?" asked Worf.

"With Beverly," said Riker, "If she's about to be assimilated, she'll need our help first."

"But how do we find her?" asked Deanna.

"Through her com-badge," replied Data, "Q has apparently provided us with a tri-corder and we can track her movements through it."

"He has also provided us with phasers," noted Worf.

"What about the Borg?" asked Geordi, "They're bombarding the city just to get to us, I don't think that they're just going to let us wander around their ship unimpeded."

"They think we're still on the planet," said Riker, "The last place in the world they would think to look for is on their own ship."

At that moment klaxons started sounding around them.

"Hmm. Perhaps I didn't give them enough credit," said Riker.

"Perhaps," said Geordi.

Wesley continued to pace the bridge, trying to stay in command of the situation, while waiting for the Borg boarding party to begin dissecting the ship.

"Science," he said, "You said that you had located the Bridge Crew, where are they?"

A brilliant flash of light filled the bridge, and a wild eyed man in a Starfleet uniform stood before Wes.

"Q!" he shouted.

"Greetings, young Mr. Crusher," said Q, "It's quite a predicament that you've got here."

"I don't have time for your games, Q."

"You're in the belly of a Borg ship. You've got nothing but time, and not much of it, I might add."

"I need to locate the bridge crew."

"The bridge crew can wait," said Q ominously, "I have some very important news for you, so you had better sit down."

"According to the tri-corder, the doctor is two levels below us," said Data.

"Let's move!" yelled Riker.

But before they could even get to the first stairwell, they were already surrounded. They leveled their phasers and started punching a hole through the mass of bodies, but more kept coming, and they were soon trapped.

"They have already adapted," said Worf, who threw away his now useless phaser, "Over the sides!"

Worf swept his leg over the railing, and motioned the others to follow. Riker and Geordi lead the way. As they did so, a sudden surge of Borg overwhelmed Troi, Worf and Data.

"We must move quickly," said Worf.

Troi practically leapt over the railing, but one of the Borg caught the back of her uniform and began dragging her back up.

"Deanna!" cried Worf.

Riker and Geordi, who were hanging one level below, looked up in horror. Worf tried to get the Borg who had her's attention by punching him in the face. The Borg hit back much harder, and Worf flew over the railing. Only by chance did he manage to reach out and grab onto the railing of the tier one floor below Riker and Geordi. Had he been human, the sudden stop would have dislocated his shoulder. But fortunately for Worf, he was not human, he was a Klingon. He was in pain, but he was alive. Worf grumbled, "I'm getting too old for this shit."

Riker and Geordi kept climbing down to help Worf, since there was no time to climb back up for Deanna. Her life was in Data's hands now. The next sight they saw made them feel sick in the pit so their stomachs.

Data, was thrown over the railing by the Borg and plummeted over the edge, disappearing through the depths of the Borg ship, out the force field that bound the ship together, and into the vastness of space. Data was gone. His tri-corder landed at their feet, his parting gift as he slipped by.

"Data..." whispered Geordi.

"He's gone, Geordi," said Riker, "But Deanna's still alive. I don't think they'll assimilate her yet. I think Locutus will want to see her first. When we meet him we'll take her back."

"And then we'll take his heart," said Worf.

"But first the good Doctor," said Geordi.

The Borg slammed Beverly Crusher onto the table and held her there with one hand in spite of her struggles. Another Borg attended to her arms and legs, and strapped her down.

"You must cease your struggles, human. Resistance is futile."

"Like hell it is," she spat, "I'm going to resist you with my last breath."

"Breathing is irrelevant. As a Borg you will be able to exist in the vacuum of space without the need of a space suit."

"Then why the hell do you have an oxygenated spaceship?!"

"Personally, I don't know, and I don't care," said a familiar voice from behind the Borg. A voice who was now pressing something against the Borg's back, "Now release the good Doctor, and back up slowly." The Borg hesitated, looking at its comrade, who was also surrounded, "Don't even think about it," said Riker, "Even you can't adapt that fast."

More Cardassian Humor

Bajorans make the best pizza's, but they keep screaming when you put them in the oven.

Why do you put a Bajoran baby in a blender feet first?
To watch it's expressions.

Light Panel Humor

How many Romulans does it take to change a light panel?
Two. One to change it, and the other to shoot him and take all of the credit.

How many Ferengi does it take to change a light panel?
None. That way you can't see them cheating at cards.

How many Vulcans does it take to change a light panel?
One. Any more or less would be illogical.

"Will, Worf, Geordi!" said Beverly, "How did you find me?"

"With a little help from an entity named Q."

The now free doctor got off of the table and asked, "Any plans for getting off of the ship?"

"We're still working on that part," said Riker, "But first we have to find Locutus." Riker pressed the object deeper into the Borg's back and said to him, "Take us to your leader."

"You have no need for your tri-corder now," said the Borg, who turned to face Riker, "Our orders have changed. You are all to accompany us to Locutus."

"Funny," said Riker, "My bluff's usually work much better than that." He then noted that they were surrounded by Borg. How long had they been there? He hadn't even seen them come.

"So what's your plan now?" asked Beverly.

Worf smirked and said, "To die with honor."

PART THREE

The Borg led them through a seemingly endless maze of corridors. Each one was unique, and yet the same. Rather like the Borg. They were lined up before Locutus like inmates before a firing squad. Locutus's back was before a large field of stars. Deanna noted that it was not a viewscreen, it was a direct opening to space with only a force field to protect them from the void. Locutus stood solidly, looming over them. His eyes shifted over each one speaking, their names aloud, "Deanna. Riker. Beverly. Worf. Geordi."

Deanna noted that Locutus was brewing with anger and hatred. In the same way that he had infected so many others with machinery, they had now infected him with emotion. There was some satisfaction in that, she guessed.

"We absorb your worlds," said Locutus, "and you continue to resist. We absorb your beings, and you continue to resist. It is time for your resistance to end! It is time that you learned once and for all that resistance is futile!"

"NO!" yelled Riker, "Resistance is never futile! You can infect our beings, you can infect our worlds with your technology of death, and we will resist, and we will fight, and we will stop you!"

"But not today, human," growled Locutus. "Hold them steady," he ordered the Borg, "I wish to assimilate these five myself, starting with the Betazed. Bring her forward."

The Borg took a firm grip of Deanna's arms and brought her closer to Locutus. He raised his right arm, and she saw dozens of tiny tendrils pop out of his flesh, and begin to flail about in anticipation of her arrival. She was now so close that all she could see was Locutus and the stars. She started to wince and bravely tried to think of valiant last words, but all that came out was, "Why did you choose me first?"

"Simple logic," said Locutus, "I used the alphabet. B for Betazoid comes before H for human or K for Klin—UURK!"

Deanna, shocked by the sudden guttural stop opened her eyes and saw a strange sight. Locutus' mouth was agape and filling with blood, while another arm had sprouted from his chest and held his still beating heart, complete with the attached programming chip.

"What about A for android?"

"Data!" Deanna shrieked with elements of both joy and horror. Joy at her last second reprieve, and horror that her former captains arterial spray was gushing all over her uniform.

"Counselor," said Data, "The chip if you please."

Deanna plucked the chip from Locutus' right atrium, but Locutus, in his dying breath grabbed her wrist and held fast, but he was fading too rapidly.

"Do not fight the darkness," she said to her former captain, and softly spoke the words he least wanted to hear, "Resistance...is futile."

"Damn her, damn her and her irony," thought Locutus, who then exhaled his last breath and went limp. Locutus was dead.

Deanna pocketed the chip, and with an audible slurp, Data pulled his hand back out through Locutus' chest, who fell into a bloody lump on the floor. The Borg which were surrounding the Enterprise crew were still too stunned to move. Unfortunately for Data, so was the Enterprise crew, so he shouted to them, "Grab onto something, quickly!"

Realizing what Data had in mind, everyone grabbed onto firm and heavy objects immediately, but Deanna was too far away, so she just grabbed onto Data who then leaned over and deactivated the force field.

An explosion of air blew everything not nailed down into the inky black void where they would orbit the planet below until they burned up in reentry. These objects included Locutus' heart, Riker's tri-corder, and several dozen surprised Borg.

When they were once again alone in the room, Data put the force field back up and repressurized the room. Everyone, deeply out of breath, crawled back out into the open.

"Mr. Data," said Riker, "It is a pleasure to see you again."

"And I, you, Commander."

"But how did you survive? I thought that they had thrown you over the edge and off of the ship completely."

"They did, sir. After one full orbit around the planet I grabbed back onto the Borg ship and crawled along the outer hull until I met you here."

"Any thoughts on how we're going to get back to the planet?"

"I was hoping that Q would provide our exit, sir."

And with a brilliant flash of light, they were back in the Wiz-Ard's chambers.

"Q!" yelled Riker, "You could have snapped your fingers and brought Beverly and the chip here any time you wanted."

"True," said Q, "But where's the fun in that?"

"Bull!" said Riker, "I'm beginning to wonder if you even are Q."

"You are right, I am not Q. I am the Wiz-Ard of Oz."

"We're tired of your riddles; just tell us who you are."

"I am Wizzrrd ov Crosshhzh. Damn. I'm getting radio interference again. I am Wessrdeev Crosshrrr. Hold on a sec, let me change the frequency. Okay, I think I got it. My name is Wesley Crusher."

"Wesley?!" asked Riker.

"Wesley," said Beverly with a sigh of relief as the figure of Q transformed into that of her own son.

"There goes our reward," said Geordi.

"Reward?!" said Wesley, "Geordi, you've been complaining about your VISOR from the day I met you. You already see better than any member of Starfleet, *including* Data."

"I see more, Wes, but more isn't better."

"My Mom and Doctor Pulaski have offered to clone you new eyes dozens of times, but you keep saying no. It's your own fault. Stop whining!"

Geordi hung his head in shame.

"And talk about whining, Commander Riker, you have the nerve to do a frontal assault on a Borg ship unarmed, but you can't ask Counselor Troi to be your girlfriend again? What sort of bologna is that?"

"You're right," said Riker, "Deanna, will you come back to me?"

"No!" she said, "You've had your chance plenty of times, and I'm tired of waiting. Worf is my boyfriend now. Suffer."

"And you, Data," continued Wes.

"Me?" asked Data, "What did I do?"

"You're always complaining about how you want to be human, but with all your logic circuits you forgot that human beings are machines too. The only difference is that we are electrochemical in nature. Being human is not a state of body, Data, it is a state of mind."

"Wes," said Deanna, "If you don't mind, we would just like to go home."

"Deanna," he said, "You've had the power to go home all along. Take the programming circuit from Locutus' heart and plug it into the wall jack over there."

"Why," she asked, "What does it do?"

"You'll see in a second."

The crew looked at each other puzzled.

"Okay, Deanna," he continued, "Ready? Just click your heels together three times and say, 'Computer, exit.'"

After she did so, she stopped a moment and said, "Wait a minute, computer exit?"

The figure of Wesley Crusher disappeared and before them the Holodeck door opened up, where the actual Wesley walked through. Beverly ran to him and clasped him in her arms. Wesley said, "Computer, end program: Barclay Two." The Emerald City disappeared around them and was replaced by the familiar black and yellow grid pattern of the holodeck.

"Wait a minute," said Geordi, "This whole thing was a holo-simulation?"

"Not all of it," said Wesley, "I'll try to explain it to you on the way to the bridge. Come on!"

Everyone ran after him except for Riker, who shuffled out and mumbled in a high squeaky voice that was near tears, "She said no."

Nobody noticed that Lieutenant Barclay was on the Holodeck floor behind them, holding his crotch and groaning. He slowly crawled after them.

As they ran toward the turbolift, Wesley continued, "I'm sorry for all the confusion guys, but I am both Wesley, *and* Q; or more accurately, *a* Q. All those strange abilities that the Traveler discovered I had and the reason I am so good with warp theory is that I am the next step in human evolution. Apparently humanity becomes the Q Continuum! That's also why Q was constantly visiting us, to check on my progress. When he was captured, the Continuum disavowed him so he came to us for help."

The doors to the turbolift opened and they all crammed in, as though it was a strange Starfleet Academy graduation prank. "Bridge," Wesley told the turbolift before continuing his story. "So Q transported you in the brilliant flash of light, but it was not to some strange world, but back up to the Enterprise, which was where he thought that you could do the most good. But because of the Borg interference his powers were erratic, to say the least. He meant to transport you to the main bridge of the Enterprise, but missed and accidentally sent you to Holodeck Two instead, where it turns out Lt. Barclay was running a program of the Wizard of Oz."

More Starfleet Humor

What do you need when you have three Romulans up to their necks in cement?

More cement.

Worf bought a targ as a pet, but it was so stupid that it kept running into walls. What did he name it?

Lwaxanna. He couldn't think of a stupider name than that.

Blue Starfleet Humor

What's the difference between Deanna Troi and Jean-Luc Picard eating a lot of bran?

One is doing Number One, the other is doing number two.

Who invented the warp coil that wraps around your penis?
Zephram Cockring.

They left the turbolift and took their normal positions on the bridge.

"It's funny," said Deanna, "It seems so clear what was happening now, but there it seemed so natural. I had no idea."

"But where were you, Barclay?" asked Geordi.

"Uh, I was, uh...the tree," stammered Barclay, "The almond tree."

"You mean the one we..." started Geordi, "Oh...oh! Reg, I am so sorry, I we, we had no idea."

"That's okay," said Barclay, while fondling the icepack on his crotch, "I should be back to normal in a few...weeks."

"I knew it was him," stated Worf.

"Anyways," continued Wes, "Because Q's abilities were starting to fail him, he didn't realize that Captain Picard had already been assimilated when he brought him on board. Q contacted me and told me what was going on, and accelerated my transformation into a Q. It was Q who sent you on the rescue mission, but it was me who brought you back. Because the Continuum is both individual as well as a collective entity, I sometimes show some of his lesser character traits. Unfortunately my powers are so new they are unreliable, which is why you wound up back in the holodeck again, and not on the bridge."

"Well if it was a Holodeck simulation," asked Geordi, "Then shouldn't Captain Picard be..."

"No, he's dead," said Wesley, "Data saw to that when he ripped his heart out."

"Sorry," said Data, "I was not aware that it was a simulation."

"So, long story short," said Wesley, "Q and I have been working together to get you out of the malfunctioning Holodeck so that you can deal with this."

Wesley pointed to the main view screen, which was entirely filled with the Borg cube.

"Computer," ordered Riker, "Decrease magnification."

"Unable to comply," responded the computer.

"Why not?" asked Riker.

"The view is not currently magnified."

"Wesley," asked Riker, "How close are we to the Borg ship?"

"That's the problem, sir, we are not just close to the Borg ship, we are inside the Borg ship."

The returning bridge crew turned and looked at Wesley and radiated fury.

"What?!" said Wes, "I'm a navigator, not a Captain."

"Alright," said Riker, "How long do we have until Q is fully assimilated by the Borg?"

"I estimate less than a minute."

"Well, wait a minute, Wes," said Geordi, "Since you're a Q, can't you just snap your fingers and end all of this?"

"Like I said, without Q's guidance my powers are unreliable. I could just as easily free him as blow us all up."

"Then what are we going to do?" asked Deanna.

"Exactly what Wesley said we were going to do, said Riker, "We have only one thing left in our arsenal. Computer, begin autodestruct sequence. Twenty second countdown."

The computer began counting 20...19...18...

"Will that work?" asked Wesley?

17...16...15...

"Oh yes," said Geordi, "When that much matter and antimatter collide, we'll take the Borg with us..."

14...13...12...

"...And possibly a good portion of the planet."

11...10...9...

"Will," asked Deanna, "Isn't there another way?"

8...7...6...

"Not if we want to stop them in time," he said.

5...

"I'll be your girlfriend again."

4...

He thought about it a moment, and said, "Sorry babe, humanity still comes first."

3...

For a moment, Riker wondered if the Borg had anymore tricks up there sleeve.

2...

Then he wondered no more.

1...

The explosion was seen from two star systems away, and touched the planet Betazed, incinerating every Borg infected portion of the planet. For a moment it seemed as though there was another sun in the sky. In a moment of irony, it was the Enterprise who assimilated the Borg into one brilliant mass of light, which faded into the eternal night, leaving behind only echoes.

Echoes...

Dust...

...and an entity named Q.

Q shouted at the top of his omnipotent lungs, "They did it! I'm free! But wait," he said, shifting his eyes in a moment of inspiration, "I need someone to celebrate with." Q snapped his fingers and in a brilliant flash of light, he was dwarfed by the Enterprise.

Captain Kirk said, "What the hell?"

And Spock replied, "Fascinating."

"Oops," Q said, "Wrong one." He snapped his fingers again, and the Enterprise was replaced by the Enterprise 1701-E, "That's better," he said, and snapped one more time to join them on the bridge.

"What the hell," said Riker, "Did the Borg stop us again?"

"Not at all," said Q, "You blew them into atoms which are now scattered into parts unknown."

"Then what are we still doing here?" asked Geordi.

"It is my gift to you," said Q, "You rescued me from oblivion, and so I have done the same for you."

"Great," said Geordi, "I still don't get new eyes."

"Oh," continued Q, "And I have a very special person who would love to say hello to you all."

Jean-Luc Picard walked out from the turbolift, a restored man. No black leather, no circuits, and no gaping hole where his heart used to be.

"Well," said Picard, "Now that everything is back in order, I'd say that we should be on our way. I think that this was quite enough shore leave for one day." Picard then turned to Wesley and said, "One of things I don't understand is why it took you so long to return with the ship?"

Wesley smiled and said, "That, sir, is a story for another day."

The crew exchanged a hearty laugh, and warped off into the sunset.

Stay tuned for the further adventure of Wesley Crusher in "Dude, Where's My Spaceship?"

Epilogue:

Mr. Homn rang the dinner chime as Lwaxanna ate, while Deanna passed the prune juice to Worf.

"So, little one," said Lwaxanna, "You played the part of Dorothy?"

"Yes, Mother," confirmed Deanna, "Geordi was the Scarecrow, Riker was the Cowardly Lion, and Data was..."

"Let me guess, the Tinman?"

"Of course, said Deanna."

"Well one thing I still want to know," asked Lwaxanna, "Is who played the part of Toto?"

"What's a Toto?" asked Worf.

Deanna looked at Worf, and then looked at her mother, barely able to control her laughter. Lwaxanna had no such trouble, just let it all out at once, milk spraying from her nose and all.

"What?!" asked Worf, "What's so funny?"

"Nothing," said Lwaxanna, "I'll have Mr. Homn get you a leash later." Lwaxanna's laughter came to an abrupt end when she sniffed the air. She pinched her face and said, "Eew. EEW! Homn, where is that horrible smell coming from?"

Worf knew, and he smiled the widest smile of them all.

THE END

Other stuff...

CAPTAIN PICARD'S TOP TEN GREATEST MOMENTS

10. When he says his Enterprise line (Yesterday's Enterprise)
9. When he kicks Satan's ass (Devil's Due)
8. When he tries to relax as Dixon Hill (Manhunt)
7. Any part of "Time Squared"
6. When he finally understands in "Darmok"
5. When he "sees" four lights (Chain of Command Pt. II)
4. When he stares into the face of certain death and flips it the proverbial bird three times (All Good Things...)
3. When he becomes Locutus (Best of Both World's Pt. I)
2. When he became Capt. Ahab (First Contact)
1. When he donated his hair to Capt. Kirk.

QUOTES, QUOTES AND MORE QUOTES

"He's changing his diaper. Leave him alone."—Chance47

"Don't molest the trees!"—Chance47

"I don't wanna see what he's showing off, but he's slapping me in the face with it!"—Paul T.

"It's ironic that you should have a headache when all I get from you is bellyaching"—Stefan B.

"Now they're playing with each other."—Paul T.

"Jackhammer a pie into yo face!"—Anonymous

"I exaggerate things a million times a day."—Anonymous

"[While] pulling it forward I unplugged it."—Matthew H.

"That's always the case sometimes."—Darin G.

"Stop raping my corpse!"—Darin G.

"They call him the boy wonder, because they look at him, and boy, do they wonder."—Matthew H.

"I need something to occupy my hands and mouth."—Stefan B.

"I was doing the sniff test. It did not pass."—Stefan B.

"Hey, all of you! Shut up and take your clothes off!"—Darin G.

"I'm sorry, was that too fast?"—Stefan B.

"Most wish for a normal life, but nothing about life is normal."—Stefan B.

"Not to sound gay, but I'm hoping for a come from behind victory."—Stefan B.

"What did you say? You got cock in your mouth?"—Darin G.

"Thank you for turning me on."—Darin G.

"Are you hot? You look hot."—Brendan P.

"Maybe next time, DON'T SUCK SO MUCH!"—Brendan P.

"You're the frickin' Rainman of rockets."—Stefan B.

"I don't have a dog, but can I give it to my boyfriend?"—Anonymous

"Don't be negative and say we suck sometimes, be positive and say we suck all the time!"—Stefan B.

"Break a leg...preferably one of theirs."—Stefan B.

...and once again I saved the very best for last...

Hey, as long as it's wet it's good."—Darin G.

**COMING SOON TO
MOVIE DUNCE**

**HOW THE HELL
SHOULD I KNOW? I JUST
WORK HERE.**