

## Tenctonese



### U.S.S. Kitty Hawk NCC 1754-B

#### Captain's Log, Stardate 47051.2 13:47 hours. Captain Julian K. Harker

While on a routine exploration mission deep in Alpha Quadrant, our Chief of Ops (Lt. Commander Benjamin Shaw) discovered an unknown vessel. The first time I saw it, it reminded me of classic "U.F.O." serial entertainment broadcasts of the 20th century: nearly a saucer shape, with a raised center and flat bottom. Odd, that it should strike that image with me, but it did. Unfortunately, by the time we had seen it, it was already breaking up in the atmosphere of a nearby M class planet.

From the reports I've seen, the inhabitants must be an intelligent species nearly equivalent in technology to our own. I have decided to make contact. I am sending an away team including my First Officer, Comm. Jiru Takahashi, my Chief of Security, Lt. (J.G.) Perigrin Oliander, and my CMO, Comm. Kenneth B. Lethbridge. I also ought to send a linguist to study their language for the Universal Translator. T'Klan seems to be the most qualified for the job.

I think this is going to be a most interesting day!

#### Chief Medical Officer's Log, Stardate 47051.3 07:00 hours. Ken Lethbridge reporting.

There are many wounded among the survivors of the crash. My staff and I are treating them the best we can, but without a detailed description of their anatomy it is proving somewhat difficult. Fortunately, there seem to be some medically trained survivors who are willing to help.

The aliens seem to be very intelligent, and are definitely humanoid. Outwardly they appear human except for the spots they have on their heads instead of hair. From what I could scan of them, they have two hearts in the center of the breast area (one on each side of the sternum). Their skeletal and musculature systems seem to be very compact. In fact, I think their strength would be more on par with a Vulcan than a Human. They seem to thrive in conditions that a human would consider uncomfortable. Perhaps they need the UV Radiation? For some reason, there also seems to be more males than females in the population. I want to find out why.

This is going to be a fascinating study!

#### Security Chief's Log, Stardate 47051.3 07:00 hours. Peri Oliander reporting.

So far the aliens don't seem to constitute a threat to either the Federation or this ship, but they do seem very cautious of us. I hope it continues to be peaceful.

#### Linguistics Log, Stardate 47051.3 07:15 hours. Lt. T'Klan reporting.

I have been listening very closely to the alien's speech patterns. There seem to be many clicks among the words, and a definite depth of meaning. What intrigues me the most is how fast these people are picking up Standard speech without the Universal Translator. One of them, Stangya (their spokesman), is working closely with me to help me understand their language. Unfortunately, their written language (I am enclosing an example) is much harder to learn than their spoken one. Stangya tells me his people are called Tenctonese. Where Tencton is or how far away he will not tell me. I do not know whether this is because he cannot tell me, or if does not know.

#### First Officer's Log, Stardate 47051.3 07:20 hours. Commander Takahashi reporting.

After reporting to the Captain of our findings, I suggested he send Veronica down to look at the ship. Perhaps we can find a way to fix it. Besides, I know she is dying to study their technology. So far the Tenctonese seem to be keeping in small groups of 30 or so, as if they know they can trust only the people near them.

I must admit, this is becoming a very complex and interesting puzzle.

#### Security Log, Stardate 47051.3 09:50 hours. Lt. Oliander reporting.

T'Klan informs me that the Tenctonese are a slave race. Apparently this ship was either lost, or the slaves revolted from their unseen masters. If so, this will explain some of their hesitancy to us. Perhaps Counselor Quinn can help us understand them better.

#### Chief Medical Officer's Log, Stardate 47051.3 15:30 hours.

After meeting with Stangya, I have been able to have some of my questions answered. Tenctonese cannot eat cooked animal protein. For some reason it makes them ill. Their diet seems to consist of a nearly Klingon or Ferengi diet (I wonder if they would like Klingon ghargh?). Fortunately, our replicators can produce nearly anything their metabolism requires.

Something else of interest to me occurred in my conversation with Stangya. He asked me where our Binnaum were. After a while, I understood (with a lot of help from T'Klan) that he meant a third gender. He seemed to be afraid that our species had lost our Binnaum and wanted to steal theirs. After explaining our two gender reproduction (carefully), Stangya explained that Tenctonese must have this third gender as a sort of catalyst. The Binnaum -- outwardly male -- prepare the female for insemination. Also I understand that although the female carries the fetus for several months, it is actually the male that gives birth to the new child. How the fetus is transferred, I don't know, but it makes a very interesting study. Hopefully, the Tenctonese are learning just as much about us as we are about them.

#### **Counselor's Log, Stardate 47051.3 15:30 hours. Lt. Commander John W. Quinn reporting.**

Many difficult problems arise in dealing with the Tenctonese. Most of the outward culture of Tencton has disappeared, having been suppressed on the slave ship. Only religion seems to have survived heartily. Some believe in "Celine" and "Andarko", what I gather is an Adam and Eve type pair. Others seem to be worshipping more of an inner deity. If I'd had any doubts before, I know now that these are a very hearty and adaptable people (perhaps due somewhat to genetic tampering, Stangya tells me). That's probably why their masters chose them for slaves.

One more thing. The Tenctonese I've talked to seem to be terrified of someone they call "Klisansun/" (the "/" representing a click on the end of the word). This is one word the Universal Translator has had trouble dealing with so far. For some reason, they believe the Klisansun/ are among them, hidden.

#### **Chief Engineer's Log, Stardate 47051.4 00:15 hours. Lt. Veronica Stimpson reporting.**

The Tenctonese have graciously let me inspect the outside of the craft, but have refused to let me inside. It seems that most of the people don't know how to run the craft, but left that to their masters. They also seem to be afraid of getting it started again, although I don't know why. (Personally, I doubt if this thing could ever fly again.)

From what I could see, the Tenctonese don't have warp drive as we know it, but something similar. I'd love to get my hands in their engine room and tear it apart!

#### **Linguistics Log, Stardate 71051.4 06:55 hours. T'Klan reporting.**

I believe I know now what "Klisansun/" means. When I was with Stangya, he noticed a tattoo on the wrist of one of the Tenctonese. Someone shouted "Klisansun/" and a mob of people surrounded and cornered the man. The only thing I can think of that would bring this sort of reaction to an obviously sophisticated race is one of the slavers, or perhaps overseer would be a better term. One who is a glorified slave themselves. When I asked Stangya about the tattoo, he said that only the tattoo held power over the slaves. He told a story of games they would force the slaves to play. Sort of like Russian roulette, but instead of a gun and a single bullet, there were six pressurized jets, 5 of air, and one of distillation of sodium chloride. Apparently, salt water is a deadly acid to the Tenctonese.

#### **Captain's Log, Stardate 71051.4 11:00 hours.**

These "Overseers" sound like a deadly threat to the Federation. Apparently, they will take any opportunity they can to contact their masters. This Stangya believes they will also try to enslave other intelligent and adaptable species.

I find myself torn between wanting to help the slaves and being careful of the Overseers. After careful consideration, I recommend giving help to the survivors until they can sustain themselves on this planet, then leave them alone to rediscover their own culture or create a new one. I've discussed this with Stangya and he seems to think this is best also.

One interesting note, though. Stangya and his family have requested asylum from us, as well as a few others. I can't in good conscience deny their request, yet I am concerned about Overseers being mixed in the group of refugees. T'Klan, Lt. Oliander and Dr. Lethbridge seem to feel that these few people are trustworthy, and if I couldn't rely on my officer's good judgment, what could I rely on?

## **Tenctonese Alphabet**

