

**A Poem**  
**By John D'Alton**

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The day that Straker met Spock...

"Those ears of yours,  
is that from light speed?

I can tell that they really do hurt."

"That logic, Ed, is human indeed,  
There's no need for a yellow alert."

"A cigarette sir, and please take a seat.  
While our room it drops down below.  
Our budget you see, is so hard to meet,  
That transporters they couldn't bestow"

"That's logical sir, they're not even built,  
in this primitive era of man.

I've only travelled backwards in time,  
because I'm a UFO fan."

**Additional verses by Yuchtar**

"Those ears of yours," Ed said distracted.

"May I touch them? May I please?"

"Yes, of course," Spock reacted.

"But don't tickle and don't tease."

"Ah yes Mr Spock, I'm not off the Ark,  
I learnt about ears from tickling Quark."

"He crashed here you know,  
In the Roswell U.F.O.,

And we're still keeping people quite in the dark."

"I like your hair cut," Straker added.

"Yours is quite nice too," Spock said.

"That uniform - is it padded?"

"Well, no, why do you ask, Ed?"

"Your stories all seem to be padded and smoo,  
As a film-maker I certainly can tell this is true.

What you need is some doubt,  
Of what the story's about,

Then the fans will immensely write more to you."  
With no apologies to anyone.