

"Reach for the Stars and Grab the Future"

# THE MIGHTY MAX 2000

January, 2000

Volume 8, Issue 1



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The Mighty Max is the monthly newsletter of the U.S.S. MAXIMILIAN (NCC-74997) STAR TREK FAN ASSOCIATION.

## STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER



Every Month in The MIGHTY MAX Y2K



## Admiral Rob's Storytime

By FADM Robert Lyon

## HISTORY OF THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS

## PART VI: BIRTHING PAINS

Then yet another outbreak of nationalistic fervor on Earth threatened to strangle the burgeoning alliance in its cradle. Four decades of reconstruction on Earth left its people anxious for expansion to the rest of the solar system. Earth nations worked in concert to colonize Mars; by 2103 it was inhabited and self-sustaining. The Fundamental Declarations of the Martian Colonies, inspired by the Vulcan Theorems of Governance and the United States Constitution, eloquently proclaimed the universal rights of all sentient beings.

Unfortunately, the journey to the stars inspired greed as well as greatness. In the wake of this hopeful beginning, Earth's leaders came down with a bad case of avarice, forgetting the lessons of the past. Power blocs competed ferociously for colonial territory, arming their space craft for the first time. The European Hegemony grabbed the moons of Jupiter. The United States struck out in search of interstellar worlds to capture.

The Vulcans and Centaurans watched this development with increasing concern; Humanity was now showing its ugly face, its capacity for greed and violence. When European and South American spacecraft clashed near Alpha Centauri, endangering the crews of nearby Centauran ships, the Vulcans and Centaurans banded together to issue a diplomatic ultimatum: If Earth could not unify itself and send a single, representative delegation to a settlement conference, both planets would end relations with Humankind.

Despite the indignant responses of certain political leaders, whose threatened sense of personal power led them to propose military action against the busybody aliens, cooler heads ultimately prevailed. Average citizens, shocked and shamed by the necessity of the Vulcan-Centauran ultimatum, pressured their leaders to reach a one-world accord. They chose the heroic Zefram Cochrane as a spokesman for their cause. Mars colonists declared their independence from any single Earth government, while signaling their willingness to rejoin a one-world regime.

The Europeans and Americans started Earth's long progress toward unified government, declaring the United Earth Republic in 2113. By 2130, United Earth represented and subsumed most Terran governments; the last straggler, Australia, joined in 2150.

When the Centaurans and Vulcans inspired Earth nations to unite, the United

U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN

UPCOMING MEET-  
INGS

February 12

March 11

April 8

TREASURY

\$64.00

UPCOMING  
SCI-FI EVENTS

July 14

X-Men Movie

Happy Links

MAXIMILLIAN

HOMEPAGE

WWW.MAXIMILLIAN.  
ORG

OHIO FAN CLUBS

http://  
www.siscom.net/  
~mmeece/trekdirec-  
tory.html



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<Continued from Page 2>

Earth Republic established the United Earth Space Probe Agency. U.E.S.P.A. ships encountered the Andorians and followed the Centaurans to Tellar, and their resourceful crews made fast alliances with these newly discovered races. Earth founded colonies and expanded influence across space; many human groups dissatisfied with the United Earth left to found their own, more isolated, colonies as well. When Earth encountered the Romulans in 2156, she commanded the respect of her allies and had the most powerful fleet of any Federation founding member. The dangers faced by Earth forces made the people of Earth realize how important their interstellar allies were to the human destiny, and, before the war ended, politicians were carefully considering the merits of a galactic government.

## Greeting's Earthlings

By LCDR Sidley Howard

Not much to say except ask me about vegas.  
I'll have a full report for next newsletter.

## Security Report

By LCDR Manny Medina

Hi I would like to thank the out going board, for the "Great" job you have done, it has been a pleasure being under your command.. I am also looking forward to serving as your XO, lets make it another great year, I will not be attending the February meeting because, I will be at the convention in Sacramento, California with Leonard Nimoy and Robert Beltran I am also taking vacation time in Los Angeles visiting with old friends.

## A Matter of Antimatter

By LT Erica Sherman

Ah, yes, the return of school. So far it's not bad.  
Ask me that later on and I will probably have changed my mind. We have to do two projects/papers for sociology class. How fun. We got about 30 pages of handouts on the first day.

Winter break went too fast. Now it's ten more weeks til my spring break trip in the Colorado Rockies.

Oh well. Sherman out. -

## Short Reviews by Chris Stephenson

Galaxy Quest -  
See it twice.  
The End.

## ROB'S RULES

#3

Nothing Ever Goes as planned

#4

If something seems too good to be true, it probably is.

#195

Some of the best things come in small packages.

But large things can't! Unless they are inflatable or require some assembly, or unless they're hearts. Yes, giant, juicy, loving hearts!

Big as the moon, but much, much warmer.

-The Tick

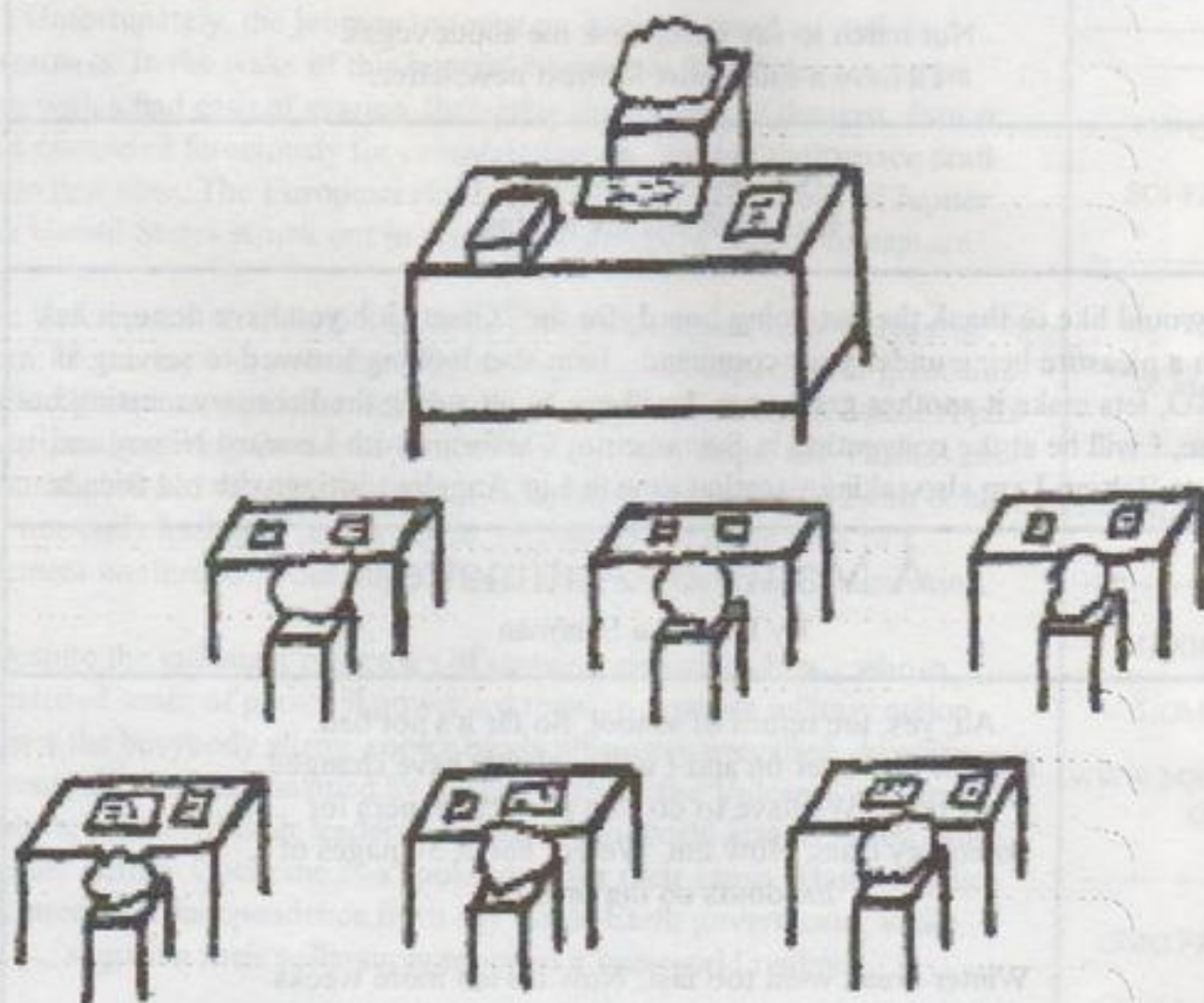
#184

Budget-A method for going broke methodically.



# THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES...

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Erica Henson 1/2/2000

## THEY CAN'T DIVIDE!



**WWW.MAXIMILLIAN.ORG PHASE 2****The Return of the Website by Chris Stephenson**

I've been fairly productive at late, with me finishing my book and all, and managing to keep my job for 3 months (And counting. ☺) But after the completion of my novel, I suddenly found myself without a project to do. So I moped around, playing video games, doing not much of anything, until a little voice in the back of my mind reminded me I still had one project that I had high hopes for before but never finished...of course I speak of Project Cybermax, located at [www.maximillian.org](http://www.maximillian.org). Now I thought about what to do with it, and I decided a major redesign was in order, a redesign that would take time, but would make all of us look better in the eyes of the web, and outside of it as well. This redesign, which will be worked on throughout the year, will first and foremost be centered around the club, although it will contain many other things as well, such as reviews of episodes and synopsies as well. And all the pretty pictures you can stand.

In addition, in celebration of our 8<sup>th</sup> year, and the U.S.S. Maximillian heading into the new millenium (Next year, anyway) I am starting a new novel. There will be a condensed, serialized chapter of it every month in the Mighty Max 2000, and then at the same time I will also be working on a full fledged novel of it. The fun part is this. After I finish the novel and make it cool like my first book (ON SALE NOW!!) I will sell it, much like my book, with one major difference. ALL PROFITS from the sale of the novel will be donated to the Maximillian Treasury, where it will be done with as we as a ship see fit. But that is in the far future (Well, within a year, but still far off.)

Also, after many suggestions, I am going to publish the newsletter ONLINE!! I have access to a few old issues, and I'll transfer those as soon as I can. It will be slow going, but I have confidence I can pull it through before too long.

I hope you enjoy Chapter one of Star Trek: Maximillian—Beyond the Final Frontier, and this special edition year 2000 newsletter.

Live Long and Prosper.

**E L E C T I O N S****JANUARY 2000**

Captain—Sidley Howard

1st Officer—Manny Medina

Records Officer—Charles Connor (Note, It is my fault that he hasn't had a submission in the newsletter, due to my continually losing his number/address/email. Don't hold it against him in the voting, please.—CS)

P.R. Officer—Chris Stephenson

Treasurer—Nathan Cobough

Erica Sherman



THE MIGHTY MAX 2000 PRESENTS

A SERIAL NOVEL BY CHRIS STEPHENSON

***Star Trek: Maximillian  
Beyond the Final Frontier***

***Extranormal Occurances  
Stardate 53000.0***

If you were to lay out a flat map of the Alpha Quadrant, formatting a Three-dimensional space into a Two-Dimensional area, then at the leftmost edge of explored space you would find the Formos Observatory. A smaller version of the standard Federation starbase, Formos housed an eclectic mix of cultures, from standard humans on up to the stranger lifeforms, such as the Gorn and the Anticans. Suprisingly, everything had worked out. There were no large disagreements, and there was peace among the many.

The Observatory itself functioned as a makeshift listening post primarily, but at times, especially over the past standard year or so, it held a number of interesting experiments, many overseen by high-ranking officials in the Federation. But lately the rush for technology had slowed, and the new center for research was found in Sector 001, where the Pathfinder project was well underway.

And at this moment, while many of his officers were celebrating the new year, Admiral Richard Clemson was thinking about how much he would rather be on Earth, contributing something to the cause, instead of just holding down the fort here.

Once you got past all the regulations and by-the-book nonsense that made his job all the harder, overseeing the Formos Experiments was easy. Sure, he'd had his share of close calls, many of which had vaporized large chunks of the station itself, but that was one of the unfortunate side of effects of working with untested forms of energy.

The Formos Experiments had largely become an offshoot of the Pathfinder project, mainly dealing with energies with potentially dangerous consequences should something go wrong. That was why the Observatory was placed so far away from most populated sectors and known space: less questions to answer if something goes wrong.

Admiral Clemson sighed as he stared out at the stars. You just never knew how much you'd miss *sky* when you came out this far, he thought to himself. What he wouldn't give for a blue tint to his surroundings, a sun or two in the sky, and a cloud going about it's business, flowing by in the endlessness of the atmosphere. He counted the days in his head until his tour at Formos would end, and he could return to his nice office at Starfleet Headquarters, on Earth. He closed his eyes and imagined the sound of the ocean, the feel of the air blowing against his face. Oh sure, he could sign up for time in the one functioning holodeck they had, but it just wasn't the same as the real thing...

He cursed Admiral Lyon in his head. He didn't care if Lyon had five stars and he only had two himself, Lyon was wrong to send him, or any other Admiral out here when there was no good reason for it, at least that he could see himself. If he wanted this place to be 'overseen' so bad, then let him do it himself. But as for Admiral Richard Carter Clemson, he had more important things to do!

As he thought that came a voice over the intercom. "Admiral Clemson?"

"Go ahead." He said gruffly.

"Sir...we have a situation down here..."

"I'm on my way, Clemson out." He sighed. A bunch of Commanders and Captains on this dump and



they still got nervous when an Admiral was around. Had to have him look over every little thing. Oh well, at least it would make the time pass. He whistled "I've left my heart in San Francisco" as he walked out of his room.

'The War Room', as it was referred to throughout the Observatory, was in actuality nothing more than a viewscreen and a few stations, the standard ones, such as Sensors, Communications, and so on. It was here that Clemson entered, walked down the steps, and sat in his chair. He sighed heavily, then turned to the Commander at the Sensors area. "What is this about, Commander?"

"Visual." The Commander spoke, and the viewscreen erupted into the sight of space. A dense cloud of gas hovered just to the right of the screen, its reddish hue extending its light onto the Observatory. The Commander spoke again. "About 15 minutes ago we started registering some sort of gravimetric swell, but when we went to take a look at it, nothing was there. I ordered regular checks of the area, and just now, we saw this." He turned to the viewscreen. "Magnify quadrant b-53."

The view suddenly zoomed in, and it became clear that there was something not quite right at work. There was a swirling mass of blue energy, and in the center of this lay...nothing. A black space. Admiral Clemson glanced at the Commander. "What...is that?"

"Unknown. We've scanned it, thrown a probe at it, even hailed the damn thing. All we know is that it is completely *flat*, and has no disconcertable mass or density...I can't even tell you what kind of energy that is."

Clemson nervously fingered his chin. "Does it pose a threat?"

"The probe will arrive in a few seconds, we should know more then."

The Admiral sat back. "Put it on screen, Commander." He thought for a second, then tapped his communicator. "Command personnel, report to the War Room."

As the first group began to enter the room, the probe was nearing the energy swirl. It stopped, and began active scans on the form, as everyone sat, waiting for something. Captain Barker, the Andorian commanding the probe, pressed the controls lightly. He looked over his readings, then turned to the Admiral. "Preliminary scans report...nothing, sir. It's as if there isn't anything there."

Clemson frowned. "But there *is* something there...push it forward. I want to see if it's some sort of cloud or gas..."

"Aye, sir." Barker pushed a few buttons, and the probe began to move again, silent and swift through the blackness of space. As it neared the black nothingness in the center, which had a diameter enough to swallow a Galaxy Class Starship, small blue electric sparks began to extend from the surrounding swirl of blue energy.

As they watched, Captain Barker tried to slow down the movement of the probe, but it wasn't having any effect. "Sir," He said nervously. "The Probe is being drawn into the swirl!"

"Call it back, Captain."

"No effect...It's like it's in some form of Tractor Beam!"

They watched in awe as the Probe entered the black hole of the energy...and disappeared into it. Within a second, there was no sign that the Probe ever had existed at all.

"Admiral!" The Captain's eyes widened. "I can't find the probe! It's just...gone..."

"Calm down, Captain...It can't be just gone..." He was interrupted by the Commander.

"Sir...look at the swirl..."

The swirl had sped up its endless rotation, and the black hole in the center was flashing yellow and white.

Clemson moved toward the edge of his seat. "What...?"

Suddenly, a bright light filled the viewscreen, forcing them all to cover their eyes. After the light had dissipated, they saw the pieces of the probe that had just entered the hole floating around them, destroyed.

Clemson stood up quickly. "No..."



As they continued to watch, the swirl began to undulate, twisting and turning in on itself. Then there was another bright light, and as quickly as it had appeared it vanished, leaving only a trace of dust...and an object.

The object was in a crystalized shape, and it moved quickly forward, towards the station. Clemson stuttered as he turned to his Comm officer, who was as white as a sheet. "Comm...Send a emergency distress signal to Star-Starfleet...no, to Admiral Robert Lyon specifically...Tell him...Tell him that the Sunburst point has been breached...that *they* have arrived."

The Comm officer, herself a Captain, frowned. "I don't understand..."

"Just do it." He said firmly, as he turned back towards the screen, and watched as the crystal approached. It slowed, and then stopped, facing them, as though running a silent scan. As though anticipating the next question, Sensors shook his head. "I can't make out a scan."

Clemson nodded, and turned back to the Comm officer. As he did so, one shard of the crystal form began to light up. Clemson sighed heavily as he asked, "Has the message been sent?"

"Yes sir."

"Good...good." He sat back in his seat, and covered his eyes...

The light from the shard began to extend out towards the Observatory, and as it hit the outer hull, it suddenly began to bubble and melt away. The now superheated Observatory began to break up into space, pieces flying, spinning off into the endless reaches, to float forever. It was an admittedly quick death for all involved, as the crew were disintegrated by the light immediately at the time that it hit them.

As what was left of the once proud Observatory floated off into nothingness, the crystal form began to float off, a little quicker now, accelerating to Warp 3. There was no hurry...it would get there when it needed to...

**Star Trek: Maximillian  
Beyond The Final Frontier  
Will continue next month...**

**NO MUPPETS.  
NO 9-YEAR-OLD HOTSHOTS.  
NO JAR-JAR.**

**Star Trek: Maximillian**



**BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER**

***WWW.MAXIMILLIAN.ORG***

***ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES***



## Star Trek: The Roleplaying Games

By Chris Stephenson Idea and book listing by Robert S. Lyon



The Star Trek: The Next Generation® Core Game Book lets players "make it so" against the backdrop of the greatest science fiction universe ever created. It provides the framework necessary for players to create their own stories and experience their own adventures in the Star Trek® universe. Roleplayers do more than watch Star Trek: The Next Generation® - they step into the action and make decisions that determine the outcome.

Have you ever wanted to get into, I mean REALLY get into the Star Trek Universe? We wear the uniforms, hold the ranks, and act like we know what we're doing, but in reality, the majority of what we know comes from our experiences from watching the shows and following the characters throughout their adventures. But to truly get deeper into the show, to really know what they know, there hasn't been much to turn to...

Recently, though, LAST UNICORN GAMES has come through for the Star Trek universe in a very big way, with the release of the STAR TREK ROLE-PLAYING GAME. Using the shows as a base, from the Original series to DS9, LUG has developed an intricate series of RPG's, not unlike the Dungeons and Dragons games or others of that ilk.

The games consist of sourcebooks, where one person becomes the 'narrator' and leads the 'crew' through their adventures by either creating adventures for their ship, or by using one of the add-on books available for the set.

Each sourcebook contains many pictures and technical readouts, as well as technical information on par with the STAR TREK ENCYCLOPIEDIA. Yet they are not only a great source of information for the game itself, but also for background information about your favorite race (Currently available are packs for Andorians, Vulcans, and Romulans, and you can be sure that a Klingon pack is on the way.)

### CURRENTLY AVAILABLE

DS9: STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE CORE GAME BOOK

DS9: STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE NARRATOR'S TOOLKIT

TNG: STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION CORE GAME BOOK

TNG: STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION NARRATOR'S TOOLKIT

TNG: THE PRICE OF FREEDOM: THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS

TNG: STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION PLAYER'S GUIDE

TNG: STARFLEET INTELLIGENCE: THE FIRST LINE

TNG: PLANETS OF THE UFP: A GUIDE TO FEDERATION WORLDS

TNG: THE WAY OF KOLINAH: THE VULCANS

TNG: THE WAY OF D'ERA: THE ROMULAN STAR EMPIRE BOXED SET

TNG: STARFLEET ACADEMY BOXED SET

TNG: A FRAGILE PEACE: THE NEUTRAL ZONE CAMPAIGN, Vol. 1

TNG: PLANETARY ADVENTURES, Vol. 1

TNG: HOLODECK ADVENTURES

TOS: STAR TREK: THE ORIGINAL SERIES CORE GAME BOOK

TOS: STAR TREK: THE ORIGINAL SERIES NARRATOR'S TOOLKIT

TOS: AMONG THE CLANS: THE ANDORIANS

JANUARY 2000

DS9: PIRATES, RENEGADES AND ROGUES

FEBRUARY 2000

CRO: ALL OUR YESTERDAYS: TIME TRAVEL SOURCEBOOK

MARCH 2000

TNG: THE KLINGON EMPIRE BOXED SET

APRIL 2000

CRO: THROUGH A GLASS DARKER: THE MIRROR UNIVERSE

DS9: BAJOR

MAY 2000

DS9: CARDASSIAN UNION BOXED SET

CRO: STARSHIP CONSTRUCTION MANUAL

TOS: FINAL FRONTIERS: THE STAR TREK FILMS SOURCEBOOK



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## Now Available from Galaxy Productions

Future Tense: The Chapters of Time Book One	190 Pages	\$15.00
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## Now Available from Maximillian Press

U.S.S. Maximillian 1999-2000 Regulations	104 Pages	\$5.00
U.S.S. Maximillian Mighty Max 2000 Volume 8, Issue 1 Color	10 Pages	\$1.00
U.S.S. Maximillian Mighty Max 1999 Deforest Kelley Tribute	7 Pages	\$1.00
U.S.S. Maximillian Mighty Max 1998 Star Trek: Insurrection	10 Pages	\$1.00
U.S.S. Maximillian Mighty Max 1998 John Glenn Tribute	7 Pages	\$1.00

## Coming Soon from Maximillian Press

U.S.S. Maximillian Maximillian Monthly Volume 1, Issue 1 (1993)	Due in 2000	\$1.00
U.S.S. Maximillian 2000 Writers Bible	Due in 2000	\$5.00
Star Trek: Maximillian: Beyond the Final Frontier	Due in January 2001	\$15.00

Visit our website or call (614)475-1839

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