

THE MIGHTY MAX

"Reach for the Stars,
And Grab the future"

U.S.S. Maximillian (NCC-74997)
Star Trek Fan Association

Serving Central Ohio since 1992

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Trek Bowl Two; Revolutions



The MaX-Files LCDR Chris Stephenson

Greetings. Merry Holiday of your choice this year, and every year.

Yes there are problems with the website, which are preventing me from applying the updates to the actual sites themselves. All should/will/better be updated by the first of the year.

Our Election date is fast approaching. Vote for everyone!

Plans for the next year include:

Getting the Roleplaying game up and running again
 Finishing Season One of the Max Stories
 Trek Putt V: The Quickening
 Trek Bowl 3
 Getting the Regs updated
 Revamping the Ribbons program
 The 12th anniversary of the Max
 MARCON

Live Wrong and Slobber, like always...

—
 LCDR Critch Starblade

*The Max Adventure is just
 beginning...*

Submissions for the January Issue of
 The Mighty Max
 Are due January 2nd, 2004.
 Please email them to
critch@maximillian.org

THE 2004 ELECTIONS
VOTE EARLY, VOTE OFTEN
LCDR Chris Stephenson for CAPTAIN
LCDR Robin Goldblum for FIRST OFFICER
LCDR Nathan Cobaugh for SECRETARY
LT Susan Moran for TREASURER
JANUARY 10, 2004 5:00 pm
Whetstone Public Library

Sickbay Report LCDR Robin Goldblum

Happy Holidays to all! The X-Mas party is fast approaching (or over depending on when you are reading this) and winter temperatures have definitely set in. Here are just a couple tips to keep you happy and healthy during the winter:

1. Wear a hat on cold days. The most amount of heat is lost from the body at the head. Your brain (that organ in your head that lets you think) requires a tremendous amount of blood. Blood flow helps regulate body temperature. For example, when you are very hot you get red because more blood flows through your skin to release heat. Therefore, since so much blood runs through the head, heat is lost here. The point is: Wear a hat on cold days to keep your brain warm!

2. Flu shots are a good idea to prevent getting a nasty virus. However, you should know that the flu vaccines are only made up of a couple of strains of the enfluenza virus the scientists THINK may be prevalent that year. There are thousands of strains and if you get the shot and then are infected by a different strain, you will still get the flu.

3. Remember the old adage "Feed a cold, starve a fever"? It probably has some truth to it after all. The state the body at the time of sickness can vary depending on nutritional status. When full and happy, certain proteins and enzymes (so many I can't name them all) are stimulated. These happen to help fight colds. When hungry, other proteins and enzymes (called Heat Shock Proteins) are stimulated which help fight fevers. While many old wives tales are a bunch of bologna, this is one time when you should listen to your mother!

On a final note, I discovered that my proclamation for running for First Officer was accidentally left off of the last newsletter. I accidentally emailed it to the broken account. In a nutshell, vote for me! I promise to dedicate what little free time I have to the ship and do the best possible job at keeping comm lines open to all members.

Have a great holiday!

1st Report *CMDR Terry McPherson*

Greetings to the crew of the USS Maximillian. This is your friendly neighborhood Romulan first officer. The reports of my assimilation have been greatly exaggerated. I apologize for neglecting my duties, but please don't fire me for not getting newsletter articles in as I should. I have some good news for the crew. I have got a new job! I started my new job this past Monday, which happens to fall upon the 37th anniversary of Star Trek. There will be some Saturdays I will have to work, it is unavoidable. I will be at the Christmas party for sure. I have worked out a deal with my Manager that I am able to get the meeting dates off. So I will have missed you this Saturday, but I will be there as soon as I can, and I look forward to stepping down from my position of XO and being in the peanut gallery once again. I am looking forward to being your chief Engineer once again once I receive permission from our future CO. I will have this ship up and running to exceed her specifications at every opportunity. I will be tweaking up the Maximillian's engines within Starfleet's parameters. The Max is long overdue for a shakedown. In closing, I just want to say that it has been and always shall be a privilege to have been your First Officer, and I am looking forward to retirement. Again! As always, Live long and prosper, And Jolen true.

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM OUR NEW HOUSE TO YOURS!



SARAH, SUSAN, HARUKA, & GREG 2003
1300 WESTWOOD AVE GRANDVIEW HEIGHTS, OHIO 43212

MAXIMILLIAN CALENDAR OF EVENTS

December 18, 19 POSSIBLE Return of the King Recruiting Drive
December 31 Multi-Ship New Years Eve Party at Eric Davis's
January 10, 2004 Meeting/Elections

Celestial Viewpoints

Greetings, salutations and Merry Christmas and a Happy and Health New Year to the crew and friends of the Maximillian:

I love Christmas!! It is the best time of the year. Strangers will smile and wish you Merry Christmas. You've got to admit, there is something about this time of year that just makes you feel good.

We are busy decorating our new house. This is the first Christmas we've been here so it is very exciting deciding where to put our favorite decorations and also buying new things since we now have so much more space to decorate. Our tree is up and the lights are on but we still need to add the ornaments. Right now I was just writing out our Christmas cards.

Winter arrives on December 22nd.

The sky has lots of interesting things to see during December. Venus returns to the western evening skies this month and tiny Mercury also makes an appearance during the first part of December. Jupiter, Saturn and Mars remain visible during the holiday season and the winter constellations Orion, Andromeda and Gemini are all easily visible this month. Be sure to take the time go out and enjoy the sky.

December 16th, 6:30am

Look fairly high in the southern sky this morning to find giant Jupiter next to a slim older Moon just before dawn.

December 25th, 6:30pm

After you are done celebrating the holiday, go outside right after sunset and look for bright Venus close to a very slim new Moon.

Astronomical information courtesy of the Astronomy for Kids website.
(www.dustbunny.com/afk)

Until next time, keep looking up!

Lieutenant Commander T'purr Meowran (a.k.a. Susan Moran),
stellar cartographer.

Security Report

LT Nathan Cobaugh

news from security:
everything seems to be in order for this month.

the contact for the star trek movie marathon can be found at movie-trek@skritweb.com, so please register your name and address so that we can get a working number for confirming whether or not we can pull it off. Currently, there are only a handful of people interested, so please tell as many people as you can. Next month I will have the results of the December meeting's XMAS fund raiser. Coming up soon is the elections for the MAX, so keep in mind that there will be some openings on the ship in some departments. Skritweb.com is still working however, my computer crashed so it may be a few weeks until I can update my website with info regarding the movie marathon. If anyone has a computer they want to sell feel free to contact me as I am in need of a new one. Security Chief Skrit, signing off....

December 17: The Lord of the Rings

December 19: Mona Lisa Smile

December 25: Cheaper by the Dozen
Cold Mountain
Paycheck
Peter Pan

January 9: Chasing Liberty
My Baby's Daddy

January 16: Along Came Polly
Teacher's Pet
Torque

January 23: The Butterfly Effect
Mind Hunters
Win a Date with Tad!

January 30: The Big Bounce
The Perfect Score
You Got Served

February 6: Against the Ropes
Barbershop 2
The Lost Skeleton
Miracle
Welcome to Mooseport

February 13: 50 First Dates
The Great Raid

—Cobaugh Out

TREK BOWL TWO: REVOLUTIONS

Trek Bowl Two: Revolutions, took place last month at the AMF Main Lanes. Delegates from ships throughout Ohio, and civilians alike joined forces and together raised over \$80 for Toys For Tots. The following Prizes were awarded...

THANKS FOR COMING (worst score) -- Krystal Harper

SPARE ME (most spares) -- Steve Harper

STRIKE OUT (most strikes) -- Eric Davis

WIZARD OF ODDS (bowling 2nd place) -- Stanley Owens

BOWL DLY GO (bowling 1st place)-- Eric Davis

DYNAMITE STICK (pool 1st place)-- Charles Connor

CUE BALL -- (pool 2nd place) Marcus Owens / Stanley Owens



Beyond the Final Frontier LCDR Critch Starblade

Star Trek: Maximillian

BEYOND THE FINAL
FRONTIER

Chapter Seven

RED ALERT

Written by Chris Stephenson

Editors Note: This story is a serial novel, taking place about 2 years ago, using characters that served on the Maximillian at that point in time. New chapters can be found monthly in "The Mighty Max" and online at Maximillian.org. Past chapters can also be found at Maximillian.org.

What has come before...

An Observatory has been destroyed by an object yet unknown to the Federation, and it has began a long journey to the heart of the Alpha Quadrant. The U.S.S. Maximillian, weary from a trying mission in the Menkare Expanse, and with an untested Captain, is the sole survivor of a small task force organized to halt the invasion, and has been charged with accompanying the ship to it's final destination, which now appears to be deep in Gorn space, following a small probe launched shortly before it's owner was destroyed...

But Lieutenant Commander Critch Starblade has a plan, but one that he must be a part of, for reasons only he knows...

The Outermost Gorn defenses, sadly, did not hold up for very long.

Despite their outward appearances, the Gorn mostly tend to guard their own borders, not wishing to conquer other civilizations, nor to join with them. It was something of a surprise that the Gorn ship had ever agreed to join in the short-lived alliance in the first place, and now it seemed to be a drastic mistake. The probe, sent out by the ship mere seconds before it's destruction, had went right for the direction of Gorn space;

right in the direction of it's homeworld. It was a simple matter for the crystal shaped vessel to follow.

The defenses, such as they were, as the Gorn were easily overlooked by any space-faring race that were eager for conquest, consisted of a few well-past their time vessels, captained by disgraced leaders who should have retired long ago, and a small minefield. None of which did any damage to the intruding ship, which simply destroyed the attacking ships, and went on it's way, continuing it's voyage to the inner reaches of Gorn space.

The one ship that had survived the brief alliance of Klingons, Gorn, and Federation followed closely behind, having been tasked by the unseen leader of the vessel to be merely an observer, to see what would happen if anyone dared oppose it's grand plan, which at this point was unknown. All that was known was that it was originally headed straight for Sector 001, for an apparent meeting at Earth. And as had been seen with other attacking cultures throughout the years, the Xindi, the Breen, The Borg...that was never a good thing to have happen.

The U.S.S. Maximillian, housing possibly the most eclectic mix of races in all of Starfleet, looked silent and sleeping from the exterior of the vessel. But on the inside, it was a different story. Holding it off as long as she possibly could, Captain Septaric finally called for the red alert signal as they entered Gorn space, now knowing that there was no way a fight could be avoided, though she still hoped for peace, however it could be possible. Her brother, First Officer Kragnar, did not share her opinions of peace. A true Klingon warrior, he could not stomach the past destruction this mysterious vessel had caused. All the Klingon bloodlines ended for no apparent reason, to say nothing of the other honorable beings that had died for no purpose, only seemingly to satisfy an unquenchable bloodlust of an unseen adversary. It made Kragnar's own blood boil just thinking of it. The only thing

(Continued on page 7)

Home Again

Star Trek: Maximillian

HOME AGAIN

Season One, Episode 2

Written by Chris Stephenson

Editors Note: This story, like "Beyond the Final Frontier", is a serial novel. However, unlike BTFF, this takes place in the 'present' day of the Maximillian. Think of BTFF as the pilot episode, and this as an episode of a series. Warning though, this may give away some spoilers for later chapters of BTFF. Thanks for reading.

The Starbase Deep Space Nine, or "Terek Nor" as it had been christened by the Cardassians at the time of it's construction, had, all things considered, weathered the recent troubles in the Federation quite well. Orbiting the sun of the planet Bajor, and having been at the forefront of the Cardassian wars, it still bore the scars of great battles. So too bore most of it's inhabitants, those that had lived through the constant attacks from Cardassians, Klingons, and other aggressors.

So too did it's newest visitors, the Federation starship Maximillian, bear scars from battle. Not from an enemy as great as a malevolent race, though those that served on it would heartily disagree, rather from a plant-like creature that had ravaged the ship, punching holes throughout the decks and the hull, ravaging several sections, including Engineering, and causing a temporary evacuation of the vessel, and it's near destruction. Damaged, but not destroyed, the Maximillian had limped to DS9, the closest base, for the much needed repairs.

The crew of the "Mighty Max" had largely stayed on their home, having heard the rumors of the fights and troubles on the station, largely

(Continued on page 6)

HOME AGAIN Prologue (CONTINUED) By LCDR Chris Stephenson

(Continued from page 5)

due to the actions of the Ferengi that ran the promenade. Others chose to brave it, and see the unique sights. So it was that Lieutenant Commanders Critch Starblade, Jaydin, Skrit, Lieutenant Overload Soong-Maddox, and the diminutive pocket-sized android Databit came to be sitting, overlooking the main promenade, the central area of the large space station.

As Critch drank a vile-looking liquid, he glanced at Jaydin, the Medical Officer of the *Maximillian*. "How's it feel to be home?" He broke the silence gingerly.

Jaydin glanced back at him. "This isn't home. Last time I was on Bajor, all this was Cardassian-owned." She kept a wary eye on her surroundings, expecting an enemy to suddenly spring from behind any post. "I've never been here."

"Hm. Still, it's a nice place! The monkey was nice to me! Wanted me to play a game!" The hyperactive Overload spoke up.

"Monkey?" Skrit, the holographic energy-being chief of Security, made corporeal only by strategically placed emitters throughout his uniform, raised an eyebrow, then looked over at the Ferengi barkeep. Making the connection, he blinked, then returned to watching the conversation.

"A game?" Jaydin asked, and Overload suddenly smiled even brighter.

"Yeah! And I won...THIS!" From under the table, she produced several strips of a gold material. Critch picked up one from her and scanned it, muttering to himself.

"It can't be..." He glanced at the Ferengi, who glanced in the tables direction, and appeared to be scowling, either angry at them, himself, or some combination of the two. Critch looked back at her. "This...is Gold pressed Latinum!"

"ANNNNND It's Shiny! So give it back!"

"You gambled with that shyster...and won?" Skrit asked, surprised. Overload had just joined the *Maximillian*, indeed, just joined Starfleet.

"It was easy! Gimme!" She swiped her gold strip back from Critch, and held on to it tightly with one hand, holding Databit with the other. The rest of them shook their heads, and hoped that trouble wasn't starting from this, or from anything else, for that matter.

On the opposite side of the promenade, a lift door opened, and four red robed figures, their heads covered, emerged from it. Together, they scanned the area, until they saw their targets. Slowly, they began to walk around.

"Do we know anything else about those plant-things, Jaydin?" Skrit asked, trying desperately to get the subject off of gambling wins.

Jaydin shook her head. "Kelvok's working on it, but so far, there's not much...most of the plants disintegrated when the mother creature was destroyed. Apparently they can't survive without the mother."

"Lucky for us." Critch said softly. "Even with the modified phasers, we still would've had a hard time of it clearing out the rest of the ship if they acted on their own. I'm curious about that planet, myself. If the things were born there, or if they got there somehow...and if they did, there might be more of them somewhere..."

The figures split into two, half on each side of the circular level. One drew ahead of the others, and reached into his cloak...

"I wonder what was..." Skrit was cut off by the appearance of the cloaked group, having reunited and moved towards their table. Critch stood up as the front man of the group spoke, appearing to stare at Jaydin. "Jaydin of Bajor?"

"Yes...?" She asked, questioningly, confused.

The figures began to pull their hands out of their cloaks, and Critch's hand quickly moved to his phaser. To his surprise, they pulled nothing out, and moved their hands up to lower their hoods. They wore the ceremonial earrings and jewelry of their culture, quite obviously Bajoran.

As one they moved to their knees, and bowed their heads, touching the floor simultaneously, bowing to Jaydin.

As her friends looked on, incredulously, the robed figures began to chant.

"Behold the Lady Jaydin..."

"Behold Bajor's Salvation..."

**HOME AGAIN
CONTINUED NEXT MONTH**

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RED ALERT (Continued)

(Continued from page 5)

that seemed to satisfy him, at least for the moment, was that soon, his dear sister would see the folly of her ways. And then glorious conquest would be had.

They occupied the bridge, occupied in a pulsing glow of red, and accompanied by the remainder of the bridge crew, Lieutenant Commander Tamak, a former Captain, who was head of Security, and Lieutenant Kelvok, a Vulcan along with Tamak, head of Science. Lieutenant Commander Critch Starblade, an Android but not of the Soong variety, chief of Operations, stood, attempting to improve the efficiency of "The Mighty Max's" warpfeld, in case of a need for a quick escape. He had been confined to quarters, but Captain Septaric needed him to come to the bridge for a moment, and his return had been forgotten. But his mind was also seething with a new anger, and of regret for a lost opportunity. And suddenly, of new plans forming. Suddenly all his power was focused on making a new opportunity for himself. He allowed a small smile as he realized that it would be simple, especially during this time of stress.

Chief Engineer Amy Armstrong Thomas was working alongside Critch, but did not notice his hesitation, so engrossed in her own work. She was stressed, and not a little worried. She was young, and though she had witnessed not a few battles with the *Maximillian*, it always got her brain working and her heart pounding.

It wasn't just officers on the ship. So great was the apparent need that the three Admirals most often identified with the ship had accompanied it on its mission. Admiral Robert Lyon, from Earth, stood gazing over the ship, still halfway considering it to be his ship, though the last time a *Maximillian* had been truly his, it had been lost. He looked at the Captain's chair with a twinge of regret, knowing deep in his heart that Captain Septaric was too inexperienced to be able to

command a ship of this size. The *Sovereign* vessels were Starfleet's flagships! An untested Captain should never have been allowed to take this job! Not that he didn't respect her abilities, or her drive. But this was beyond her...beyond any of them.

Admiral Turok T'Kill, whose main job so far had been to keep his fellow Errsedorian Mercury-based Admiral Blobbin in line, understood the strife that was occurring within his oldest friend. But he knew the chain of command must be followed, to whatever end. A Romulan, which was a rare thing among the fleet, he knew better than most what could happen when anarchy reigned.

Blobbin didn't much like Red alerts. Though he didn't dislike battle, anything that gave him the excuse to march, or pudge, as the case may be, headlong into a melee, Mercury-formed sword in hand was okay with him, he didn't like the red shined off his silver form. And no matter with color he morphed into, the colors still weren't coming off quite right. He decided to lighten the mood, and morphed his head to something comparable to an old police light, a spinning red and blue light, and prepared to emit a shrill ambulance-style siren. As his mouth moved, T'kill covered it quickly with a hand. In response, Blobbin formed several mouths, and continued, until Lyon held up a hand. Blobbin stopped, dejected again. What was it with these people, anyway? A mood lightening is exactly what's called for in these stressful situations!

T'Kill glanced between the other two Admirals, and wondered why Blobbin aggravated him so much, why his commands were simply suggestions, and why Lyon's orders were to be followed quickly. Unknown to T'Kill, Lyon knew Blobbin's one weakness, one fear, and one that Lyon was not afraid to use at any time.

Promotion.

As the command structure watched nervously the crystalline form on the

screen, their expressions ranged from worry to anger to hope to despair. All of them focused on this one, possibly final adventure. None of them noticing as Critch Starblade slipped out of the room into the adjacent turbolift, commanding it to his level. He had to make one last check before he could put his plans into motion. He had to be sure...

It was roughly fifteen minutes before anyone noticed Critch's departure, and even then it wasn't taken with any great emergency or panic. It was assumed that he had returned to his quarters, where Admiral Lyon had ordered him. There was still about ten minutes before the ship would reach the Gorn homeworld, before the largest part of the Gorn fleet would engage the seemingly indestructible ship in defense of their home. Amy looked up from her console, as it went into auto mode, finishing up her work for her. As it would take a few moments for it to complete, she asked for and received permission to check on Critch. As she left, Admiral Lyon felt regret that Critch would not have a chance to find out what he had been searching for all this time. It was maddening, in a way. But he supposed that would keep his mind active, and would serve him well in his later career. Assuming, of course, any of them survived this.

The security officers that were undertaking the risky mission of beaming over to the other ship were all supposed to have gathered three minutes before, but the young ensign, who was cursing himself for having volunteered for this mission, considering that his first choice when he joined the ship was Operations. But, he also wanted to help the ship, so Security was a good secondary choice for now. He wasn't planning on any of this, and had managed to have several problems with the protective outfit that he had been assigned. But he knew that they were waiting. Korjac, the Klingon in charge of the "Rapid Response unit",

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Beyond the Final Frontier Continued

(Continued from page 7)

wasn't too happy about this. But there was time. As he ran through the corridor, he suddenly realized there was a figure in front of him. He couldn't make out the face, only that there seemed to be something pointing in his direction. Then a bright light, and he couldn't make out anything at all.

It was curious that there was no answer at Critch's door, Amy thought to herself. He usually was happy to see guests, even if he was in a bad mood. Something was definitely bothering him. She decided to ignore protocol, and follow a sinking feeling that Critch was in trouble, or worse. She used her Engineering override, and entered the room. The lights were off, and Critch wasn't home. A quick scan around the room revealed only one thing out of place. A single padd, laying on his bed. She went to it, picking it up, reading it over quickly. The padd had on it details of Critch's original discovery, by the U.S.S. Asimov, a science ship, amongst wreckage of an unknown starship, a ship so destroyed that they still had not been unable to identify it to this day. There were diagrams of the ship, and she looked over them, and instantly she knew. The ship on the viewscreen. The ship that had destroyed the Observatory, the Klingons, the Gorn, the ship they had been following...and the ship that had brought Critch to this quadrant.

They were the same ship.

Suddenly in a panic, she ran out of the room, trying to tap her commbadge quickly. She knew it was too late, he'd have thought of that. Indeed, entering Critch's room had seemed to trigger some kind of silent, unseen Electromagnetic pulse that had knocked out the electronics throughout this deck, as she found out quickly when all she heard was static over the intercom. And all she saw was darkness. Thinking quickly, she overrode a nearby duct, and climbed inside.

In the unconscious ensign's outfit, a little snug but none the worse for wear, he quickly arrived at the transporter room, marching in. He nodded at the seething Klingon, his own helmet open. Korjak muttered a "I'll deal with you later" then looked at the transporter chief.

Amy Armstrong Thomas dove out of the duct, racing down the hall, hoping desperately that she wasn't too late. She ran into the transporter room just as Korjak growled, "Energize". As they beamed out, Amy yelled, "Critch!" The android in Ensign's clothes looked at her, staring, as they disappeared in a blaze of blue and stars.

**BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER
CONTINUED NEXT MONTH**

**FIND PREVIOUS CHAPTERS AT
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Maximillian Season One

STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN SEASON ONE DUAL FRONTIERS

EPISODE TWO: HOME AGAIN

During a stop at Bajor, Jaydin is waylaid by a cult that claims her to be the Bajorian Messiah.

EPISODE THREE: FORMS OF LIFE

The energy being Skrit is chosen to lead a documentary on the Maximillian, and interjects his own history and unique perspective on the past events.

EPISODE FOUR: INNER LOGIC

Captain Kelvok leads the crew to investigate the plant-creature's (A Great Adventure) origins.

EPISODE FIVE: STRENGTH IN DARKNESS

The Maximillian encounters a hostile Reman Convoy that is unaware of Shinzon's defeat.

EPISODE SIX: LOREBIT

A perfect, malevolent clone of Databit sneaks aboard the Maximillian, and Databit is the only one that notices his presence.

EPISODE SEVEN: THE PEACE PROCESS Part One of Two

The Maximillian visits a Romulan and Reman peace summit, which soon turns into a dangerous situation for all involved.

EPISODE EIGHT: THE PEACE PROCESS Part Two of Two

With the assassination of both Romulan and Reman Ambassadors, the Command Staff of the Maximillian must negotiate a truce, while Critch and the crew track the instigator of the terrorist act.

EPISODE NINE: WAYLAD

The Maximillian is recalled to a nearby Starbase to be refit for a new mission, but when they arrive at the base, they find it nearly deserted.

Book Reports

UPCOMING BOOKS OF INTEREST

The Lost Era: Catalyst of Sorrows
by Margaret Wander Bonanno
Available : January



THE YEAR IS 2360

She was trained to be a killing machine. Abandoned as a child, without home or family, past or future, Zetha survived only by her own cunning in the back alleys of Romulus before being taken by the Tal Shiar and remade into one of its deadliest weapons. But Zetha is about to undertake a mission unlike any in her experience.

The mysterious return of a virulent scourge thought to be long extinct threatens devastation on a scale almost too horrific to contemplate. Zetha's only hope of stopping it is across the Neutral Zone-among the enemies of Romulus. Now Admiral Uhura, centenarian chief of Starfleet Intelligence, must decide what to do with the knowledge Zetha has risked her life to bring to her. In order to stop the spread of the disease that is already ravaging the Romulan Empire, Uhura must assign a hand-picked team of Starfleet officers to covertly trace the contagion to its source-and do whatever is necessary to contain it.

But the world awaiting Lieutenant Benjamin Sisko, Lieutenant Tuvok, Dr. Selar, and Zetha herself is a hot zone of secrets, deceptions and subtle machinations, revealing an imminent holocaust beyond anything the away team expected, or what they could hope to combat.

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NEXT MONTH IN THE MIGHTY MAX

CHAPTERS FROM
“BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER”
AND “HOME AGAIN”

STAR TREK BOOK NEWS

CREW REPORTS

WHAT’S NEXT MONTH IN THE MIGHTY
MAX?

...I DO NOT KNOW.

THE MIGHTY MAX
December 2003

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HAPPY NEW YEAR!

SUBMIT ARTICLES!



MORE Trek Bowl 2: Revolutions!