

THE MIGHTY MAX

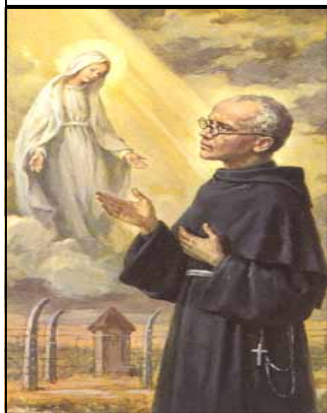
"Reach for the Stars,
And Grab the future"

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

Serving Central Ohio since
1992

JUNE 2003

VOLUME 11, ISSUE 6



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Inside:
Officer Reports
Historical Document Reprints
The Max Files
The Summer Raffle
A Great Adventure
"Beyond the Final Frontier" is delayed again
Book reports
Event Calendar



The maX-Files

LCDR Chris Stephenson

Welcome to the June edition of the Mighty Max!

May was quite the eventful month for the Maximillian, starting with our Eleventh anniversary dinner. Captain Sidley and myself won awards for the scavenger hunt, and we watched Patrick Stewart host SNL. Also at the meeting it was confirmed that we will be at the UN Festival this November.

We were able to launch a charity raffle during the premieres of X2 and THE MATRIX RELOADED. This raffle, which has so far brought in around sixty dollars, will benefit both the Max and the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation. The raffle will continue throughout the summer, and the lucky winner will receive several DVDs and other prizes.

At Marcon, members of the Max

were able to take part in the masquerade as the "Cardboard Tube Samurai". An award was won for 'best use of recycled household products'. Also we took part in the Human Chess game and the opening ceremonies, carrying our banner for all to see. Last but not least, despite my seeming inability to find a remote, our table gave us a record FIVE new members, so welcome RICHARD WATSON, JACKY ROACH, SHANE HOWARD, TODD MCDANIEL, and RACHEL STEINER!

The week after Marcon brought us Trek Galaxy's TREK PUTT: RE-LOADED, the fourth annual putt-putt tournament. Raising over \$200 for the boy scouts, members of the Max took home some nice awards (Most notably our Captain), and another success was had.

This month will be a little less busy, though there is plenty to keep us busy. Another pair of movie drive beckons, with THE HULK and TERMINATOR 3 drives fast approaching. The Maxolympics is our next meeting, and the hope is that it is our biggest and best ever. Work on the Maximillian Eleventh anniversary DVD continues in my general slow fashion, The website is getting revamped AGAIN, and live goes on.

The Max Adventure is just beginning...

Captain's Corner

Greetings Maxers! Well, the Recruiting drive at Matrix was successful, as we did raise some more cash for the raffle. MARCON was fun and I understand we have some new members and old ones rejoined so wow. Anyway we have the Recruiting drive for the Hulk at Marcus Pickerington. Trek Putt was a Blast I won the Thanks for coming FOR having the Best, er highest score a 72 wow. well that's all for now ...

See ya in the Future

Captain S'Daak



the Arena Grand and got quite a bit of exposure. I wish to thank Nathan, Squirrley, Babs, Chris and Charles for making it to the drives and helping out. That's about it so....

See you all in July for the MaxOlympics!.

Take care and God Bless,

Blobbin, Silver Bullet....Goes Down Smoooooooooth....

Musings from the Puddle, Resurrected

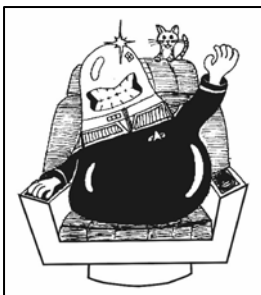
Radm Gregory Dunn

Konnichi Wa

Hi All, Blobbin here!

I have been pretty busy this last month with Trek Putt IV, Marcon and some recruiting drives. So I have much to report.

Lets start with Trek Putt: I would have to say it was a fabulous success! We had over 30 people participate with over \$200.00 raised for the Boy Scouts. I believe we also signed up a member or two. Fun was had by all. Chris did a great job making the even a success, even though he was suffering from a cold death thingy. I would like to thank everyone who came out and helped



Trek Putt succeed.

Marcon: I would have to say that Marcon was more of a success than I would have ever guessed. We had a combined table with TrekOhi....I mean Trek Galaxy and we signed up 4 or 5 new members; Plus we had a great showing of Max personal. Chris did a good job getting everything going. Nathan did a good job of getting info out to the people who stopped by the table. Manny did a great job of being Manny! And I must say that Sidley had some really cool outfits this year...if anyone ever sees her again, ask her about them. Hopefully she has pictures. I wish to thank everyone involved in helping the Max have a great showing at Marcon this year.

Recruiting Drive: The Max had a few recruiting drives in that last month. We did very well at both of them...bringing in about \$60 so far from the raffle. We also had a great time at

Upcoming Maximillian Events

---JUNE---

June 20, 21 The Hulk Recruiting
Drive Marcus Pickerington Theatre

June 26, 27, 28, 29 Origins

---JULY---

July 4, 5 T3 Recruiting Drive
Arena Grand

July 12, 2003 The Maxolympics/Cookout/Monthly Meeting
Raffle Drawing

July 13, 2003 Marcon Picnic

July 18, 19 Klingon Year Games

July 24, 25, 26, 27 Gencon

---AUGUST---

August 3, 2003 Frisbee Trek

August 9, 2003 Maximillian Annual
Auction/Meeting

Security Report LT Nathan Cobaugh

As security chief I always try to find new ways to keep improving the ships safety features when I can. After observing the archives of the Enterprise on the latest DVD release of NEMESIS, I have decided to make a couple of slight modifications from our recent upgrade a few months ago. No this is not the Kirk-Epsilon, or the Shinzon-Theta maneuver. For all bridge personnel that have chairs, auto-pneumatic restraining harnesses, or seat belts have been added. They are programmed to be triggered when the ship registers impact or when the inertial dampers go offline. They can be disconnected by using the controls on the chair, the one marked PSH. (Personal Safety Harness)

Also, new protocols from Starfleet require an ESTST. Emergency Site-To-Site Transport Transponder. They are to be worn by all personnel on away missions. Where you choose to wear them is up to you. They are 1/2 inch thick and the size of a wafer, so they fit pretty much anywhere. Until R+D at Starfleet can integrate it into the communicator we will have to make do.



During my last excursion I caught some looters who had apparently done some business with the Romulans.

They had a few cases of Romulan Ale. I assume they got it from their dealings at Marcon. Anyways, I have been notified by command to dispose of it properly. Captain's orders. Sooooo.... All officers are expected to meet in the Observation Deck at 2100 hrs where we can discuss how to ummm dispose of it. Please note do not show up if you are going on rotation, otherwise I will send you to sickbay for a full examination.



THE MAXOLYMPICS

2 0 0 3

July 12 12pm, Whetstone Park of Roses
Sporting events of the likes
the universe has never seen...

Cookout to follow...bring a dish to share.

THE LEGEND CONTINUES

Pictures, Events, and more

www.maximillian.org

www.trekohio.com

STILL boldly going where no websites
Have gone before...

Celestial Viewpoint

LCDR T'purr Meowran (a.k.a. Susan Moran)

Greetings and salutations to the crew of the Maximillian:

Last month I said I would review telescopes and meteor showers. The most important thing to remember when buying a telescope is not to be fooled by advertisements that emphasize the magnification. According to Professor Gerald Newsome of OSU's Astronomy Department, the diameter is more important, the larger the better. It is rare to need a high magnification. Professor Tom Burns, the director of the Perkins Observatory, agrees. Burns states you could get a telescope with a two-inch diameter and see practically nothing or you could get a six-inch diameter and see practically everything. The Perkins Observatory website (www.perkinsobservatory.org) has a great buyers guide for stargazing equipment.

The Summer Perseids (pər-sē-æds) (meteor showers) take place July 17 – August 24. These showers can be easily seen without equipment. Mid to late August is the optimum viewing period. Hundreds of bright falling stars rain down and provide a perfect backdrop for a relaxing, romantic summer evening.

If you didn't get a chance to view the total lunar eclipse on May 15th due to the cloudy weather, you will have another chance in November. I will provide more details closer to the event.

Stargazing aside, I'd like to say that I really enjoyed myself at Mar-Con. This was the first year I attended the entire weekend. The dealer's room was a bit

crowded, but I still succeeded in acquiring a nifty T-shirt with a Latin saying . . . and if you can read it you have too much education (ha, ha).

Trek Putt Reloaded was also a very fun event. The weather wasn't too bad. I even got sunburned on my face, although I think it was more of a windburn. We had a great time and were able to raise over \$200 for the Boy Scouts. I'm looking forward to the new Frisbee Golf Event coming up in August.

Next time I'll try to find more interesting and informative stellar tidbits. Until then, keep looking up!



Sickbay Report

By LCDR Robin Goldblum, CMO



Good day fellow crewmates! I know I took a small sabbatical last issue but I hope you enjoyed my story, *Insomniac's Cafe*. It was inspired by both a real place and the Twilight Zone. Anyway, I haven't hit on any major medical flaws in science fiction lately so I have decided to present a theory of mine for your evaluation. I call it The Unicorn Myth Theory.

As many of you know, I am obsessed with unicorns. Unicorn literally means in Latin "one horn." The unicorn is a beautiful horse with one

long horn projecting from the forehead. They are said to possess powerful magic. The whimsical part of my heart wants so much to believe that they are real creatures living unobserved by human eyes. However, the scientist in me believes differently.

The original unicorn myth began during the Middle Ages, although no exact date has been discovered. What is not readily known today is that the original unicorn was not horse-like but goat-like! Goats usually have two horns that lie on either side of their head near their ears. As I have been learning in reproduction class, there are millions of variations of structural abnormalities that animals can be born with. My theory is that the original unicorn was simply a goat born with the two horns fused in the middle of its head. Since neither genetics nor viruses nor congenital defects were known about in the Middle

Ages, the people probably believed their goat to be a magic creature! Over the years, the story evolved to change the goat into a more loved animal, the horse.

I hope you enjoyed my unicorn theory. There is no absolute basis for it, just my own musings on the subject. Hope to see you all at Frisbee Trek!

**WHAT
IS
SKRIT?**

<http://www.angelfire.com/trek/skrit/>

Archive Report

RADM Gregory Dunn

Hello, and welcome to the first ever Archive report.

First off, I would like to thank Sidley for a wonderful job of organizing most of the archives for the Max. I have recently gone through every issue of the Mighty Max we have in our archives to see what we are missing, and now would like to ask your help to see if we can complete the list. So, with that said, I give you a complete list of what the archives has and doesn't have:

We are missing every issue from May 1993 through Dec 1993. I know this goes away back, but if anyone has a copy I could borrow, photocopy and get back to them I would love to add it to the Max Archives. I do not know if we were monthly or bi-monthly at the time, but I am sure we were sporadic in our publishing.

The archives has a copy of the Jan 1994 issue and then we are missing Feb 1994 through April 1995. Any help here would be greatly appreciated. Once again, I do not know how regular we published them then, so any info would be of help.

The Archives are complete from May 1995 through Oct 1995, then we are missing Nov and Dec 1995. Jan and Feb 1996 we have, but we are missing Mar 1996 through June 1996.

July 1996 we start a bi-monthly stint until May 1997. We are complete From July 1996 through Dec 1997. We are missing Jan 1998, have Feb and Mar 1998, are missing April 1998, then are complete through Aug 1998. We are missing Sept 1998, and then are complete through July 1999.

Confused yet....don't worry, I will make a list at the end for everyone to check their collection against.

We are missing Aug 1999, and then are complete from Sept 1999 through July 2000. The archives is missing Aug and Sept 2000 and Dec 2000- Jan 2001. We have Oct and Nov 2000. Feb 2001 through Nov 2001 are complete with the archives missing Dec 2001.

Almost finished...the archives has Jan 02 through Sept 02, then is missing Oct, Nov and Dec 02. It is current through this year.

As promised, here is the check list. Any help would be great. As a reminder, if you have a missing issue, I would just like to borrow it and make a copy, you can keep your original.

Thank you for your help.

Missing:

1993: May – Dec

1994: Feb – Dec

1995: Jan – April, Nov – Dec

1996: Mar – June

1997: Complete

1998: Jan, April, Sept

1999: Aug

2000: Aug – Sept, Dec

2001: Jan, Dec

2002: Oct – Dec

Please check this list of what is missing with your own collection. Thanks again

Archive Boy Blobbin

Book Reports

UPCOMING BOOKS OF INTEREST

Star Trek Crosswords

by John Samson

Available : JULY 1

From the pen of puzzle master John Samson comes the hottest collection of brainteasing crosswords this side of the Galactic Barrier.



From the name of Captain James T. Kirk's brother* (3 letters) to the name of the latest Star Trek feature film's villain** (7 letters) this crossword puzzle book covers every corner of the intergalactic phenomenon that has captivated fans for more than thirty years. With fifty puzzles to conquer, Star Trek Crosswords will engage, delight and entertain both casual viewer and diehard Trekker alike. * Sam ** Shinzon

—
Genesis Force
By JOHN VORNHOLT
Available : JULY 7

The Genesis Wave has left a deadly legacy in its wake... The full extent of the devastation caused by the Genesis Wave is only now truly being recognised. An entire sector of space has been reduced to the most primitive levels, and more than one high-tech interstellar opportunist is rushing in to take advantage of the situation. Standing against them is the Genesis Force, a covert Federation group of humans and aliens with extra abilities greater than those of the average humanoid. Their mission is to protect the people of the newly named Genesis Sector from those who would seek to conquer and exploit them.

ARCHIVES : Maximillian Starships By FADM Robert S. Lyon

Archival Edition -- Originally published June 1997

HISTORIC FEDERATION STARSHIPS NAMED MAXIMILLIAN

--ROBERT S. LYON

The following is an abbreviated history of ships named Maximillian. It is intended as an informative guide for members of this organization, and to give a vague, very basic framework of the "Historic" starships named *Maximillian* for storywriters within the Organization to use as a guide, and may wish to expand upon the information provide with their stories. Some of these articles, particularly part 3, will be somewhat longer. My thanks to CAPT Greg "Blobbin" Dunn and COM Matt Morris for their input.

PART 2 OF 5 : THE SECOND SHIP NAMED MAXIMILLIAN

The second Starship named *Maximillian* was a *Federation* class dreadnought, Starfleet registry NCC-2105. The *Maximillian* was named for Saint Maximillian Mary Kolbym, and for Federation starship USS *Maximillian* (*Soyuz* class science ship, Starfleet registry NCC-1945).

The *Maximillian* was commissioned at the Cameron Starfleet Construction Facility orbiting planet Deneb V on March 22nd 2292 (Stardate 9227.5) as a result of the increasing tension between the Klingon Empire and the United Federation of Planets. Captain M'Rem of Cait assumed command, serving three years on patrol along the Klingon/Federation Neutral Zone, during which time the starship engaged Klingon warships on over seven occasions. During the last two years of M'Rem's command, *Maximillian* patrolled the Romulan Neutral Zone without incident.

In 2297, the *Maximillian* ports at Starbase 10 for minor systems up-

grade and repair. There, Captain Bzznaht of Althos IV assumed command. The following year, the *Maximillian* was relaunched and the dreadnought was assigned as flagship to RADM David Freeman, commander of Tacfleet for two years. During her service as flagship of Tacfleet, *Maximillian* broke several strategic and combat exercise records. In 2299, with tensions beginning to rise between the Romulan Star Empire and the United Federation of Planets, the *Maximillian* is reassigned to the Romulan Neutral Zone for patrol duty, her new home port becoming Starbase 10. During that time, the *Maximillian* encountered over 25 Romulan warships, engaging only five in minor skirmishes.

In 2303, the *Maximillian* returned to Starbase 10 after her second five-year mission of military patrol operations. An experienced Starfleet veteran, Captain Shrevir of Andoria assumed command. After a brief stay at Starbase 10, Captain Shrevir embarks on a mission of military patrol operations. Highly decorated for his strategic and military operations experience, Captain Shrevir commanded *Maximillian* for a period of over seven and a half years in the area of Federation space along the Romulan Neutral Zone where tensions were growing constantly.

Maximillian was once again assigned to Tacfleet where the ship encountered and confronted the Romulans on over 122 occasions, thirty of which involved minor skirmishes, and two of which ended in narrowly avoiding interstellar war. Captain Shrevir was decorated seven times during his command, and his ship, officers and crew likewise won several commendations for their actions in preserving the peace.

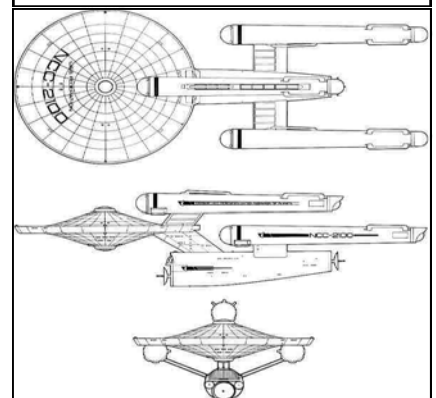
In 2311, tensions grew to a boiling point with the Romulans, and Captain Shrevir was promoted to the rank of rear admiral to command Starfleet in the Romulan sector. His

first officer, Commander Allan Bundy, was promoted to captain, and assumed command of the dreadnought.

Captain Bundy served as commanding officer for only two weeks before the *Maximillian* met her fate. The ship was deployed to Toned with a Starfleet military task force. During the now-famed Toned Incident, *Maximillian* was engaged in fierce battle with four Romulan warships and was subsequently destroyed. Before the Romulans had the opportunity to board and capture the severely crippled *Maximillian*, Captain Bundy ordered self-destruct, vaporizing his ship and crew. The subsequent matter/antimatter explosion took out all four Romulan starships in one blast. CAPT Bundy was awarded the Starfleet Wound Decoration (and his crew the Starfleet Medal of Honor for their sacrifice), and is survived by his wife Peggy, his daughter Kelly, and his son, Bud, all of whom live at 9764 Jeopardy Lane in the Greater Chicago Metropolitan Area.

The preceding was a brief history of the second starship *Maximillian*. Next issue: a brief history of Federation starship USS *Maximillian* (*Federation* class, Starfleet registry NCC-2550). Until then, as the ship's dedication motto reads, "Reach for the stars, and grab the future." Until then...

THE MAX-ADVENTURE CONTINUES...



A Great Adventure

By Chris Stephenson

"A Great Adventure" is a serial novel, with a new chapter appearing every month in the Mighty Max. It began in the April 2003 issue, and can also be found online at <http://www.maximillian.org>.

PART TWO

"I just don't understand why he's suddenly acting this way, it's so unlike him." Lieutenant Commander Jaydin was running her tricorder over a few branches of the jungle planet. They had traced the radio signal to it's original source, and unexpectedly found an uncharted world, every square inch covered with swampland and vegetation. The temperature was humid, easily upper 90's, and the air was toxic, so the three crewmembers that had came down on the shuttlepod (There was a form of disturbance that was making it unsafe for any beaming), Jaydin, Commander Tamak, and Ensign Williams to assist Jaydin should there be anyone here that needed medical attention, were wearing breathing apparatuses, nothing that restricted their movement however.

Williams remained silent, lost in his own world of scanning. Tamak answered quickly though. "Although his look is as of a human, he is not, and we cannot forget that he does not have as much experience with emotions as most of us. Commander Starblade is capable, however, and will eventually come out of this state."

She nodded. "I feel like there's something I should be doing, some way I could help him. It's frustrating."

He nodded, running his own tricorder over a large section of tree. "It's perfectly understandable, Commander, I myself wish to see his troubles solved as quickly as possible. But I fear that further interference will just put him deeper into the shell he has built around himself. Patience is the best recourse now."

Williams broke in. "Are we sure that these are the correct coordinates?"

Tamak answered. "Patience works for many other things as well, Ensign. This is indeed where the signal originated from." He gestured to Jaydin, who tapped her commbadge.

The voice of the Maximillian's communications officer, Mr. Nato, a Katarrian with what was widely considered the best set of ears in Starfleet, sounded through the system.

"Bridge."

"Max, we're not reading anything down here, or seeing anything for that matter. Can you guys check your sensors?"

"Hold." Nato tapped his controls, working in conjunction with the science station. Kelvok walked over to him, looking over his shoulder at the controls, and raised an eyebrow.

"Away team, are you certain you are alone down there?"

Williams shivered, as they glanced around at the wilderness. Tamak answered. "We show no lifesigns, Captain."

Nato listened closely, hearing something among the background.

Williams was the first to notice the tree move. Not so much move, as slither. A branch seemed to crawl along the ground. He jumped, then cursed himself for behaving like a baby. "Commander, I think I found the lifeform..." He said almost at a whisper, as Tamak and Jaydin turned around to look at him, and see what he was looking at.

The branches of the tree had all began to move, all moving towards the right of the away team, and then as they watched they noticed that on the opposite side the branches were slithering to the left, to the center. They began to bend, moving upward, and then the tree in the center began to lift upward, and Williams eyes widened as the tree seemed to curve inward, until it was no longer a tree, but a green jaw. Small teeth, brown and sharp, began to emerge from the bark, and it seemed to breathe in time with the

small wind that was blowing, a short wheeze that chilled Jaydin. Tamak slowly moved his hand to his phazer, when it let out a loud shriek, expelling large amounts of wind from it's elongated throat, and the branches whipped around, as though preparing for battle.

The scream had come as a surprise to the crew on the Bridge, who had turned up the volume on the comm system to attempt to hear the movement on the planet. It took precious seconds for Kelvok to regain his hearing, and bark his question to the away team. "What was that?"

Williams was muttering to himself, and Jaydin was unable to speak as she was backing away slowly. Tamak had aimed his phaser at the plant-creature, and spoke softly. "The lifeform appears to be vegetation, Captain. Very much alive."

"A plant, Commander?"

"Affirmative, I am attempting to calm it." Tamak was eager to prove that his team was no threat, and certainly not edible. He turned his voice towards the creature, repeating that they meant it no harm, that they did not mean to intrude.

If the creature understood what Tamak was conveying, it did not show it. Instead, it seemingly began to drool, liquid began to drip out of it's mouth, and when it hit the ground, it seemed to eat right through the mud and grime, leaving a sizzling smoke trail. It slowly began to move, using it's branches to slither towards the away team. Tamak felt he had no choice, and fired his phaser into the side of the creature's mouth. It seemed to growl, but otherwise the shot had seemingly no effect. Jaydin looked at it incredulously, and Tamak lowered his weapon. "Retreat, Commander." The three of them turned and began to move quickly through the forest, and they quickly found that the forest was coming alive around them. The trees and branches all were crawling along the floor, eager for their next meal. Jaydin was cursing their deci-

(Continued on page 8)

ARCHIVES CONTINUED

sion to land their shuttlecraft so far away, even though it was the closest clearing to where the signal had been. She put her head down. They would make it.

The creature had risen up on it's branches now, at least the majority of them, and had began to move it's great size quickly. Though the other trees and plants were getting it's way, it began to outpace the team. Williams made his first mistake when he slowed down to avoid a branch on the ground. Too late he realized what would happen, when the branch sprung up and wrapped itself around his leg, and pulled him upward into the air, passing him from one vine to another. Jaydin glanced back and saw what was happening, and purely on instinct drew and fired her phaser at the vines. The beam had no effect on the vines, as they tossed their victim back towards the creature. Tamak grabbed Jaydin's arm. "If we do not move now, Commander, we will be joining him." She understood, and continued her original path to the shuttlepod, however not without futile looks back, searching for a last thread of hope.

She soon wished she hadn't, however, as she saw in the distance, the creature open it's massive jaws, and dropped the young ensign inside them. Heard the agonizing scream. She closed her eyes, even as she realized that his death had slowed the creature enough so that she and Tamak would make it to the shuttle.

As they reached it, with the vines of the creature a meter on their heels, they climbed inside the shuttlecraft, shutting it and raising their shields immediately. The plants did not take the hint, and attempted to wrap themselves around the landing legs of the craft. Tamak watched their shields drop from the repeated contact, and marveled silently at the capabilities of this beast. The shuttlecraft listed a bit, then successfully

made it into the air, not without some grinding however, and it had to accelerate far faster than usual for the vine to break, leaving half of the branch dangling, attached with a death grip to the leg of the shuttlecraft.

Tamak and Jaydin silently watched the landscape below them, saw the great jungle move as one, heard the mournful cries of the creatures. Then they sat back, and marveled at their survival, and grieved for their loss.

Critch blinked to life, coming out of his unconscious state of recharge. It took a moment for all of his sensors and functions to come back online, and to gain his footing. He walked slowly across the room, running a standard diagnostic, and just as he expected, all was well. He could make out a figure in the room, sitting on one of his federation standard couches. He adjusted his vision, then spoke.

"Captain." The greeting was terse. Kelvok expected this, LCDR Starblade had no reason to be happy with him. He hoped that he would drop his anger however, this was too important to have a fight right now.

"I hope you rested well, Commander."

"Well enough. I see the ship's still here."

"For the moment, perhaps."

"I assume I missed the away mission."

"Affirmative, Commanders Tamak and Jaydin returned 27 minutes ago. They are currently recovering."

"Recovering? Was there a virus?"

"A creature, Commander. It attacked them, and killed Ensign Williams. They were barely able to escape."

Critch put his head down for a moment, then walked to the window, as though he could see what had happened by just gazing at the stars.

"What kind of creature?"

"Botanical."

"A plant?"

"At least the looks of one."

Critch thought a moment. "They made it back, well, most of them, safely. The creature, I assume, is still on the planet. Why are you here?"

Kelvok looked Critch in the eyes. "Because I have an assignment for you."

"First you don't want me doing anything, now you want me to get right back to work. I really wish you command types would make up your minds."

Kelvok ignored the challenge.

"Apparently we have been shadowed. A ship has been following us ever since we entered the expanse."

Startled, Critch immediately said the first thought that entered his mind.

"Marconian?"

"Federation. An old class of freighter, to be exact."

"And we didn't notice it until now?"

"The expanse runs across four distinct shipping lanes. It was assumed that it was heading for it's destination. As it turns out, we were it's destination."

"Do we know what it wants?"

Kelvok arose, and walked to the window with Critch. "The ship carries our new crew member."

Incredulous, Critch turned and looked at Kelvok. "Crew member? Here? Now?"

Kelvok continued. "It has been planned for some time, but it was assumed that it would be years until she was ready, 'settled down' enough to join a starship, and enter the Federation with enough training and respect to fit in well on any ship. However, recent events has pushed Starfleet to press her into service earlier than originally intended."

Critch shook his head. "It sounds like you're talking about a new model of ship, or communicator model."

Kelvok just stared. "You're not far off, Commander."

Critch suddenly realized his meaning, and backed up. "You *can't* be serious."

"I'm afraid I am. The ship is docking within the hour."

(Continued from page 8)

"Captain, the last thing we need around here is another android!"

"One would appear to be enough, however, Starfleet is eager to 'fill a void', as it seems. Lieutenant Commander Data's death was not only a tragedy, but also an opportunity. The "B-4" Model may never be far enough along to be a suitable Soong model, on the level that Commander Data was, at least. Most feel that Overload will be well suited to 'follow in his footsteps', as it were."

"Overload?" Critch scanned his memory banks.

"She specifically requested the Maximillian. Originally, of course, it was the Enterprise, but after what happened..."

"We've met her before, haven't we?"

"The Maximillian has. The previous incarnation to be exact."

"And she caused no small amount of damage."

"That was a long time ago. Starfleet feels..."

"Starfleet feels? What about how we feel? Run down the list of Soong models! Data blew himself up, Lore was a nut, and B-4's elevator doesn't exactly go all the way to the top! We're running 0 for 3 here, and the odds aren't looking up for little miss "Overload" either."

Kelvok nodded. "She wasn't directly built by Soong, thus her appearance is far different. You requested to get back to work, so here is your mission. You will introduce Overload to the Maximillian."

"But Captain!"

"You will give her a guided tour of the ship, provide entertainment, and assist her in obtaining whatever she requires, until she feels comfortable with her surroundings."

"Captain!"

"And she is arriving now, Commander. Please accompany me to the landing bay." Kelvok began to walk out of the room, and Starblade followed, complaining every step of the way. Kelvok ignored every comment.

When they reached the landing bay, they stood outside. Kelvok listened to Critch's grumblings, then said,

"Commander, Overload specifically requested the Maximillian because of you. She had a close kinship with Commander Data, and is grieving for his loss even more than you are. As you are the last fully functional android operating in Starfleet today, she felt drawn to you. I realize this may come as no small consolation to you."

Starblade nodded, and turned his head, distracted by a small green sprout, seemingly growing out of the floor. Intrigued, he reached down and plucked it easily out of the ground. As he turned to inform the Captain, the landing bay doors opened.

"Hi, Kitty." A young girl, looking about 16, walked out of the bay. Kelvok raised an eyebrow.

"Captain." He extended his hand, and the girl grabbed it, jumping up and down as she shook it.

"Captain Kitty, then." She grinned, and saluted. She turned her bright expression-filled face over to Critch, who was struggling to maintain his composure. "DROID!" She ran and hugged him tightly, saying "Glomp." As she did so. Then she began to walk down the hallway quickly, glancing all around at the ship. Then, halfway down the hall, she stopped, and whistled. "Databit!"

Kelvok and Critch looked at each other, and then back at the bay doors, which reopened. A small figure walked out of the hallway, turned, went up to Kelvok's leg, hugged him, turned to Critch, hugged him, and then began to run to catch up to the girl.

The small figure was the spitting image of Data. Pocket-sized.

The girl was an Android. Overload Soong-Maddox. Kelvok remembered she preferred to be called "Babs" for some reason. Critch could only stare as they disappeared around the corner.

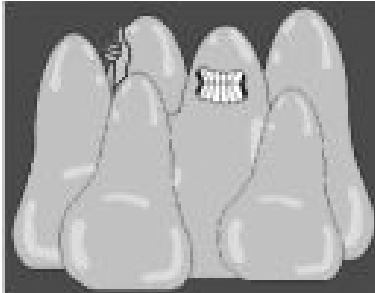
"Captain?"

"Commander?"

"I'm...um...I'll be in sickbay..."

"I saw it too, Commander."

"You have to admit, it was a bit of a strange sight. The two androids. It wasn't exactly a great day for me, at least at that point. I did have one small comfort at that time though...at least it couldn't get any worse....."



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The July 2003 Edition of the U.S.S. Maximillian's monthly newsletter, the Mighty Max, will go to Print Monday, July 7th. All articles must be in by that date for inclusion. All articles can be sent or dictated to the address on the left.

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