

THE MIGHTY MAX

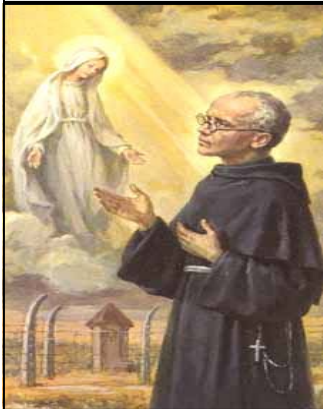
"Reach for the Stars,
And Grab the future"

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

Serving Central Ohio since 1992

AUGUST — OCTOBER 2003

VOLUME 11, ISSUE 8 - 10



USS MAXIMILLIAN XI

IN MEMORIAM RAY STEPHENSON 1934-2003

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The Mighty Max is the monthly newsletter of the U.S.S. Maximillian (NCC-74997) Star Trek Fan Association. This is only a fan publication, not to infringe on any rights, trademarks, or licenses of their owners.



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Officer Reports
The End of A Great Adventure
The Armageddon Project
Star Trek: Maximillian Season One
Book reports
Comics Page



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THE MAXOLYMPICS

USS MAXIMILLIAN XI



Inside:

A Little Bit of Mischief
Officer Reports
A Great Adventure
"Beyond the Final Frontier"
Book reports
Comics Page



The MaX-Files LCDR Chris Stephenson

Greetings! First of all, thanks for putting up with the lateness. I have returned to my former position at Radio Shack, which caused me to both miss the Auction and also my deadline for getting the newsletter completed. However, I did make it up to everyone by reprinting the fuzzy comics, and completing new chapters of each of the stories. In addition, the website is completely up to date, not just Maximillian.org, but the other two websites as well. Hopefully this trend will continue.

The DVD's are complete and ready for selling, and even if nothing gets sold then they will make great recruiting drive videos at the theatres and conventions. I will be attending the THIRD ROCK CON in Cincinnati the first weekend of September, and taking part in DATAPOOLOZA. Yes, I know that's probably misspelled.

Frisbee Trek was cancelled due to only a few people showing interest and also very crappy conditions. From now on Trek Galaxy will keep to 2 events a year, Trek Putt and Trek Bowl.

I'm hoping to have an action-wear list coming in a few issues to add to the store, as it's looking kind of bare.

I most likely will also miss the KI trip, due to the aforementioned work. I have to work most Saturdays, though they said there wouldn't be any problem making my meetings.

Live Wrong and Slobber, like always...

—
LCDR Critch Starblade

*The Max Adventure is just
beginning...*

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The U.S.S. Maximillian 11th Anniversary DVD \$15.00
MAXOLYMPICS 2003 DVD \$15.00

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THE U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN KINGS ISLAND TRIP

**Boldly Go!
August 30**

Sickbay Report LCDR Robin Goldblum

Hello everyone! As promised, I have my report on Shoreleave 25. I stayed the entire weekend and had a great time. The convention took place in Hunt Valley, Maryland, about ten miles from Baltimore, at the Marriott.

I arrived Friday afternoon, welcomed into the hotel lobby by a huge ice sculpture of a communicator. It was very impressive. I then gave a pint of blood to the vampiric Red Cross and went to a couple of panels about today's space program. Very interesting stuff. The evening was dedicated to getting signatures from all the writers who attended. The lines were short and they were all very personable. My favorite was Peter David. For all of those who don't know, I went to the same high school as this famed author. I even brought my yearbook, which he got a total kick out of. He told me stories about teachers we both had. I also met Michael Jan Friedman, Greg Cox, and Keith DeCandido. After collecting all my signature, it was off to Klingon Karaoke with J.G. Hertzler and Robert O'Reilly. Both were drunk, and therefore, hilarious.

Saturday was a day of panels about everything from Angel to psychics in sci-fi. I got a couple signatures from Christopher Judge of Stargate, Judson Scott of Star Trek II, Carolyn Seymore of Star Trek:TNG, and Andrea Thompson of Babylon 5. I checked out the auction, the art show and the dealers' room, and ended up with a purple unicorn tee-shirt and a "real" Buffy slaying stake. I did bid on a beautiful unicorn painting in the art show but lost to a higher bidder. The masquerade was next, with the best costume being Gimli from Lord of the Rings. It looked so real! For dinner, I decided to traverse the wilds of Maryland and found The Corner Stable Restaurant, who claimed to have the best ribs in Baltimore. They did. The rest of the evening was spent at 10-Forward, a great dance party.

Sunday was spent listening to all the actors talk about their lives and experiences with Star Trek and other sci-fi. I found Marina Sirtis and Christopher Judge to be the most entertaining. Unfortunately, Andrea Thompson was somewhat boring. All she seemed to talk about was her son, who was with her on stage. No good B5 stories so I was disappointed. I then got Marina Sirtis's autograph and watched Trekkers and Patrick Stewart's Biography in the viewing room.

The convention ended with a play written by Peter David called "Bye, Bye Buffy." It was a rip off of "Bye, Bye Birdie" except with James "Spike" Marsters in the lead. The bad guy was William Shatner, who was jealous of all the attention James got and planned to kill him. It was hilarious, with the best part being the Klingon weather report on whether it was a good day to die or not. I loved it!

Captain's Report *CAPT Charles Connor*

Greeting. The Captain is in. well I now have Road Runner now and boy do i love it. no more dial up nad waiting a week for downloads to load. Congratulations to Nathan Cobogh and Babs On their promotions.

Hope everyone had fun at Frisbee TRek. well Showtime has a new fun Sries Dead Like mehere and excerpt form the Series Official web site from showtime-online.com

Georgia "George" Lass (ELLEN MUTH) is a young college drop-out who has no job skills and seems unable to take an interest in anything, including her own life. She cultivates an air of cynicism that infuriates her mother, baffles her father, and isolates her younger sister. George is about to get a wake-up call.

With her mother Joy (CYNTHIA STEVENSON) insisting that she get a job, George applies to a temp agency that sends her out as a file clerk. Her lunch break - and her life - are cut short when a toilet seat from the MIR space station drives her into the pavement. George does not realize that she is dead until Rube (MANDY PATINKIN), the kindly leader of a team of grim reapers, points out her remains. Rube takes George under his wing and introduces her to the other members of his undead group:

Mason (CALLUM BLUE), Roxy (JASMINE GUY) and Betty (REBECCA GAYHEART).

The members of Rube's team of reapers are all, like George, people who died with unresolved issues. They still have lessons to learn that - for one reason or another - they failed to learn in life. They move about the Pacific Northwest in the full light of day. They walk the city streets and eat at all-night diners, just like anyone else. They have to find somewhere to live, cook, eat and do their laundry. They look just like everyone else but as grim reapers they appear physically different to the living than they did when they were alive.

What George experiences beyond death is the focus of this darkly comedic series. It takes a slightly twisted look at life and at one possible version of life after life. What if death is not the end? What if it is not even an escape from the issues that plagued us? What if it is not a way to avoid accountability, but an opportunity to accept responsibility? What if it is a wake-up call?

Ok well thats all for now im off to the Imsoniac Cafe for a Mocha Latte.

Captain Kelvok out.

MAXIMILLIAN CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- AUGUST 30 KINGS ISLAND TRIP / CAR WASH
- SEPTEMBER 5, 6 THIRD ROCK CONVENTION
- SEPTEMBER 13 MONTHLY MEETING/AUCTION
- OCTOBER 11 MONTHLY MEETING
- BOWLING AFTER-MEETING

Pictures, Events, and more

- www.maximillian.org
- www.trekohio.com
- www.critchstarblade.com

Revamped, but **STILL** boldly going where no websites have gone before...

Security Report

LT Nathan Cobough

XMAS DINNER:

Due to the response at the July meeting, this is how the xmas dinner will be laid out: xmas dinner is by rsvp. Those who RSVP by Oct. will measure the degree of interest and who will be attending.

This way an estimate can be made of how much food to get. RSVP's are \$5. Before you freak about the cost, there is an upside to it. For every person who registers there will be drawings for prizes. Proceeds will go to the ship, and everyone will win something for those who register by Oct. RSVP's will get you in for food, prizes, and fun.

Now of course you don't have to RSVP to get in for food and fun, however, there is a catch. **IF YOU CHOOSE NOT TO RSVP, BYOPSD.** Bring your own pop and/or a side dish or dessert. I will provide main dishes Italian. Lasagna, spaghetti, etc. I will only bring enough drink for those who RSVP.

This was approved by the command board July 12, 2003. After dinner of course will be the traditional Ferengi gift Xchange, which is seperate from the dinner. Those who want in on the Xchange, bring a gift up to \$10 worth, if more that is up to you. Just like your traditional gift xchange w/a twist, you get to trade with someone after everyone gets a gift only once.

Aug 15: Envy, Grind, Open Range, Shaolin Soccer, Uptown Girls, Freddy Vs. Jason.

Aug 29: Jeepers Creepers 2.

Sept 5: The Order, Dickie Roberts: Former Child Star

Sept 12: Cabin Fever, Matchstick Men
September 19: Underworld, Second-hand Lions

September 26: The Rundown

October 3: Scary Movie 3, Out of Time, School of Rock

October 10: Good Boy!, House of the Dead, Kill Bill Volume 1

October 17: The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, Runaway Jury

—Cobaugh Out

A Great Adventure Part Three *LCDR Critch Starblade*

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.

Also Captain Kelvok's name has been changed back.

The intercom stopped broadcasting, and for a moment, all that could be heard in the room was the sound of breathing. Critch immediately stood up, and looked at Captain Kelvok. "I'm going."

He nodded. "Understood. Be careful, Commander."

Overload looked around for a moment as Critch began to head towards the door, then brightly said, "I'm going too!"

Critch stopped, and looked back for a moment, and let out a small "heh." Jaydin looked up, and said "Excuse me?"

Tamak shook his head, Skrit, the ESH (Emergency Security Hologram) laughed silently, and Kragnar growled in her direction. Kelvok, for his part, was calm. "Ensign, Commander Starblade is accustomed to going in as a last resort, he will do fine on his own. His technology..."

Overload interrupted him. "Is the same as mine. He's a droid! I'm a droid!"

Kragnar couldn't hold it in any longer. "Do NOT interrupt the Captain! He has made his decision!"

Kelvok glanced at Kragnar, the impetuous Klingon officer, former First Officer of the Maximillian, then continued. "It is similar, but more advanced than yours. And he has combat experience."

"AND we don't have time to babysit!" Critch added in.

Overload looked put-back, and retorted, "You won't have to babysit me, droid. I can take care of myself.

And, if I don't come, then we can't use..." She paused dramatically as she held up Databit.

Critch backed slowly towards the door, but continued the argument. "We don't need a doll."

"I'm closer to what you would call, an 'Action-Figure'." The diminutive Android piped in. "Regardless, Starfleet has entrusted us with these." His palm held out three small discs, fitting barely in his hands. "This should help on our mission, sir."

Critch peered closer, and took one from Databit, studying it. "I thought these were prototypes..."

"Yes sir, hence why I only have the three. But we were commanded by Admiral T'Kill himself that we should keep those in close proximity." Databit, looking quite proud of himself, sat down comfortably in Overload's hand, as she stroked his hair happily.

Critch sighed as he looked pleadingly towards his Captain, but Kelvok merely waved her away. "There is no more time to argue, both...the three of you must hurry." There was no hiding the sarcasm in Critch's overdone salute, but he was not challenged as he rushed out of the room, eager to get this overwith.

The turbolift ride down to the afflicted deck was, in Critch's opinion, the longest in his life. He had tried to drown out what he considered to be the incessant prattling of Overload and Databit with thoughts about tactical situations similar to this he had faced, but it was no use. The inane conversation, and eventual questions in his direction, was near to driving him mad long before this creature ever had a chance to. He gave them a stern look for a moment, which quieted them, until Overload simply couldn't be quiet anymore. "So...You knew Data?"

Critch closed his eyes, and for a second thought about welcoming back the former topics. "It's none of your business."

Nonplussed, Overload continued on. "Hm. He was great! He was happy

(Continued on page 8)

Story time with Babs

**A LITTLE BIT OF MISCHIEF
BY ENS BABS BUNNY**

**ORIGINALLY SCHEDULED FOR
RELEASE IN JULY ISSUE**

**THIS STORY TAKES
PLACE AFTER
"A GREAT
ADVENTURE"**

"Okay Databit," Overload addressed the smaller android as she wandered down the hallway towards the ship's transporter, with Databit trotting beside her every step of the way. "I'm not going to be too long, but I need to help gather these mineral samples from Lubdak 7 for Jaydin. Looks like they need some positronic expertise when it comes to analyzing the findings." She grinned a tad self-righteously at this last sentence, and Databit looked up at her and tilted his head.

"But..I cannot come..?" The pint-sized android asked, his voice tinted slightly with disappointment. Overload reached down and picked him up. "Not this time, little one." she said. "I need to get the job done and over with quickly, and no offense, but not keeping track of you would help speed things along. Dig me?" She stroked Databit's hair.

"Dig you?" Databit looked a bit confused and scanned his systems, trying to decipher Overload's slang. Finally his yellow eyes lit up. "Ah," he replied at last. "To "dig you". To comprehend, to understand your meaning, to decipher, to empathize. To 'get you'. To.." He went on and on, throwing out more euphemisms.

Overload chuckled as they reached the transporter. "That's enough, fella, you got it!" Databit silenced, looking somewhat proud of himself. "Now, while I'm gone, I've arranged for a little surprise!"

(Continued on page 6)

Little 'Bit of Mischief (CONTINUED) By ENS Babs Bunny

(Continued from page 5)

"You have? A surprise? For me?" Databit wriggled a little in Overload's hands, curiosity creeping into his voice.

"Yup! For you! DROID!" Overload sang out suddenly. Critch Starblade glowered at her as he skulked towards the transporter. "I have a name, you know." he grumbled. Overload nodded absently. "Of course you do, Droid. Now, you and Databit I'm sure know each other so intros aren't needed. You haven't lost the instructions I gave you, did you?"

Critch pointed to his head. "It's all up here. He'll be fine." Overload nodded as she handed Databit over to him. "Well, okay." She looked over to the transporter, and to the three other crewmembers who had arrived and were waiting for her to get into place so they could all beam down. She nodded and quickly got into position herself. "Okay Databit, see you later! Thanks Critch!!" The thank you faded out as the crewmembers all beamed out, leaving Critch to stare down at dismay at the tiny charge in his hands who was waving goodbye to his comrade.

Databit stopped waving and looked shyly up at Critch. Critch glowered down at Databit. "I don't know how she talked me into this." he said, irritated, as he turned and made his way back up the hallway. Databit tilted his head. "I believe she spoke to you, and then you spoke back to her and then an arrangement was made, and then.."

"I didn't mean literally!!"

"Ah. Was this more slang?"

"No. What I meant was..was...oh, nevermind!" Critch shot back. Databit nodded and fell silent. Finally the two reached Critch's quarters and Critch set Databit down on the floor. "There. These are my quarters. There's video games over there. Don't touch those. The bed's over there. Don't touch it. I also have a stereo and much music." Databit tilted his head up at Critch.

"No, you can't touch that either."

Databit sighed.

Critch nodded, looking down at the dejected little android who had decided that the floor was a safe bet and thus was sitting down on it. "You don't look like you're much trouble. You know the rules. How hard can you be to take care of?"

Critch found himself kicking himself for that last thought about fifteen minutes later as he fished a dirt-streaked Databit out from the soil of an overturned potted plant in Jaydin's quarters and hauled him back to his bathroom for a scrub. "But...I was only doing some mineral research of my own!" Databit explained innocently. "It is fascinating how many minerals are in the soil of a common houseplant. For instance.." Critch cut him off as he stripped and dipped him in his bathroom sink and scrubbed him vigorously, emitting a squawk from Databit. "Oh, "squawk" to you too. Now you listen to me, you little..." he growled for a moment. "Houseplants are NO TOUCH zones!!! Got it? NO TOUCH!!!" Databit got it. "Yes sir." Critch sighed as he towelled Databit off and gave him a clean uniform to dress in.

Databit was good to his word, and stayed away from the potted plants. However, the next hour was another story, as the tiny 'droid managed to: cause a power outage on a tenth of the ship; get into Jaydin's latest experiment in sickbay which, when spilled on a small spider, managed to make it grow the size of a footstool; get into a fight with a can opener in the ship's lounge and lost, thus spraying canned gagh worm preserves everywhere; and somehow spill purple fingerpaint all over Critch's dress uniform. Needless to say, Critch nearly jumped for joy as he heard Overload's voice call out for her small charge. Abandoning his efforts to tidy up the CD rack that had been turned over, he snatched up Databit and ran over to catch up to Overload. The girl android cheered at the sight of Databit and grabbed hold of her little pal, giving him a toss into the air and then catching him. "You have returned!" declared Databit, content.

"Of course I have!" Overload grinned and then looked up at Critch, who was watching the reunion with a scowl. "Thanks for looking after him while I was gone! See, that wasn't such a hard task, was it?" She tickled Databit's tummy as she spoke. Critch ground his teeth and seethed.

"Oh, no." he said sarcastically through clenched teeth. "He was nooo trouble at all! Hey, I even gave him a bath for you. FIVE in fact!!!" He snarled at Databit.

"Great! Because I did such a good job at finding specimens, that Jaydin wants me to help gather some more tomorrow from the planet Grundal!"

Critch was aghast at the news. "TOMORROW?!?!?!? WHAT? Again?!? Overload, I--"

"Please Critch?" Overload looked up at the other android, her green eyes bright and with a soft smile playing on her lips.

"Pretty pretty please...?"

Critch looked from her to Databit and back, on the edge of another protest, and then sighed, nodding in defeat.

"Okay...tomorrow." he said wearily.

FIN

Star Trek: Maximillian : Beyond the Final Frontier

P L A N N I N G

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 Expansion, 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...

Stellar Cartography was very crowded, with three Admirals, the Captain and her first officer, who in a startling case of it being a small universe was also her brother, also the Science Officer Kelvok, a Vulcan, LCDR Starblade, LT Amy Armstrong Thomas, the Chief Engineer, and two crew members that, although not being official members of the Command Staff, were allowed in due to their history with these matters. LCDR Tamak, a Vulcan who had been Captain until an unfortunate incident involving Time Travel and the 'pon farr' mating ritual (As seen in the as yet unwritten "Amok Tamak") Brought him before a review, and LCDR Korjak, the head of the Rapid Response Unit, the Maximillian's equivalent of the Starfleet Marines. Yet all were strangely on edge as they entered and stood at ease in the large room. Admiral Blobbin, an Erseddorian (Don't ask) stood next to the Romulan Admiral Turok T'Kill, and after a minute, formed a hand out of his mercury being and pointed straight up and said, in a loud, wispy and obnoxious voice, 'oooo, pretty colors'. At that point Turok elbowed him in the side. The mercury pudged in and out and formed a large elbow that nudged Turok back. This display went on for

a moment until Admiral Lyon gave the both of them a dark stare. T'Kill snapped to attention, and Blobbin gave Lyon a large grin. Lyon ignored him as he began.

"This is the present location of the object." The panoramic screen in front of them showed a pulsating blue dot, followed by a computer modeled version of the Maximillian. "We are currently moving at Warp 3.2 and slowing at the rate at .1 per minute. Apparently, we're getting close to where we're going.

"It should be noted that at the current rate of speed, we will enter Gorn space in under fifteen minutes. The destructive capabilities of the object are considered to be far greater than the Gorn defenses, and the defenses of the object are at an unheard of level. Therefore, attacking from the outside is not an option. We must attack from within. Commander?"

Starblade began to speak. "Thank you, Admiral. As I have informed Captain Septaric and Admiral Lyon, I have developed a way to transport aboard the object. It involves temporarily changing our Resonance Frequencies, using the transporters, in order to exist within their vessel, whoever 'they' may be. A small military force will transport over, disable the vessel, and get out of there. Questions?"

Science officer Kelvok raised an eyebrow. "Have you considered the risk of beaming into an area of solid matter?"

Tamak followed up. "An astute observation. How are we to know the other vessel is constructed?"

Starblade nodded. "I assure both of you that the logical steps have been taken. After informing Captain Septaric..." He nodded in her direction. "Of my plans, I transported a small probe over, and not only confirmed that it could be done, but also received schematics of the entire vessel, which consists of only a few small rooms."

"So what's the plan?" Admiral T'Kill asked impatiently.

Critch turned away from the plans to face his audience. "The plan, Admiral," As Starblade spoke, the schematics faded away to show a small group of dots in a large room. The dots moved across a long skinny bridge to a large cylinder, stayed there for a moment, then disappeared as the room filled with a white light. "We get in, disable their shielding, weapons, and engines, and get out. Simple, quick, effective, and leaves us in a far better place to negotiate. Lieutenant Korjak, are your men ready?"

The Klingon snarled. "Not as ready as I am."

"Then with the Captain's permission..." She nodded. "All right then, let's do this." As Korjak headed off, Critch called to him. "I'll be down in a minute." Admiral Lyon's eyes widened at this, as Starblade spoke to Tamak. Lyon strode up to Critch as Captain Septaric attempted to ask him a question, but he ignored her as he passed her by and neared his destination.

"I suggest you go too, Tamak, since you're Chief Security Wizard around here." Critch was saying.

"I assure you I know no forms of Magic, Mr. Starblade."

"Ok...then at least you can see some fascinating things over there with us. Technology from a completely different universe! Just imagine..."

"...Interesting." Tamak allowed.

Lyon cleared his throat. Tamak glanced at him. "Commander, I believe I should be going."

As Tamak walked off, Lyon looked at Starblade. "Commander, a word please." Critch called to LT Thomas, who was waiting for him. "I'll be out in a moment, Amy." He turned back to Lyon. "What can I do for you, Admiral?"

"You still insist on accompanying them?"

"Of course, it was my idea, and they will benefit from my years of experience."

"Most of which you cannot remem-

A Great Adventure Continued

(Continued from page 5)

and kind and sweet and funny and..." She got a sad look on her face, and stopped.

"You spoke to him, then?" Critch's attempt at conversation surprised even him.

"Well...we exchanged mail...but you met him!"

"...momentarily."

"And?"

Critch glared at her. "And Androids ask too many questions. I don't want to talk about this, least of all with you!"

"Why not me?"

"Because of what you are. A relic, an obsolete design, a remembrance of everything that was wrong with Data, Lore...the whole Soong line!" Critch and Overload were silent for a moment as the Turbolift slowed to a stop, as Databit stood from his sitting position on the floor. "It's fascinating how your model chooses to let out your emotions to attempt to hurt others, instead of studying them. However, at this point a more subtle approach may be best."

The Turbolift doors 'shushed' open, and Critch walked out quickly, barking orders. "Stay behind me, and stay alert. I don't want to be this thing's next course." Together, they moved silently through the corridors. Databit looked up at Overload, and raised his arms, and Overload quickly picked him up, holding him to her, and patted his head. "Don't be scared, Bit, I'm here, and Droid will take care of us." Critch didn't look behind him, but wondered how they could put so much trust into someone that was taking his anger out on them.

To get his mind off of it, Critch said out loud, "Maybe we should have stopped at the armory...maybe that I-Mod rifle would do something against this thing."

Overload shook her head as they leaned around a corner, noted that the lights had started to go out, then moved on. "The I-Mod is just a glorified Phaser Rifle...if phasers can't hurt the mean plant, I don't think it would either." Critch had to agree. They were walking down a straight hallway, dark as space at the end of it, when they heard a rhythmic banging coming from the end of it, seemingly far away, but definitely getting closer. Critch turned to Overload, and she nodded, answering the unspoken question, and Databit burrowed his head deeper against her. They all heard it, they all knew what it was, and they all knew it was coming...

It was quicker than they thought. Vines erupted from the decks and walls loudly, tearing great holes in the hallways and destroying rooms, and they saw Korjack blasting uselessly away at them as he ran, eager to die with honor but not yet ready to go. He had enough of a lead on the creature that there was time to save him, but not much. Critch quickly yelled at Overload to get ready the prototype transporters, but Overload was way ahead of him, already having had one ready and tossed it to him, as he sped towards them. As he caught it, and moments before a vine erupted at his feet to immolate him, he safely transported away. Critch allowed himself a breath, even as he tapped his badge. "Starblade to transporter room. If the communications are back online, Tell me if you have him!"

A beat passed, as the creature had paused, seemingly searching for their prey who had disappeared, then the transporter room acknowledged. "We have him." Critch looked at Overload, who clutched Databit with one hand and handed him the prototype disc. He tapped it and it opened, and he waited for the familiar sensations to wash over him...

No sensations. Neither he nor Overload, nor even little Databit transported. The prototypes had failed. They all looked at each other, then at the creature, which, sensing them, forgot about the Klingon, and started rampaging down the hall, right for them...

BTFF

"Most of which you cannot remember."

"I have my instincts, they'll be enough."

"I think you're underestimating their capabilities..."

"I'm not underestimating them, you're overestimating them!"

Lyon waiting a moment, allowing Starblade to calm down. "...I cannot allow you to join the away mission, Commander. Your place is on board this ship. I have no desire to risk you on a probable suicide mission."

"If this is such a bad idea, then why did you allow it to go ahead?"

"They will fail, and return. I am not the Captain of this ship..."

"And you command us like you were!"

"Are you questioning my authority, LIEUTENANT Commander?"

"No sir, but since this my mission..."

"I am aware of your purposes in going, yet I am unconvinced your purpose is sound."

"...I go to stop this thing, what else is there?"

"We both know why you want to go."

"...Then you know why I have to go."

"I'm not risking losing anyone else to this thing."

"You're scared of me dying?" Critch asked with a smirk.

"No, Critch, I'm not." Lyon gave Critch a piercing stare. "Part of your ego is well placed, however annoying it may be. You represent a technology at levels unheard of to the Federation, and are invaluable to this crew. What I am afraid of, is you embarking on a quest that could endanger everything we can imagine!"

"That won't happen."

"That is correct, Critch. As of this time, you are confined to quarters until the end of this mission. I am sorry."

Critch Starblade looked defiantly at Robert Lyon. "I am too."

"I know how you must..."

"You don't know anything about this! Do you think I can just let this go? Starfleet, the Maximilian, they are NOT my past, THIS is my past! How can you deny this to me?"

"Critch, you had a choice when you were reactivated. You could have done anything you wanted to do, gone anywhere you wanted to go, but you chose Starfleet. You chose to end up on a Starship, and did not seek the Captaincy when it became available. Like it or not, Commander, you are not in charge here."

Critch just looked at him blankly. "I was under the impression that Captain Septaric was in charge here. Looks like I was wrong." Before Lyon could react, Critch stormed off.

The Max-Files LCDR Chris Stephenson

Greetings everyone. A mixture of bad timing and bad things happening caused there to be a two month stretch between newsletters, as well as caused me to miss this meeting. My grandfather, Ray Stephenson, a former member of the *Maximillian*, passed away in late September of Pancreatic Cancer at the age of 69. While he was never as into the Trek community as most of us, he was responsible for me being available for the meetings and events, often driving me great distances. He opened his home to Maximillian members for many events, including the Maximillian role playing games, serving pizza and pop for everyone.

Outside of the community, he was a great engineer for Rockwell and North American, working on and designing such airplanes as the B-2 Bomber, among others. His obituary follows.

“STEPHENSON Ray M. Stephenson, age 69, of Gahanna, on Monday, September 15, 2003 at his residence. Retired Engineer for North American Rockwell. Member of the National Rifle Association. Graduate of the University of Kentucky. Preceded in death by wife Evelyn G. Stephenson. Survived by daughter, Diane (Howard) Stamm; grandchildren, Christopher Stephenson, Kevin Stamm, Michelle Stamm Miller; great-grandchildren, Desiree and Tylia Miller, Madison Stamm; sister, Judy Dennis; special friends, Nancy Sartin, Nonie Dachenbach, Reagen McWilliams, Betty Stamm, April Murnahan; several loving nephews. Friends may call 2-4 and 6-8 p.m. Wednesday at SCHOEDINGER NORTHEAST CHAPEL, 1051 East Johnstown Road, Gahanna, where Funeral Service will be held 1 p.m. Thursday September 18, 2003. Pastor Vic Jungkurth officiating. Interment Mifflin Township Cemetery. Contributions may be made to Citizens for Humane Action, P.O. Box 1078, Westerville, OH 43086-7078 in Ray's memory. Please visit www.schoedinger.com to send condolences.”

I still live at my home, and my parents have moved in. The main room has been moved into the basement, and plans are underway to have Max mem-

bers invited over once everything is normal again.

Because of all this, as you can understand, things have been quite hectic. Real life has intruded on my free time, though things are starting to get back to normal. Work is restarting on the websites and the Maximillian DVD, as well as starting other projects.

This leads me to my platform.

Last month I received the sole nomination for Captain, so it appears that I am running unopposed. Becoming the Captain of the *Maximillian* has been a dream of mine for sometime, though at times in the past I have moved farther away from it.

My history starts me at the age of 15 starting with the U.S.S. Kittyhawk under Captain David Lape. Serving as Transporter Chief, it isn't too much of a stretch to say that I was a spoiled kid, and I didn't make too much of an impression on anyone at that point, at least until I met Admiral Robert Lyon.

I joined the Maximillian on his request, following friends such as Terry McPherson. I learned how to put together a newsletter and started project Cybermax, which has been a great success. Because of his belief that I could become something and because of his inspiration, I rose to the rank of Commander. It wasn't always perfect, as the learning process did affect me, when I unfairly insulted a now defunct group, and then later on with the Lynx/Kittyhawk group, which led me to leave the ship for a time. A few months after Rob died, I rejoined the Max, and eventually reached once again the rank of LCDR. I also joined other ships in the area, the Asgard and Columbus, and our relationships with them are at an all time high.

I started Trek Galaxy, a Trek communications group in 2000, and created a mass-email system that provides news and information to many more ships than we ever thought existed, just here in Ohio. Through Charity Events Trek Putt and Trek Bowl, Trek Galaxy has raised over \$1000 in 4 years for various charities. The point has come up that there may be a conflict of interest between the two groups if I became Cap-

tain. After much thought, I have decided to bring Trek Galaxy under the banner of the Maximillian. It is my intent that it will flourish with a dedicated ship behind it, and become much more than it was ever intended to be.

Within the Maximillian, I have started many projects, and that will not change, though I hope to change the fact that often they do not get accomplished in any sense of time. One of these projects will be starting a story group, so the Maximillian's authors can stretch their creativity and ideas, as well as creating the universe where the Maximillian exists. These stories will be published through the website and illustrated, and will be on sale. “A Great Adventure” is the first of these stories, the final results are in this newsletter.

Other projects include finally completing the Maximillian DVDs, and most importantly restarting the Roleplaying group. Getting everyone's persona and rank information up to date will be a priority.

My Command Staff, all running unopposed, will consist of LCDR Robin Goldblum as my first officer. LCDR Nathan Cobaugh will be the Secretary, and LCDR Susan Moran steps in as Treasurer. In short, a complete change of staff. I intend for the Command staff to meet separate from the meeting to plan upcoming events. Their friendship, ideas, and love for the Mighty Max will lead the Maximillian to great heights.

I also would like to see more work done for our charities.

I admit I am not perfect, I have made many mistakes, I likely will make more, but I pledge to you, the crew of the *U.S.S. Maximillian*, that I will be dedicated, and I will not falter in my commitment as the next Captain of this fine ship.

There was other sad news, as Larry Reyka of the U.S.S. Columbus passed away. His obituary follows.

“REYKA Lawrence "Larry" Reyka, 57, died Saturday, September

THE MAX FILES

6, 2003 of cancer. Survived by brother, John Reyka of Fla. and step-siblings. He donated his body to the Anatomical Gift Program of the Wright State University School of Medicine. He was a Humanist Chaplain, co-founder and past president of the Humanist Community of Central Ohio. Had worked for Franklin County and the State of Ohio - MRDD, participated in OSU Campus Ministries and A World of Difference. Member of the American Humanist Association, Humanist Society of Friends, Humanist Community of Central Ohio, Columbus Computer Society, American Mensa, Columbus Mensa, Starfleet International and crewmember of the USS Columbus. A Memorial Service will be conducted on November 1, 2003 - time and location pending. For information call 614-470-0811 or visit online www.hcco.org. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the American Humanist Association or the Humanist Community of Central Ohio." A sad month for fandom in general.

On tap for this and next month: Trek Bowl Two, benefiting "Toys for Tots" Trek Bowl is the second annual Star Trek Bowling Tournament. It will take place on November 2, 2003 at E. Main Lanes at 1pm. The flier is a few pages from now.

The Matrix: Revolutions will be released November 5th at 9am. Yes, Nine in the Morning. I will be working with the Arena grand so we may be at the AG that weekend.

The Second weekend of November will be the UN Festival at Veteran's Memorial.

Thank you for your time, enjoy this extended edition of "The Mighty Max".

CAPTAIN'S CORNER

Greetings: well the away mission to Kings Island was a success and I hope everyone who went had a great time. Well, the elections are on their way I want to wish all the candidates good luck in the upcoming elections. Some news of note, after nearly 16 years BBC One will begin airing new Doctor Who episodes in 2005. Lorraine Heggessey, Controller of BBC ONE has confirmed the return of the much beloved British Sci-fi show. Unconfirmed reports state that six episodes have been commissioned. Doctor Who will be produced by BBC Wales in conjunction with Mal Young, Controller of BBC Continuing series. The Executive Producers will be Mal Young, Russell T. Davies and Julie Gardner, Head of BBC Wales. this quote from the Official Doctor who web site by the Award-winning writer Russell T. Davies says: "I grew up watching Doctor Who, hiding behind the sofa like so many others. Doctor Who is one of the BBC's most exciting and original characters. He's had a good rest and now it's time to bring him back!..." and I agree its about time for new adventures in time and space. Well, that's all for now hope to see everyone at the meeting.

End transmissiion

Captain Charles M. Connor

www.maximillian.org

www.trekohio.com

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

SKRITISMS

September Submission

For those of you who want to RSVP for prizes, food, and fun for the XMAS dinner it will be 5 dollars. This is a fund raiser for the MAX, all proceeds to go to the ship's fund so we can do stuff. RSVP's will be given a ticket eligible for door prizes. If no one indicates that they will be RSVPing for tix by the Nov. meeting please note that at the Nov. meeting there will be a sign up sheet for those who can provide utensils, pop, side dishes, plates, cups, etc. Again, keep in mind I am providing the main dishes and prizes hopefully for those who register. I will be running this again for the next newsletter just to make sure everyone interested gets a chance to respond. DEADLINE to register is the Nov. meeting. On another note, Skritweb.com is now up and running, so please check it out. I currently have some artwork and movie reviews on my site. I have added a lot to it. For those of you wondering about the story of how Skrit came to be that is also on the site. And as of last meeting, I found out I am now LCDR, thanks, Captain. The captain, Babs, Squirrel and I had fun at Kings Island. Rest assured Squirrely took plenty of pix including a ufo from FLIGHT OF FEAR, formerly, the outer limits ride and one of the Enterprise with all of us.

October Submission

hello earthlings, Skritweb.com is up and running. I am also happy to say that things are going well. Thanks to Command for promoting me to LCDR. I will be offering email to those who might need an email address if they are interested. I will be running for secretary at the next election and you can check out my platform in the newsletter.

On another note, I will be attending the Horror marathon the weekend of the 18th. George Romero will be there giving autographs. YAY!!! I do not know if tix are still available however if there are you can

MAXIMILLIAN CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- NOVEMBER 2 TREK BOWL TWO
- NOVEMBER 7, 8 THE MATRIX REVOLUTIONS DRIVE
- NOVEMBER 8, 9 UN FESTIVAL
- NOVEMBER 8 MONTHLY MEETING

SKRITISMS CONTINUED

(Continued from page 10)

get them at the Laughing Ogre.
Or at Studio 35.

I will be checking into possibly doing some recruiting at next years sci-fi marathon and horror marathon. I would also like to see if anyone would be interested in attending the sci-fi marathon which will be in the spring. I will have updates at <http://www.skritweb.com>

I do not know if I will be at the Nov. meeting due to family, so Critch will have my report for Nov. at the meeting as well as registration tix for the dinner at Dec. meeting. Brief recap: tix are \$5 to register, you do not have to be a member to register, for prizes. Proceeds to go to the ship. I will be providing the entrees. Pop, plates, etc. will be provided by those who sign up on the list for what to bring. IF there are enough people to register I will be more than happy to bring all that stuff. I am hoping that this will help to generate funds for the ship. I will be asking Critch to post this to website so that everyone can get a chance to register for all the cool prizes.
Security chief signing off...

—PLATFORM—

I have been an active member with the ship for quite some time. in the past year I have worked very hard at making sure that the ship adheres to the traditional practices that it is based on as well as heading the committee for the XMAS dinner and anniversary dinner. I feel that I am qualified to be the secretary due to the fact that I make every effort to be at the meetings and keeping track of things in general. I have been chief of security and in the past year and a half I have not missed a meeting nor a report to the newsletter. I prefer to keep this short and to the point that it is my wish to keep detailed records of the meetings and post them on the web so that those who cannot attend would be able to see what went on at the last meeting and that if any members who missed the meeting would know what they missed and make any further comments at the next monthly meeting. in closing i would like to say that the Maximillian has been and continues to be a fan club that I am proud to be a member of.
signing off,
nathan aka "skrit" cobaugh

CELESTIAL VIEWPOINT LCDR Susan Moran

Greetings and salutations to the crew and friends of the Maximillian: I come before you today to declare my candidacy for Treasurer.

I have been a member of the Max since the Max Olympics in 1997. One of the first duties I performed for the ship was to re-design and print the tri-folds. I did this for a few years and I believe some of those tri-folds are still around (most likely in the trunk of Matt's car).

The next responsibility I took on was printer of the newsletter. My job at the time provided easy access to a copier and paper supplies. I was able to provide the service free of charge. I continued to print the newsletter until I changed jobs and moved to Columbus in June of 1999.

I recently began to print the newsletter again. I am happy to be able to provide this service, again, at no cost. What better recommendation can a candidate for Treasurer have then to save the ship money!

As for my plans for the future, I would like to initiate some small-scale fund raisers that might provide a minimal, steady income. I have a few ideas, just brainstorming, not fully fleshed out ideas. Holding bake sales in conjunction with other venues, such as car washes or charity walks. Selling snacks and beverages at our monthly meetings to attendees. We all seem to like to nibble while the meeting is going on, so I thought if we could turn that behavior into an income producer it would be beneficial.

I have experience being a Treasurer. In college I was the Treasurer for the little sister's of the Sigma Tau Gamma fraternity. I was also the Treasurer for my daughters Girl Scout troop.

I hope you will consider my experience and enthusiasm and cast your vote for me in January.

Until next time, keep looking up!

COMMUNICATIONS FROM NATO

I would like to inform the Crew of the USS MAX, that due to reasons beyond my control, I have been informed that as of August 31, 2003 I will no longer be employed by my current employer. Currently I have completed a revised Resume, which will have available in a printed and digital format. My past career history has been one of Computer Programming, but I have several additional skills to offer, if anyone

is interested in forwarding copies of my resume to individuals whom might be looking for someone with my skills please let me know. I'm going to continue to serve on the USS MAX to the best of my abilities, but I hope you will understand I may not be able to attend as many events or remain for after meeting events as much as I have in the past.

-Marcus (Nato) Owens

NEXT MONTH IN THE MIGHTY MAX TWO CHAPTERS OF "BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER"

A GREAT ADVENTURE by Chris Stephenson

PART FIVE

The creature sped up through the hall, its vines tearing holes through the walls, doors, floors, and everything else it touched. Critch stared, unmoving, as the vines came closer and closer. He snapped to life, tapping the prototype device again, and again, but the same result happened every time: Nothing. No transportation to a safe location, not even a chirp or sputtering noise from it. Surprisingly, it was Overload who made the first move, clutching the diminutive Databit with one elbow, she grabbed Critch's arm and yelled, "COME ON!", pulling him off to the side before the vines could reach him.

"It was true, I guess. It was a mean plant. Not happy about something. What, we could only guess. And I would've had it right then, if not for... And it would've been such a stupid death, too, especially after all this. No great speech, no sacrifice for the ship, nope, just plant food. In the space of a few minutes I went from leader to led, and I wasn't sure how I felt about it. Not happy, I can tell you that."

Overload pulled Critch along, and soon he regained his footing and his speed, and together they ran through the ship, at speeds far greater than any human could accomplish. Critch yelled to her as they ran. "WHERE ARE WE GOING?"

The Vines crashed through the floor an instant behind them, and Overload let out a small shriek as Databit clutched her arm tighter. "THERE'S A TURBOLIFT THIS WAY! I SAW IT!"

"HAVEN'T YOU DOWNLOADED THE MAX'S SCHMATICS?"

"I HAVEN'T HAD TIME! I JUST GOT HERE!"

Critch glanced at Databit as they turned a corner, not an instant too soon as the vines moved forward, crashing through the wall. "WHAT ABOUT HIM?"

Databit, rather shakily, closed his eyes for an moment, then raised his arm, pointing. He shouted, though his small voice was still hard to hear over the noises. "We should take a right at the next intersection, and the turbolift will be the second door on the right."

Critch shouted, "GOOD." And they ran. It was a short jaunt to the next intersection, and they rounded the curve with expert precision, the vines still snapping at their heels. They sprinted to the second door, and it opened on their arrival. The Vines stopped, curving with them as they entered, and they plastered themselves against the back rounded wall of the lift, as the vines prepared to grab them. Overload had the presence of mind to shout "DOORS CLOSE." The doors slid shut quickly, their sharp edges slicing through the vines. Somewhere, there was a deep bellow of pain and noise, and there was no more motion outside the turbolift.

Critch allowed himself to relax, and breathed heavy for a moment. Overload turned to him, after calming Databit down, and setting him on the floor, patting him on the head and letting him know how good of a job he had done. Looking quite pleased with himself, he sat down, as Overload asked Critch, "Where are we going now?"

Critch sighed, annoyed again though inwardly cursing himself for his annoyance because there was no real reason for it. "We have to get back to the bridge and meet back with the Command Staff." He spoke louder, this time to the turbolift. "Bridge!" Then he tapped his communicator. "Captain?" There was no answer, only a bit of static, then nothing, and the turbolift started moving for a moment, then ground to a halt. "Damn it." He yelled to the turbolift. "BRIDGE!" The dry, feminine voice of the computer came to life, "Unable to...Unable..." Sparks began coming from the ceiling, and they instinctively ducked as the comm system shorted out.

Databit stood up slowly. "The Turbolift and Communications systems appear to be down."

As Overload picked Databit back up, Critch sighed. "Thank you, Mr. Tricorder." As he jumped high up to the top of the lift, Databit huffed indignantly. "I actually have three billion four hundred and fifty seven thousand, seventy four more uses than a standard tricorder. Though we share many similarities in some aspects, we differ in far more..." By this time, Critch had already climbed on top of the lift, and had offered a hand to Overload, who had taken it gladly. As Overload climbed up with Critch, holding the still explaining small droid, Critch whispered, "Is he always this...verbose?" Overload smiled.

"Moreso, quite frequently." Critch allowed a small groan as Databit finished. They began climbing up the shaft, hoping that they could reach their goal before their plant friends regained the courage to attack them yet again. Unfortunately, it was not to be, for moments after they had begun climbing, a fresh set of vines began crashing through the turbolift below them, and soon it lay in pieces, falling down the shaft, exploding as it fell, and the determined androids began to climb faster. The chase had begun again. However it seemed that this time the vines had even more of an advantage, seemingly with no regard for the laws of gravity, even the artificial gravity found on board the Maximillian, they climbed through the crawlspace, straight up, and sometimes through the walls, only to crash through again. Critch knew they only had a few moments, and he frantically looked around, and found a door opening a few rungs above. "COME ON!" He yelled, and climbed faster,

A Great Adventure CONTINUED

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"THERE'S A TURBOLIFT THIS WAY! I SAW IT!"

"HAVEN'T YOU DOWNLOADED THE MAX'S SCHEMATICS?"

"I HAVEN'T HAD TIME! I JUST GOT HERE!"

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A Great Adventure Continued

(Continued from page 13)

door, and followed her a second later, with the vines speeding past them skyward. As the door closed behind them, they ran as fast as their legs would allow, and for a moment Critch was impressed at the fact that despite the difference in their architecture, Overload could keep up with him no matter the speed. He stopped being distracted with such thoughts when Databit spoke. "What is our destination?"

Critch was about to reply when Overload spoke up. "Sickbay is on this level! We'll go there!" As the vines had recovered and began chasing them again, he didn't argue, but he did wonder why. As they neared the Sickbay doors, Overload anticipated Critch's unspoken concerns. "I studied a bit about the ship while I was on the shuttle! Sickbay, next to the bridge, is one of the most secure sections on the ship! With forcefields and everything! Beaming, and pleased to have an opportunity to use her knowledge, Overload ran into Sickbay, Critch at her side and Databit in her arms, calling out "Forcefield up!" Knowing she didn't have the correct command necessary to order the raising of the forcefields, Critch said the words right after her. "Computer! Raise Forcefield A!"

At their heels, a forcefield sprung into life. After a moment as they slowed down, Critch commanded another forcefield, and a second one, a few meters behind the first, came to be.

They ran to the rear of the sickbay as the vines entered sickbay and hit the forcefield. It stopped them, but the continued to charge the forcefield, studying it for any weaknesses. Critch grunted. "The fields aren't going to hold them for long...We need to lower the bulkheads."

Overload was right behind him. "Do we have enough time?"

Critch sighed. "We need...a distraction."

Overload smiled. "Okay!" She bounced to the center of sickbay, and sung out, "Activate the Emergency Medical Holographic Program!" before Critch could stop her, a Mark I Emergency hologram materialized in the sickbay. He started to speak. "Please state..."

Critch walked up to him. "Hi, listen, we need..." Overload interrupted him.

"Stand between the forcefields, please!" She said brightly, as he gave her a confused look, but acquiesced to her request. As he began to notice the swaying vines he gave a weak protest. "Wait a minute...I'm a doctor, not a botanist!"

Critch nodded. "Close enough. Lower the second bulkhead!" The bulkhead began to lower slowly. As it was almost halfway down, the first forcefield went down, and the vines advanced on the EMH. The vines seemed to study him for a moment, as the EMH backed up a step, a very worried look on his face. He attempted to communicate with the vines. "Um, er, welcome, plant-creature...to sickbay! I'm sure we can find you some...er...comfortable arrangements..."

Critch grimaced, and silently told the computer to lower the first bulkhead. It came down in place of the first forcefield, and finally sliced the vines in half. Once again there was a great scream, and then silence. Critch allowed himself a sigh of relief, that once again, through a great deal of luck, they had triumphed, if only for the moment. He slid down against the cabinet, resting himself, and then remembered he wasn't alone in sickbay. He glanced upward, searching for his unwelcome companions, and saw them, opening the emergency armory, and retrieving a few phaser-rifles. He stood up slowly. "Um...?"

Overload didn't notice, and laid the rifles down on a bio-bed. She then began to retrieve items from the storage compartments. Critch was now fully standing. "What are you doing now?"

"Experimenting." She said simply, and began to carry armloads of bottles over to the rifles. Critch shook his head.

"On what?"

"It's a surprise." She smiled to herself, then whispered something to Databit, who smirked, then whispered back.

(Continued on page 15)

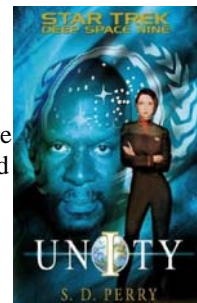
Book Reports

UPCOMING BOOKS OF INTEREST

Star Trek DS9 Unity
by S.D. Perry
Available : November

On the eve of Bajor's formal entry into the Federation, First Minister Shakaar was assassinated, derailing the induction and plunging the planet and station Deep Space 9 into chaos. Investigation into the murder revealed the presence of a parasitic conspiracy threatening not only Bajor's future with the Federation, but the very survival of both. At the same time, the fracturing of Bajor's theology has put its people on the threshold of a startling transformation--and the consequences now rest on the shoulders of Colonel Kira Nerys, who months ago defied the religious authority of her planet by making public an ancient heretical text that challenged the very foundation of the Bajoran faith.

Now, after a harrowing and historic voyage of exploration in the Gamma Quadrant, the weary, wounded crew of Starship *Defiant* is at last coming home. But the joy of their return is short-lived as the crew becomes swept up in the crisis aboard the station, with many of them confronting personal issues that force them to make life-altering choices. Among those is a grief-stricken Commander Elias Vaughn, who reaches a crossroads in his life's journey and learns the true purpose for which he was Touched by the Prophets... as well as the ultimate fate of Captain Benjamin Sisko.



And... somewhere on Bajor... a child long awaited is about to be born.

A GREAT ADVENTURE

“We don’t have time for surprises! We have to get to the bridge!” Critch said, exasperated.

Databit looked up at him, from where he was tilting a large (to him) bottle of a milky substance into a beaker. “Do you know of a safe path around the creatures?”

Critch stopped, and shook his head.

“Then there seems to be ample time to test a theory.”

Critch began to ask, but then thought better of it, and slid back down. Perhaps they’d end up blowing up the ship instead of the creatures, He just wasn’t sure which one he’d prefer at the moment.

“I’ll say this, there was no quitting on their part. Just go go go and never stop. Optimistic to the last, and then some. Unlike me in every aspect. Completely unwilling to accept their fate. Unlike our glorious Command Staff, who threw in the towel pretty early. A bit too early, as we were to find out.”

PART SIX

“...I do not agree.” Captain Kelvok stood, his back facing the rest of the command staff, who were awaiting his answer. Nato, the Kattaran Communications officer, and Jaydin were both looking over the reports coming in from all over the ship, but they had long since stopped informing their Captain of the news. It had all become the same. Deck by deck, power had been replaced by emergency power, and the vessel had slowed to near a complete stop. Engineering had gone mostly offline. It was a miracle that most of the populated decks had remained undamaged, but the plants were spreading quickly. Tamak moved in his chair.

“It will be three hours and forty-two minutes until the creatures have taken complete control of the ship. At this point, it would seem to be our best option.”

“We must not let these...things...control our ship!” Kragnar agreed, furiously.

Kelvok nodded. “Even taking that into consideration, I am not prepared to abandon the Maximillian, and am unwilling to destroy it!”

Jaydin kept her head down. “These creatures are intelligent, Kelvok, and we can’t even scratch them with our weapons...If they reach us...and the command deck, they could spread throughout the quadrant.”

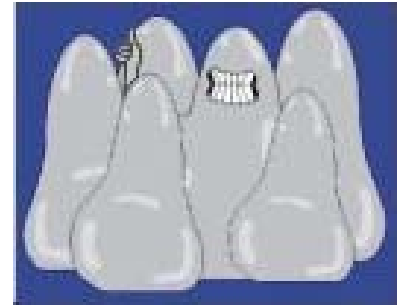
Kragnar jumped in. “Do you want to see that happen, Captain? Do you want what happened to that world happen to Earth? To Vulcan?”

Kelvok turned around. “You are aware of my

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NEXT MONTH IN THE MIGHTY MAX

CHAPTERS FROM
“BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER”

STAR TREK BOOK NEWS

CREW REPORTS

WHAT’S NEXT MONTH IN THE MIGHTY
MAX?

...I DO NOT KNOW.

A Great Adventure CONTINUED

(Continued from page 15)

wishes. I believe, however, that there must be another way of disabling the creature. Where is the greatest concentration of the plants, Commander?"

Jaydin punched a few buttons on her padd. "Engineering and surrounding decks."

"Retry the gas mixtures, and use a higher yield of hiloprolene. This may..."

Kragnar pounded the table. "We have used the gas before, with no effects! We have lost many men, many teams. We haven't even heard back from your androids!"

Kelvok allowed an imperceptible sigh, then glanced around the table, at the faces looking at him. He saw the desire of each of them in their eyes, saw their wants for revenge, for justice, and saw their fears, and knew that they trusted him to make the right decision. He held his head high as he turned back to the window. "Computer, Activate Self-Destruct Sequence, 30 minute Countdown. Authorization, Kelvok, 3-C, 2-B, 1-A." He turned to Tamak, who repeated with his authorization, and then Nato completed it. After a moment, Nato pressed a few tabs on his control console, then spoke. "To members of the Maximillian that can hear my voice: All hands, abandon ship. Report to your nearest designated escape pods. This is not a drill." He closed, then looked back at Kelvok. "I set it to repeat...but there are still many decks with no communications...Engineering...Sickbay..."

The Captain nodded. "Those decks are infested with creatures, it is unlikely that there will be many that can hear that message. Commanders, if you please, we should go..." They began to slowly file out of the room...

In sickbay, unaware of what had just transpired above them in the boardroom, Critch was still sitting against the same cabinet, glancing once in a while at the other two androids, looking happily determined, moving around circuits and gizmos within the inner workings of a phaser rifle. Overload, a few moments

before, had begun whistling a tune, something Critch couldn't quite place. He tried to shut it out, tried to shut it out, but for some reason, it just wasn't quite working. Finally he gave up. "What's that?"

"What's what?" Overload didn't pause in her work for a moment.

"The song, the thing you're humming."

"Oh, that. Just something."

"You wouldn't be singing it if you didn't know what it was."

She paused, then smiled. "That's right!" She bent back down and continued on her work.

Critch sighed. She ignored it, but Databit looked up. "It would be appropriate for you to answer her questions if she is to answer yours in return."

Critch shook his head. "What questions? She hasn't asked any!"

"I believe there were multiple unanswered questions earlier, when we were making our way to our first encounter with the creatures."

Critch stopped. And sighed again. After a moment, Overload looked over to him. "You sigh a lot."

"Comes with the territory."

"What territory?"

"Life."

"I have a life too, and I don't sigh nearly as much."

"Good, I don't recommend it."

"Then you should stop!"

"It's not that easy to make everything go away, sometimes things just have to be worked through, sometimes things just have to come and take you over."

She thought for another moment. "But if they take you over, where do you go? It doesn't make sense for things to overtake you. Instead, they should be learned from, and then you become a better droid!"

"But what if it's too much? What if it takes the people you care about away?"

"Nothing's ever too much!

There's nothing too powerful that it can't be laughed down! And if they

go away, they'll always be there in your mind." She tapped her head.

Critch stopped, looking at her, paused for a moment, thinking everything that she had said over. "...It was a few years ago, right after we met the Marconians for the first time. We had lost quite a few people. Admiral Lyon, for one, and our Captain." He stopped, composing himself. "We were in some serious shape after that, most of the ships were at that point. What damage the vessel did, and then compounded by the explosion that happened afterward. The Sovereign class ships were all at the same starbase, and I was sitting in our battle bar, watching the guys float by putting on the hull plating, and I didn't even notice him come up behind me." Overload had stopped and sat down next to Critch.

"Data?"

"Yeah. We spent most of the time discussing the differences in our architecture, Soong models vs. Marconian works, that kind of thing. His emotion chip was working overdrive at that point, so it was kind of hard to keep him on one subject, but he seemed very interested in how life on the Maximillian was, how we worked together, how an Android with no desire to be human could fit in, and so on.

"He was very wrapped up in his crew, his Captain and everyone over there. We talked about the Enterprise crew and how devoted he was to Captain Picard...And I talked about Admiral Lyon. How his whole career was sacrificed because of his discoveries...I guess his discovery of me.

"He got on the subject of sacrifice then, I guess you knew he flip-flopped to different things and then stuck on one, and half jokingly I said he had to watch the humans, he'll end up throwing himself away for one some day.

"Then he got real serious. Talked about how proud he would be to sacrifice himself for his Captain, or his ship. Talked about how death was

A Great Adventure Continued

(Continued from page 16)

one of the things that made something human, something sentient. He talked about "The great adventure" of death, how it scared him but intrigued him." Critch let out one more heavy sigh, and looked down at the ground. "I guess he knows all about the great adventure now."

A tear rolled down Overload's cheek. "I...I understand why you were upset with me."

He looked up, angrily, not at her however. "It's a flaw, a flaw with the system. A perfectly designed being, destroying itself for such an imperfect human! That's the problem with Soong Androids! That's the problem with you!"

Overload stood up, and walked over to the table, patted Databit on the head, then closed up the Phaser Rifle. She said, quietly. "Karma Chameleon."

He stopped. "Karma Chameleon?"

She nodded. "1980's, Best place in history." She crossed to a bulkhead. "If you're not willing to risk what you have for anything, Critch, then what do you really have?" Then she looked up at the wall. "Computer, Raise Bulkheads 1 and 2, and deactivate the forcefields!" Before Critch could get up to stop her, the bulkheads raised up, the forcefields went down, and the Vines rushed back into the open space, recovered from their earlier loss, eager for revenge. She gritted her teeth, and silently repeated. "It is NOT a flaw!" She fired the phaser at a vine, the blast a darker green than the usual red. When the phaser impacted with the side of the vine, where before there was merely a dark mark, now it seemed to eradicate the creature completely. There was a great howl, and the vine disappeared in a yellowing vapor. She fired at the second vine, with the same result.

Critch ran to her, incredulously. "What the hell did you do?"

"I've been a few places, droid. One of them had a weed problem. I fixed it there."

"Um..."

"I made another one. If you want it, you have to promise to be nicer to...everybody! Especially the pretty little girl android. Got it?"

Critch, wondering how everything had changed so quickly, slowly nodded. She called to Databit, who, lifting awkwardly a phaser rifle over his head, ran to her. Critch took it from him, and she gathered him up, and they both held their rifles at the exit of sickbay. As they heard a rustling heading towards them, Critch spoke quickly. "We head out, shoot anything that moves, we get to a comm terminal, and contact the Captain."

She glanced up at him. "Saddle up?"

Critch allowed a smirk. "Lock and load."

The emergency lights flashed red as the command staff reached their destination, the entryway to their escape pods. It was a quick journey, the pods were located just off of their meeting room. Off in the distance, glancing out the window, they could see the first pods escaping the ship, and Jaydin felt some relief that at least some of them would live to fight another day, perhaps to serve on the next Maximillian...if there would be another one. She sighed as she watched Nato, Kragnar, and Tamak fill a pod, which a moment later blasted off, leaving the ship behind. Jaydin walked slowly to her pod, and opened it up. It was quiet now, and it seemed that they were the only ones left on the ship. Kelvok, standing behind her, was very quiet. She attempted to laugh. "Kind of interesting way to have a ship go out, isn't it?"

Kelvok allowed a nod. "The Admiralty will be thrilled."

She climbed into the pod, and settled into the co-pilot's seat. She glanced back at him. "Coming?"

He merely looked at her. "No." Before she could respond, or even speak, he pressed a few buttons on the door, closing the pod hatch, and it launched. He

(Continued on page 18)

Camp Dover

HEY EVERYBODY! Good news coming your way. Jon and I had a meeting with Erik Haines, General Manager of the Holiday Inn in New Philadelphia today and we think we have come out of that meeting with some very good news. So good in fact, we were able to negotiate a 3 year contract with them for Camp Dover. Yes, that's right, I said 3 year contract. Here's what we got....

Dover 2004 will be held on March 26-28 at the Holiday Inn with a room rate of \$64.00 plus tax. We couldn't get the dates we wanted in April for 2004, but we sure as hell got our original April dates for 2005 and 2006 (our 15th anniversary) The March dates are the last weekend in March. **IMPORTANT:** the Holiday Inn will begin accepting reservations for Camp Dover, 2004 beginning on October 6, 2003. **DO NOT CALL** before October 6th.

Some more good news....Erik Haines of the Holiday has offered us a room rate of \$70.00 plus tax for the years 2005 and 2006. These rates will be "locked in" as part of our 3 year contract with the Holiday Inn. Even if the Holiday Inn changes general managers, our rates will still be enforced. They will be bound by contract to give them to us. **ALSO....and are you ready for this?.....the dates for Dover 2005 will be...<drum roll here> APRIL 29-30 AND MAY 1st.**

The dates for Dover 2006 will be April 28-30.

We will have our original dates for Camp Dover in 2005 and 2006.

For Dover 2004 the Banquet will be limited to the first 200 that purchases banquet tickets. The reason for this is quite simple....I plan on using one of the banquet rooms for the Dealer's Room. **NO MORE CLOSETS!!!**

—Joe Manning

A Great Adventure CONTINUED

(Continued from page 17)

watched the forcefield settle into place, watched the vessel fly away from the ship, then calmly walked down the silent hallway, illuminated only by the flashing red lights. Communications had already gone down in this section of the Max, and it was unsure if there were any working systems anywhere. Even life support had begun to go offline in some of the breached hulls. He reached his destination, back on the bridge. He walked to his office, and slid open a small closet. From there, he retrieved an infinity modulator class V phaser rifle, and powered it up. He went to the bridge's turbolift, the last working lift on this deck, took one last look at his stations, at his chair, then spoke to the computer. "Engineering."

Critch and Overload, along with Databit, had just reached the communications array, hidden inside a panel, when they began to see the escape pods. Seemingly hundreds of them, flying past the ship and on into deep space, an amazing sight to see, and something to relish seeing even once in better circumstances. However, at this point, it was the exact opposite of what they were hoping for. Critch looked amazed as Overload tapped into the array, and quickly reactivated the damaged comm speakers. Instantly they sprang to life, those that hadn't been irrevocably damaged by the powerful vines. "All hands abandon ship..." The sequence continued, and the display showed a scant twenty minutes remaining before the mighty Max would destroy itself, from warp core outward, hopefully taking the hated creatures along with it. Overload looked up at Critch, her eyes searching for some kind of hope, as he followed the last escape pod's trail, far away from the ship, far away from its home.

PART SEVEN

"Hopeless. I never really thought about that word until then. Watching

that last pod go away, knowing that we were alone on a ship that was going to blow up and was crawling with too many creatures to count...Hopeless was my first thought, my only feeling. How could we survive something like that? How would we manage to get by? I started thinking about 'the great adventure' again. Death. The end of everything. I wondered what happened next. Do androids have souls? Is there anything else after this, or is it all useless? Regardless, it seemed we would find out in the next twenty minutes."

Critch simply stared out the window, every thought having left him, gazing with his enhanced vision until neither he nor the other two androids could see the small pod, on its way to a designated safe area, where a Starfleet vessel would presumably locate them later. He had a brief, terrifying thought of what would happen if a plant-creature had managed to lay a seed inside a pod. The sheer improbability of such an act managed to convince him that the other pods were safe. It at least gave him something to hope for. As the pod lights faded into the stars, Critch angrily began pounding hard on the windows. Still not nearly hard enough to break them, sending them spinning off into space, but hard all the same. He yelled, an angry, sorrowful yell, and sank sadly onto the floor, weakly pounding at the wall.

"...Critch?" Overload, concerned, said weakly. "You ok, man?"

"...What do we do now?"

Overload shook her head, as Critch continued. "Nothing. We do nothing. We sit here, we die, and that's it, all for nothing. Everything we've done has been a waste. This ship, this whole 'wonderful' idealism of Starfleet...always shot down, beaten down by anything we come across. We're never going to win."

Overload patted his shoulder. "It's not about winning, though. It's about doing what we can while we're

here. We have to keep going."

"Going *Where?* Back to sick-bay? Back to the bridge? Where do we start?"

"We find the mama plant! The one that's controlling the vines!" Overload smiled, satisfied with her thought, but Critch groaned.

"And where do we start looking? How many decks do you think there are? How many possible spots to look in?"

"Well, it's better than just moping yourself to death!"

"Fine! Lets look over there, shall we?" Critch got up, and walked to a corner, peering around it. "Nope! And over there?" He walked down the hallway, and shouted back. "NOTHING HERE!" He walked back and stared her down. "Any other bright ideas?"

"You're being difficult."

"I'M Being difficult? You're living in a fantasy world!"

"Yeah, well, you're living in a pessimistic world!"

"That dosen't even make any sense!"

Both of them were so engrossed in their arguments that they didn't notice Databit get up from his wall perch, jump to the floor, and start walking down the hallway. After he got a little ways away from them, he perked his head up, and began to run quickly towards a malfunctioning turbolift, a ways down the hall. The door was opening and closing slowly, and sparks were being ejected from the sides, and the lift itself was simply not there. Databit peered down into the darkness, hearing a faraway rustling...

Overload looked up, her eyes shining. "Databit?"

She found him, just as he jumped down into the lift. She panicked. "DATABIT!" She sprang to a sprint, racing down the hall as Critch sighed again, rising quickly.

"Come back here! I'm not finished with you!" He ran after her, and nearly caught her before she jumped

A Great Adventure Continued

(Continued from page 18)

down the lift after the miniature android, her voice echoing in the darkness. He shook his head. "They're crazy." And walked away from the lift.

A moment later he ran to the lift, and jumped down after them.

The Captain of the Starship *Maximillian* crawled through a Jefferies tube. Kelvok was listening intently, trying to follow the sounds of the vines, while at the same time being as silent as possible so as to not attract the attention of the creatures. He mulled over what he had done, tricked Jaydin and the rest of the command staff, so that he could face this monster one on one. He remembered that the greatest concentration of the plants seemed to be on and around the engineering decks, so he was doing his best to take the out-of-the-way routes there. He moved around, as fast as he was silent, making his way to the hatch in front of him. He took a deep breath, and pushed the grate out of his way. He heard it hit the floor, farther down than he had guessed, and then followed it down.

Databit fell down, his feet ready for the ground to appear any moment. A few moments later, Overload tumbled down after him, grinning and yelling happily, the thrill of the fall affecting her. After her, Critch fell, yelling fearfully. He didn't fear the landing so much, being nigh invulnerable. It was just something about the wind rushing past him that was unreal. Databit landed safely, and quickly trampled out of the way to avoid Overload's body, as she landed rear-first on the silver floor. She stood up, dusted herself off, and stepped forward just as Critch landed spread eagle face first onto the floor, hard. As he got up, painfully, he snidely said to her, "You could have caught me."

She was too busy picking up and checking Databit over to respond. Once she was satisfied that he was unharmed, she chastised him. "Don't you ever EVER do that again! What were you thinking?"

Databit had a sad expression on his face. "But I...I was simply getting the location of the plant-creature for you! It is one deck above us, in Engineering bay..."

"I don't care!" Even Critch was shaken a bit by her admonishment. "If I lost you I don't know what I'd do!" Databit looked downtrodden, and sniffed a bit.

"I am sorry." He said sincerely.

Critch walked past them. "If we're done with the apologies....where are we?" The entire deck seemed to be pitch black.

Databit began to rattle off statistics. "One deck below engineering. Life support is malfunctioning, as are emergency lights and most essential systems. Preliminary scans are incomplete, as if they are being blocked somehow..."

"Then we need lights. Overload...gimme a hand over here." Critch had used his infra-red viewing mode to scope out a panel he could move. With her help, he was able to remove the panel and start to work on the lights. As he worked, he saw her shiver. "What's wrong?"

"I just have a bad sense about all this."

"I didn't know Soongian Androids could sense. I was under the impression that even an Emotion chip is rare with you guys."

"We all have one! Me and Databit, and...." She looked away sadly as Critch nodded.

"Even Lore. Well..I think I can get the lights back on by drawing some power away from the rest of the ship...Nobody left to need life support anyway..." He messed with some wiring, and slowly, the lights came on all over the deck. At least, what was left of the decks.

What the lights, or what was left of the lights, revealed, was a giant hollowed out area, formerly made up of about four levels, and branching into a fifth. There was severe damage done to the ceiling, and they could just barely make out the Warp Core, pulsating in blues and whites, but slower than normal. Critch gaped at

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QANTAS

—Submitted by Susan Moran—
After every Qantas Airlines flight, pilots complete a sheet which conveys to the mechanics problems encountered with the aircraft during the flight. The mechanics read and then respond in writing on the lower half of the form what remedial action was taken. Never let it be said that ground crews and engineers lack a sense of humor.

Here are some actual logged maintenance complaints and responses:

(P = the problem logged by the pilot

S = the solution and action taken by engineers.

Qantas, by the way, is the only major airline that has never had an accident.)

P: Left inside main tire almost needs replacement.

S: Almost replaced left inside main tire.

P: Test flight OK, except auto-land very rough.

S: Auto-land not installed on this aircraft.

P: Something loose in cockpit.

S: Something tightened in cockpit.

P: Dead bugs on windshield.

S: Live bugs on back-order.

P: Autopilot in altitude-hold mode produces a 200 feet per minute descent.

S: Cannot reproduce problem on ground.

P: Evidence of leak on right main landing gear.

S: Evidence removed.

P: DME volume unbelievably loud.

S: DME volume set to more believable level.

P: Friction locks cause throttle levers to stick.

S: That's what they're there for.

A Great Adventure CONTINUED

(Continued from page 19)

the sight of the destroyed area, and then noticed the green areas scattered around the floors and walls. "What..." He walked closer to one, then stared in horror as the realization hit him what they were.

Seedlings. Future plant-creatures. He looked at the Warp core still operating, and remembered that these things had some intelligence. He started talking to himself as he looked around the area. "They're going to take over the ship...Seed themselves all over the galaxy..."

Overload got a nasty look on her face. "Mean plants."

"Smart plants. I've never even heard of anything like this before..." His thoughts were interrupted by a sudden rustling, and he realized they weren't alone. He turned suddenly to see five separate vines, coming from the ceiling and the floor, heading right for them. "OVERLOAD, FIRE!"

She whirled around, and between the two of them, they were quickly able to decimate the vines, and more erupted out of the sides. Critch no longer wondered how they were able to destroy so much of the decks as he fired into the twirling attackers. Databit was clinging to Overload's arm as she fired frantically. After a moment, and after the howls stopped, which by now were sounding very close by, right above them almost. They both looked up, and then heard another firefight going on near where the howls were appearing. They couldn't believe their eyes when they made out Kelvok futilely firing against something large. Critch looked at Overload, who had a panicked expression on her face. Jumping to action, he did some calculations in his head, and ducked in a side room. Feeling fortunate that Korjak's rapid response unit kept a well stocked armory on every deck, sometimes more than one, he pulled out a large launcher-type rifle, and hustled back to Overload. Her eyes wide, she exclaimed "What's that?" Critch narrowed his eyes.

"Get back."

As she wisely followed his orders, He aimed below the large object above him, closed his eyes, and pulled the trigger.

Quantum Torpedo Launchers were *never* supposed to be used at close range, and *never* on the *Maximillian* itself.

The Blue shot fired out of the launcher slowly, and the shot forced Critch back, and he fell. The shot impacted with the ceiling, blowing it to pieces, shards of metal flying everywhere. In hindsight, Critch realized that so close to the Warp Core, it was a miracle he didn't destroy the whole ship in the process. No going back now, however. He saw a great green clump fall down, followed by pieces of deck and ceiling and wall, but he was more preoccupied with the Captain who had wisely thrown himself backwards at the first sign of an explosion. He was now peering over the gaping hole, staring at the androids. "COMMANDER!" He yelled.

"CAPTAIN! WE CAN DESTROY THE CREATURES! ALL WE NEED..." Critch was quickly cut off by a huge vine jutting upward out of the rubble, and running itself very close to Kelvok. It threw him off balance, and he fell through the hole. Quicker than Critch could react, Overload ran to where he would crash, and caught him before he would land in the rubble. She greeted him enthusiastically. "Captain Kitty!"

Nonplussed, showing great Vulcan resistance to show his relief, he simply replied, "Thank you, Ensign." She let him down, and he turned to Critch. "What do we need?"

Critch was uneasily eying the vine that was now retracting from the ceiling. "We need...um...cancel the self destruct!" As Kelvok began to cancel, the vine curved on the ground to form a leg. Several more 'legs' came out of the rubble, and they braced themselves on the floor. They tensed, and what could only be described as a giant green bulb rose from the rubble. It easily filled the room, it's hundreds of

small vines beneath it balancing and moving, squirming like a collection of upright worms. On the bulb itself, there were no eyes, no ears, no nose, only a large mouth taking up the lower half of the being, it's razor-sharp teeth spinning and grinding. And it was coming straight for the remainder of the *Maximillian* Crew. Critch looked at the creature, forced himself to realize that Overload was right, that this was a *very* angry plant. He nodded to Overload, and they opened fire on the creature, which was moving at them slowly. It let out a groan when the fire hit it, but it was not damaged in anyway that they could detect.

"Damn it...Back off! Cancel the Self Destruct, Captain!" Indeed, according to Critch's internal clock, there were only a few minutes remaining, no more than five, at least. They began to back up, firing as they went. They were doing a little damage when they looked closely, as close as they dared, anyway. It was eating away at the creature, like some kind of acid. But it wasn't fast enough. Kelvok kept starting to cancel the self-destruct method, but every time he did, a vine would come out of the creature's lower half, and he would have to interrupt his bit to dodge. They eventually had to begin running, and they hit a far more damaged area of the deck. Electrical wires and pieces lay everywhere. They were running backwards, still firing at the creature and the vines, but for every vine they destroyed, it seemed two more would take it's place.

Critch was on the verge of panic as he jumped over a sparking wire. "This isn't working!" Overload was too busy firing and Kelvok was too busy trying to halt the approaching doom of the *Mighty Max*.

Suddenly, a large vine rushed out of nowhere, from beneath the deck, and wrapped itself around Critch's leg. The vine, attached to the creature, pulled up out from under the deck, and began dangling Critch, pulling

A Great Adventure Continued

(Continued from page 20)

him closer to his mouth. The Quantum Torpedo launcher fell in from where it had been wrapped around Critch's arm, and it was swallowed without so much as a bite. Straight down the gullet, which was where Critch appeared to be heading.

Overload's eyes grew dark, and she stopped backing up, and advanced on the distracted creature, firing right into its mouth, firing so fast the rifle was near overheating. She didn't care. She cared only about one thing now, saving Critch by any means possible. She was yelling at it, screaming "LET HIM GO LET HIM GO". The creature, in great pain, dropped Critch at its 'feet', right in front of a sparking wire, hanging down and piled on the floor. Critch thought quickly, grabbed the wire, yelled, "GET BACK!", and thrust the wire into the creature's underside. Blue streaks and jets of electricity flowed and streamed all over the creature, and it groaned and screamed sorrowfully, and so loud it seemed to shake the decks. After what seemed to be an eternity of lines of light and dark streams over the creature, it let out one last protesting moan, then fell on its side with a great crashing. After the realization that his quick-witted plan had worked, Critch rose quickly, full of adrenaline. Remembering quickly, he spun on his heels, facing Kelvok. But he was already done. The self destruct sequence had been cancelled. The *Maximillian* was safe. Overload was breathing heavy, as Databit released his death grip on her, and climbed down, walking slowly towards the creature, looking curiously at it. Critch walked next to Overload.

"You... You..."

"I?" She smiled at him.

"You saved me!"

"Least I could do."

"But you could have died!"

"But I didn't, and we won! PARTY TIME!" She started dancing to herself, as Critch shook his head. Still so much he didn't understand... So much he didn't know... but at least now he realized that he would like to find out about Overload, and more that he didn't know about his friends, and the rest of the crew. He started thinking about the mess here, and the cleanup process... this would take months... He glanced around... at the gaping holes... the ruts and dents in the decks... the disastrous monstrous hole caused by his shot... the moving vines...

Critch's eyes widened, and he looked, helpless, as the vine closed on Databit, picking him up and tossing him in the reawakened creature's mouth. It righted itself, let out what could only be considered a small belch, then restarted its prior movements.

Suddenly grief stricken, all sense lost, Overload screamed. "NO! DATABIT!" She ran up to the creature, firing as before. "GIVE HIM BACK! HE'S MINE! YOU CAN'T HAVE..." She was silenced when the creature grabbed her, and almost as easily as it had swallowed the launcher and Databit, it crammed her head-first into its mouth. All signs of a struggle stopped soon after.

Critch was in shock, and could only slowly back up, and realized that he was about to hit a wall.

"It all made sense, all of a sudden. The bit about sacrifice, the great adventure, all of it came together. And I knew what I had to do."

"GET BEHIND ME!"

"Commander?" Kelvok raised an eyebrow.

"When it attacks me, Get to an escape pod, and reactivate the Self Destruct!"

"Critch..."

"DO IT!" Stunned, but knowing now that it was the only decision he could make, he nodded. "It has been a pleasure, Commander."

Critch was staring down the creature. "Likewise." Critch was ready. He closed

(Continued on page 22)

**COMING SOON TO
THE MIGHTY MAX**

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.

A Great Adventure CONTINUED

(Continued from page 21)

his eyes.

The creature advanced...and stopped.

At the first moment of no movement, Critch opened his eyes, fully expecting to see the teeth about to sink into his head. Instead, the creature was beginning to growl.

The next instant, the creature simply exploded all over the deck with a mighty BOOM and a several jarring thuds as pieces of the creature, teeth and shards of vine rained throughout the decks. A piece of tooth embedded it into Critch's leg, and he quickly turned off his pain sensors to that area as he blinked rapidly, trying to clear his eyes of the green gunk that had suddenly clouded his vision. What he saw when he cleared them was unmistakable, yet unbelievable.

Overload stood, holding the just fired, and still intact, quantum torpedo launcher. A frightened Databit clinging, as before, to her leg. Critch had a stupefied, amazed look on his face. She simply looked at him. "Nobody messes with my 'bit.'"

Kelvok nodded. "Excellent work, Ensign. And Commander. We must get to the bridge now....We need to begin to get the pods back."

They turned, Critch limping a bit, and he put a reassuring arm on Overload. "I understand now."

Overload nodded. "I figured you would." She smiled, and they began the long trek back to the bridge.

"And that's that, as they say. As you know, the pods have all been returned, save a couple empty ones that are unaccounted for, but we'll get them soon enough. Engineering and everything is being rebuilt, and we're on route to the closest space station for further repairs. Yay us."

"And it was fun!"

"You have strange ideas of fun."

"Which doesn't change the fact that they're still fun!" Overload sat next to Critch on the couch happily.

"I still think about Data, and I think

he was right. To die would be a great adventure....but to live...that would be an even greater one."

"You've finally figured it out!"

She grinned. "Well, I have to go help Jaydin with some experiments...could you watch Databit for me?"

"Overload...I'm not a droid-sitter!"

"Pleeeeeease?" Overload looked at Critch with wide, puppy-dog style eyes.

"...fine. But this time, the games are OFF LIMITS!"

Fin

The escape pod, fired much sooner than any of the others, and at a trajectory much different as well, making it extremely unlikely that anyone would find it.

But someone would.

It floated silently through the darkness. The only sign of life in a hundred light years was the green bulb, sprouting through a seat in the pod.

And it was growing....

COMING IN TWO MONTHS:

IS JAYDIN REALLY THE
BAJORIAN MESSIAH?

OR IS SHE THE TARGET OF A
TRAITOROUS SCHEME THAT
WILL SHAKE THE
ALPHA QUADRANT?

"HOME AGAIN"

Written by Chris Stephenson

THE ARMAGEDDON MACHINE BY CHARLES CONNOR

Prelude:

The Borg Queen stood in her chamber amid a flurry of activity. Three Borg cubes unexpectedly broke contact after encountering an unusual Subspace distortion. She assimilated the last data transmission sent by the cubes and began formulating her course of action. All three cubes reported a sudden disruption in space-time. At first she suspected species 8472 but they usually used Quantum singularity vortices for travel between dimensions not subspace. She was about to order another investigation when she heard the alert sound, "Warning Subspace distortion detected" the monotone computer voice intoned.

'On main screen" voiced the Queen. A Large Wedged shape vessel 5 times larger than a Cube loomed over the Borg Hive base. "Fire all weapons, take defensive actions," ordered the Borg leader. Borg communication channels began transmitting their all too familiar "We are the Borg Your technological and..." but suddenly they were cut off as another voice intoned "WE ARE THE TARANI. YOU ARE AN INFERIOR SPECIES YOU WILL BE ELIMINATED. YOU CANNOT SUCCEED AGAINST TARANI SUPERIORITY"

Borg cube 342819 closed as its sister ship came up a behind as a third also took up positions. They fired their disruptors at point blank range, but with no effect. The Tarani Vessel returned fire. The Cubes shuddered as the waves of energy struck and then vanished from view. The Borg Queen was taken aback. Could there be hint of rage in her voice. Analyze weapon beam type she growled. As she turned to her monitor more ships vanished. "Weapon type identified" The monotone voice intoned. "It is a inverse Chroniton beam" "What!! Activate defense protocol." Instantly the queen was transported to a nearby diamond command ship and Transwarped out of the area as remains of her base vanished from exis-

CAPTAIN'S LOG:
SEVDATE 90210. WE'RE
ORBITING THE PLANET
ACNON 3, PERFORMING
ROUTINE SEVFLEET
DUTIES...



...RUNNING
TRUE TO
FORM, A PLOT
FORMING DISASTER
SHOULD STRIKE
RIGHT ABOUT NOW...

GAUDY,
YOU HAVE A
REPORT ON THE
WARPED COIL
THINGAMYS?

WOAHH!! BETA,
CHECK OUT
THE SIZE
OF THAT
ZIT!!

IT IS
INDEED
HUGE,
SIR.



I WOULD
APPRECIATE IT
IF WE DIDN'T
DISCUSS MY SKIN
COMPLEXION

I BETTER
TURN DOWN THE
INFRA RED FILTER
ON MY VISOR -
MY EYES ARE
BURNING!



I'VE BEEN SCANNING MY MEMORY
BANKS FOR ANCIENT HUMAN FOLKLORE
I BELIEVE "RUDOLPH
THE RED NOSE REINDEER"
IS AN APPROPRIATE
SIMILE.

OR
MAYBE PUS
IN BOOTS!



COULD WE GET BACK TO THE
WARPED COIL WHATSITS?

WARP SHMARP!!
THINK YOU'LL POP
DOWN TO THE PLANET
TOMORROW?

I HEAR
THE NATIVE
PUS POOLS
ARE QUITE
POPULAR.

I'VE HAD ENOUGH!!
NOTIFY ME WHEN YOUR
REPORT IS READY!

WILL,
YOU LOOK
READY TO
EXPLODE!

BETA, YOU JUST
LEARNT A VALUABLE
LESSON IN HUMAN
BEHAVIOUR...

...KICK
A FRIEND
WHEN HE'S
DOWN!



PIKER'S PERSONAL LOG, SEVDATE 203.62.193.115.
AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGEMENT, I'VE TAKEN SHORE LEAVE
ON THE PLANET SURFACE. ALTHOUGH ACNON 3'S PUS POOLS
ARE PICTURESQUE, THEY BUT SERVE TO REMIND ME
OF MY OWN EPIDERMAL BLIGHT.



LOOK
AT ALL
THAT
PUS!

THE
CRATER IS
ENORMOUS.

DO YOU
MEAN THE
PUS POOLS...
OR PIKER'S
ZIT!!

GAUDY, WOULD I BE CORRECT IN
RECALLING COMMANDER PIKER'S
PIMPLE WAS LAST LOCATED
IN HIS NASAL REGION?

BETA,
YOU'RE
RIGHT!

I PREFER
TO CALL IT
A FACIAL
BLEMISH!



HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA

I TRIED MY PHIZZER
ON IT LAST NIGHT. BY
MORNING, THE ZIT HAD
GONE, BUT THIS NEW ONE
HAD COME UP!

AND HOW!

HELLO,
GAUDY...
HEAVILY...
BETA!



HMM...

MEANINGFUL GLANCE CAM

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

SIR, I'VE BEEN
CONSIDERING
YOUR ACNE
PROBLEM.

HOW
KIND OF
YOU!



I'VE SCANNED SEV FLEET
COSMETIC RECORDS AND FOUND
SEVERAL ANOMALOUS FACIAL
BLEMISH INCIDENTS CONNECTED
WITH ACNON 3. THERE MAY BE A
CORRELATION BETWEEN YOUR
EARLIER NASAL ZIT AND
TODAY'S CRANIAL
PIMPLE.

HOW SO?



I BELIEVE
THEY ARE THE
SAME ZIT!!





TREK GALAXY

Uniting The Universe Since 1999

**TREK GALAXY
PRESENTS**

TREK BOWL TWO

R E V O L U T I O N S

Sunday, November 2nd, 2003

1pm AMF Main Lanes

4071 E. Main St., Columbus, Ohio 614-237-3723

Trek Galaxy: Ohio Chapter is proud to bring back, for the second year in a row, the only Central Ohio Star Trek Charity Bowling Tournament, TREK BOWL.

On November 2nd, at the AMF Main Lanes, Trek Bowl Two: Revolutions will take place from 1pm onward. As was the case with last year's successful Trek Bowl, the event will start with a brief introductory period, then the championship will be played out over the course of three games. Afterward, there will be an awards ceremony, and then finally the Trek Bowl Pool Tournament.

Admission to Trek Bowl will be \$10.00, which includes shoe rental and three games of bowling, and entry into the pool tournament. All proceeds will be donated to Toys for Tots.

Trek Galaxy: Ohio Chapter puts on Trek Bowl and other events every year. It was started in 1999 by Chris Stephenson as a means of uniting fandom in a way that had not been done before, by offering a website, <http://www.trekohio.com>, which has a listing of every group in Ohio and every Star Trek related event coming up in our area, by sending out a free email of information every few weeks, and by the charity events. Trek Putt, the Star Trek Putt-Putt charity tournament, is our oldest, and last year we began Trek Bowl. From these events we have raised a total of over a thousand dollars for charities such as the Red Cross, Toys for Tots, and the Dave Thomas Foundation for Adoption. Next year we will attempt to reintroduce another new event, Frisbee Trek. Please see the other side for more information on Trek Galaxy and joining our free email list.

Witness the Revolutions.

Witness Trek Bowl Two.

TREK BOWL TWO: REVOLUTIONS

Presented by Trek Galaxy.



**TREK BOWL TWO
November 2, 2003
1PM \$10.00
4071 E. Main St. COLUMBUS
PROCEEDS BENEFITING
TOYS FOR TOTS**



**COMING IN
2004
FROM
TREK GALAXY**

**TREK PUTT 5
Five Years
In the making...**



THE MIGHTY MAX
October 2003

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The November 2003 Edition of the U.S.S. Maximillian's monthly newsletter, the Mighty Max, will go to Print Monday, September 3. All articles must be in by that date for inclusion. All articles can be sent or dictated to the address on the left.



Congratulations to Squirrley, Babs, and Nathan on winning the 2003 Maxolympics!