



THE MIGHTY MAX



"Reach for the Stars, and Grab the Future"
U.S.S. Maximillian (NCC-74997)
Science-Fiction Fan Organization

JULY 2004

VOLUME 12, ISSUE 7

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IN THIS ISSUE OF THE MIGHTY MAX

The Final Chapter of "Home Again"
Sci-Fi News from Everywhere
Pictures and comics
Crew Reports
The History of the Maximillian
Our Biggest Issue Ever!

THE MAXIMILLIAN STORE

Actionwear, Stories, and More!

You can order online via paypal at the Maximillian site, or contact your friendly neighborhood Captain!

STORIES/COLLECTIONS

A Great Adventure \$7.00

Home Again \$7.00

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The Mighty Max 2003 Collected \$20.00 Full Color

SHIRTS

Colors Available: Gold, Purple, Kelly, Red, Royal, Orange, California Blue, White, Sports Grey, Khaki, Maroon, Forest, Navy, Green Mist, Natural, Putty, Black, Graphite, Birch, Dolphin Blue, Butter, Teal, Watermelon, African Violet, Jade, Light Blue, Baltic Blue

Solid Color Long-Sleeve Shirt with Maximillian Logo S-XL
\$19.25

Solid Color Long-Sleeve Shirt with Maximillian Logo XXL
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Striped Colors Long-Sleeve Shirt with Maximillian Logo S-XL
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Striped Colors Long-Sleeve Shirt with Maximillian Logo XXL
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Striped Colors Long-Sleeve Shirt with Maximillian Logo XXXL
\$26.50

HATS

Wool Hat
\$13.50

Twill/Mesh Hat
\$11.75

JACKETS

Jacket with U.S.S. Maximillian on back and name above pocket.
S-XL \$64.25

Jacket with U.S.S. Maximillian on back and name above pocket.
XXL \$66.75

Jacket with U.S.S. Maximillian on back and name above pocket.
XXXL \$69.50

(Rank Insignia Extra, ask for details)

BUSINESS CARDS

Contact Nathan Cobaugh

The MaX-Files

*CAPT Chris Stephenson
Commanding Officer*

Greetings.

Happy Independence day, and happy July. We had a pretty good month, though it was mostly a wind down from the general busyness of May and June. We had two recruiting drives, the Chronicles of Riddick, and Spider-Man 2, a Red White and Boom watching party, and a July 4th/Dead Like me party.

The recruiting drives are going okay, though I can see in the future that they may just become movie/BD's Mongolian Barbeque get-togethers, since we never take in too much money from them. For the meantime, our next one will be August 14th, for Alien Vs. Predator. We will be having them all day on Saturday now, since that seems like a better time for people to arrive. If anyone still wants to run them on Fridays, let me know.

We started a new tradition, at least one anyway, with watching Red, White, and Boom. Thanks to CAPT Connor, we had perfect seats, and it was just a perfect day/evening, though we were all pretty tired at the end of it. Note for next year: Bring a radio, and a cooler. Prices are outrageous. Parking was also a bit of a pain, so it is recommended to stay and see a movie afterwards to avoid the rush to leave.

Though I had heard CAPT Connor talk about the Showtime series "Dead Like Me", I was surprised at how good it was. I am now working on acquiring the rest of the series. The show does have a Star Trek developer behind it, 'Voyager' Alum Bryan Fuller. I put it with Red Dwarf as shows I must see more of.

The Max site is getting bigger all the time, with a new pictures section that is a lot easier for me to throw things into.

As I'm finishing up the stories, I found out that cafepress.com now does publishing, so I will be looking into printing paperback collections of Maximillian stories. More to come.

Live wrong and slobber.

THE MAXIMILLIAN ONLINE

<http://www.maximillian.org>

Celestial Viewpoint

*LCDR T'purr Meowran (a.k.a. Susan Moran)
Chief Purser/Chief of Science*

Greetings and salutations to the crew and friends of the Maximilian:



The Cassini Spacecraft

The Cassini tour bus to Saturn has arrived. After a nearly seven year journey, the spacecraft swung into an orbit around the giant gas globe July 1st, ready to spend the next four years performing scientific investigations of the Saturnian system.

As Cassini begins surveying the Saturnian system, ahead for the spacecraft is at least 76 orbits around the ringed planet, including 52 close encounters with seven of Saturn's 31 known moons. Scientists speculate that more moons orbiting the planet may still await discovery.

Along with an array of science instruments, Cassini is toting the European Space Agency's Huygens probe. The probe's task is to parachute into the thick atmosphere of Titan -- Saturn's largest moon -- in mid-January of next year.

The Cassini-Huygens mission is an international undertaking led by three space agencies: NASA, the European Space Agency and Agenzia Spaziale Italiana (ASI), the Italian space agency. Seventeen nations contributed to building the spacecraft. The project is managed by the Jet Propulsion Laboratory (JPL) in Pasadena, California.

Purser's Report

*LCDR T'purr Meowran (a.k.a. Susan Moran)
Chief Purser/Chief of Science*

Renewed Memberships 6/04:

Single Membership – Todd Mcdaniel

New Memberships 6/04:

Family Membership — Beth and Jim Walters

Membership renewal past due:

John Chubb
Brandy Jackson
Randy Jackson

<u>General Fund</u>	<u>\$401.20</u>
<u>Charity Fund (JDF)</u>	<u>\$15.50</u>
<u>Food Fund</u>	<u>\$21.00</u>
<u>Total Balance</u>	<u>\$437.70</u>

Secretary's Report

*LCDR Nathan Cobaugh
Records Officer*

The wonderful world of small. After being at the meeting in June I realized 2 things. 1)What happened to our crew? and 2)Was that actually MATT? Just kidding Admiral. Well you know what they say, Admiral, that when you spot a Turock T'Kill there is rarely a Blobbin in sight. That is what happens when you miss a staff meeting.

July 17th is our Kings Island date by a majority vote which was the entire attendance at the meeting minus 2. Other than missing half the crew and those who left early, only a handful of us remained to actually vote for Kings Island. As secretary I feel I need to point out that the android Captain Critch was stuck in a feedback loop when he spent about 5-10 minutes going on about what to do for an after-ship activity before he finally realized, "UHH, so who actually is going?"

After hearing the paint on the wall and the brief squirming of Critch in his chair, he scanned the room with his shifty eyes and with the puzzled look of a Gungan decided it was time to end the meeting. Which left us to wonder, does Critch need to be overhauled? Or did Starfleet finally convince him he was a toaster? Because for a moment I thought one of his circuits was burning and there was smoke.

The month of July will be a busy one. The first weekend we will be at the Arena for Spider Man, the weekend after will be our meeting and the weekend after on Saturday the 17th we will be going to Kings Island. Which brings me to a couple of choices. I do not know if I will be at the July meeting due to the fact that I may not be able to get the time off two weekends in a row, seeing that I really want to go to KI. I will see what I can do to be able to do both so, my written reports are rather long this month in the event that Critch has my full reports.

Secretary signing off.....



June Meeting Minutes

In Attendance:

Admiral Matt Morris
 Captain Elaine Jackson
 Captain Chris Stephenson
 LCDR Nathan Cobaugh
 LCDR Susan Moran
 LT Babs Bunny
 Daniel Milks
 LT C.J. Biro
 Guests: Terry McPherson
 Jim Walters (Joined during Meeting, rank TBA)
 Beth Walters (Joined during Meeting, rank TBA)
 LT John Chubb
 ENS Todd Mcdaniels (Reupped Membership)



Meeting was called to order at 5:25pm, June 12, 2004. All guests and crewmembers introduced themselves. LCDR Goldblum and VADM Dunn were not present due to prior commitments.

The Captain's report was given. Marcon was declared several times through the meeting to be a success. Daniel mentioned that he knew someone on the Panel committee at Marcon that would be able to get us in on panels next year if we so desired. The Marcon Picnic was discussed. The picnic will take place at noon on July 10, 2004, at the Hoover Y Park. This is also our meeting date, so whoever is attending should be sure to be at the library by 5pm. It was noted that we got a lot of applause and rave reviews for the "Return of the Cardboard Tube Samurai" Skit.

Trek Weekend 2004 (The Maxolympics and Trek Putt 5) was a success as well, raising \$200 for the Boy Scouts of America and Toys for Tots. Rod Roddenberry Jr. Attended. Chris was remade chairman of Trek Galaxy, which hopefully will be able to work closely with/integrate with the Maximillian in future events, such as Trek Putt 6 next year. It was brought up that half of the funds raised at TP6 will go to the Vegas Trip fundraising efforts.

The website is going to be updated thoroughly in the coming weeks.

The Newsletter was 18 pages, with trading cards of ADM Lyon and ADM Morris's personas. There are rumors of a special card for July's newsletter. July 5th is the deadline for newsletter entries.

There was a mess at the Library that was made after our leaving in May. It was not our fault or of our doing, but we did make a point to make sure to pick up our trash and the room was better than it looked when we arrived as we left.

The First Officer was not present to give her report. Our Raffle drive at Riddick brought in \$14.50, equally split between the charity fund and the general fund. Upcoming recruiting drives will take place for Spider-Man 2, Aliens Vs. Predator, and Sky Captain and the world of tomorrow.

The Records Officer was late, but gave his report on projects he was working on. Stationary should be at the next meeting, and Business Cards are available for ordering through Nathan. Through the raffle at the May Anniversary party, we raised \$21 for the food fund, which goes to reimburse Nathan's Wife Sandy for food purchased for us. We will be redoing the raffle/food fund for our Christmas party in December.

The Purser gave her report. A roll of stamps was purchased for \$37 for newsletter mailing purposes. Upcoming expenses include a banner with text, and new sticks and a flag holder for our flags. Names were read of those that needed to reup.

Advisory Staff gave no report.

Chief of Operations spoke about Morphicon, taking place June 25-27.

Science spoke of CPO Moran's successful graduation party, and also of Venus crossing the sun.

The Admiralty spoke briefly.

(Continued on page 6)

Security Report

*LCDR Nathan Cobaugh
Records Officer*

Well, I managed to get to the meeting albeit very late and well into the last 1/4th of it, but I got there. News from Security: All seems well on the ship and the Admiral silently monitors the command staff by creeping up to the table and admiring the newsletter that the Chief of Security has in hand.

After the meeting the remaining crew of the Max, Daniel and I went to Baja Fresh and then went to Carriage Place to see the 9:45 showing of Jersey Girl after a brief stop at Half Price Books in the mall strip there. The Maximillian's after ship activity disbanded around midnight. The next day I got to spend the day with my wife at the Columbus Zoo and got to meet some distant relatives of mine. The company my wife works for had a big company picnic so not only did I spend a day under the blazing hot sun, I got free food. Most of the animals were sleeping or laying in the shade due to the heat, but I did get to see the new baby elephant walk around in the indoor exhibit and found out that they have not named him yet, seeing that they thought he was going to be a she. The Cicadas were so loud that they reminded me of Critch and Babs buzzing about the ship.

On an entirely different note, AMC Theaters at the Lennox is doing a special midnight series once a month. In early May they had Goonies and later in the month had Ghostbusters. In June they had TOP GUN, and for July coming up I do not know yet but will be posting info on Skritweb.com. The reason I bring this up is due to the fact that in August they will be having 3 Star Trek Movies, each for one week. For information, look to your right at the events page. Visit skritweb.com, or email movietrek@skritweb.com for the latest information!

Skrit signing off.....

be running. One will be one week another the next week, and another the week

Skritisms

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh



The ramblings of a Skrit about what else? Movies and TV, Kind of my new hobby while working and everything else. William Shatner recently guest starred in the new movie DODGEBALL in the last half hour as Chairman of the Dodgeball Association with his trademark e-NUN-ci-A-tions which brings a laugh to the audience.

Enough about movies for a moment and briefly touching the TV forum: Patrick Stewart on the History channel for you cable and satellite subscribers. Recently aired, Stewart narrated Quest for King Arthur. Quest explores the history and origins of King Arthur. And just in time before the movie KING ARTHUR comes out this summer starring Kiera Knightly from Pirates of the Caribbean. For more on the History channel's Quest, for those of you with internet, access <http://www.historychannel.com/kingarthur/> and you can order a copy for your own collection on dvd.

On another note, I wanted to take a moment to let everyone know that I update my site religiously, at least 2-3 times a week. I recently added a counter to my site and I have noticed very few actually either know it exists or do not know about what Skritweb actually is. Simply put: Skritweb is an extension of my character and position on the MAX, where I actually have some artwork and animations of Skrit stuff, movie reviews, a history of Skrit, and updates on the activities I work with and/or frequent i.e. movie marathons, upcoming MAX events, etc., etc. Skritweb has been up and running for well over a year now, Skrit being online for even longer. I am also the one who is selling the business cards for the MAX being Secretary, so come on by and visit Skritweb.com and if anyone has any input or suggestions do not hesitate, please email me.



UPCOMING EVENTS

JULY

17 Kings Island Trip Meet at 8:00am
at the Stringtown Rd. Mcdonalds

AUGUST

13, 14, 15 Vulkan
13, 14 Star Trek II at Lennox
14) Alien Vs. Predator Raffle Drive
(Arena Grand)
2:30—8:30
20, 21 Star Trek III at Lennox
21 Meeting
27, 28 Star Trek IV at Lennox

SEPTEMBER

11) Meeting/Auction
14 Music of Hollywood 7:30
Nationwide Arena
18 Sky Captain Raffle Drive
(Arena Grand)
2:30-8:30

TBA: Roleplaying

Positions still open

Armory Chief
Chief of Communications
Transporter Chief
Auxiliary Services
Chief of Intelligence

Submissions to the
August 2004 edition of the Mighty
Max are due on **August 8, 2004.**

Submit to
Critch@maximillian.org
Or 614-595-1325

Meeting Minutes

Beth and Jim Walters rejoined the Maximillian after a long hiatus, having Saturdays off again. Terry McPherson apologized for an email sent to the Command Staff earlier in the year. Todd McDaniels introduced himself. John Chubb spoke briefly about the Colonial Fan Force reaching their financial goals and putting an ad in various newspapers about wanting a Glen Larson based Battlestar Galactica movie (Original cast) in theatres. John will be appearing in an independent film titled "Jack's Habit", playing at the Arena grand beginning friday the 18th of July.

The Vegas Committee is working on plans and will have more to report in July.

The Story Committee is awaiting a final version of the "Year One" Writers Bible, so that a new bible may be fashioned. It is being referred to internally as the "New Testament". The story committee recommended that they be allowed to edit stories before their release.

The Roleplaying Committee was not present, and the plans were briefly recapped.

The Calendar Committee was not present, the deadline for art/picture submissions is September.

OLD BUSINESS

Squirrley is still working on the Business cards.



Musings from the Puddle

*RADM Gregory Dunn
Inspector General*

U.S.S. Maximillian Trading Cards Phase I

This month sees the beginning of the Official (and long overdue) USS Maximillian Trading Cards - Phase I. For the foreseeable future, each issue of The Mighty Max will include one or two cards that will slowly form a set. Due to the expense, these cards will be included with the newsletter for paid members of the crew only. Newsletters that go out to other ships most probably will not receive these cards, but I will see how everything works out. If you wish to obtain extras of a certain card, please see Gregory Dunn or e-mail him at tobecat@rocketmail.com. The per card cost is .50 cents payable to the treasury of the USS Maximillian.

I hope everyone enjoys this addition to the newsletter.

Thank you,

Gregory "Blobbin" Dunn

Meeting Minutes Continued

Blobbin is still working on the Regulations.

Vulkon information was given out. Bruce Boxleitner will not be attending, Claudia Christian will be attending in his place. The price for Saturday only is \$65 with autograph from William Shatner. We will be holding our meeting a week later to accommodate the number of people who will be attending. Vulkon is August 13-15th. Our meeting will then take place on August 21st.

After several votes, the Kings Island trip was decided to take place Saturday, July 17, 2004. We will be meeting at 8am at the Stringtown rd Mcdonalds, just off of 71 south. If you are late, and we are gone when you arrive, meet us down there at 1pm at the Eiffel tower (The side facing the parking lot/entry). There is space available if you do not wish to drive.

Starbase Columbus is interested in having us have a meeting in the main store until they get the other half of the army cleared up/set up. Space concerns were brought up. Midgard Comics is moving into the other half of the Armory space. Special events happening at Starbase were brought up. Contact Starbase for futher information.

NEW BUSINESS

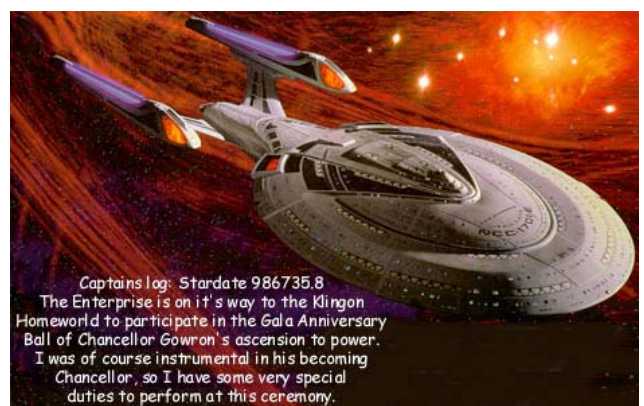
There was a possible conflict for the September Meeting/ Auction, where "The Music of Hollywood" was going to take place up against the meeting, and many members were interested in attending. According to "musicofhollywood.com", the event will actually take place on **TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14** at 7:30 at the nationwide arena. Tickets start at \$27.

There was interest in seeing Red+White+Boom downtown. Since it will be happening July 2, when we will be down at the Arena Grand, we will find a vantage point for it after our usual trip to Mongolian Barbeque that night.

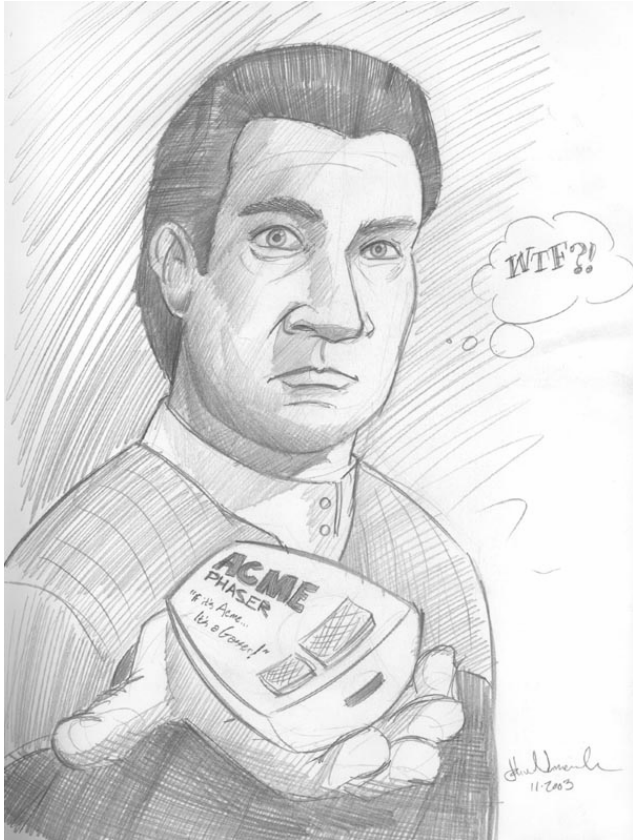
AFTER MEETING ACTIVITY

There was no after meeting activity for this month.

The meeting was closed at 6:50pm.



TO BE CONTINUED...



Here's a pic of Data by John Nunnemacher, who's another Disney animator friend of mine!:)



News from Orlando
 ENS Rachael Steiner
 Communications Officer

Just thought I would send you guys a little update from here in Orlando. I am working at the Magic Kingdom on the World Famous Jungle Cruise. I am a skipper on the cruise and have had so much fun so far with the guests in the park. :)

Keep an eye out on my LiveJournal for some more updates....it's where I'll put most of my immediate updates.

The addy is:
<http://www.livejournal.com/~noodlegirl/>

Home Again Chapter 6
 CAPT Chris Stephenson
 Captain

**Star Trek:
 Maximillian**
 HOME AGAIN
 CHAPTER SIX

Season One, Episode 2
 Written by Chris Stephenson

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

"How many, Mathias?"
 Jaydin stared down the leader of the *Kaipar* religion, far more nervous than she could ever remember being. She had seen the multitudes of people, Bajorans, and quite a few races she couldn't identify. Seen them waiting for their savior, ready to worship her. The reality of the situation had come crashing down upon her, and she now found it difficult to breathe. She turned her focus off of the crowds and onto Mathias, who was backing away, nervously, having

returned her to the waiting room.
 "My...my lady?"
 "How many are out there? This isn't what I would call 'Comparatively small!'"
 "On the scale of the planets..."
 "HOW MANY?"
 Mathias sighed, and regained his composure. He could certainly understand and her ambivalence, and her anger. "Almost a million, Jaydin. Possibly above a million."
 Jaydin looked him, angry but lost, and sank into a nearby chair, and almost whispered. "I can't do this."
 "I know what is going through your mind..."
 "YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS! A million people, waiting for me to say, what? What can I say that will please all of them?"

Mathias shook his head. "Nothing." He crossed the room, and sat next to her. "There is nothing you can say that will fulfill all of their hopes and dreams, all of their ideas of what you should be, and what they want. Instead, you should look to please only one person. Yourself."
 "Whether you choose to believe it or not, Jaydin, you are destined to be here. You are destined to go out there, say what you will say, and then do what you will do. Today is a very small step compared to the ordeals you will undergo. So it is best to stay true to what you are, my lady. To stay true to yourself."

(Continued on page 10)

Buffy Thoughts

Daniel Milks

You know, I was not impressed at all when I heard a Buffy the Vampire Slayer (BtVS) television show was being produced. I had seen a few minutes here and there of the movie, and was not impressed in the least. It appeared to be one of the infamous dumb humor movies that I despise. In fact, I didn't even see a single episode of BtVS until right before the third season had premiered. I had heard a little bit about it, but wasn't really about to seek it out and try it until I had read in a letter that mentioned that it contained some elements similar to Doctor Who.

Of course, with my luck, the first episode I saw wasn't great. But it was interesting and I managed to try to catch it from that point on. For those of you who have a negative opinion of this show based on its title, you really should give it a chance. It does have really good writing, quirky humor, conflict among characters, and interesting character development. These elements are what really appeal to me in television.

The series concerns a reluctant high school heroine who possesses the strength and responsibilities of a Vampire Slayer. Of course, she looks absolutely unlike what you would expect as a slayer. Shortly after transferring to another high school after her first adventure, she meets her new Watcher, Giles. A Watcher's responsibility is to train the Slayer. She also meets Xander, Willow, Cordelia, Oz, and Angel, all of whom make up the "Slaying Club."

The reason all kinds of supernatural things occur is that Sunnydale (the setting for the series) is on a Hellmouth, a gateway to all kinds of demons.

In the show's mythology, a vampire is a corpse reanimated by a demon that feeds on blood. The vampires in this show don't fly or change into bats, but are allergic to stakes and sunlight. They're more down-to-earth. In Angel's case, he's a vampire that has had his soul restored to him as part of a gypsy curse aimed at making him suffer for his crimes. So, he's a good vampire that has to live with the knowledge of everything that his demon host did when he was not in control. He's a tortured character that Buffy develops a romantic interest in. Over the course of the show, the curse is fully explained. Part of the curse was that he would lose his soul again if he ever became truly happy. This caused him to go on an evil rampage through the second half of Season 2, which culminated in him being sent to Hell by Buffy, only to return with his soul restored for unknown reasons.

And now, onto more of the characters: Xander is sort of an archetype for a guy in high school that doesn't fit in. Interested in Buffy, although Willow was interested in him, he wants what he can't have. Willow is an introverted, unconfident computer whiz that doesn't fit in well with other high school cliques. Cordelia is the ultimate snob everybody knew in high school, although she does redeem herself now and again and become a part of the "club." Initially, she is despised by Xander and Willow, but this changes a little. The relationships among the characters do change over the course of the series and I'm not about to spoil all of the changes for you.

Oh, now it gets a bit more complicated. When a Slayer dies, the next one rises. Since Buffy died at the end of the first season (Well, she was only dead for a few minutes), a new slayer rose. Unfortunately for the new slayer, she died and was replaced by Faith, a prominent character in Season 3. Faith is self-centered and thinks she's better than everybody else. One twist in the season is that it appears that she goes over to the side of the demons after killing a human being accidentally.

In broad strokes, these are the main elements. I think the biggest reason the quality of the show is so good is that it is the vision of one person, creator Joss Whedon. Whedon has written and directed a lot of the episodes as well as serving as executive producer, which puts him in a position to give the audience his vision of things—something that television shows written by committee are unable to do. Obviously, some of the plot elements don't hold up to close scrutiny, but if you can suspend your disbelief, you'll find yourself enjoying this show.



HOME AGAIN (Continued)

Jaydin stood up, breathing heavily. "Not much of a pep talk, Mathias."

"I'm all out of pep, my lady." He stood as well. "It is nearly time." Indeed, the crowds had grown silent, and they seemed to be listening to a charismatic speaker, building to the introduction of Jaydin herself. She looked at him, the panic still in her stomach, but she put on a brave face. She had stood up to hardships, embarrassment, and struggles before, and had come through it, if not with shining colors, then at least with some kind of knowledge.

He stood, ready to lead her out, and she waited a moment before falling into step behind him. She was ready to do her duty, and also, to get this over with.

As the two slowly made their way out of the waiting room, and around the arena to a smaller room behind the main stage, another figure took his seat, far up in the stadium itself. He removed many small tools and instruments from a duffel bag he had brought in, and began assembling them. After a few moments, the device began resembling something quite near to a weapon, a large rifle. And the grey haired Bajoran never took his eyes off the stage, off of the podium where the *Kaipar* would soon emerge.

As it happened, as the Bajoran was assembling the rifle, directly below him, at the nearest entrance to the arena, Critch, Skrit, Overload and Databit, along with a squad of the Rapid Response group, entered. Skrit ordered the group to fan out, keeping a low profile, trying to ascertain where the assassin was located. As they began to look around, they realized the futility of their actions.

"There's over a million people in here!" Critch muttered, shaking

his head.

"Actually, there is closer to nine hundred, seventy two thousand, four hundred and fifty four..." Databit spoke up, but was silenced by a stern look from Critch.

"Don't worry. We'll find them. We know they're here, and that gives us the advantage." Skrit tried to put an optimistic face on the situation, but he felt as hopeless about it as any of them. And they were running out of time. He motioned upward into the packed stands. "Critch, move around the crowd. I'm going to get closer to the stage, and Overload will assist me."

They nodded, and Critch grabbed Databit from Overload's clutches. "Can I borrow him?"

"Why?"

Critch placed Databit on his shoulder. "He's going to be useful, for once." Critch looked at him. "Your eyesight isn't as good as mine, but it'll be a big help. Always look in the opposite direction as me, got it?" The miniature android, looking quite pleased with himself, nodded, and began to scan. Skrit and Overload headed down to the stage, as Critch and Databit climbed the stairs.

"What do you need help with?"

Overload asked, inquisitively.

"Not sure yet, but I think I saw something..." He was cut off as the speaker asked for complete silence.

The hopeful voice from the stage rang out into the night. "Please, my people...please quiet..." He paused as the chanting and yelling and calling ended, then continued. "It is my great honor, no, my privilege! To introduce to you who we've been waiting for...for so long." He stopped, lest he be overcome with the emotions of the moment. He looked offstage, then turned back to the audience. "I...I bring you....The LADY JAYDIN! THE *KAIPAR*!"

The members of the *Maximillian* froze in their tracks and their scans, and faced the stage, where Jaydin appeared. She walked cautiously, slowly, carefully to the center, stealing a look back at Mathias, who was looking at her with pride. She stopped at the podium, and was silent for a moment, looking

out at the stunned crowds. She was overcome by the moment, and for a second was afraid that she wouldn't be able to speak at all. She cleared her throat, and as she was about to utter a greeting, not that she had any idea what to say, a bright display began to take place over the back walls. Fireworks of every size and color began to explode, a celebration of their savior, Jaydin supposed.

Overload smiled. "Fireworks!" Skrit nodded. "I've never seen fireworks inside before." She added happily.

"They're not real fireworks..." Skrit suddenly sprung to life. "Holograms." He scanned the stage quickly, searching, searching there! He pointed. "Projectors. Can you do any programming?"

"I think so..." He grabbed her arm and pulled her in the direction of one. Thankfully, they seemed to be unmanned, running automatically. When they reached it, Skrit began hitting buttons on his armband projector.

"Put me into this projector. When the fireworks stop, and everyone's watching Jaydin, put me on the back wall. Use your best judgment, but she needs to see me, got it?"

"Got it!" Skrit crossed his fingers, and then removed his projector, instantly disappearing in a haze of static. Overload grabbed the armband as it fell, and began rapidly hitting buttons on the main projector array, hoping that she could master it's architecture in enough time.

The fireworks went on for another few moments, enough time for a grand finale of sparks and explosions, and then disappeared. Every head turned, and every eye in the arena returned to Jaydin, standing quietly on the stage, as impressed as any of them with the spectacle that had just occurred. She cleared her throat again, trying to silence the butterflies within her, and then she began.

"Thank...Thank you all for coming..." She was interrupted by a great cheer, from the rafters throughout the stands back to her, and she was taken

(Continued on page 11)

HOME AGAIN (Continued)

(Continued from page 10)

aback by the sound of the celebration that had ensued. She thought a moment, then raised her hands, trying to get them back to their state of revered silence. She started again. "This was...quite a surprise for me. For us all...But I..." She stopped, looking up at the stands, at the people, at a strange sight. As all eyes were on her, nobody noticed the strange man, twice the size of any of them, bowing, getting on his knees, really getting into the act.. Nobody knew who it was, or why he was doing it. The crowd murmured for a moment, as Jaydin squinted, and then she knew.

"We must all thank the Elders!" She blurted out without thinking. "We must bow, and give thanks to those that have presented me with the opportunity to be here! Bow to them, show your gratitude!"

As commanded, the audience began to sink to their knees without complaint. The mass sea of people followed the request of them to the letter, worshipping the leaders of their religion, they who had brought their *Kaipar* to them, after so much time.

Critch was caught in his tracks, and was not sure what this was all about. So it was Databit, obediently scanning, who saw the Bajoran, one of the very few who had not followed the lead of his *Kaipar*. Saw his rifle aiming at Jaydin. Realized what was happening, and stood up on Critch's shoulder.

"Huh?" Critch was still very confused, as Databit grabbed his friend's head, and twisted it, so he saw the assassin. Critch muttered an obscenity, and tapped his badge. "Rapid Response Team! Shooter! Section 17!"

They would be too late. As fast as Critch could move, as any of them could move, they could not outrun the laser that would shoot

as soon as the Bajoran realized they were coming for him. Skrit knew this, saw the steadying of the rifle, had only one chance, one thought. He grabbed for his Klingon emblem he wore around his neck, and hoped that the holographic emitter would allow the object to fly towards its destination. He pressed the center, and three blades snapped out from it, sharpened just for an occasion like this one. He reared back, and with a yell, let it fly. The dagger flew through the air, it's aim sharp and true. It struck the rifle where the barrel and the energy generator met. The energy of the hologram mixed with the generator, just as the Bajoran fired. The result was nothing like he intended. The influx of energy caused the rifle's power to turn back, and quite simply, the rifle imploded. All the energy that was contained was released in a terrific explosion, consuming the Bajoran that had foolishly picked that moment to fire. The threat was over.

The panic, however, was about to begin.

It began near the explosion, from those nearby that had witnessed the blast out of the corner of their eyes, and spread outward like a wave of fear, moving over the crowd like a shockwave from a bomb. After their initial stunned shock, there were loud screams, and they began running for the exits, trampling anyone in their way, moving as fast as they could go.

Critch, Overload, and the Rapid Response team tried to calm the crowd, but they were like ants swept up in a tidal wave. They were swept away in the group, Databit clutching tightly to Critch's head as they were thrown about by the mass of Bajorans and other aliens alike, who were rapidly approaching riotous levels. A faint cry was heard over the yells.

"Databit! Droid!"

Critch looked in the direction of the sound, saw Overload trying to climb on top of the rushing crowd. He tried to maneuver closer to her, tried to reach out and grab her hand, to be able to stay together. As he did so, he was pushed roughly, and lost his balance, falling to the ground roughly. He lost track of Databit, and all he could see was the movement and the panic and the noise. He covered his face, felt feet moving over him, stepping on him.

Databit was panicked, climbing up a leg of a rushing Bajoran, who was too concerned with his own safety to care. He made it to his shoulder, and leapt to another, and another, trying to get back to safety, to Overload, the person in this world he trusted more than any other. The crowd was moving too fast however, and he could see her getting farther and farther in the distance, as he was carried away...

Skrit had never felt more powerless. He could only watch as the crowd moved, as one by one he lost track of his friends in the crazed riot that was beginning. He was sorry for causing this, but what choice did he have?

The crowd neared the exits, and if they made it outside, it was quite probable that they would have taken their anger and frustration and fear out on their surroundings, tearing the arena down, burning their city. The mob mentality had taken hold now, fear at being the next target of whatever had caused the explosion in the stands. As they moved, they heard a shrill cry call out into the night, over the loudspeakers and throughout the arena.

"SILENCE!"

The crowd slowed, and turned to see Jaydin, standing tall and unafraid at the podium. She knew what she must do now. She was the only one that they would

(Continued on page 15)

THE HISTORY OF THE MAXIMILLIAN

FADM Robert S. Lyon

Part IV : The Nebula Class

2.4 U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN (NCC-72016)



GENERAL SPECIFICATIONS.

VESSEL NAME: United Space Ship Maximillian (Formerly United Space Ship Pharoh from 18 July 2361 through 13 December 2363)

VESSEL CLASS: Nebula Class
VESSEL REGISTRY: NCC-72016

CATEGORY: Science Starship
BUILDER: Helium Ship Yards, Mars, Sol System

LAID DOWN: 18 July 2361
LAUNCHED: 20 February 2367
COMMISSIONED: 20 May 2368 (Stardate 45382.5)

DEDICATION MOTTO:
"Reach for the Stars, and Grab the future."

BRIEF COMMENTS: Fourth Federation Starship to bear the name.

DISPOSITION: Starship Maximillian was destroyed during battle in the Gamma Quadrant to keep planet Semtar III from falling under the control of Jem'Hadar forces.

PROPORTIONS.
LENGTH: 482.90 meters.
WIDTH: 467.12 meters.
HEIGHT: 142.85 meters
MASS: 312,049 metric tons.
CARGO CAPACITY: 20,000 Metric Tons

STANDARD COMPLIMENT.
COMMISSIONED OFFICERS: 142

ENLISTED PERSONNEL: 503
CIVILIAN (FAMILIES): 0
TOTAL COMPLIMENT: 645
EMERGENCY CAPACITY: 3,000

COMPUTER SYSTEMS
CREW INTERFACE SOFTWARE: LCARS
ACCESS TO MEMORY
SPEED: 4,600 kiloquads/second
NUMBER OF DEDICATED MODULES: 2,048
STORAGE CAPACITY/MODULE: 630,000 kiloquads
CONTINUUM DISTORTION PROPULSION (WARP) SYSTEM
WARP REACTOR: M/ARA
NORMAL CRUISING SPEED: Warp 7.502
MAXIMUM CRUISING SPEED: Warp 9.6
FUEL (MRI): Cold Deuterium
FUEL (ARI): Antihydrogen
M/A REACTION KEY ELEMENT: Dilithium Crystal
FUEL REPLENISHMENT: Bussard Ramscoop
IMPULSE PROPULSION SYSTEM.
IPS FUEL: Slush Deuterium
IMPULSE ENGINE COMPONENTS.
Impulse reaction chamber (IRC) - 3
Accelerator/generator (A/G) - 1
Driver coil assembly (DCH) - 1
Vectored exhaust direc. (VED) - 1
TRANSPORTER SYSTEMS

PERSONNEL TRANSPORTERS (QUANTUM RESOLUTION (LIFEFORM)) - 6.
EMERGENCY TRANSPORTERS (HIGH VOLUME (SCAN-ONLY)) - 6.
CARGO TRANSPORTERS (MOLECULAR (NON-LIFEFORM)) - 8.
SHIP DURATION
EXPECTED LIFETIME: Estimated 100 years.
NUMBER OF LIFETIME MAINTENANCE/UPGRADE LAYOVERS: 200
TIME BETWEEN RESUPPLY: 5 Years.
TIME BETWEEN REFITS: 20 Years.
COMMUNICATIONS NETWORK
INTRASHIP COMMUNICATIONS: Voice and data
PERSONAL COMMUNICATIONS RANGE: 500 kilometers
SHIP-TO-GROUND COMMUNICATIONS RANGE: 38,000-60,000 kilometers.
SHIP-TO-SHIP COMMUNICATIONS SPEED: 18.5 kiloquads/second.
SUBSPACE COMMUNICATIONS SPEED: Warp 9.9997.
SCIENCE AND REMOTE SENSING SYSTEMS
LONG RANGE SENSORS
High resolution maximum effective range -5 light-years
Medium-to-low resolution maximum range -17 light-years
TACTICAL SYSTEMS.
PRIMARY PHASED ENERGY RECTIFICATION (PHASER) EMITTERS.
Type- X.
Number - 12
Power- 5.1 megawatts
PLANETARY DEFENSE PHASED ENERGY RECTIFICATION (PHASER) EMITTERS.
Type - X+
Number--<classified>
Power--<classified>
TORPEDO LAUNCHERS: 14
PHOTON-TORPEDO LOAD: 475 basic casings (110 can be packed with sensor arrays, signal processors, and telemetry systems for launch toward nearby targets).
MAXIMUM TORPEDO SIMULTANEOUS SPREAD: 10 per launcher.



(Continued on page 13)

THE HISTORY OF THE MAXIMILLIAN (Continued)

(Continued from page 12)
EMBARKEED CRAFT
 CAPTAIN'S YACHT
 Number Embarked- 1.
 Vessel Embarked- Minnow.
DANUBE CLASS RUN-ABOUTS
 Number Embarked- 4.
 Vessels Embarked.
 (NCC-72474) United Space Ship Olentangy
 (NCC-72475) United Space Ship Grave Creek
 (NCC-72476) United Space Ship Starscream
 (NCC-72476) United Space Ship Trevere
CARGO SHUTTLE TYPE 9A
 Number Embarked- 5
 Vessels embarked.
 (SHUTTLECRAFT 01) Eupalinus.
 (SHUTTLECRAFT 04) Archimedes.
 (SHUTTLECRAFT 07) Bacon.
 (SHUTTLECRAFT 10) Gutenberg.
 (SHUTTLECRAFT 13) Nicholas.
PERSONNEL SHUTTLE TYPE 7.
 Number Embarked- 5
 Vessels embarked.
 (SHUTTLECRAFT 02) Bauer.
 (SHUTTLECRAFT 05) Lippershey.
 (SHUTTLECRAFT 08) Drebbel.
 (SHUTTLECRAFT 11) Torricelli.
 (SHUTTLECRAFT 14) Huygens.
PERSONNEL SHUTTLE TYPE 6
 Number embarked- 5
 Vessels embarked.
 (SHUTTLECRAFT 03) Hooker.
 (SHUTTLECRAFT 06) Savery.
 (SHUTTLECRAFT

09) Tull.
 (SHUTTLECRAFT 12) Fahrenheit.
 (SHUTTLECRAFT 15) Kay.
SHUTTLEPOD TYPE 16
 Number embarked- 7.
 Vessels embarked.
 (SHUTTLE POD 01) Huntsman.
 (SHUTTLE POD 04) Harrison.
 (SHUTTLE POD 07) Hargreaves
 (SHUTTLE POD 10) Watt.
 (SHUTTLE POD 13) Arkwright.
 (SHUTTLE POD 16) Stephenson
 (SHUTTLE POD 19) Talbot.
SHUTTLEPOD TYPE 15A
 Number embarked- 7.
 Vessels embarked.
 (SHUTTLE POD 02) Montgolfier.
 (SHUTTLE POD 05) Singer.
 (SHUTTLE POD 08) Murdock
 (SHUTTLE POD 11) Whitney.
 (SHUTTLE POD 14) Volta.
 (SHUTTLE POD 17) Daguerre.
 (SHUTTLE POD 20) Lawes.
SHUTTLEPOD TYPE 15
 Number embarked- 7.
 Vessels embarked.
 (SHUTTLE POD 03) Appert.
 (SHUTTLE POD 06) Fulton.
 (SHUTTLE POD 09) Brewster
 (SHUTTLE POD 12) Niepce
 (SHUTTLE POD 15) Macintosh
 (SHUTTLE POD 18) Brunel
 (SHUTTLE POD 21)

Howe
STARFIGHTERS
 Number embarked- 12.
 Vessels embarked.
 (NCC-72016/F01) (NCC-72016/F02) (NCC-72016/F03) (NCC-72016/F04) (NCC-72016/F05) (NCC-72016/F06) (NCC-72016/F07) (NCC-72016/F08) (NCC-72016/F09) (NCC-72016/F10) (NCC-72016/F11) (NCC-72016/F12)
SPHYNX WORKPOD TYPE M1 (Base Module/Sled Attachments).
 Number embarked- 15.
AUTONOMOUS SURVIVAL AND RECOVERY VEHICLES (Mark II ASRV).
 Number embarked- 400 (80 specialized ASRVs with two additional docking ports to increase the packing density and structural integrity of the gaggle).
STARSHIP HISTORY
 2361, (18 JUL): Construction begins on Federation Nebula class starship Pharaoh (NCC-72016) at the Helium ship yards at Mars.
 2363, (13 DEC): In Honor of the Beta Rendala Incident, and the actions of the officers and crew of Federation Excelsior class starship U.S.S. Maximillian (NCC-14238), Starfleet Command, responding to the petitions of the colonists of Beta Rendala II, III, and V, the Federation Nebula class starship U.S.S. Pharaoh (NCC-72016), under construction at Helium ship yards, is renamed U.S.S. Maximillian. The commanding officer of her namesake, Captain Robert Lyon, is assigned as director of construction for the new starship Maximillian. Lieutenant Commander Blobbin volunteers as his co-director.
 2367, (20 FEB): Nebula class Starship NCC-72016 is declared spaceworthy
(Continued on page 14)

The History of the Maximillian (Continued)

(Continued from page 13)

and is launched for trial tests on propulsion and SIF/IDF systems under the direction of construction director Captain Robert Lyon.

2367, (05 Dec): Nebula class Starship NCC-72016 is named U.S.S. Maximillian in honor of the lost Excelsior class starship Maximillian (NCC-14238), making her the fourth Federation starship to bear the name.

2368, SD-45382.5 (20 MAY): Starship Maximillian is commissioned by Starfleet Command. Captain Robert Lyon, the officer who oversaw the final stages of her construction, assumes command. Lieutenant Commander Blobbin accepts a promotion to the rank of commander, serving as Lyon's first officer. During her first year, Maximillian patrolled the Federation/Cardassian border while conducting tests on weapons and tactical systems intended for use against a potential second Borg invasion.

2368, SD-45554.5 (18 JUL): While on routine patrol near the Cardassian border, Starship Maximillian visits planet Sigma Taurus II. Shortly after this mission, Commander Blobbin throws a surprise birthday party for Captain Lyon on the main bridge. Days later, Lyon was verbally reprimanded by Admiral Masters for going against Starfleet bridge protocol. (2)

2368: Starship Maximillian conducts a cultural surveillance update on planet Neural. While on the surface, Commander Blobbin shapeshifts into a mugato, frightening Communications Officer Vaughn.

2368: Starship Maximillian on layover at the Marcon Outpost. Ensign Wilcox was cornered by a vampire-like woman, and couldn't find a way to lose her until the ship left orbit. (2)

2368: Starship Maximillian on layover at the Akaria Base. Captain Lyon, Maximillian operations manager Brian Monk, and Captain Andrew Motter (commanding Federation Excelsior class starship U.S.S. Inchon (NCC-44820) got lost on the local horse trails on the planet surface.(2)

2368: Starship Maximillian visits the Aldebaran colony. Captain Lyon and

Commander Blobbin visit a cafe while on liberty planetside. Upon leaving this cafe, Blobbin forgot to pay for his Thalian chocolate malt. Later he cracks a joke and Captain Lyon ended up spilling his all over his uniform. (2)

2368: Starship Maximillian responds to a distress signal from planet Tulgari, arriving two days after the attack. Maximillian, under the command of Captain Robert Lyon, was the closest starship to Tulgari when the Tulgarian government sent the distress signal. The starship's arrival was too late, as there is no practical antidote for exposure to high concentrations of Berthold radiation. Captain Lyon and his crew, however, were able to aid the survivors by tending to other medical needs, and dispatching supplies necessary for rebuilding Tulgari civilization in the aftermath of the Churgonian attack.

At the recommendation of Captain Lyon, heavy sanctions had been placed on the Churgonian people, and their home system was encompassed by a neutral zone, the crossing of which would be considered an act of war against not only the Tulgari, but against the Federation as well. Any non-Starfleet vessel entering the Churgonian system would be boarded, and the crew detained.

Despite this, the Tulgari have a custom that any wrong committed by an individual, his family, whether related by marriage or blood, can be held accountable for the individual's actions, and that the punishment shall be similar in nature to the crime committed against the victim. In essence, not only was Ankarian without a family, she no longer had a home.

Maximillian recovered the sensitive projects at the Cochrane institute, and the personnel working on them (as a safeguard for Federation interests against a possible second Churgonian attack). Captain Lyon requested Starfleet to dispatch more starships to further aid the Tulgari in their recovery.

2369 (01 JUN): Starship Maximillian returns to Earth. Captain Robert Lyon is promoted to the rank of two-star admiral for posting as co-director, Bureau of ships at Starfleet Command. Captain Turok T'Kill assumes command, and for the next three years, Maximillian patrols the Federation/Cardassian disputed territories. This mission remained relatively uneventful, outside of a few skirmishes with the Car-

dassians.

2371: Commander Blobbin steps down as First Officer of starship Maximillian to accept assignment to Starfleet Special Intelligence. Though he is no longer first officer, Blobbin still remained attached to Maximillian as a base of Operations, using his run-about Trevere for his covert missions. Captain Turok T'Kill assigns Lieutenant Commander Teela Amor as Blobbin's successor to the first officer posting.

2371: Commander Blobbin conducts an intelligence mission on planet Argent Prime. The information he collected served in aiding the mission of Starship Maximillian when she arrived.

2372, (04 FEB): Starship Maximillian assigned to reconnaissance mission in the Gamma Quadrant. (1)

2372, (12 JUN): Starship Maximillian on a recon mission in the Gamma Quadrant when she was attacked by two Jem'Hadar warships. Though badly damaged, and taking considerable casualties, Maximillian was able to defeat and neutralize their attackers with the weapons and defense systems designed to fight the Borg. Captain T'Kill managed to bring the vessel through the Bajoran Wormhole before Jem'Hadar reinforcements could arrive.

2372, (15 JUN): Upon arrival in the Alpha Quadrant, starship Maximillian docked at Starbase Deep Space Nine to stabilize some of the more critical systems before moving on to a nearby repair facility. While at DS9, Maximillian's Captain T'Kill recieved orders to proceed to Starbase 161 for mission debriefing and crew rotation.

2372, (20 JUL): Minor systems upgrade and structural repair to the hull of Starship Maximillian completed. Captain Turok T'Kill, currently in command of Maximillian, receives a promotion to one-star admiral. Maximillian is assigned to TacFleet, Starship Group 3, and serves as flagship to Fleet Admiral Robert Lyon. Commander Blobbin receives promotion to the rank of captain, and begins preparation for an upcoming covert mission.

2372: Captain Blobbin receives orders to undertake an extended top secret intelligence mission.

2372, SD-49947.5 (12 DEC): Starship Maximillian on routine patrol and escort duty in the Gamma Quadrant as flagship of Task Force Gamma-Two, with Federation

Home Again (Continued)

(Continued from page 11)

listen to.

"RETURN TO YOUR SEATS!"

She commanded, thinking that her power as their spiritual leader would suffice to make them do whatever she asked. They held still for a moment, as though considering her idea, and then they slowly began moving.

"I understand you may not want to be here now, but none of you want to be here less than ME!" She spoke heavily as they regained their seats. Critch stood up wearily, and Databit ran across the emptying floor to a very relieved Overload. All eyes were now on Jaydin, and this time, there was no interruption.

"This is not the Bajor I know, where people will run away from a challenge, where we have fear. There is no more time for fear. Something is coming. You all believe it, and it no longer matters what I believe. You must be strong! We must all now be strong.

"Let me tell you about me. I was born on Bajor, grown up here, lived my life here, through the occupation. The same occupation that took my mother, my father, my family away from me, and I was afraid. And I left Bajor, left it far behind, joined the Federation, and learned about the universe.

"You don't know me. My name is not *Kaipar*. I may be who you believe me to be. But more than that, I am Jaydin. And I know that it isn't time for me to stay here, at least not yet."

She paused for a moment as the groans and cries for her to stay rang out, then continued.

"It is clear that there is still much work to be done, unifying the different cultures here. We must be one Bajor if we are to stand against the coming storm." She spoke as though possessed. Even the cynical Critch had to admit there was something more at work here. "I must leave you, to learn more about the danger we face. In

my stead, I leave someone far, far more deserving of the honor and power you have given to me." She pointed off stage, at the man who had tried to mentor her for this short time. She gestured, and he, reluctantly, began to walk on stage.

"This is Mathias. You know him as the man that brought me here. Now follow him. He has given up family, love, and his future for you. He will lead you towards the coming fight!" He whispered, panic-stricken, in her ear.

"My lady..."

She continued. "You will follow his orders, and never doubt his convictions." She stopped, and looked, truly looked, at the expectant faces that looked at her. Some were crying. Now that their *Kaipar* had come home, she was to leave again?

Jaydin raised her head. "And when, not if, WHEN, I return, we shall rage against our fears and nightmares until they are utterly destroyed, and Bajor shall be victorious!" She raised a fist in triumph, and victorious, hopeful cries sprung out from all over the arena as the crowd came to their feet.

"Hail Jaydin! Hail the *Kaipar*! Hail Bajor!"

Satisfied, and nodding to her awed friends, she began to walk off stage, whispering to Mathias as she passed, "It's your turn."

"But...Lady Jaydin...I don't know what to do..."

She smiled. "You will." She walked off, eager to see her friends again...eager to return home.

The *Maximillian* hung against the brightened surface of Bajor, the sun reflecting off its hull. The last repairs had been completed, the hull had been patched, and they were ready to embark on their next adventure. Inside the bridge, things were finally back to normal. Jaydin, out of sick-bay, had gotten apologies from several members of the crew for the way they had treated her, though there were still some strange looks towards her sometimes. She was learning to accept them, though it was coming with the territory apparently.

She looked over the bridge, at Critch and Overload snipping at each other at the Ops center, as they always did when Overload arrived early to relieve him at the station. She looked at Kelvok, stoic as usual, and at the rest of the bridge crew, doing their jobs as efficiently as always. She smiled. There was no place like home.

Kelvok turned to her. "Commander Jaydin, if you could do the honors?"

She smiled, and looked at Bajor. She would come back here, maybe not soon, but she would return. Then she spoke. "Take us out, Commander Starblade."

The *Maximillian* moved through space effortlessly, and jumped to warp, disappearing amongst the stars...

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1. Forms of Life

The price of fame could cost LT Squirley and LCDR Skrit their friendship...and Skrit his freedom.

Wing Commander's Report

CAPT Charles Connor
Shuttle Ops

Greetings from the Shuttle Bay.

June 21, 2004 was a milestone in Avionic history with successful flight of Spaceship One the worlds first Privately manned space vehicle. Launched form the Undercarriage of a Specially designed launch Plane called the "White Knight," Spaceship One reached a record Altitude of 328,491 ft or Approximately 62 miles from the Earth's Surface. Test Pilot Mike Melvill became the first civilian pilot to earn astronaut wings.



The following is an excerpt from their official press release,

"This flight begins an exciting new era in space travel," said Paul G. Allen, sole sponsor in the SpaceShipOne program." "Burt Rutan and his team at Scaled Composites are part of a new generation of explorers who are sparking the imagination of a huge number of people worldwide and ushering in the birth of a new industry of privately funded manned space flight."

The historic flight also marks the first time an aerospace program has successfully completed a manned mission without government sponsorship. "Today's flight marks a critical turning point in the history of aerospace," said Scaled Composites founder and CEO Burt Rutan. " We have redefined space travel as we know it."



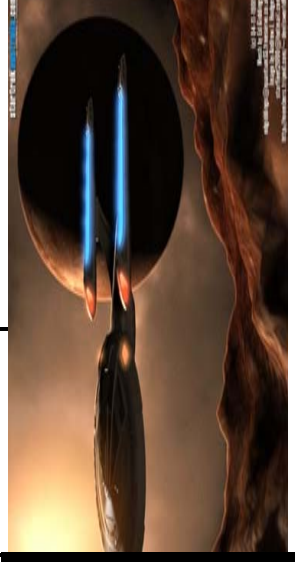
"Our success proves without question that manned space flight does not require mammoth government expenditures. It can be done by a small company operating with limited resources and a few dozen dedicated employees."

End of press release excerpt. for the full story and more info you can access their web site at <http://www.scaled.com/projects/tierone/062104-2.htm>



AUGUST 2004

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5 John Chubb, Sarah Moran- Birthday	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13 Vulcon Trek 2 at Lennox	14 Vulcon AVP Arena G. Trek 2 at Lennox
15	16	17	18	19	20 Trek 3 at Lennox	21 Meeting Trek 3 at Lennox
22	23	24	25	26	27 Trek 4 at Lennox	28 Trek 4 at Lennox
29	30	31				



STAR TREK
U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN
 FAN ASSOCIATION

First Officer's Report

CMDR Robin Goldblum
Executive Officer/Chief Medical Officer

Hello everyone! I hope the summer is going well for all. The Spider-man 2 recruiting drive went very well. All the members that attended the Red, White and Boom Fourth of July ceremony had a fantastic time. The fireworks were awe inspiring.

My absence from the meeting last month was due to an away mission with the Off-World Animal Program. I saw so many interesting animals that walked, flew, swam, hopped and even some that hitched rides with other animals. For instance, the Aldarian toad swallows her eggs after laying them. She stops producing digestive acids and keeps her eggs safe from predators inside her stomach. When the time has come, she spits out all her little babies. Now that's true motherly love!

Lastly, a quick reminder for any crew members keeping pets on board: they need yearly check-ups also. Better to catch a developing problem early than wait until it is to late!!

James "Scotty" Doohan III with Alzheimer's Disease

SKY News

The actor who played Scotty in TV's Star Trek has Alzheimer's disease.

James Doohan, 84, also has Parkinson's disease, diabetes, lung fibrosis and suffered a bout of pneumonia.

His Wife Wende,47, said: "With Jimmy it's the loss of words. He is not so sick yet that he doesn't know people.

"And there are times when he is as sharp as a tack. But it's the older memories that stick.

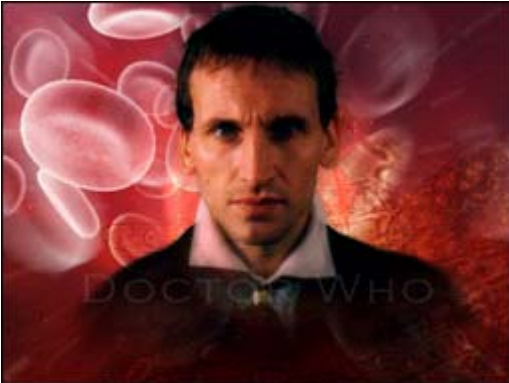
"What he had for breakfast might be an iffy thing, but golly he could tell you all about how he got the part in Star Trek."

Jimmy's character was told on the US Enterprise: "Beam Me Up Scotty."

A tribute to the actor is to take place in Hollywood next month.

The New "Who"

Excerpts from the official Dr. Who BBC Website interview with Christopher Eccleston



During a recent visit to London, the new Doctor took time to chat with us about getting the coolest job on TV.

What was it like auditioning for the role?

It was quite nerve wracking, as all auditions generally are. I had an initial meeting at a hotel in Manchester with Phil Collinson, Russell T Davis and Julie Gardner.

Russell I know very well. Julie I know well, because I worked with her on Our Friends In The North and Othello for ITV.

We had an initial chat, and they indicated to me that I was a strong contender, as far as they were concerned, but the BBC is a big organisation and a lot of people had to okay it.

Then, about two weeks later, I had to go to the BBC in Manchester and go on videotape. Now, at the same time, I was rehearsing a play and working on an accent, but I said to Russell that I wanted to learn all the scenes. I did learn all the scenes, [and] it was quite a pressured time because I was trying to rehearse the play, trying to do an Essex accent but also trying to think about Doctor Who.

I went in on a Saturday afternoon at about 3 o'clock and spent an hour. Russell directed it really and they videotaped it and sent it off. And then they had to wait two or three weeks - and the waiting is hard.

The waiting is hard because either your life is going to change forever or you are just going to carry on. But I was fine about that because I had other offers. I had been offered a play in the West End and there was a film in South Africa, so I knew in those terms that my future was secure. If I hadn't had done Doctor Who my career would have continued as it has, but this is a more populist turn for me, really.

(Continued on page 19)

THE NEW "WHO" (Continued)

(Continued from page 18)

What was it about the part that most attracted you?

Russell T Davies. I was asked to audition for the Doctor Who film five or six years ago, and it was a very firm "No" from me, because really it hadn't resonated with me for a long time.

I remember Troughton and I remember Baker and I remember Pertwee and I enjoyed it - well, to a certain extent. They were a little bit - for a kid from a council estate - foppish. I enjoyed the escapism of that, but there was a distance for me.

I hope to a certain extent with my Doctor we can address that and attract kids who are very sophisticated in terms of what they're watching on video. If we can aim it at the social fabric of the country and the background they come from - the equivalent of the kid I was in the 70s from a council estate in Greater Manchester, City of Salford - that would be great.

Is there any period of history or any place you're keen visit?

Of all the times I'd like to go back to - because it's an emotional thing - I'd like to go back to Salford in the 60s or maybe even the Salford of my mother and father's childhood.

I'd quite like to see that council estate that I grew up on when I first started watching Doctor Who. Doctor Who started in 63, I was born in 64, and I just think it would be curious emotionally to see the streets as they were then, see my own family then and the country there.

[When] Wilson was talking about "the white heat of technology" and all that, Doctor Who was born out of that, out of a kind of innocence in the face of industrialisation and sophistication. He was a reply to that and I'd quite like to see that time.

Has anybody suggested what accent the Doctor should have?

Well that would be my decision, I won't be told to do too much, because I'm going to have to be with him. Whatever accent we decide then I'm the one that has to live with it and feel comfortable with it.

He's not going to be a toff, he's not going to be an aristocrat nor is he going to be defiantly working class, he's going to be somewhere inbetween. I would imagine, he'll sound like I sound now, with perhaps some of the much stronger elements of my accent and some of the roles that I've been associated with will be... It's not about an accent, it's about his heart, or his two hearts.

Are you doing massive amounts of research, or are you just going to the part from the script?

At the moment I'm concentrating on the play, but what I will be doing is reading the Doctor Who bible. [In his dressing room is a well-thumbed copy of Justin Richards' Doctor Who: The Legend, with a croissant sitting on top of it].

I want to know all the basic stuff like the two hearts and the fact that I think he's allowed (I think) 13 regenerations.

I want to know all that, I want to go right back to the roots. It's what I always do with a character anyway, and I'll verse myself in all the basic stuff about him, the stuff that he was born out of, the fact that he was borne out of that innocent time. Then I'll put that together with what Russell's doing - and I'm very in tune with what Russell's doing as I hope Second Coming demonstrated - so I want him to be both very traditional and very modern.

Dr. Who Premieres on BBC sometime in 2005.

Farscape Continues

SCI FI announced it will be bringing back *Farscape* with an all-new miniseries — called *Farscape: Peacekeeper War* — slated to air in the fourth quarter of this year. The four-hour miniseries picks up where the cliffhanger series finale left off and will reunite John Crichton (Ben Browder), Aeryn Sun (Claudia Black) and the rest of the Moya crew.

Farscape creator Rockne O'Bannon and executive producer David Kemper wrote the miniseries, which was directed by Brian Henson. *Peacekeeper War* was produced by the Jim Henson Company and Hallmark Entertainment, and executive produced by Robert Halmi Jr.

Harry Potter 6 Title Revealed

J.K. Rowling, Author

The Title of the book will be "Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince."

"I was delighted to see that a hard core of super-bright fans knew that the real title was once, in the long distant past, a possibility for 'Chamber of Secrets', and from that deduced that it was genuine. Certain crucial pieces of information in book six were originally planned for 'Chamber of Secrets', but very early on (first draft of Chamber) I realised that this information's proper home was book six. I have said before now that 'Chamber' holds some very important clues to the ultimate end of the series. Not as many as six, obviously, but there is a link.

"Anyway: if you continue to exercise patience, you will find that the Do Not Disturb Door opens again... and again... giving you further hints about book six. But as a little bonus, and compensation for having been messed around by Mr. or Ms. Storgé, I shall tell you one thing without making you shift any bricks at all: the HBP is neither Harry nor Voldemort."
And that's all I'm saying on that..."

Berman on Season Four

[Http://www.trekweb.com](http://www.trekweb.com)

Speaking in the new issue of STAR TREK magazine in the United Kingdom, STAR TREK: ENTERPRISE producer Rick Berman says he and co-creator Brannon Braga along with executive producer Manny Coto are mapping out the new season and how "Zero Hour"'s cliff-hanger will be resolved.

"We've already mapped out the first six or seven episodes, in a general sense. We've got a story beat out for the first episode," he says in excerpts provided to TrekWeb. "The Xindi arc will be resolved within the first three episodes. And when I say the Xindi arc I mean the predicament of where our characters now find themselves."

Berman says although season four won't see the crew on a mission to save the entire human race again, don't expect a return to the quieter tone of seasons one and two.

"I think that after that we've got some very high-concept mini-arcs that we're interested in," he tells the mag. "Just as when we did STAR TREK: FIRST CONTACT, we couldn't do a movie about Picard and company saving the future from being destroyed, we can't do another season-long on ENTERPRISE that involves Archer and company trying to save humanity. On the other hand, we don't feel that we want to go back to the Season One and Season Two concept of 'we're out there exploring space,' period."

The exec alludes to several on-going story arcs that will populate the show's fourth year.

"We're in the process now of developing smaller arcs -- arcs that will run two, three, maybe four episodes -- which will continue during the course of the season," Berman reveals. "We've got a couple of them that I think are going to have some big surprises and things that will hearken back to perhaps THE ORIGINAL SERIES. We'll bring in some actors, and possibly some characters, that are very familiar to our audience."

You can read the full interview in issue 116 of STAR TREK Magazine, available in the UK July 16th. ENTERPRISE is expected to begin production mid-month.



New "Enterprise" Season opens with "Storm Front"

[Http://www.trekweb.com](http://www.trekweb.com)

STAR TREK: ENTERPRISE will kick off its fourth season with a two-part episode titled "Storm Front," according to sources speaking with TrekWeb this morning. The episode will pick up where May's "Zero Hour" left off: Archer in the clutches of alien Nazis who, it turns out, occupy the entire East Coast of the United States circa 1944.

Stuck in Nazi New York City, Archer must engineer his escape and find out what has happened. It turns out that aliens called 'Na'khul' -- a new faction in the temporal cold war -- are manipulating the Nazis and are responsible for their incursion into the United States. Their leader, 'Vosk', even meets with a high-ranking German general in the White House to discuss details of an operation.

While being held captive by an ambitious S.S. officer escorting him through New York, Archer manages to escape during an ambush and teams up with resistance fighters. Archer meets 'Alicia Silvers', a thirtysomething African American woman from Brooklyn who tends to the future Starfleet captain's injuries. Former mobsters have joined the fight against the Nazis, bringing 'Salvatore' -- an Italian man -- into the fold after his wife is taken to a labor camp. Salvatore is skeptical of Archer, as is a Polish man from Brooklyn named 'Prazki' who provides information to the group about alien involvement with the Nazis.

"Storm Front" will begin production next week under the direction of veteran STAR TREK helmer **Allan Kroeker**. This information should be treated as rumor until officially confirmed by Paramount.



A Tale of Skrit

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh

'Twas an Earth Standard day in the
Alpha Quadrant,
The good starship Lollipop, excuse
me... Maximillian,
Was making her rounds exploring
uncharted space...

Captain Tamak was as usual running
amuck,
One would swear that he was full of
hot air,
Whilst he shouted commands from the
captain's chair.

And yes this is before Captain Tamak
At some point in his command was
killed.
For this story takes place during his
captaincy.

It is at this point in our story,
That during an away mission,
While exploring an M-Class planet,
we meet Dr. Alexander.

Dr. Nathan Alexander had been a
faithful crewmember
And Chief of Medical on the Maxi-
millian for almost 5 years,
So it was no wonder why Captain
T'Kill let him go on this away mis-
sion.

Everything was going quite well on
their exploration
Of this one M-Class planet,
Little did the doctor know of what was
yet to come.

The tricorder picked up some peculiar
fluctuations,
Of something near and unseen,
The doctor swore that the patterns
indicated something alive.

Without realizing his overconfidence
in his abilities,
The doctor briefly wandered away
from the group,
In search of the source of these pat-
terns.

To the regular observer, these patterns
were unrecognizable,
However, the doctor saw something in
them
That was very similar to the vibrations

of something familiar.

And so he ventured out a few meters and
to his surprise,
Right before his very eyes,
A mass of energy coalesced in front of
him.

This mass of energy had a squiggly ap-
pearance,
In what seemed to be an "S" shape with
an odd shaped head.
Dr. Alexander simply stared and tried to
comprehend the readings.

The doctor touched a command button on
the tricorder,
And as the tricorder began to process the
data,
The creature extended a tendril towards
the tricorder.

The device registered extreme fluctua-
tions on the EM band,
As the creature attempted to interface
with it.
Before he could react, Dr. Alexander felt
the surge as well.

For one brief moment, the doctor thought
he felt a consciousness.
And then his body began to heat up.
He began to wonder "Is this what a dis-
ruptor feels like?"

Instinctively, he tapped his communicator
twice,
To indicate emergency and immediate
transport to sickbay.
Dr. Alexander felt the familiar sensation
of the transporter.

As soon as the transporter engaged he
knew he was no longer alone.
Something...no someone else was there
with him,
And he realized that this someone else
was keeping him alive.

By the time he arrived in sickbay he knew
something was wrong,
He couldn't see nor could he feel any-
thing.
But he could hear the voices of the crew.

He heard the head nurse shouting for sta-
bilizers and stimulants,

And that brain wave patterns were
exceeding normal variants,
Then a voice spoke in his mind that
he COULD feel.

"What in blazes?" the nurse said.
"His cellular structure is degrading
and doing something!!!
OH MY LORD, is he mutating or
disintegrating?"

The voice was a part of that con-
sciousness he encountered,
He knew that now, a part of him no
longer felt fear,
For this "consciousness" existed
peacefully.

"I understand you now," the voice
said.
"More than you realize, I deeply re-
gret what has happened.
We can coexist, but only if you allow
it. You do not have to die
today."

Dr. Alexander's body lay on the med
table convulsing and defying
All known medical science as the
nurses worked to try to keep him
alive.
At this point the medical bay's trans-
porter engaged baffling the crew.

What was once Dr. Alexander now
resided in the pattern buffers
Of the medical bay's transporters.
The command crew had arrived in
sickbay just moments before.

The chief engineer's voice was heard
on the comm line.
"Captain? We just got an energy
surge.
Ship's systems just increased by 20
percent efficiency."

"Understood," the Captain said.
"Keep me updated if anything out of
the ordinary happens.
By the way, would you be able to
explain why the transporter en-
gaged?"

"Yes, Captain. It would appear that
the computers initiated

**A Tale of Skrit
(Continued)**

(Continued from page 21)

the transporter to prevent some explosion that was about to occur in the sickbay. Did someone set off something?"

"It would seem Chief, that the computers were acting properly. Unfortunately, Dr. Alexander is no longer with us due to....

An incident that occurred on the surface, cause is yet unknown."

"Acknowledged, Captain. I will keep you posted, In the event that anything irregular occurs. Engineering out."

"Captain Tamak?"
"Yes," Tamak said. "What is it, the ship's computer?"
He asked his First Officer.

The computer replied, "Permission requested to activate the EMH, Is permission granted?"
"Why not?" Turock muttered.

"Computer please activate the Emergency Medical Hologram."
The entire command staff present did a double take
As they saw Dr. Nathan Alexander

materialize.

"Please state the nature of the medical emergency."
Tamak was the first to respond, "Doctor?"
"Yes, you green blooded son of a .., of course it's me."

"What just happened, Doctor?" Tamak asked.
It would seem that I had a run-in with a unique life-form,
And now the two of us are one."

"I am going to be stuck here in sickbay due to some physical limitations.
If I step outside of sickbay without something to maintain my Form as a humanoid, you will not recognize me."

"Until then, you can get used to me being a hologram.
Sorry to frighten you all,
However, if you step into my office, I can brief you with all the details."

"After all, we all know what happens when you miss a staff meeting.
The last thing we need is a hot blooded Romulan
Like Turock breathing down our neck."

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

**Star Trek:
Maximillian**

**BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER
Chapter Thirteen
RETRIBUTION
Written by Chris Stephenson**

Editors Note: This story is a serial novel, taking place about 3 years ago, using characters that served on the Maximillian at that point in time. New chapters can be found monthly in "The Mighty Max" and online at Maximillian.org Past chapters can also be found at Maximillian.org.

The floor erupted almost as if on command from beneath Critch's feet, sending him flailing backwards, caught unaware. Regaining his footing, he hurried back, away from where the broken metal grating was raining down. As his eyes focused, he saw a large pair of hands grasping the sides of the newly made hole, pulling up their owner, a large grey creature. The lighting made it difficult to make out anything about the thing, only the color and it's size. It was bulky, almost as if made out of clay by an inattentive five-year-old. As it brought it's legs to bear on the platform, Critch noted that it had three, two in the regular positions, and one extending back, almost like a tail. It moved sideways awkwardly, sniffing the air with one large nostril to the side of it's face. Four long arms, two on each side, extended towards the floor and seemed to act as some sort of balance. It swayed it's head around the room slowly, before settling it's gaze on Critch. As the creature began to move towards him, the android took in a deep breath.

"Oh boy..."

A deep, mournful wail encompassed the launch bay of the Maximillian, as the few Klingon members of the crew howled towards the heavens over the burned body of Captain S'quid Tai Septaric. After a moment of silence, Commander Kragnar stepped forward, and began to chant in a loud and clear tone, almost as if challenging the gods themselves.

(Continued on page 23)

Yeoman's Report

*ENS Melanie Brackney
Yeoman*

I realize that Marcon was in March and this is the first week of July but, due to massive computer problems I kept losing the material that I had written. Anyway, I just wanted to share my Marcon experience with all of you, so you can see what it's like for a person that is new to the whole event.

I believe that Marcon was probably the most interesting and unique event that I have ever been a part of. I got to have my scream played for a very large, roomful of people. I got to dance with a samurai with a lampshade over his head. I found out that watching Buffy is so much better with a group of people. I had random people come up to me afterwards to tell me how well I sang (am I really that loud? Okay, better to not answer that). I also got to see a real life Johnny Depp look-a-like, too bad I didn't have a camera. Of course, there were some traumatizing parts such as Clitty the break dancing vagina (can I write that in here?). As well as getting hit on by some 300 lb pirate. But other than that my experience was pretty positive and I can't wait to go next year. Hopefully, next year I'll be able to go without parental supervision. We shall see.

BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER (CONTINUED)

(Continued from page 22)

"Ki-naH-naH, lo-maytoo; Ki-naH-naH, lo-maytaH; "Ko-no-ma ... Ko-no-mayy ... No-no-ma ... Ko-no-MAAAYYY...."

At that, he grew silent, and caught Admiral Lyon's eye. With a dark glare, he and the other Klingons moved off, and exited the bay. Lieutenant Commander Kelvok noticed that LT Thomas had a confused look on her face, through the sadness. When she noticed, she nodded towards the Klingons.

"Why are they leaving? It's not over yet..."

Kelvok nodded. "Their ritual is over. They have stared into her eyes, to look death into the face. They have wailed, to warn the Klingon afterlife that 'a warrior is about to arrive'. Any further ceremony will not involve them, as they believe the body is unimportant. Only the spirit,

which has passed on, as any bearing to them. They will now celebrate her life on the holodeck, with blood-wine and song. Does this answer your question, Lieutenant?"

"Yes..." She turned her attention back to the funeral, as a sorrowful song began to play throughout the bay, indeed pumped through the speakers to the entire ship.

Critch was being forced backwards, doing everything he could to block the powerful blows raining down from this new foe, which answered his question if there were any other inhabitants on this vessel. Each arm seemed to strike effortlessly, but with a power Critch had rarely seen, and the blows pushed him back further and further. He was nearing an impasse, a large brown wall, and he knew he was going to have to make a comeback soon, lest he go through the wall. He risked predicting the creature's

next move, and fortunately for him guessed correctly, slapping the fist to the side and landing a blow of his own, across the creature's face.

The creature staggered back, obviously surprised, and Critch saw his opening. He began to land a series of blows on the creature, hoping that it's head was a weak spot. As the creature kept moving backwards, Critch began to think he would now win easily, and punctuated his punches with words, trying to weaken it's mind further.

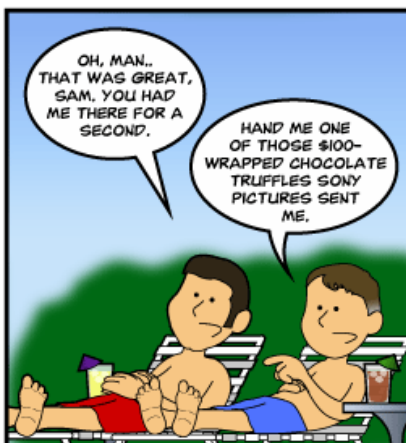
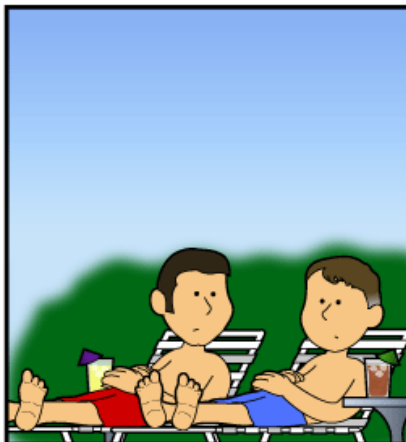
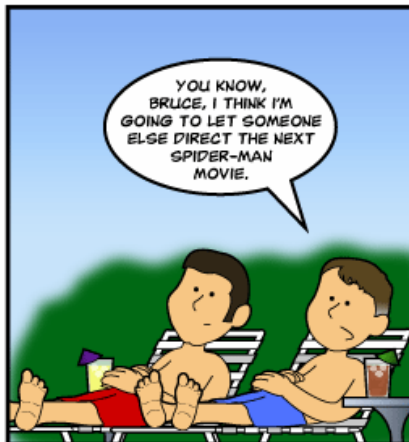
"How about a little of THIS! And some of THIS! And..."

The words had the opposite effect on the creature, who, instead of trying to block Critch's next hit, moved two hands in a hard slapping motion, the impact of which threw Critch aside, and across the room, landing hard against a large bit of machinery, stunning him for a second. A light over Critch's head illuminated him as he rose slowly, and the creature advanced on him, seeing only a shadow figure in front of it...

There were no speeches, no music anymore. Just a line of sharply dressed officers lining the tunnel leading to where the coffin would be shot out into space. Admirals Lyon and Turock both had their heads down, and Admiral Blobbin was dressed in the form of Klingon Dress, with Bat'leth on his back. The coffin began to move, breaking the moment of silence, and instead of the all-to-familiar tone of 'Amazing Grace' being played, instead it was a section of a Klingon Opera that Septaric had enjoyed. As it played loudly, the coffin passed by the Captain's officers, many holding in tears, trying to make their leader proud, even though she had only been in command a short time. But as had been said many a time throughout history, the rank was what was important. She had always treated them fairly, and for her part, had accomplished far beyond anything that was expected of her. So one by one her officers saluted her as the coffin moved past them, to Captain S'Quid Tai Septaric's final reward.

With the speed, sound, and look of a Quantum Torpedo being launched, the

(Continued on page 24)



BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER (Continued)

(Continued from page 23)

coffin shot out of the specially constructed torpedo tube, past a nearby sun, and beyond the final frontier.

The creature moved closer, and Critch braced himself for the battle to resume. After a moment, however, he realized that there was no battle...nothing at all was happening. Critch looked at the creature, who was simply staring into space, staring at Critch, as though transfixed by a vision, or coming into some kind of great realization. Then, it dropped to the floor, the back leg coming up to allow the front legs to kneel, and it bowed to Critch then, as though he was some sort of mythical figure, and it muttered in a language that the universal translator couldn't pick up, a guttural type of "Ka ka ka...k...k...Ka...." It came to Critch that with the light, this was the first time that the creature had seen him fully. He shook his head, bewildered at the turn of events, and cautiously moved closer. He attempted to speak to the creature. Something was nagging him in the back of his brain...something about the language, as though he could almost understand what the creature was saying. He shook it off, no time for him to get lost in unknown things. If he could get this creature to a point where it wasn't trying to kill him, then this could be turned into an advantage.

The crew was assembled in the bay now, after the funeral, still paying their respects to their fallen Captain. Admiral Lyon stood on the balcony, much as he had when he first informed them of the task they were about to undertake. He marveled at how much had changed since that first meeting, at the tragic events that had occurred, and wondered how many of them were his doing. He shook it off. There was no time for thoughts of that nature now. If

they were going to make it out of this, they had to finish what they started. It was all going to come down to timing. He looked at Lieutenant Thomas, who nodded at him. Fine then. Here we go. He cleared his throat, amplified by the sound system, and the general ambient noise quieted down for their Admiral, who at this point many knew was acting as their Captain.

"Thank you. This is a time of sadness, but we can't dwell on that now. The vessel has resumed it's course for Earth. We now have one chance to intersect it.

"We must now, in the short time we have before we intercept the object, amplify the damage by the Errsedorian weapons. We did hurt them, and we can destroy them! But we can't give up, not when we're so close. This is a time we can stand tall, and we will make ourselves known. We will not fall here or any other day, we will stand between our foe and our destruction and our enemy shall rue the day he challenged us! It is time to prove what this ship can do! Lieutenant Thomas! Is the warp drive back online?"

"...Yes." She answered tentatively.

"Then command staff to the bridge. Red alert, all hands at battle stations."

The crew tapered off, but they didn't seem as energized as he had hoped. As though answering the unasked question, Turock spoke from behind him.

"They know what you did, Rob."

"...They'll do their jobs."

"Long as you don't get us blown apart in the process." Blobbin pudged away, eager to test a few ideas he had on the weapons. Lyon glared at him.

"Federation...Do you speak Federation?" Critch was trying to communicate with the creature, but for the fifth time, all he got back was a series of the same "Ka Ka" noises he had already tired of hearing. It was incredibly frustrating, though he could guess what the creature was saying, probably the same question Critch was asking it. Trying a different tack, he pointed at his mouth, and the creature's ears, at least where he guessed the creature's ears were,

since the head was perfectly flat on the sides, and then he pointed at it's mouth, and Critch's ears. The creature just looked at him blankly, it's three eyes focused on him, and a toothless mouth formed a sort of frown.

Critch slumped to the ground, his back supported by the same machinery that he had hit earlier. Suddenly, the creature appeared to straighten up further, it's full nine-foot height exposed, and pointed into the distance, somewhere that Critch couldn't see. It moved a few steps toward where it had pointed, then pointed again, this time with another hand pointing at Critch. Sighing, Critch stood up. It was like following the strangest puppy in the universe, but it wasn't like he had a whole lot of options at this point. Together they walked, the strange pair, through the bowels of the vessel, even as it drew ever nearer to Sector 001...to Earth.

The starship Maximillian began to move slowly, then faster, until it's nacelles lit up and it rushed off into space, stretching to a long line of blue-white light, and fading in a flash far into the distance, accelerating to speeds at the height of it's limit, leaving behind a ruined system, and moving towards their fates.

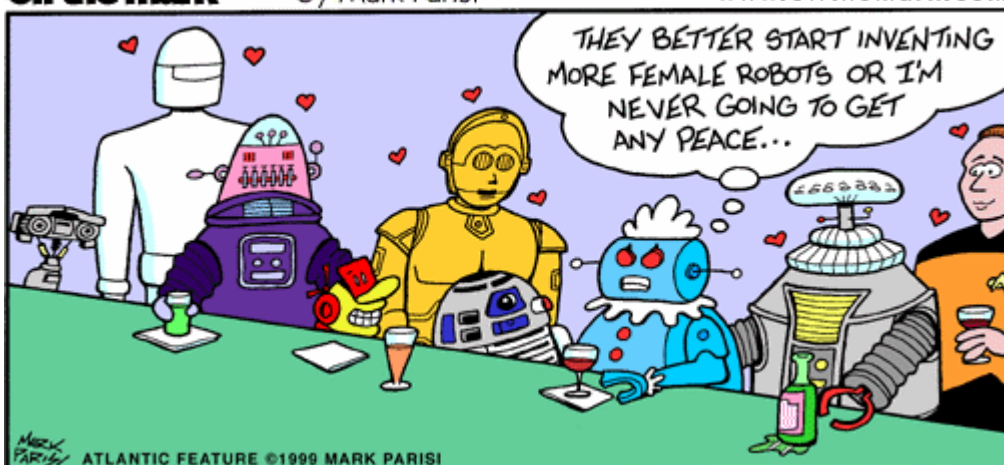
STAR TREK: MAXIMILLIAN
BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER
Returns in the August 2004 edition
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Past chapters found at
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**THE MIGHTY MAX
JULY 2004**

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