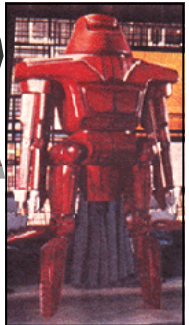




THE MIGHTY MAX



"Reach for the Stars, and Grab the Future"

U.S.S. Maximillian (NCC-74997)

Science-Fiction Fan Organization

APRIL 2004

VOLUME 12, ISSUE 4

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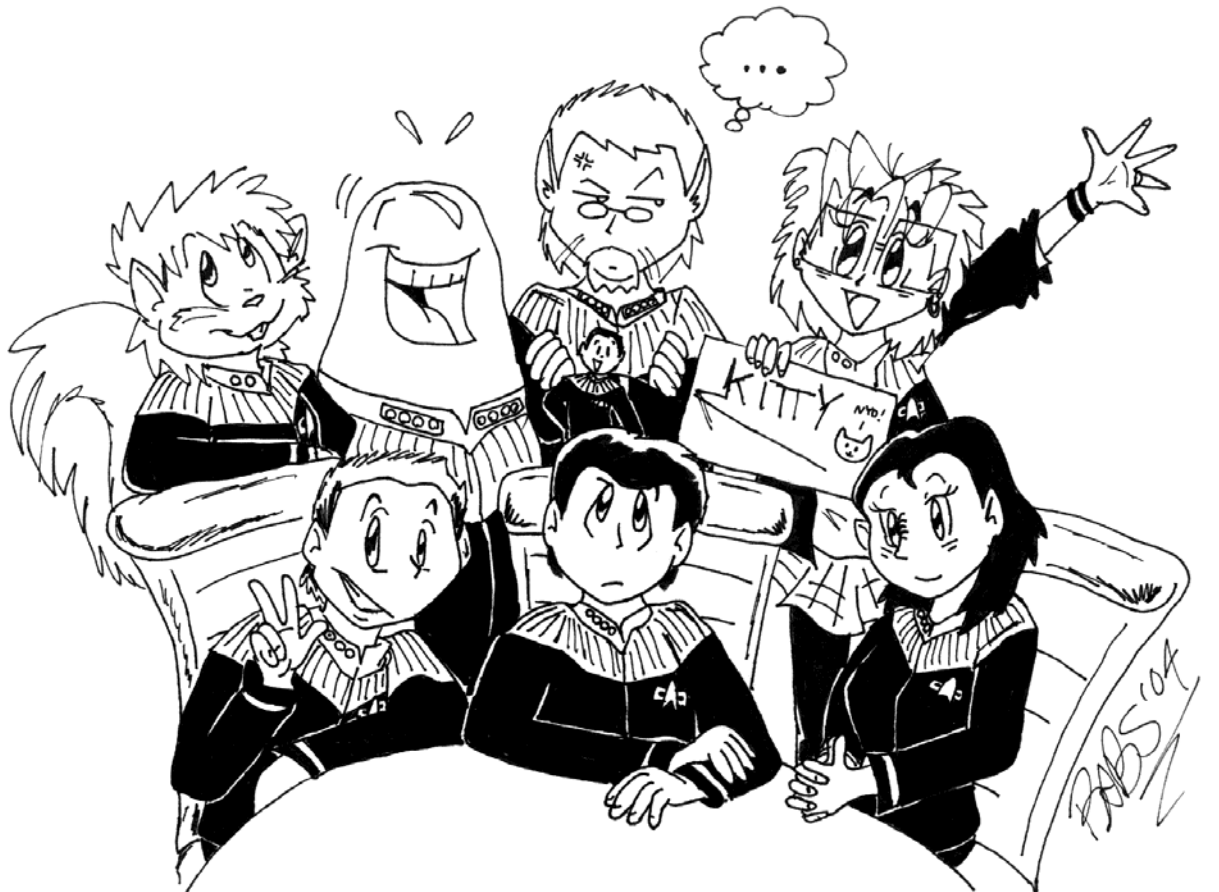
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From Left to Right: Back Row: Squirrley, Blobbin, Turok T'Kill, Overload Soong-Maddox

Front Row: Skrit, Critch Starblade, Databit, Jaydin

The MaX-Files

CAPT Chris Stephenson
Commanding Officer

XO and Sickbay Report

LCDR Robin Goldblum
First Officer / Chief Medical Officer

Greetings. The robot Maximillian, from the Disney "classic" The Black Hole welcomes you to this April fools edition of the Mighty Max, which also introduces a slightly tweaked format for us. Special thanks to Babs for drawing that great picture of some members of the Max. I am hoping to commission a new drawing soon with additional members, so stay tuned.

We have a lot of upcoming events, a lot of things to take care of, so look for an actual calendar of events to start appearing, as well as many other things. On to the newsletter!

Greetings all! Starting on a personal note, my clinical rotations for my senior year of veterinary school have begun. This past week I spent at the OSU Large Animal Clinic in Marysville working with the ambulatory vets that travel from farm to farm. I've gotten to give injections to cows, do surgery on a baby goat and deworm a miniature donkey. It has been very exciting!

This month's sickbay topic was inspired by our own Skrit (yah Skrit!). He recently had a viral infection and his doctor did not put him on antibiotics. Why not? First, antibiotics like penicillin, are used for

(Continued on page 2)

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

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
\$20.50

Solid Color Long-Sleeve Shirt with Maximillian Logo XXXL
\$21.50

Striped Colors Long-Sleeve Shirt with Maximillian Logo S-XL
\$23.25

Striped Colors Long-Sleeve Shirt with Maximillian Logo XXL
\$25.00

Striped Colors Long-Sleeve Shirt with Maximillian Logo XXXL
\$26.50

HATS

Wool Hat
\$13.50

Twill Hat
\$11.75

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)

XO and Sickbay Report Cont.

LCDR Robin Goldblum

First Officer / Chief Medical Officer



(Continued from page 1)

the treatment of bacterial infections, not viruses. Other than previously administered vaccinations for some viruses, there are no cures for viruses. However,

when your body is attacked by a virus, your immune system is weakened and you become more susceptible to bacterial infections. This is the reason doctors give antibiotics to a person infected with a virus. Giving antibiotics can only help and won't do any harm. Right?

Wrong! Charles Darwin's theory of evolution does not just apply to plants and animals, even though observing these life forms is how he developed his theory, but to microorganisms also. When you take an appropriate antibiotic for the correct prescribed time, all of the offending organisms should be killed. Unfortunately, when people feel better, they stop taking the antibiotic. While most of the weaker bacteria have been destroyed, the stronger bacteria remains alive although feeble. Over time, they recover and start multiplying again. The person begins to feel sick again and attempts to finish off the antibiotic they stopped taking before. Yet, these bacteria are the strong ones and more able to withstand the detrimental effects. This is called resistance.

Once resistance occurs, it takes stronger antibiotics with more side effects to kill the bacteria. Resistance can develop just by using an antibiotic too much. There are some bacteria now that are so strong only one or two powerful antibiotics can kill. Also, some antibiotics can kill your own flora in your intestines, opening up this premium area for more pathogenic bacteria that can make you even sicker.

For all of these reasons, doctors need to be responsible with the dispensing of antibiotics. Putting a person with a virus on antibiotics with no indication of further bacterial infection is breeding dangerously resist bacteria. Also, always finish your prescriptions!

**THE MAXIMILLIAN
ONLINE**

<http://www.maximillian.org>

Security Report

*LCDR Nathan Cabaugh
Records Officer/Chief of Security*



The Security Reports for this month were lost in a Temporal Flux incapacitation. Here are surviving pictures of Skrit, and Skrit's significant other

Purser's Report

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

Max Snacks has generated a net income of \$16.20 during the first two months of operation. It's not a large sum, but if we can sustain this level of sales we should be able to show an **annual profit** of approximately **\$60 to \$70**.

Correction to Renewed Memberships:

I apologize for omitting two members of Manny's family in last month's newsletter.

Family Membership 2/04 – Manny Medina, Bobbie and Jeremy Estabrook, *Chip & Jessie Shrin-Cowen*

General Fund	\$299.56
Charity Fund (JDF)	\$104.00
Rob's Fund	\$282.50
Total Balance	\$686.06

Celestial Viewpoint

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

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



The DARPA Grand Challenge Results

First I must report a mistake in my last article. I stated that there were no teams from Ohio. I was wrong. OSU teamed up with the Oshkosh Truck Company out of Wisconsin. Their team was listed as being from Wisconsin and that is why I missed it when I reviewed the list of entries. The OSU team was called Team TerraMax. The TerraMax vehicle was based on Oshkosh's Medium Tactical Vehicle Replacement (MTVR) defense truck platform. The MTVR was designed for the US Marine Corps with a 70% off-road mission profile.

Of the 21 teams that attempted to qualify over four days of trials only 15 actually participated in the Grand Challenge. Both the Red Team and Team TerraMax were part of the final 15. The race ended after all 15 entries either broke down or withdrew.

I did choose the team that had the best results. The first of the 15 entries out of the gate was Carnegie Mellon University's converted Humvee (the Red Team), which took off at a fast clip but stalled after half an hour. It went the farthest at 7.4 miles before it got stuck and was command-disabled.

Team TerraMax apparently was programmed too well. After going 1.2 miles it was command-disabled after it kept backing up to find a safe path.

It was a very difficult challenge and even though there were no winners, a great deal of data was collected to continue research in autonomous vehicles. The Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency will host another contest, probably in 2006.

The future is bright, until next time, keep looking up!



**TREK WEEKEND 2004 IS COMING
THE MAXOLYMPICS AND TREK PUTT, TOGETHER AT LAST
VISIT [HTTP://WWW.TREKGALAXY.ORG](http://www.trekgalaxy.org) FOR MORE INFORMATION**

Meeting Minutes

The Meeting began as scheduled with introductions. New guests included Melanie Brackney, and CJ's bird. Sefina the Communications Officer will be leaving us again in late June to work at Disney world.

PROMOTIONS

Captain -- Charles Connor

Captain -- Sidley Howard

Captain -- Chris Stephenson

Lieutenant Junior Grade -- Squirrley

Commander -- Robin Goldblum

AWARDS

For Completing a term as Captain -- Sidley Howard

Five Year Mission Decoration --

Nathan Cobaugh

Five Year Mission Decoration -- Charles Connor



The Newsletter was 14 pages last month with 2 new trading cards and a drawing by Babs. Greg may be doing a special "Chase Card". The website was brought back online thanks to the diligence of Squirrley, and a new subdomain has opened: Communications.maximillian.org.

New Positions — Charles Connor—Head of Shuttle Ops

New Positions — C.J. Baio — Head of Xenobiology

The Anniversary Dinner is coming up, as with last year, Nathan's wife Sandy will be handling cooking. There will be a raffle to fund the upcoming Xmas dinner, with prizes. The treasury report had us at \$666.86 dollars.

The Food Drive is coming up the last Saturday in April. We are taking donations, with a prize for the winner.

\$100 will be donated to the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation. We approved a formal voting procedure, and will be putting in the minutes from the last meeting in the newsletter. We will also be deciding upon an update for submission points at the next command staff meeting.

Advisory Staff

Elaine graduated from Columbus State Community College

Department Heads

Operations -- Babs -- Furry-Based convention finally in Ohio, possibly end of june

Stellar Cartography -- Susan -- 5 planets visible until mid-april

Medical -- Robin -- Read her article about Mad Cow Disease, made it through finals, going through White Coat Ceremony

Security -- Nathan -- Hellboy Recruiting Drive discussed, doing business Cards, prices in the newsletter

A cell phone went off (#1)

Communications -- Noodle -- Have a forum on roddenberry.com, communications.maximillian.org, started talking about contacting other ships

John Chubb -- Discussion of The New Battle droid in Episode 3 -- colonialfanforce.org -- BG fandom discussion about the movies -- B5 discussion about "TMOS", another series/movie. Will be leaving for Chicago for 4 days for an eventual move, brother is getting married, will be best man.

Shuttle Ops -- Charles -- Working on getting writers bible updated, small ships on sale at Starbase

The bird got stuck in Sandy's hair

Admiralty

Greg -- Ribbons up on website in PDF format, if your name is not listed, see Greg

Greg -- Regulations -- Still behind, Ribbons will be seperated from the Regs, will have regs by the next meeting for our approval.

(Continued on page 5)

U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN BUSINESS CARDS

20-30 Cards (Full Color) \$5

50 Cards \$10

500 Cards \$50

3D Text Optional

Order from LCDR Nathan Cobaugh at skrit@skritsys.com

March Meeting Minutes Continued

(Continued from page 4)

Committees

Roleplaying -- Not Present, discussion of West End Games or GURPS
 Story -- No Report Yet, will be putting together new story writers bible thing
 Vegas -- No Report Yet, estimated time of trip November 2005
 Calendar -- Charles, Babs, Nathan, people can submit things to the calendar committee -- Cover/Insert Submissions to be voted on. January 2005 to December 2005
 Noodle Left her phone, Robin volunteered Critch to return the phone. It was later returned.

Library Situation -- Revoting -- April at Karl Rd. Library, May --> at N. Lights Library. 6-4 Decision to remain at N. Lights.

Old Business

Camp Dover Peace Conference -- Nobody Went
 Howard Shore Lord of the Rings Concert -- Many went
 Buffy-Con at end of April - Giles/Xander will be there
 Marcon - Panels already decided upon,

story submissions already done, Godzilla theme, we will have a table/room, The Return of the Cardboard Tube Samurai will take place, opening ceremonies May 26,27,28

Origins - Gaming Convention
 ShatnerCon - August 14th - Our Meeting Day will change to the third Saturday of the month for that month only, per a vote. (7-4)

Raffle prize was given to the rightful owner.

Squirrley working on Membership Cards

Charles got Persona Sheet done -- Send to CJ

New Business

Hellboy Recruiting Drive
 Van Helsing Recruiting Drive
 Possible Challenge with the Columbus tabled for now

Possible Charity drive for the Stubenville Movie Theatre that was going to Childrens Miracle Network

Updated Roster will be complete
 Pictures were taken for newsletter/website/membership cards

Pets are not allowed to be members
 After Chapter Activities -- Friendly's -- Secret Window



U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN UPCOMING EVENTS

APRIL
 24, 25, 26 Buffy Vulkan

MAY
 7) Van Helsing Recruiting Drive (Tent.)
 8) Anniversary Party/Meeting 28,29,30 Marcon

JUNE
 5) Maxolympics (Trek Weekend)
 6) Trek Putt 5 (Trek Weekend)
 11) The Chronicles of Riddick Recruiting drive (Tent.)
 12) Meeting
 24, 25, 26, 27 Origins

Positions still open

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

Submissions to the May2004 edition of the Mighty Max are due on May 1, 2004.
 Submit to
 Critch@maximillian.org
 Or 614-476-5358
 Or 298 Jennie Drive
 Gahanna, Ohio, 43230

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 tobe-cat@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

Kelvok's Korner

*CAPT Charles Connor
Head, Shuttle Ops*

Greetings from the Shuttle Bay.

OK well I hope we had a good run for the Recruiting drive for HellBoy I am hoping to see it soon.

OK Sci-fi channel has done it again I'm beginning to wonder if these people will ever put on an original show that doesn't suck. Sci-fi's latest new show "Tripping the rift" doesn't suck, it blows. Its a sophomoric sci-fi computer generated dribble with very little left to the imagination. Replete with sexual innuendoes and humor centered around passing gas and other extreme biological functions. Next time, I think I'll watch the golf channel before I'll catch this bomb again.

well that is all from shuttle ops

Captain Charles Connor



Engineering Report

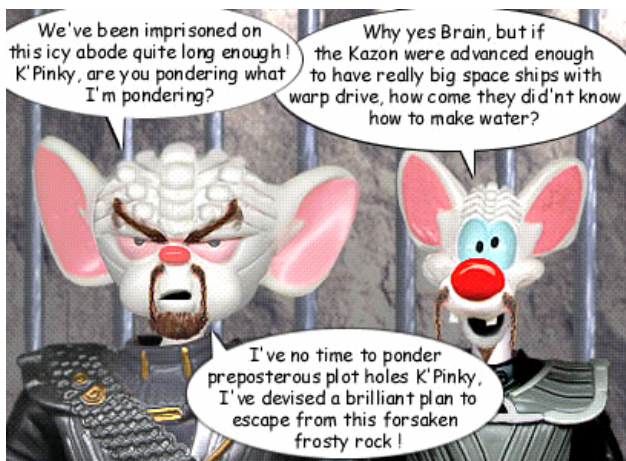
LTJG Squirrley
Chief of Engineering

New Chief Engineer Squirrley reporting. My apologies for being unable to report last month. We had a catastrophic failure of the primary computer information systems (web) which required high-priority repairs. The primary failure resulted in collateral outages in communications routing systems (dns) that, even though the core communication system was still operational, some communications (e-mail) were not being patched through.

Backup systems were able to bring the communications back online, but the primary computer information system required complete replacement. This was a significant process, but all indications are that the transfer to the new equipment went without loss. Communications were then also transferred from the backup to the new system, just in time, as the remaining functions of the old system failed.

The upside is that we have a much more powerful and reliable computer system, and additional features, such as some spam filtering, more databases, and overall better control of the new system.

So if anyone needs some engineering help, in or out of my department, feel free to contact me.



SCI-FI NEWS FROM AROUND THE WEB Compiled from <http://www.trektoday.com> and theforce.net

Enterprise Season 3 Draws to a Close



May 5: "E2". Written by Mike Sussman. Directed by Roxann Dawson.

While on the way to speak before the Xindi Council, Archer and the crew encounter a future Enterprise ship piloted by their direct descendants who warn them that the wormhole shortcut they intend to take to the planned meeting will throw them 100 years into the past and ensure Earth's destruction.

May 12: "The Council". Written by Manny Coto. Directed by David Livingston.

T'Pol and Reed lead a team on a harrowing mission to obtain vital information about the network of spheres inhabiting the Expanse, as Archer and Hoshi stand before the Xindi council, hoping that diplomacy can stop the launch of the superweapon aimed at Earth. Meanwhile, with Enterprise unraveling their future plans for conquest, the mysterious alien Sphere Builders reveal themselves to key members of the Xindi council, urging them to undertake drastic measures to stop the Earthlings.

May 19: "Countdown". Written by Andre Bormanis and Chris Black. Directed by Robert Duncan McNeill.

Archer and his new Xindi allies must launch a full-scale assault on the superweapon speeding towards Earth and its thieving escorts, the rebellious Reptilian and Insectoid Xindi, before a kidnapped and brainwashed Hoshi can decrypt the weapon's encoded arming mechanism and unleash its devastating power. Meanwhile, T'Pol and Trip hatch a plan to destroy a key Sphere in the Expanse network, bringing the other-dimensional Sphere Builders, responsible for the Xindi-Human conflict, directly into the fray.

May 26: "Zero Hour" Written by Rick Berman and Brannon Braga, Directed by Allan Kroeker **SEASON FINALE**

With Earth in sight, Archer, Hoshi, Reed and a small team race to intercept the charging superweapon, sneak past the Xindi Reptilian onboard and disarm it from within, but while the gambit could save humanity, it may cost Archer his life. Back in the Delphic Expanse, T'Pol and Enterprise attempt to obliterate a key Sphere in the region before the furious Sphere Builders tear the ship apart and the region's degenerative effects kill the crew.

DS9 Spikes

Spike TV, where fans can catch episodes of Star Trek: The Next Generation, is about to double its Trek quotient with the addition of Star Trek: Deep Space Nine to its lineup. Beginning in April, DS9 will debut on Spike TV with a weeklong "Star Trek: Deep Space Nine 9-Hour Marathon." From Monday, April 5 through Friday, April 9 Spike TV will broadcast nine hours daily of DS9 episodes from the first two seasons (and two episodes from Season Three), in consecutive order. From noon through 9:00 PM, ET/PT each day, fans can watch episodes from "Emissary, Part I" at noon on Monday and on through "The Search, Part II" at 10:00 p.m. on Friday.

Following the Marathon, DS9 will move into its regular timeslot, weeknights at 7:00 p.m., ET/PT, beginning Monday, April 12. TNG regularly airs Tuesday through Friday at 1:00 p.m., ET/PT and 2:00 p.m., ET/PT and weeknights at 8:00 p.m., ET/PT. Thus, fans can enjoy a one-two Star Trek punch weeknights of DS9 followed by TNG.

Also, Spike TV will present two-part episodes of DS9 every Friday night (9:00-11:00 p.m., ET/PT) starting April 9. Calling the special episodes Star Trek: Deep Space Nine UNCUT, the two-parters will be presented full-screen with no black bar and limited commercial interruptions.

TNG and DS9 on Spike TV will be joined by Star Trek: Voyager in late 2006, making Spike TV the cable home for Star Trek for years to come. DS9, Star Trek's third series premiered in January of 1993 as the highest-rated series debut in syndication history, and during its seven-year run earned four Emmy Awards.

As the deadline approaches for network decisions about their fall television lineups, fans have responded with a sense of urgency to UPN's refusal to confirm a place for Star Trek: Enterprise on its schedule.

One of the newest efforts, SaveEnterprise.com, went live on March 27th and logged 300,000 hits in a week.

Like the fans who started The Enterprise Project, which collected funds for an ad in The Hollywood Reporter in support of the series, SaveEnterprise.com founder T. Brazeal expressed dismay at the focus on controversial Nielsen ratings by the network, fearing that UPN did not have a real sense of the scope of Enterprise's fan base.

Brazeal said that since he started the campaign, fans from all over the United States offered support and services, including web design and promotion.

Science News <http://www.rednova.com>**“Spirit” Ends Primary Mission**

By ANDREW BRIDGES

PASADENA, Calif. (AP) -- NASA's Spirit rover has finished its primary mission to Mars yet continues to roll along, moving toward a cluster of hills that could yield evidence of the planet's wet past.

By Monday, Spirit's 90th full day on Mars, the unmanned robot and its twin, Opportunity, had accomplished nearly all of the tasks before NASA would consider their joint mission a full success.

"Spirit has completed its part of the bargain and Opportunity doesn't have much left to do," said Mark Adler, manager of the \$820 million double mission.

The tasks included a requirement that one of the rovers travel at least 1,980 feet - a mark Spirit surpassed on Saturday.

Between the two of them, the rovers also had to take stereo and color panoramas of their surroundings, drive to at least eight different locations and operate simultaneously for a minimum of 30 days.

NASA assumed technical and other problems would ground the rovers fully one-third of the time they operated on Mars.

Despite computer memory problems that left Spirit sidelined for 2 1/2 weeks, it's still spent more days at work than expected, Adler said.

For Opportunity, it still must function for another 20 martian days - which are nearly 40 minutes longer than Earth days - before it meets all of its targets, Adler said.

"It's better than we could have possibly imagined," he said

Spirit landed Jan. 3 in Gusev Crater, a 90-mile-diameter depression scientists believed once contained a lake. Spirit has found traces of limited past water activity in rocks it has examined, but none of the lake deposits scientists hoped it would uncover.

Spirit is now several days into a trek toward a cluster of hills that may contain geologic evidence of a more substantially wet environment, including perhaps layered rocks formed in standing water.

Opportunity has found such rocks at its landing site, halfway around the now frozen and dry planet, since it landed Jan. 24. Scientists believe a salty sea or swamp once covered that site, called Meridiani Planum.

NASA has extended the joint mission through September. If the rovers continue to function, the Jet Propulsion Laboratory will apply for money to further extend the project, Adler said.



Home Again Chapter Three

CAPT Chris Stephenson

Star Trek: Maximillian HOME AGAIN CHAPTER THREE

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.

There was no laser sight on the disruptor, and he was well hidden by the shadows. Because of the lack of sights, the Bajoran had to adjust slightly.

Romulan Disruptors were not known for their accuracy.

He cursed under his breath for the lack of ingenuity his benefactors had on giving him such substandard equipment. He was an artist! And an artist needed tools worthy of his art. This, this was his art. He had studied the events that this ship had gone through hurriedly, noted the peculiar characteristics of it's crew. An energy being, a half-squirrel looking thing, two androids (Databit's existence was not public knowledge at this time), and a host of other aliens. The two Bajorans were the most curious. The former Captain was no threat, and was too old to be the *Kaipar* that would save Bajor from certain destruction. The young lady Jaydin, however...she was certainly at the right age, and this was the right time. Everything was aligned perfectly, all that had to happen was for her to accept her responsibilities

But she hadn't, and it had forced their hand. He raised the disruptor, and aimed one final time, rising to his feet, knowing the alarms would go off and he needed to make a quick getaway.

Databit had doubled back, realizing that he needed proof of his experiment, besides his dripping self, that is. He wanted a shard of glass from the bottle, and for that, he would have to return to Critch's quarters.

On his way back, he saw the stranger with his superior vision, saw the disruptor, saw it aiming. He worked out the trajectory, and realized the Bajoran's intent.

The stranger put his finger on the trigger, looked through the sight, and as he fired he felt a sharp pain in his leg. His arm went up slightly, and the green blast sailed over Jaydin's head and impacted with a zoomph into the wall behind her. A loud alarm began to sound as Jaydin instinctively hit the floor, and the stranger shook Databit off his leg, sending him flying across the room, and ran outside into the hall.

Kelvok had finally relaxed, as much as a Vulcan could relax, now that he had ordered the cult leader off his ship. Even as he sat in his command chair, he was still angry over the incident, and he attempted to keep his anger under control. Remember the Kolinhar. The ancient Vulcan ritual. The one he had never completed.

The relaxation did not last long. The alarms started sounding, signifying the firing of a weapon, on the Battle Bar deck, according to the feminine voice that sounded over the comm system. He growled silently, then stood and ordered.

"Seal off that deck! Security team to the Battle Bar!" Skrit nodded from his post, and headed for the turbolift.

(Continued on page 11)

REPRINT

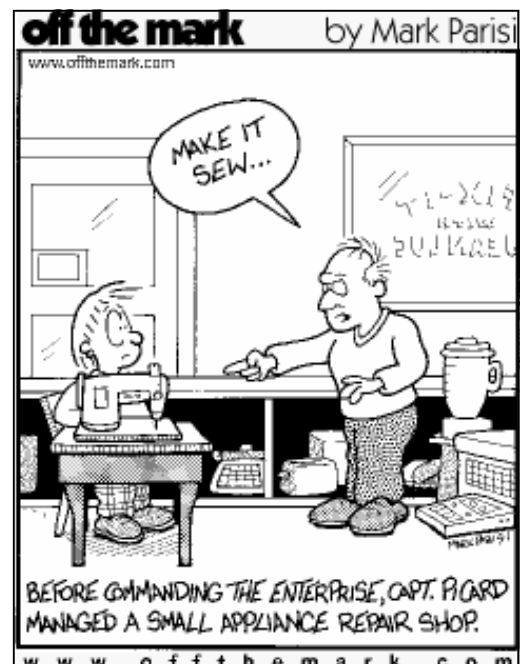
The History of the Maximillian Part One

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

PART 1 OF 5 : THE FIRST SHIP NAMED MAXIMILLIAN

The first Starship named *Maximillian* was a soyuz class science ship, Starfleet registry NCC-1945. She was commissioned at the San Francisco Fleet Yards on February 20, 2250. (Stardate 5047.5).

The *Maximillian* was named for St. Maximilian Mary Kolbym, who, at the outbreak of World War II, was in Poland. Upon the capture of his country, he was arrested by the Germans. He was freed shortly afterwards, but in February 1941 Maximillian was rearrested and, eventually, sent to Auschwitz. He was housed in Block 14, and when a group escaped from that block, ten men were selected by the Germans for execution. One was a Polish sergeant, the father of a family. Maximilian, who had not been chosen, offered himself in the sergeant's place. He died on August 14, 1941,



Star Trek: Maximillian : Home Again

Chapter Three (Continued)

(Continued from page 10)

The Bajoran was irked at the sudden change of events, even though in the long run he supposed it didn't matter, as he walked quickly yet firmly through the halls, ignoring the shill alarms and the flashing red lights. He was not the only sleeper on board this ship, the work would be finished, and perhaps it already was. He turned a corner, not noticing that he was the only one left on this level who had not taken shelter. In retrospect, yet another mistake, as he could not blend in as easily as he had in the bar. Especially as he still clutched at his disruptor, an after effect of the excitement and adrenaline that flowed through his system as he fired at the *Kaipar*. His head was down, and he did not realize that his new enemies were emerging from a lift in front of him.

They shouted, and his attention was diverted from his thoughts, and he turned and ran from them. Skrit, the security officer Hologram, nodded his head towards the man, then headed into the battle bar.

As he entered, he saw the other regulars at the bar, save the Orion calmly tending bar, as though he was used to this sort of thing.

Jaydin was still on the floor, as was the diminutive Databit, visibly shaking. He went to her. "What..."

"He went that way, shot at me. Databit saved me." She had not expected this. She had been in combat situations before, but not here, not in her home. Not by those who were supposed to protect her. Skrit looked up, saw the black mark left by the disruptor shot, and frowned, and quickly ran out of the room.

The Bajoran was making good time, he thought, and was nearly at his destination, when Skrit appeared, racing through a wall, clutching a rifle. He knew of this energy being by reputation, knew him to be similar to the hologram that came from the Voyager vessel years before. Knowing this, and a bit about his technology, he glanced around the room even as he

aimed his disruptor, this time at Skrit's head.

If Skrit was impressed, he didn't show it, and simply said. "Drop it." It made no difference to the Bajoran sleeper agent, as he fired into, and through Skrit's head. As expected to both parties, the blast passed harmlessly through. What Skrit did not intend, was for the blast to strike one of the nearby projector assistors on the wall behind him. Skrit opened his mouth, even as he dissolved into light. His arm projector, also made mostly from technology from the EMH on Voyager, had not been put on in his haste to get to the Battle Bar.

The remainder of the security team had found the Bajoran, and had began firing their rifles, even as Skrit's fell uselessly to the dark blue carpet, and the Bajoran dodged quickly, and rounded a corner. The chase extended through the hallways, none of the Maximillian's team's shots finding their mark, and the Bajoran was able to duck inside a small room, his destination. The Transporter room on this deck.

He pounded the buttons frantically, a little fear entering his mind.

There would be nowhere to hide if they found him in this room. But if he could beam away, back to Deep Space Nine, he would be able to disappear, to blend in with the rest of his people on the station, and safely return to his camp on Bajor. He input the location, and jogged to the pad.

He was a little surprised, to say the least, as a figure materialized on the platform he was heading for. The figure was holding a phaser rifle, and fired it into the Bajoran's chest. He fell back, stunned, and unconscious, as Skrit smirked down at him.

"I told you to drop it." The being said, happy that he could use the systems of the Maximillian to project his energy self. He stepped off the pad, the assistors in this room projecting his form, and nodded to the team entering the room, "Good work. Put him somewhere safe." He walked out of the room, eager to check on Jaydin.

When he arrived at the Battle Bar, however, she had already gone.

"...This was an isolated incident."

Kelvok walked around Jaydin's quarters, agitated, upset with himself. He had ordered the Maximillian's open door policy to cease, yet his mind was not eased with the departure of their visitors. The attack had done its job, putting a seed of doubt into Jaydin's mind. It appeared there was nothing that could persuade the cult members that their time was wasted here.

"How do you know, Kelvok? How can we be sure that this won't happen again?"

"We have posted guards. The Maximillian is secure, and nearly repaired. We will leave here in a matter of days, and..."

"And what? Go about our business, until another one of these people hunts me down? They think I'm their savior, and already people are trying to kill me! What makes you think that me turning them down will stop them?"

"The weight of the Maximillian will solve this, Commander. Few would dare challenge our crew."

"They already have, though...and next time it could be worse. Maybe next time they'll be better prepared, have more than a simple disruptor. They'll have an army, rifles, maybe ships.

"Even if they don't, you know what the outcome could be. Bajor leaving the Federation. This could affect billions of lives. Staying here could cost billions of lives!"

Kelvok shook his head. "Only if they are correct."

"Is it worth the chance?"

"As Ambassador Spock had said, before he went to Romulus and was lost, the needs of the few..."

"Maybe he was wrong, Kelvok. I can't take that chance."

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Star Trek: Maximillian : Home Again (Continued)

(Continued from page 11)

He nodded, once again straining to hold his anger in. "Whatever you decide, Commander Jaydin, the Maximillian will support you."

"Thank you, Kelvok."

He nodded, and quickly left the room. He knew her decision should remain a secret.

But some people simply had to know.

Critch didn't bother announcing his presence, or even a polite knock. There was almost no way to keep a determined android out of your quarters if they wanted in, and Critch was no exception. He barged right into Jaydin's quarters, bypassing the security as he did so. "Are you out of your mind?"

Jaydin didn't look up, dreading this moment, hoping she could delay it for as long as possible. She continued to fold her clothes neatly, and place them in her pack. "I don't know anymore, Critch."

"You can't leave! You're our chief medical officer!"

"I'm a threat to the well being of this crew. A lot of people could die if I stay here Critch. What else could I do?"

"Not listen to a bunch of wacked-out nerfherders, for one. This is your home! You're going to let them chase you out of your home?"

As long as you've been here, worked to get here?"

"It's not worth the risk."

"And if you go?" Critch forcefully closed the pack that Jaydin was working on, and looked at her. "You take on a bigger risk. For yourself, for everything you've worked so hard for. And what happens to this ship? Who would replace you?"

"...I don't know, Critch."

"That's just it! You can't be replaced! There's no one like you in a thousand galaxies! You're not the *Kaipar*, You aren't some Bajoran Jesus, sent through the cosmos to save one planet from a bunch of devil wormhole aliens, you are Jaydin, the

best damn Medical officer in the entire fleet!"

Jaydin sighed, and removed Critch's hand from her pack, gently placing it aside, and she put the last item, a heirloom, into the pack, closing it firmly. A chime came to the door, and she knew it was time. All too quickly. All in one day, everything she knew would change. "I will see you again Critch." The chime came again, and she broke, angrily. "I'M COMING!" She frowned, and held in her feelings, determined to hold them inside until this business was over. She looked at Critch, and nodded slightly, then slung her pack over her shoulder, leaving the room, and her friend, behind.

She walked through the halls alongside Mathias, who had been allowed back on board just for this moment. He would take her to her new home, which was referred to by him as "A palace." More and more, she came to the realization with each step that every sight she saw would be the last on board. She and Mathias passed a very confused Skrit, who was coming to check up with her after hearing that she had recovered from her shock. He started to follow, then was stopped by Critch, who was following a few steps behind. "It won't work."

Together they walked behind Jaydin and Mathias, to the shuttle bay, to his shuttle. Together they watched as the cult leader entered the shuttle, and called for his *Kaipar*, saying that every moment here was another moment that an attack could come. She looked back, and decided to risk another moment, running back, hugging Critch and Skrit with tears in her eyes. They had not noticed Kelvok coming up behind them to see her off, and so he got a tearful hug as well, and he returned it with as much emotion as a Vulcan could show a friend. Then she walked, slowly, sadly, and climbed into the shuttle, and never took her eyes off her friends as the shuttle launched from the Maximillian, and began the trip to the planet Bajor, returning her *Kaipar* home.

**Star Trek Maximillian
Home Again
will continue next month
And online at
<http://www.maximillian.org>**

The History of the Maximillian Part One

(Continued from page 10)

and was canonized on December 10th, 1982.

As of the 2261-62 upgrade, she was 250 meters long, 142 meters wide, and 61 meters tall with a standard mass of 235,100 metric tons. Her compliment consisted of an average of a total of 429 personnel (64 Officers, and 315 enlisted personnel), and had an emergency capacity of 500. She was capable of attaining a normal cruising speed of Warp 4, and a maximum cruising speed of Warp 7.

On February 20, 2250 (Stardate 5047.5), the *Maximillian* was commissioned by Starfleet Command, and Captain Issac Bennett assumed command. The ship embarked on a five-year mission of military operations in the disputed territories between the United Federation of Planets and the Klingon Empire. The ship returned to Earth from her first five-year mission in 2255, and underwent minor systems upgrade and crew rotation. The following year, the *Maximillian*, still under the command of Captain Bennett, embarked on her second five-year mission of military operations in the disputed territories.

In 2261, the *Maximillian* once again returns to Earth from her second five-year mission for systems upgrade and refit. Captain Bennet was promoted to the rank of Commodore and transferred to Starfleet Command. Captain Helen Roters oversaw the refit.

Over the last ten years, new technologies had been developed, and as a result, the starship was upgraded to include these new systems. One such system was the new phaser weapons, which were far more powerful than the laser emitters originally installed during her initial construction a decade earlier. In addition, more sophisticated weapons tracking systems had been installed. Enhanced and improved sensor turrets had been installed on the aft portion of the vehicle to replace the original, older units.

In 2262, the *Maximillian*, under the command of Captain Helen Roters, embarked on a five-year mission of deep-space exploration in the Omicron Echelonra sector of the Alpha Quadrant. There, *Maximillian* charted 25 habitable worlds, three of which were first contact situations. With tensions

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THE HISTORY OF THE MAXIMILLIAN (Continued)

(Continued from page 12)

building even further along the Klingon/Federation Disputed area, *Maximillian* was once again assigned to military operations in that area.

In 2266, the *Maximillian* was recalled to Starbase 27 for a minor layover. During this two-week layover, the crew of the *Maximillian* were issued the new-style uniforms, which were more colorful and included more defined rank insignia. The ship's interior was made somewhat more colorful in contrast to the dull tones previously used aboard Starships. This was done to make life somewhat easier for crews on long missions. Minor layovers of this type were ordered for most starships serving in Starfleet between 2266 and 2268.

With the Romulans appearing for the first time since the establishment of the Federation, Starfleet now not only had to contend with Klingons, but with the Romulans as well. As a result, the patrol area for the *Maximillian* expanded to include the Romulan Neutral Zone until such time Starfleet could construct enough Starships to handle the task.

Life was a little more complicated in 2267. By Stardate 3198.4, tensions between the Klingons and the Federation came to the brink of a full-scale war. Several starships, including the *Maximillian*, were deployed to planet Organia to assist starship *Enterprise* for possible combat against Klingon forces massing there. Just as the two fleets prepared to engage in battle, all ships involved, including the *Maximillian*, were temporarily neutralized by the Organians to prevent interstellar war. The end result was a forced cease fire between the Federation and the Klingons, and a Neutral Zone with separated both powers.

Later that year, the *Maximillian* returned to Earth. Captain Roters was offered and accepted command of the Constitution class Starship *Endeavour*, a new starship under construction at the San Francisco Fleet Yards which would soon be commissioned. Captain Howard McKnight assumed

command for the next three years, during which time the *Maximillian* would participate in further border patrol along the Romulan and Klingon Neutral Zones.

In 2268, the *Maximillian*, under McKnight's command, along with several other starships patrolling the area bordering Klingon and Romulan territories, uncovered evidence where Klingons had exchanged advanced starship technology for cloaking capabilities from the Romulans.

Within a years' time, the *Maximillian* herself uncovered evidence of a new, more powerful and heavily armed Klingon Battlecruiser, the *K'T'Inga* class, which recently entered service for the Klingon Defense Force. Subsequent intelligent reports indicated that these new warships could easily outgun and out-perform the top-of-the-line *Constitution* class starships currently in service for Starfleet. As a result, Starfleet Command began an development program for more advanced warp drive and weapons systems to be incorporated into starship design over the next decade. The remainder of the *Maximillian's* mission under McKnight's command consisted mainly of military patrol and reconnaissance on Klingon and Romulan fleet movements.

In 2270, the *Maximillian* again returns to Earth for refit, resupply, crew rotation, and upgrade. Captain McKnight was promoted to Rear Admiral to serve as an advisor in military operations at Starfleet Command. As *Constitution* class starships took high priority for major refit to new technology specifications, the *Maximillian* underwent several upgrades in computer systems and sensors modification. Captain Christopher Ryan assumed command and oversaw the upgrades.

In 2272, during the initial phase of her first mission under the command of Captain Ryan, the *Maximillian* assisted in the final phase in the establishment of the Epsilon series monitoring stations (Including the replacement of Epsilon 9, destroyed in 2271)

placed along the Klingon Neutral Zone. Though the balance of power had shifted due to the Klingons' introduction of the new *K'T'Inga* class battlecruisers, much of *Maximillian's* mission was relatively quiet.

On March 12, 2275, the *Maximillian* was recalled to Earth where she received a major systems upgrade to newer technology specifications required of all major Starfleet vessels. Captain Ryan was promoted to commodore, and given command of Starbase 10. Captain Jeremiah Tolbert was assigned as *Maximillian's* new commanding officer.

As of the 2275-2278 upgrade, the *Maximillian* was 254.5 meters long, 147.5 meters wide, and 63.9 meters tall with a standard mass of 240,998 metric tons, with a cargo capacity of 20,500 metric tons. Her compliment consisted of an average of a total of 429 personnel (64 officers, and 315 enlisted personnel), and had an emergency capacity of 600. She was capable of attaining a normal cruising speed of Warp 6.1 and a maximum cruising speed of Warp 8.3.

On October 31, 2278, the *Maximillian*, under Captain Tolbert's command, embarked on a five-year mission of deep-space exploration. At this time, only three or four percent of the galaxy had been charted, and the *Maximillian* had been assigned to explore some of the uncharted regions of the Alpha Quadrant. Politically, the 2270's and early 2280's had been relatively quiet, therefore, the *Maximillian* did not see too much military action. During Tolbert's five-year mission of deep-space exploration, the *Maximillian* charted 26 star systems, making first contact with some five previously unknown civilizations.

In 2283, the *Maximillian* returns to Earth. Captain Tolbert receives command of the starship *Eagle*, and Captain Nathan Wilcox assumed Command.

After a year of overhaul, the *Maximillian* under Wilcox's command, embarked on another five-year mis-

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The History of the Maximillian

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sion of deep-space exploration of the Beta Quadrant. There, *Maximillian* charted some 31 star systems, making first contact with four previously unknown civilizations.

With the political tensions heating up with the Genesis incident in late 2285 and early 2286, the *Maximillian* encountered some Klingon insurgents, most of which were on a less-than-friendly basis with a few minor skirmishes, but none leading up to full-scale war.

In 2288, the *Maximillian* was returned to Earth, and was subsequently retired way before her time when Starfleet concluded that Soyuz-class starships be removed from active service in favor of continuing the use of the more popular and versatile *Miranda* class design as a mainstream Starfleet vessel. The starship *Maximillian* currently resides as a relic at the Fleet Museum in orbit of Earth. Though her service life was comparatively short for a Federation Starship, *Maximillian* did make significant advances in current Federation scientific, cultural, and military knowledge.

The preceding was a brief history of the first starship *Maximillian*. Next issue: A brief history of Federation Starship *U.S.S. Maximillian* (Federation class, Starfleet registry NCC-2105). Until then, as the ship's dedication motto reads, "Reach for the stars, and grab the future." Until then...

---Originally Published in May 1997
by FADM Robert S. Lyon

The History Continues Next Month In
THE MIGHTY MAX...

Star Trek: Maximillian Beyond the Final Frontier REVOLUTIONS

Star Trek: Maximillian

BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER
Chapter Eleven
REVOLUTIONS
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.

Critch blinked, and awoke, lying in a pile of broken metal and grating. He shook off the general fuzziness that affected him as his systems attempted to readjust themselves, and he remembered what had happened. The sight of the other occupant of the vessel had shaken him, and he chose to believe that he had imagined the entire incident, that possibly the visage of his adversary was so terrible that his systems simply couldn't comprehend it, and reset themselves, displaying Critch's face. He closed his eyes, trying to shake off the memory. If he had seen what he knew he had, what could this mean? He couldn't believe it, he wouldn't believe it. No, he would instead focus on the task at hand: Finding the power source of this vessel, and disabling it, or destroying it. No easy task, considering what the sheer size of this vessel was now. But it had to be done. It would be better if he knew how much time he had, if Admiral Lyon had been more forthcoming with his information.

It was Lyon, Critch decided, Lyon that had caused all of this. If the plan had went as scheduled, if he had been allowed to come along and be in charge instead of some obscure excuse, about how he was 'too close to the situation', things would have turned out much different. Instead of menial work on the *Maximillian*, he would have been able to pour over their plans for the extra time needed to make them successful, instead of the disaster they had turned out to be. It was a miracle that things were going as well as they were. At the very least, he was still here, and that

brought some comfort to his mind. He chuckled as he began to stand slowly, his circuits and gears noisily complaining as he did so, even though he felt no pain. He was sure Lyon was mad as he'd ever been, knowing that Critch was the only thing left that could stop this thing. Critch stretched as he reached his standing position, still unable to shake some long-standing provision in his program to act as human-like as possible, and looked around his new location.

It looked, not surprisingly, much the same as it did on the upper levels. Grating and catwalks and alien panels stretching into the distance for miles and miles, going on for much longer than the exterior of the vessel would suggest, and Critch thought a moment about what this entailed. He had heard things about subspace pockets, ships from the future that could hide things much larger than themselves inside them. He wondered for a moment if this might be some sort of holodeck. The average holodeck had a relatively small size, but when the right program was running, would have expanses as large as the imagination of the user, and sometimes beyond even that. He dismissed it almost as soon as it came to his mind. The fall he had taken seemed to discount that hypothesis. He had turned off most of his sensors on the way down, did not want to know if his existence would be ended by a sharp spear or something else. He just hoped for the best, as usual, counting on his superiority and his uncanny luck to come through this ok. He began to walk carefully, avoiding the debris that he had apparently knocked down when he either plowed through something or ran into during his plummet. He thought more about the ship, and its vast power.

And what of the being in this place? The apparent Doppelganger that had killed members of the Rapid Response Team, had fought Critch to a standstill, and then, just as he had began, had withdrew, and had eventually tried to welcome Critch. He didn't know what it meant, and Critch hated being in a place where he didn't have all the answers, or couldn't pretend he knew everything about the situation. He shook his head as he strolled slowly through the lower

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BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER (Continued)

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deck, glancing all around, looking for any sign of his adversary. He thought about the few races that he knew of that were capable of taking on other life form's looks. Certainly the most dangerous beings were the Founders, beings that had led an invasion recently into the quadrant. But this didn't seem their style. They seemed more likely to use other races to do their dirty work, or simply just to blend in among the Federation, entangling themselves in the politics until such time that they could attack with the most damage. He mulled over the other races. Some hadn't been seen in some time, others were too rare to even be an option. He supposed he couldn't remove the Errsedorians, Admiral Blobbin's race, completely from this thought. Normally Blobbin was in the form that had given him his name, a blob of mercury with a great grin. From what he had heard, though, the race was pretty far away, and not capable of such a thought. This was the race, Critch had heard from Blobbin's stories, that had let themselves be enslaved by an empire just because their homeworld was boring. He allowed a smile as he thought of an evil Errsedorian, and shook off that thought. But the blood of this thing was silver, that was true enough. It had left a shining splatter after the initial encounter, and this worried Critch most of all. Because he knew that the fluids that lubricated the circuits inside him, though the Federation and he himself had no idea of their content, were silver and thick, like blood itself, and just like the liquids of his enemy. He wouldn't allow himself to see the obvious, having learned many times since his awakening that the obvious is usually only there to throw you off the scent of what the truth really is. He wouldn't, couldn't, let himself even consider the fact that this thing was one of his people. That they could be on the same side.

Critch continued to move for sev-

eral more minutes, noting that the exterior of the vessel had moved away from the populated systems of the Gorn worlds, and he wondered for a moment what had happened, regretting that he had switched off so many of his recording sensors from the fall. He figured he would find out later. There were few stars in the region of space that the vessel was moving through, and so the interior was dark, only lit by a few purple lights of curious design, sort of a loop hanging from a string which started out from the very top of the vessel, a top that Critch couldn't see even with his vision. Critch's vision did not fail him when it came to studying his surroundings, however, as he could make out the many panels and lettering that he had passed by. He noted that the coloring of the panels had changed, though he still couldn't read what they had said. They did seem somewhat familiar, though unmistakably alien to any race, species, or group that the Federation had ever encountered. He was able to extrapolate from what he knew that he was in a different section of the ship, and this brought some comfort, because it promoted familiarity, that this thing had at least something in common with ships that he had come into contact with, with the type of equipment and systems that he had been trained and learned on, and that would mean that everything would be run from a central power source. Which could be destroyed, or disabled. And that was a very encouraging thought. Finding it amongst this expanse, however, was another thing altogether. Baby Steps, he reminded himself. First he get his bearings, then he would find the source.

What did worry him, more than anything, was the fact that the Maximillian was not following him. He had grown accustomed to the ship, to it's crew, and considered it his home more than any other ship he had ever belonged to. It was as strong as any ship in the fleet, certainly had more

character than the almighty Enterprise, which seemed to just be in the right place in the right time more than anything else. He had faith in Captain Septaric, despite her status as a rookie to the Captaincy, to get the job done, though he would have been a bit more proactive in attacking this vessel. But all's well that ends well, he thought, still confident in his own abilities, and the abilities of the Mighty Max. He did wonder where they were, though...probably cooking up a surprise attack, knowing the collection of knowledge that existed on that ship right now. Three of the most decorated Admirals in the fleet were on the ship right now, he knew they would not disappoint.

A sudden clanging sound, as if something clattering to the metal ground, caught Critch's ear, and he stopped suddenly, taking up a defensive position. He waited a full minute before walking again, his hearing senses up as high as he could. But there was no sound, and no sight of anything. So he walked again, more alert as he went, knowing one thing now.

He was not alone.

The Maximillian floated in space, having been beaten soundly. Barely escaping the destruction of the Gorn planet, it was severely damaged. Many of it's systems lay in ruin, and many crewmembers had been lost in the battle. The Errsedorian shielding had worked, for the most part, protecting from the beam that had in one hit destroyed everything else it had encountered, including an entire station, the Archer Observatory. But for the moment, all thoughts on the bridge, of the remaining command crew, were of their Captain, still lying against the first officer's chair, burnt, dead. And all eyes were on Admiral Robert Lyon, as he slumped in the chair that had just recently been reluctantly given to him. And for the first time,

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Star Trek: Maximillian Beyond the Final Frontier Continued

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Lyon realized that he may have made a mistake. He looked up, at the crew looking at him, some with tears in their eyes, all expectant, waiting for his orders. And he saw Admiral T'Kill, his fists clenched, his head down. Even Admiral Blobbin could not make a joke at this point. And if he had attempted to, T'Kill would have stopped him.

T'Kill shook his head, and muttered, "We shouldn't have come out here."

Blobbin glanced up. "Why not? I'm certainly having a swell time." A sarcastic little grimace could be noticed, but T'Kill said nothing, as Lyon stood up, finally. Damn it, it was his ship now. It may be a mistake, but he would not let Septaric die in vain, and he would not let the aggression of the vessel go unpunished. The crew looked expectantly, seeming to stare into his soul, as he spoke.

"Medical teams to the bridge." He spoke silently, directly to the computer. "Stand down from red alert." He waited for the lights to return to their usual state of brightness, which only served to illuminate the destruction on the bridge. He turned to Science Officer Kelvok. "Send all sensors information since the explosion to my ready room." He turned again as another officer, Ben Ayers, rushed to a still functioning console. "Mr. Ayers, best possible speed on last known course and trajectory of the vessel."

"Yes sir...but Engineering reports that warp speed is unavailable..."

"Tell them to fix it. Best possible speed, Mr. Ayers."

"Aye." Lyon looked over the bridge, took a last look at Captain Septaric's body, and silently cursed this turn of events. Then walked steadily, quickly to his ready room. He knew he would be followed, and wished that this upcoming argument would be as private as possible. As he entered the room, and the door closed behind him, he heard it immediately open again, and knew who had entered the room. Of the people he trusted most in the world, it was his friend, Turock

T'Kill, that he trusted the most. Having met in the academy, along with Admiral Blobbin, and being close ever since, the two men, one human and one Romulan, knew each other better than any other person on the Maximillian. And they had seen their share of Maximillians destroyed. The name had followed them throughout their careers, and both were irrevocably changed by it. By this, along with everything else, they were connected for life. Lyon, then, knew what Turock was there for.

"Go ahead, Turock." Lyon sat behind the desk, and folded his hands together.

Turock shook his head. "What the hell do you think you're doing? Taking back this ship, trying to get us all killed..."

Lyon sighed. "Trying to stop this....trying to keep anything else from happening..."

"It's time to stop, Rob, we couldn't help the Gorn, and now Septaric..."

"Over a billion lives just ended, Turock." Lyon stood up, and walked around the desk. "And that thing is headed towards Earth. Or, at least, that's where it was headed when it disappeared. Back on it's original course." And it's my fault. Lyon didn't add what he felt in his heart.

"Get the fleet together, Rob. It's too big for just the Maximillian anymore."

"Not yet. We're still in one piece..."

"Barely." T'Kill interrupted.

Nonplussed, Lyon continued. "And now we have the element of surprise. They're going where we're going. And we can hurt them."

"Your torpedoes didn't do anything to them last time!"

"The yield was too small, if we increase it..."

"Rob, even Blobbin doesn't under-

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BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER (Continued)

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stand Errsedorian Technology! If we don't watch what we're doing..."

"You rang?" Blobbin pudged his way into the ready room, glancing at the two Admirals. Turock stopped mid-sentence.

"Uh...if you're here, and we're here..."

"Relax, I left Kelvok in charge out there, he at least acts like he knows what he's doing. Unlike you people. The weapons can go higher in yield. I oversaw their construction, and they did come here with me, remember. And we're all going to blow up pretty big anyway, we might as well do it with my rockets o' fun."

Turock shook his head. "You two are dealing with a lot more than just us here. The lives of every human on Earth could depend on us..."

"Call your ships, Turock." Lyon looked at him seriously.

"What?"

"If I'm wrong, then the fleet will try and take care of it. They have to be outfitted with the new torpedoes and shields, however, otherwise they'll last about as long as the Gorn did. Blobbin, you see to that." Blobbin formed a short arm out of himself, waved it around in the air a few times, and saluted wildly.

"There's your insurance. At last speed, before it headed off, the vessel will arrive in Sector 1 in..." He glanced at the screen on his desk. "About Three solid days. Should be enough time to form some kind of fleet together?"

"Depending on how far away the current missions are." Turock said, gruffly.

"What happens if this "Rob fleet" doesn't win?" Blobbin added.

"Guys...we don't have any other options. With any luck, we can disable it before it gets to Earth."

"I'll put in for the council to evacuate..." Turock went to leave the room.

"Don't...It won't make any difference if we fail." Lyon said, sadly.

Blobbin shook the head part of his form. "Rob...I'm the last person to tell you about going off half-Looney, but you've been acting Ahab-y this whole trip. At least tell us what's going on. You know something, fine, but at least tell us what's happening!"

Lyon shook his head. "It's my responsibility to keep this ship safe, to keep this fleet together. I can't do this with anyone else."

Turock fumed for a moment. "Damn it, Rob, it's too late for your soliques. We're all in this together. Even the puddle there." Blobbin looked affronted, but said nothing as Turock continued. "It's always been that way, since the whole thing began! The three Captains, and now the three Admirals, and it's always going to be us, until it's all over! You can't shut us out, not from this. Listen to what's in your head!"

Lyon chuckled. "A Romulan telling me about controlling my feelings. The decision has been made, gentlemen." Lyon sat, punching a few buttons on his screen. "Blobbin, call Starfleet, start getting those ships together. Turock...before you begin getting hold of your ships...report to Engineering."

"Engineering! Now wait just a damn minute..."

"Engineering is where Kragnar is, and I'd very much like it if he could be told about his sister before it starts spreading through the ship."

"And where are you going to be?" Blobbin said, accusingly.

Lyon stood, pulling down on his uniform shirt, and walked around the table. "Stellar Cartography. Getting some exact locations of this thing, and where we can head it off at."

Turock looked at Lyon, angrily. "Fine. Kelvok seems capable enough...I would recommend relinquishing command to him, Rob, once this is all over with."

"Weren't you the one that argued against Septaric being in command? Argued that we should look outside the Max for once after what happened with Tamak?"

"I saw him when we were under fire, Rob. How long has he been with us, seen the things we've seen? Man can hold his own."

"Duly noted, Admiral. Let's get to work." Together, the three Admirals moved out of the ready room, united in purpose, even if they were divided by their feelings, and opinions.

"Hold the cords together! Switch those circuits out! We need it now, mister!" Chief Engineer Amy Armstrong Thomas was too busy to think about what she was saying. Operating solely on instinct and adrenaline, she moved through the top level of Engineering with drive and purpose. Her mind focused on one thing: Getting this ship back together, fulfilling the wishes of the Admiralty. That was the mission sent down from the Bridge, and she would be damned if she didn't do her absolute best to fulfill their wishes, despite her inexperience. Captain Septaric was inexperienced too, and look how far she got? Up there, together with the Admirals, fighting against things that she could-

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Star Trek: Maximillian Beyond the Final Frontier Continued

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 n't even begin to imagine. She much preferred it down here, around the machines and the people that she understood. Aliens and strange vessels were foreign to her, and nothing that she wished to investigate. Down here, in the engineering bay of the Maximillian, she knew every piece of equipment, and every thing that could happen with it. Maybe she wasn't the best in the fleet, but she knew this ship better than anyone else, and for her, that was enough.

She paced the floor, spotting sparks flying out of consoles, and realized that at this point she didn't really have to issue any orders. Anything that she was going to say was already being done. They were doing it, they were winning the war. Soon the power would be restored, and they would be able to go to warp, if their Captain deemed it necessary. And everything would return to normal, and she could resume her usual state of improving the ship's systems, and getting them to operate at maximum capacity. She smiled almost in spite of herself. For once, everything was going to work out.

As she looked down upon her people, busily fixing the many damaged consoles and circuits, and trying their best to prevent an unlikely warp core breach, she noticed a curious sight. Admiral T'Kill, walking purposefully, yet slowly, through the deck. She was about to call down to him, when

she realized by the look on his face that he was not there to share good news, and he wasn't looking for her. Instead, he had chosen a deliberate path, finding Commander Kragnar, still ordering scared-looking ensigns around. A Klingon's touch is something that was needed around here at times, she noted, if nothing else but to keep discipline up. She watched curiously, stopping her rushing around for one moment as the Admiral reached the Klingon, and gestured for Kragnar to follow him into an empty room, usually used for staff meetings. She watched through the window there, not hearing any of the words through the glass and the now closed door as Turock spoke, his face a picture of serious discussion, and he watched as, after a moment, Kragnar seemed to deflate, his Klingon bravado and bulk leaving him. He began to breathe heavy, and Turock frowned, put a hand on his shoulder, and walked out of the room, closing the door behind him. Within an instant, Kragnar transformed. He could still not be heard over the roar of the work being done, but Thomas could see his frustration, and he appeared to bellow mournfully, and began angrily smashing chairs against the window, the doors, the desk, breaking the wooden table into a splintered pile. It took Lieutenant Thomas a moment before she realized what was said, and for a moment, she felt like smashing things too.



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2	3	4	5 Enterprise "E2"	6	7 Van Helsing Drive	8 Maximillian Meeting N. Lights 5pm Anniversary
9	10	11	12 Enterprise "The Council"	13	14 Troy	15
16	17	18	19 Enterprise "Countdown"	20	21 Shrek 2	22
23	24	25	26 Enterprise "Zero Hour"	27	28 Marcon The Day After Tom.	29 Marcon
30 Marcon Matt's Birthday	31 Memorial Day					



"Reach for the Stars, And Grab the Future"

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The Max Hellboy Recruiting Drive at the Arena Grand Robin, Noodle, Mela, and Critch taking the Picture