



# THE MIGHTY MAX



"Reach for the Stars, and Grab the Future"

U.S.S. Maximillian (NCC-74997)  
Science-Fiction Fan Organization

DECEMBER 2004

VOLUME 12, ISSUE 12

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**A GREAT ADVENTURE – DRAWING BY ZEN – COLORED BY SQUIRRELLY**

## THE MAXIMILLIAN STORE

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

### STORIES/COLLECTIONS

Star Trek Maximillian: First Anthology  
Fiction from the U.S.S. Maximillian

Available May 2005 \$20

Star Trek Maximillian: Beyond the Final Frontier

Available 2005 \$20

The Mighty Max 2003 Collected \$20.00 Full Color

The Mighty Max 2004 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/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.

Another month of the Mighty Max, the first year that I can remember where we've had twelve issues in a row with no interruption at all. Congrats all on excellent submission sending and writing! It's been an entertaining year to say the least, especially considering I started my reign as Captain in 2004.

I've ended up staying at the Casa de Blobbin and Meowran, so my address has changed. You can find it on the back cover of the newsletter, please make a note of it. Also my phone number is there as well.

All in all, I believe this was a very well done year, with over \$500 in donations to various charities, not to mention the raffles both in and out of the ship, and many many events including taking part in this year's Trek Weekend. We've signed aboard many new members, had some of our best meetings ever, put out an impressive card collection, and just generally become the best Sci-fi club I've ever been a part of, to say the least.

The next year looks even more promising, as we begin our outreach to other clubs with the Newsletter Exchange Program, now beginning in January. We should have a calendar and membership cards done at about that time, and will begin talks in earnest about the 2006 Vegas trip. (WE ARE GOING, NO MATTER WHAT.) There are a lot of things cooking behind the scenes, including a very special 13th anniversary party, the First anthology of stories, and more!

This past month was fair, we didn't get to have a roleplaying session due to the moving of gamemaster Kelvok, but we did have several members of the Max get together for a special Thanksgiving. We also took in a showing of "Blade: Trinity" during a gettogether.

This month will be busy, with our annual Holiday party, and possibly starting a new tradition with a new years eve party. If you have any suggestions about my Captaincy, anything you think could be done better, or different, or something, just let me know, I'm still learning as I go, as I'm sure you can tell.

Don't forget to watch Enterprise! Ratings are going UP, which is amazing for the timeslot. There still may be a 5th season, which would be great because this year is the best Trek since probably back in Next Gen times.

Live Wrong and Slobber!  
Captain Chris Stephenson

### First Officer's Report

CMDR Robin Goldblum  
Executive Officer/Chief Medical Officer

Happy Holidays crewmembers!! It is getting to be that season of snow, presents and time off from school/work. This issue I present for you learning interest the ancient story of Hanukkah.

Thousands of years ago, during the same period as the great Egyptian civilization, the nation of Israel thrived in the area of the Middle East. Unfortunately, there were many enemies that the people had to defend themselves against. One of these warring nations was Syria. The Syrian armies attacked unexpectedly and the ill-prepared Israelites fell back. The great Temple, which was the center of the Israelites' religious life, was captured by the Syrian troops. To show the Israelites ultimate disrespect, the Syrians defiled the Temple by bring in dirty pigs and other animals to run free with the walls.

Yet, when many of the people had feared that the Temple was lost forever, a warrior family rose up to lead the army of the Israelites against the Syrians. This was the Maccabee family with the eldest, Judah, at the front. They drove the Syrians out of the lands and all the people rejoiced.

As the Israelites cleaned up the disaster at their great Temple, they found that only one days worth of oil remained to light the sacred menorah. The beautiful, eight-armed candelabra was never supposed to go unlit. Unfortunately, the nearest oil was many days away. Despairing that they would fail, they used the last of the oil and sent a runner to get more.

Amazingly, the little bit of oil lasted a whole eight days! It was a miracle.

I hope you enjoyed this little bit of Jewish history and have a joyful holiday season!

### Security Report

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh  
Records Officer

Another year has come and gone and now we are off again for 2005. This year has been one of our best years as there have been no skirmishes except of course in the gaming sessions. This past year for me has been one of the best. I have met some new friends courtesy of our new members one in particular, Zen has brought morale to its highest since I can remember.

My wife Sandie and her sister Sherrie were fortunate to meet Zen when he helped them out moving furniture. And let me tell you that Zen can boost anyone's morale. If I am correct in my predictions for the upcoming year, it will be even better than this one.

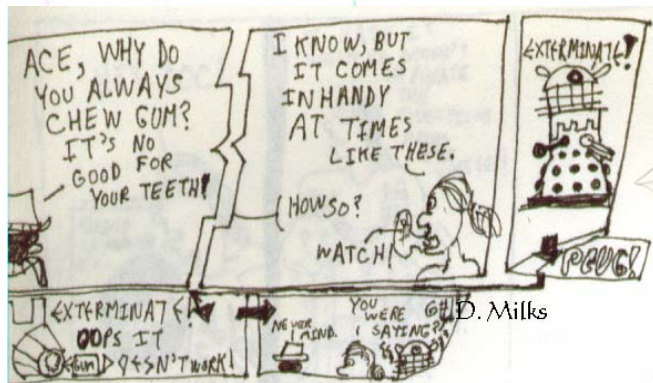


Skritweb is doing well and I am now working on a couple of projects, specifically so that I can do more. My current project that I am working on is an online comic strip which I will begin submitting to the newsletter starting next year. The title I have come up with is Mighty Max Adventures.

In the meantime if you have internet access check out Skritweb for lots more cool artwork and graphics.

This month is our XMAS party and celebration with lots of cool prizes this time. No more TIME MACHINE comics, I promise. For those unable to come, just remember, even more exciting prizes coming up for the anniversary in MAY!!!

HAPPY HOLIDAYS from Skrit and SKRITWEB!! :)



### Wing Commander's Report

CAPT Charles Connor  
Wing Commander

Greetings from the Shuttle Bay!  
Moving is completed, not much left but to unpack!  
WOO!

Looking forward to my Christmas Vacation, gonna be off for about 10 days PAID! WOO!

Anyway, not much else happening, hope everyone got what they want for Christmas. Spider-Man 2 would make a nice gift for someone...hint hint....hehehe. WOO!

That's all, good bye.

### Celestial Viewpoint

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



Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to the crew and friends of the Maximillian:

#### A Biography – T'purr Meowran

T'purr was born on Cait, a Class M planet in the 15 Lyncis system. Terrains would recognize this system as part of the Lynx constellation. The planet has two moons, Rea and Sura. T'purr spent the first 17 years of her life living on her family's ranch on the savannah in the Southern hemisphere. At the age of 17 she made a pilgrimage to the Northern Capital, a shrine to peace, established after the only World War on Cait.

It was there that she met her future mate, Lrr'thann'rr. He was also on a pilgrimage to the city of peace. Almost all Caitians spend some time of their life living in the city, trying to understand what it was to be such a lonely, paranoid people, and in some way keep the memory of the Polar Caits alive.

While there they began the bonding ritual (a form of engagement). Caitians usually do not actively choose a mate, but instead they go through a process called bonding, which is as much physical, as psychological. After adolescence, Caitians give off a pheromone that tells others that they are unbonded and are therefore available. When two Caitians bond, their pheromones shift and are now read as unavailable by other Caitians. Caitians who have bonded become addicted to each other's pheromones, and as a result feel the need to be close to one another. The entire process occurs on a subconscious level and can happen without either Caitian knowing it at the time. With rare exceptions, these bonded Caitians fall in love and are married. And so T-purr and Lrr'thann'rr were married shortly after they returned home. A month later they both joined Star Fleet.

During their time at the Academy they had one brre'l ("litter") of three children, two females and one male. Their children's names are Fel'ynn, S'reen and M'gram. After graduation, their first assignment was on the Drienne Space Station. Lrr'thann'rr worked in Engineering, while T'purr was assigned to the Communications department. Five years later, they were reassigned to the USS Walker, a science vessel. During this assignment, Lrr'thann'rr contracted a viral infection that left him incapacitated for several months. During his convalescence, and as a direct result of changes to his body chemistry, he became emotionally attached to the Terrain nurse assigned to his case. Although they tried to renew their bonds it soon became apparent that their union was over. Breaking a bond is extremely traumatic for a Caitian. Lrr'thann'rr decided to leave Star Fleet and return to Cait with S'reen and M'gram. Fel'ynn chose to stay with T'purr.

T'purr requested to be re-assigned to the U.S.S. Maximillian since she knew some of the crew from her time at the Academy. Admiral Blobbin had been a guest lecturer in her Architectural Theory class. LT T'purr began her career on the Max as chief of stellar cartography, a position granted her by Admiral Lyon who knew she was well versed in astronomy. She was recently promoted to LCMR and became Chief of Science.

Her daughter, Fel'ynn, also attended Star Fleet Academy. She graduated with a degree in history and archeology. Upon graduation she requested to be assigned to the Max with her mother. She was granted her request and currently serves as the ship's archeologist and historian.

### Treasury Report

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

Renewed Memberships 10/04:  
Single Membership – Jackie Roach

New Memberships 10/04:  
Single Membership – Ryan Stump

Renewed Memberships 11/04:  
Single Membership – John Friedrich  
Family Membership – Randall, Brandy and Mykayla Jackson

Membership expires in 3 months or less:  
Catherine Biro Manny Medina  
CJ Biro

Sarah Moran  
Danielle Biro Susan Moran  
Rachael Biro Chip Shrin-Cowen  
Paula Dunn Jessie Shrin-Cowen  
Bobbie Estabrook  
Erica Stanley  
Jeremy Estabrook  
Mike Stanley

Memberships renewal past due  
Shane Howard  
Rachel Steiner

General Fund \$633.71

Charity Fund \$273.94

MACE<sup>1</sup> \$21.00

TOTAL BALANCE \$928.65

<sup>1</sup>Max Committee for Anniversary/Christmas Events

### THE U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN NEW YEARS EVE PARTY

**BOLDLY GO INTO THE NEXT  
YEAR  
DECEMBER 31, 2004**

**CONTACT  
critchstarblade@gmail.com  
FOR MORE INFORMATION**

## November Meeting Minutes

### Minutes of the U.S.S. Maximillian November Meeting

The November Meeting of the Maximillian started promptly at 5:30pm.  
There were no guests.  
There were no awards or promotions.

The Captain gave his report, the website is doing well and being updated.  
The newsletter is 20 some pages this month with the cards being Charles and Elaine.

I gave a small thank you to the ship for helping me out with my recent difficulties at my old home.

The first officer gave a report, she is busy with boards for school.  
We will be getting together for a movie/dinner gettogether for "Blade: Trinity" in December.

The Comic-Con went well, we were treated well by the people who put it on.  
There are no new submissions for positions.

The records officer gave his report. He attended a horror movie marathon, which he enjoyed, and got some information about the Sci-Fi movie marathon, which we hopefully going to be on the list to volunteer at next year.

The raffle for the Christmas party is ongoing. There are many prizes.  
The purser gave her report. The state of the treasury is going well.  
We are currently at \$922.65. Past expenses included stamps to mail the newsletters. Past membership renewals were Jacky Roach. New Members are Ryan Stump.

Advisory staff was Elaine, who was present.

The Admiralty was there, Matt deferred to Greg, who announced that the 2005 regulations were done, and they are now posted on the website.

Next month's cards will be Babs and Squirrelly.

Medical forms are on the website and in the newsletter.

Committees - Roleplaying is cancelled for this month due to the gamemaster moving that weekend.

We will discuss the Vegas trip in detail at the January meeting.

Calendar : Need to have pictures into Charles by the December meeting, we will have a calendar by the January meeting.

December meeting deadline for the first anthology for art/stories/title Old Business

-Membership cards were discussed in depth, what to put on them, etc. etc. We should have a working model by 2005. The front will be the persona, where the back will be the "real" information.

The newsletter exchange program is on track to start in 2005.

Greg attended the Columbus meeting.

New Business: The Digital Archive continues forward.

Susan suggested that we have a moment of silence and pledge of allegiance before our meetings. The motion was passed by a majority vote.

There was multiple open discussion topics ranging from Enterprise and movies.

For our After meeting activity we went to CiCi's pizza.

The meeting was called to a close at 7pm.

Minutes available at <http://www.maximillian.org>

## UPCOMING EVENTS

### DECEMBER

- 11) Meeting/Christmas Party
- Deadline for Anthology Art/Story Submissions
- 19) Roleplaying
- 31) U.S.S. Maximillian New Years Eve Party

### JANUARY

- 8) Meeting (Vegas Discussion)
- 14) Elektra Release (Possible Gettogether)
- 18) Roleplaying

### FEBRUARY

- 12) Meeting
- 20) Roleplaying

## Positions still open

Armory Chief  
Chief of Communications  
Transporter Chief  
Chief of Intelligence  
Counselor

Submissions to the January 2005 edition of the Mighty Max are due on **January 4, 2005**.

Submit to  
[Critchstarblade@gmail.com](mailto:Critchstarblade@gmail.com)  
Or 614-284-4962



## Musings from the Puddle

RADM Gregory Dunn  
Inspector General

Hello, I am moving into the final phase of the persona cards.

Below I have a list of people who have not yet had a card and if they would like one there is a timetable for getting me the info needed.

INFO to include: 100-150 word character bio INCLUDING date of birth (current year 2380), Homeworld, species and current position on the MAX. I also need your real join date.

PICTURE REQUIREMENTS: A photograph of you as your persona or a high end color drawing of your character (ie like Susan or Sarah)

List of people I am awaiting info from:

- CJ
- Daniel (as Daniel)
- John Chubb
- Rachel
- Jacky
- Ryan
- Sidley
- Squirrelly
- Terry
- Zen
- Babs (without Databit)

If you want a persona card and are not on this list, please e-mail me. [tobecat@rocketmail.com](mailto:tobecat@rocketmail.com)

I will need your info NO LATER (NO LATER) NOTICE: NO LATER THAN FEB 1ST, 2005

NOT FEB 2ND or MARCH 12th....BUT FEB 1ST, 2005.

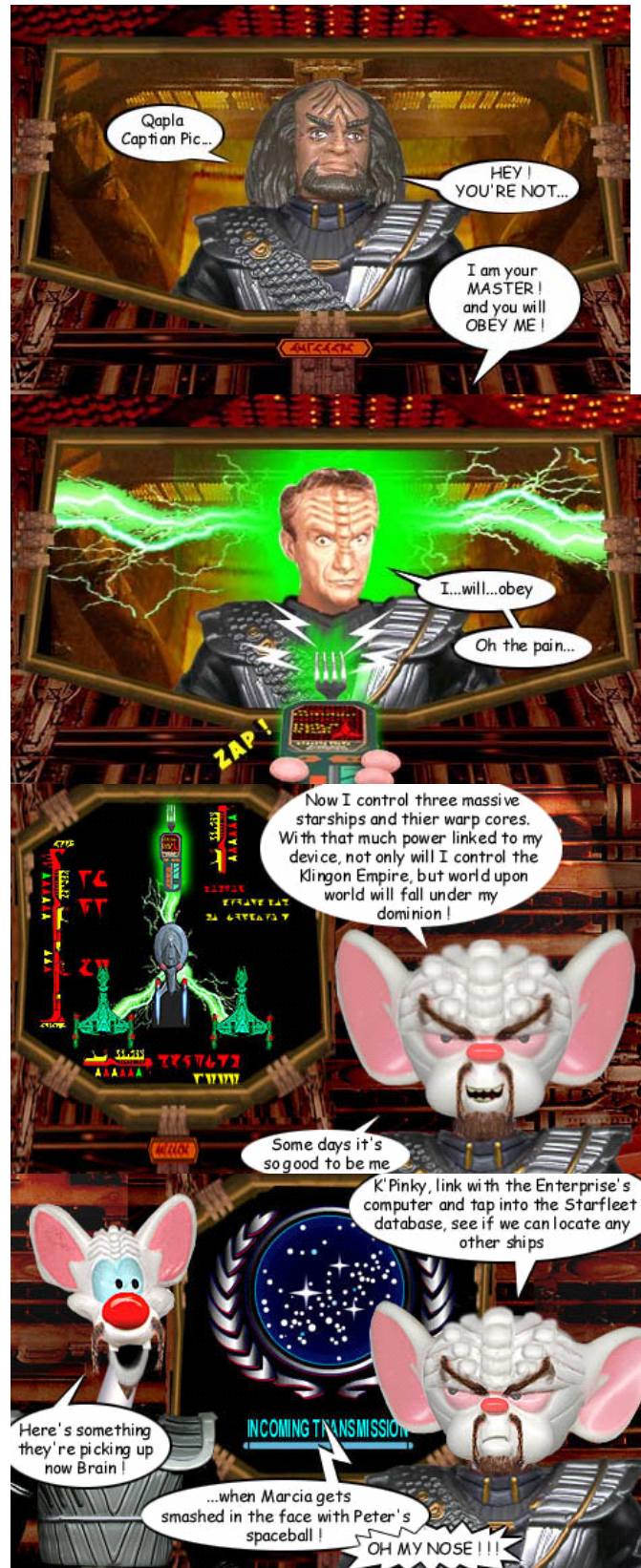
If I have not received any submissions by that time, then persona card will be made. If two months in not enough notice, then please see me BEFORE FEB 1ST, 2005 (better yet see me before Jan 15th) and we can make arrangements...otherwise the deadline for persona submissions is FEB 1ST, 2005.

I must approve all submissions and will work with you to get everything in order.

Thanks, Greg

## K'Pinky and the Brain

<http://www.hotink.com/HST/kp01.html>



## Star Trek: Maximillian Episode Three

### "Forms of Life" Chapter Four

Skrit sat happily at his desk, the lights dimmed in his quarters. It had been a few hours since the interview and his revelations, but he was still basking in the afterglow. He was on top of the universe again, having traversed the treacherous paths of fame and come out shining. All he wanted to do now was just sit and wait for them to ask for his return to lead the camera crew around the ship. He might even wait for them to beg. No, he wasn't going to put on airs, or try to make himself more important than he should be. Instead he would gratefully take his old position up, and everything would be as it was...except now the producers knew who really called the shots around here.

He put his hands behind his head and leaned back. Perhaps now that the truth was known, he could be even more creative with his energy powers. Perhaps even show his true form sometime...thoughts of this sort danced through his brain for some time, and he happily lost himself in thoughts of an ideal future. For a time, he even forgot his duties on the Maximillian, and imagined himself a great star, in holovideos and movies from here to Alpha Centrari, having fans throughout the various quadrants. He imagined aliens in far off systems receiving his images and watching, enthralled at his antics. Skrit closed his eyes and smiled, further disappearing into his fantasies.

He only got to enjoy his possible future for a few more minutes before he heard the familiar chime at his door. He sat up, and slowly rose, and then was surprised to hear an insistent knocking. Skrit reluctantly shook off the last vestiges of his dreams and came back to reality, then spoke the command to open his door. Almost immediately, the lead producer walked quickly into the room, looking angrily at Skrit. Before the energy-being could say anything, the producer stopped at the other side of the desk, and spoke. "We have a real problem here."

"Huh?" Skrit looked as confused as he felt, obviously not expecting the intrusion so soon.

The producer slammed a padd down on Skrit's desk, and after a minute of heavy silence, Skrit looked it up, and started tabbing through the various messages and mails that had been sent. "Go ahead, look at them, they're all the same." The producer said, sounding more angry by the second, and just a small amount worried. Skrit did peruse them, reading a few, his brow narrowed, and after a moment in which the world seemed to completely fall away from beneath him, he looked back at the producer, giving thanks that he couldn't perspire, because he'd be sweating bullets at this point if he could.

*(Continued on page 8)*

## Security Report

*LCDR Nathan Cobaugh  
Records Officer*

Normally I would take this time to go on about ongoing projects concerning the secretary's department, however, since there is nothing new to really report, I thought that I may as well review something.

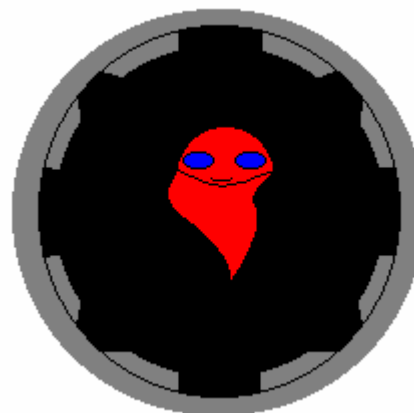
When Daniel first joined the Max, he would go on and on about Buffy the Vampire Slayer TV series, and I never watched it. Since this is something that he is passionate about, and I having not seen it, decided to take a look at it. Now, I am hooked on to Buffy as well. So much in fact, that I even went out and bought the DVD's. SO what does this have to do with my report?

Because I wanted to thank Daniel for introducing me to it and that I think it is even cooler that he started up the BuffyColumbus group on Yahoo.

Also, the last season was just recently released on DVD and I had to have it. I love the outtake reel and the bonus material on the fans, as well as the actors and characters. Plenty of commentary is provided by Josh Whedon and writers Drew Goddard, and Greenberg. I even took up my sketchbook and did a sketch of Buffy and Spike separately. One of the interesting things that they discussed on the commentary on one of the last disks was the idea floating around for Spike and Faith to have their own show. On the first disk there is a Willow's Demon Guide on DVD-ROM. Loaded with lots of extras on the last disk and on the third disk if I remember correctly there is a special documentary on the fandom of Buffy.

One last thing I wanted to add is that coming December 22nd there is a movie that will be coming out directed by Joel Shumacher and based on Andrew Lloyd Weber's most famous play (which I am looking forward to see), PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!



## "Galactica" hits Prime-Time NBC

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

Cable's Most-watched Miniseries of 2003 Becomes Three-hour Event Prior to Premiere of New Series Version of "Battlestar Galactica" on SCI FI January 14

BURBANK, Calif. -- December 6, 2004 -- NBC's Saturday-night universe will expand to showcase "Battlestar Galactica" -- SCI FI's hit miniseries that proved to be cable's most-watched miniseries of 2003 -- in a special three-hour presentation on Saturday, January 8 (8-11 p.m. ET) prior to SCI FI's new series premiere of "Battlestar" on January 14.

Originally broadcast as a four-hour miniseries that updated its original predecessor, "Battlestar Galactica" will be edited to three hours to accommodate NBC's primetime schedule on January 8.

Directed by Michael Rymer ("Queen of the Damned") and written by Ronald D. Moore ("Carnivale," "Roswell"), the miniseries -- and subsequent series -- stars Edward James Olmos ("Stand and Deliver," "Blade Runner") as Commander Adama, who leads the last remnants of humanity in their war against a new and deadlier breed of Cylons.

Edgier and racier than its predecessor, SCI FI imbued "Galactica" with a decidedly modern twist -- upping the ante on the action, adventure, romance and family drama that made the original television series so beloved. While maintaining the groundbreaking story of man versus machine, this time, the Cylon robot is no longer a recognizable enemy. The ragtag fleet, comprised of all that remains of the human race, is forced into a dramatic final showdown for survival.

Olmos helps lead the charge as Adama, the hawkish military leader of the last surviving battleship. Mary McDonnell (NBC's "ER," "Dances with Wolves") is Laura Roslin, the newly appointed President, who has her own convictions about how the human race is to survive. Katee Sackhoff ("The Education of Max Bickford") portrays Adama's best pilot, Starbuck. She and Apollo (Jamie Bamber, "Band of Brothers"), face their own set of challenges.

The miniseries event premiered to critical praise and stunning ratings. "Battlestar Galactica" earned an average 3.5 rating and a 4 share. It out-delivered HBO's Emmy Award-winning "Angels in America" by more than 600,000 total viewers over two nights. "Battlestar" drew a broad audience, garnering SCI FI's best demographic ratings for the year among the key demographics of viewers 25-54 and 18-49. As SCI FI's highest-rated program for 2003, "Battlestar Galactica" took its place as the third highest-rated original event in the Channel's history (behind only "Steven Spielberg Presents TAKEN" and "Frank Herbert's Dune."

## FORMS OF LIFE

CAPT Chris Stephenson  
Captain

*(Continued from page 7)*

"How.....How...?" Skrit stammered, but he just couldn't get the words out.

"I'll tell you how, 'Commander'," The producer said with contempt. "They think you're a murderer! I've been getting thousands and thousands of messages, all telling me what a horrible thing this is, for the Federation to have a killer as a security chief! This is ruining us! Ruining the show!"

"But...I'm not a murderer! How can they think that?" Skrit was backpedaling, trying desperately to think of some way to settle this catastrophe. This had swung out of control so rapidly that he didn't know what to do.

"The doctor! Alexander! When you took over his body, it's not him anymore!"

"But he's alive! I can feel him! He's up here!" Skrit pointed at his head, his brain."

"They don't buy it, Skrit...this could be some real trouble for you."

Skrit sank into his chair, defeated. "I was cleared of any wrongdoing by Starfleet Command, by Admiral Blobbin himself...this shouldn't be an issue." He knew though, that this could happen, that this would come up someday and cause further grief for him. All thoughts of popularity and fame were pushed aside in his mind. All thoughts of his future scattered into the winds...

"Whoa!"

"Now what?"

"You...you just...I don't know, maybe it's something with my eyes, you just kind of...faded."

Skrit shook his head. "What? Never mind, forget it...what can we do?"

The producer stopped for a moment, and thought. "The viewing public are sheep, and easily distracted. We can probably whip up something that will take their minds off of you...but what..?"

Skrit put his head down. "The squirrel."

"Excuse me?"

"The chief engineer...I'll talk to him, you can do where he came from...and he can tell you first so you can make sure there's no problems." Talk about cutting off his nose to save his face, Skrit thought to himself.

*(Continued on page 9)*



## FORMS OF LIFE (Continued)

"You think he'll do it?"

"...I guess if I'm going to be able to show my face in this galaxy again, he's going to have to."

"I'm a little busy here." Squirrelly wasn't exactly being as agreeable as Skrit hoped he would. He had went immediately to Engineering, despite the late hour, not really expecting to find the bi-pedal animal there, and was in fact hoping he wasn't. But there he stood, working diligently, trying to find an energy leak that was sapping efficiency from the Maximilian's warp drives. Unfortunately, it was becoming a bit of a pain to track down, especially as the hours moved on, and the constant buzzing around of the camera crew, which by now had lessened to one.

Skrit persisted. "This won't take much time, Squirrel. They like the origin thing, they want to hear where you came from..."

"More likely then that is yours didn't exactly meet with their approval, and you want something to take the heat off of you. How's that sound?" Skrit was silent. "I might look like a rodent, Skrit, but I don't act like one. Quit assuming that nobody's as smart as you."

Skrit sighed, shaking his head. He hadn't really expected his ruse to work, but Squirrelly was right, he had underestimated his intelligence. In the future, he'd have to think these things through a little more thoroughly. But there wasn't time for that anymore, so he just went with it. "You're right."

"Say again?"

Skrit cleared his throat. "You're right." He said again, a little louder.

"I don't think they heard you in the back..." Squirrelly motioned for the camera crew to come closer, and quit focusing on the hydrospanner

precariouly perched on the edge of the core. There had been rumblings lately of lax Engineering sections throughout Starfleet, and at least one ship had famously been damaged due to a lost hydrospanner into a warp core.

"Damn it, Squirrel..."

"Wait, I've got a better idea. I'll do it."

"...You will?"

"With conditions."

Skrit stopped, suddenly wary. "And they are?"

"One. A public apology, from you to me, here in Engineering, after this is over. Two. You finally let me adjust the settings on your emitters."

"You can't get off of that, can you?"

"It's serious, Skrit. They've been operating past safety limits for months now. If they go out, I don't know what effect they'll have on your form."

"I'll be fine." He tapped his chest proudly. "Pure energy, remember?"

"And nobody is immortal."

"Look, whatever you say, all right? I've got to get back to the producer and set this up. You'll tell him the story first, and then he'll air it."

Squirrelly retrieved the hydrospanner. "It's going to happen here then, I still have a lot of work to do."

"Fine." Skrit retreated then, leaving Engineering as quickly as he could. He had gotten what he wanted...but why did it feel like he had just lost?

Squirrelly squinted as he turned the last screw, closing the panel, and wished for the hundredth time that he didn't have to do this. He wasn't even exactly sure why he was doing this. Easier to smooth things over and make sure everything went well than cause more problems. He sighed inwardly as he straightened up, and looked at the expectant camera crew. He knew they

were waiting on him, and he willed himself to become ready. He didn't like sharing his life story with anyone, especially strangers, let alone possibly the rest of the galaxy. But it was this, or something that could harm the ship. So, for the Maximilian, he thought, as he sat down, his tail curling up behind him. "I'm ready."

"Thank you Lieutenant." The producer said quietly. "This is just a pre-taping, we can edit it as much as we'd like later on, so take your time." Squirrelly nodded, as he watched the producer count backwards from five, and the little red light blinked on and off twice, and then suddenly, once again, it was showtime. But this time, it seemed more personal, more intimate, than the prior times he had been filmed. He took a deep breath, his tail flicked slightly, and he began.

"This isn't...easy for me to talk about...but it seems like the right thing to do. I don't really know my true origin, family tree, so forth. There wasn't really any need. When it started, I was happy. That was all I really needed to know, or all I cared about.

"At that point, from times I remember, we weren't aware of what planet we were on, or of other places throughout the worlds, or even of other forms of life besides what we were familiar with. We were where we were, and that was enough. An abundant forest of trees, food, water...I guess the closest thing that it could be compared to would be Eden."

His head lowered, and his tail drooped. "It was Betazed, I later learned. You know what happened to Betazed. The Dominion War. Wiped out a good chunk of the forests on that world, the water...I don't blame the soldiers, they were being

*(Continued on page 10)*

## FORMS OF LIFE (Continued)

*(Continued from page 9)*

controlled...but regardless, many of us died during the initial attacks.

"Afterwards, we had a quick lesson in the universe when we were ferried away, kind of smuggled, onto a freight carrier. And it ended up being a trap. There was a man...white hair, long white hair...attacked the freighter over some kind of money dispute, but there was no mistake, he was after us. Some kind of collector of rare life-forms, you might know some of his allies, one of which went after Enterprise's Data a while before."

"Some of us were taken in the last battle, and then another ship came in. I don't recall the name, but I do know the officer that came aboard. Captain Kelvok, then just a lieutenant, was among the team that fought off the 'collector' and saved us. But there was a lot of damage to our ship, and we were near a warp core breach. There was a lot of radiation, and Lieutenant Kelvok collapsed. I was the last 'fur' left alive on the ship, the others either succumbed to the radiation or taken by the collector. I carried him out, using his badge as I had watched him do to get off the ship before it exploded.

"My life changed, I learned about the Federation. As thanks for me getting him off the ship, Kelvok and a few Admiral acquaintances of his sponsored my admittance into the Academy. As luck would have it, to make a long story short, though it's too late for that, I now serve under him.

"That is...pretty much how I came to be, in a nutshell. If I have any experience I want to impart on anyone, it's that...that there are always different forms of life out there, far far different than any of us can imagine. But where it counts, they're the same as us, and they should be treated as such. On this ship alone, we have androids, energy beings, races of all shapes and sizes...and one fur. And we all work together for a common goal.

"If I have one goal, apart from helping my crewmembers, it is that someday to discover what happened to my friends and family...But that is in the future. And that ends my story."

Squirrelly looked into the camera, a flash of sadness and anger for having to share his personal tale. "Is that good enough for you?"

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH...

## Reeves-Stevens Reveal Second in Klingon Arc, "Divergence," and Discuss End of Season (SPOILERS) [HTTP://WWW.TREKWEB.COM](http://www.trekweb.com)

STAR TREK: ENTERPRISE writers **Judith and Garfield Reeves-Stevens** revealed that they're writing the second episode in an upcoming Klingon arc entitled "Divergence," while posting at [The Lost World](#) bulletin board. The arc starts with "Affliction," which TrekWeb revealed two weeks ago will deal with a Klingon plague and possibly the famous TOS-TMP make-up change ([story](#)).

"Right now, we're revising our fourth episode, 'Divergence,' which will be the second part of a two-part Klingon arc," they write. "Not a lot we can say about this one right now, except we've written a multiple-starship action sequence that's never been seen before, and that everyone's very excited to bring to the screen."

The Reeves-Stevens also talk about their upcoming January episode "Observer Effect."

"Our second episode, 'Observer Effect,' airing in January, is a standalone, but with a really interesting connection to TREK history that, amazingly, no one's leaked yet," they say. "We're particularly pleased with how this one turned out because it's getting the same reaction from the actors and crew as 'Brothers in Arms' got on TLW. Stand by to see some truly exceptional performances by **Anthony Montgomery, Dominic Keating, and Linda Park.**"

About "United," their script in the center of the "Babel One," "United," "The Aenar" Andorian arc airing in February, they say get ready to see a memorable STAR TREK moment.

"**Manny Coto** -- to whom we should all be lighting candles in thanks -- wrote the stories for all three episodes, and came up with some great scenes and story developments which we had a lot of fun working with. In this one, you're going to see an amazing performance by **Jeffrey Combs, Scott Bakula and Jolene Blalock** at their best, and what we feel is a moment of STAR TREK history that's as noteworthy as the ending of the film, **FIRST CONTACT**, when those aliens pulled back their hoods to reveal they were Vulcans."

Beyond those episodes, the new ENTERPRISE writers announce that the staff is currently planning the end of the season.

"Past that, the entire writing staff has been meeting to work out the final episodes of the season -- note that we said SEASON, not SERIES. The fate of the show has not been decided, so go tell your friends to start watching again!"

## **THE MAXIMILLIAN ONLINE**

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**NEEDS OF THE MANY**  
***Written by Chris Stephenson***  
**CHAPTER THREE (CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH)**

"Don't look down." Was all Critch said, which of course had the opposite effect on Overload, who quickly glanced behind them. Seeing the creatures had, expectedly, an adverse effect on her, who easily doubled her speed up the hill. Critch smiled, as it had worked out exactly as he intended. They matched speed, but the plant-creatures had worked out how best to climb, and they had increased their rate of climb as well, and it had begun a race with a potentially deadly ending. And this worried Critch, for when they got to the top of the hill, where then were they going to go? He and Overload could run for days without needing to stop, but unless the Maximillian could work out whatever problems they were having, they couldn't get away from the relentless pursuit of their old foe. As he reached the top, he sighed inwardly, and prepared to haul himself up and go into a straight out sprint, hopefully having an easier time of it than the creatures. He looked over the top, Overload almost there, and his eyes widened.

"Overload, DOWN!" They ducked as a great ship flew just over the top of their heads, holding on through the rush of wind. The ship turned around in a lazy angle, the creatures stopping their chase, watching the approach of their new enemy. The away team only looked for a second, then moved on top of the hill to see what was happening. They watched as the small ship, looking like a cross between a standard shuttle and the more streamlined "Delta Flyer", designed some time before for the Voyager while she was stranded in the Delta Quadrant. Two nacelles sleekly off to the side, and a sharply angled main compartment. And from the looks of things, she was loaded for bear. They saw a solitary figure in the pilots seat through

the windows, who grinned at them.

Lieutenant Commander Skrit and his custom ship, the R.S. Lyon, had entered the fray.

They watched as the ship targeted and began firing upon the creatures with specially oriented phasers. The creature it hit was obviously hurt, as it screeched and began flailing about wildly, and in the process lost it's grip on the cliffface. It fell, waving it's vines, crashing into the other creature, knocking it loose as well, and almost in slow motion the two smashed into the ground, and all was still.

"Somebody call for a weedkiller?" Skrit, sounding immensely pleased with himself, called to the away team through the communications systems.

"I'm gonna kill something if you don't pick us up!" Critch called back, as Kelvok finally dropped to the ground.

"Keep your pantyhose on, I'm coming, I'm coming." Skrit began to rotate the ship again, and move back towards the cliff, in order to land.

As he neared his destination, he



was nearly speared through when a vine erupted from the ground, rushing straight up in the sky, grazing the side of the ship, sending it flying out of control. The two plant-creatures had regained whatever form of consciousness they had before, and had now redoubled their efforts, launching a direct assault on the thing that had harmed them, as well as working to catch the away team. Instead of going around the cliff, they would simply go through it, which seemed to work much better than their earlier plan. In mere moments, the creatures had broken through the top of the cliff, and were moving towards the away team, even as the ship had swooped around, ready to make another pass.

Kelvok looked at the ship, realizing that this dance would probably go on a lot longer than anyone would like, and raised his hands. He made a cutting motion, and swiveled a hand around in a circle. He then turned to his team, and simply said, "Run." As they began a dead sprint towards the cliffside, he hoped that Skrit would understand what he had meant.

With the two deadly plant-creatures hounding their every step, the away team leaped into the air, began to descend...and landed with varying grunts on the floor of the R.S. Lyon. Skrit had taken his captain's meaning, had swiveled around and opened up his back bay door allowing the away team a quick getaway. Without a word, he tapped the panels, and the door rushed shut, with the creatures safely outside. The ship moved away from the cliff, and began maneuvering to come around again.

Kelvok stood. "Excellent work, Commander."

*(Continued on page 12)*

## NEEDS OF THE MANY

*Written by Chris Stephenson*

### CHAPTER THREE CONTINUED

*(Continued from page 11)*

"T'weren't nothin. Power's down on the Max, and we lost Ensign Bob."

"Understood." He glanced around, as Critch helped Overload to her feet. "This ship is impressive, Commander. It appears we may have been mistaken in our hesitation."

"Don't worry about it, we've got bigger problems right now. Sir, Commander Tamak put us way too close to those storms. We could have lost every system on the ship if the squirrel hadn't had them shut everything down!"

"I will deal with Commander Tamak. In the meantime, we must halt the advance of these creatures. Do you have any weaponry?"

Without a word, Skrit tapped a panel, and the walls slid open to reveal an impressive display of armaments, including the familiar sight of the infinity modulators, specially enhanced per Overload's recommendations. Critch whistled softly, then frowned.

"No Quantum launchers?"

Skrit shook his head. "Are you kidding? You weren't even supposed to use the last one we had!"

"Fine, fine..." Critch grabbed an I-Mod, and threw it to Kelvok, who moved to a window. He then grabbed two more, and passed Overload, tossing her one.

"Saddle up."

"Lock and load!" She finished cheerily, a marked change from her earlier mood. Databit got down onto the weapon, and began to call out which way to aim, and how much to adjust for local conditions, as she positioned herself at a side window,

which had come open with a small 'zoomph'. Critch sat in the co-pilot's seat, I-Mod ready in case the creatures were able to gain access to the ship. He nodded to Skrit, and the R.S. Lyon suddenly dove towards the planet's surface, towards the creatures.

The shots from Kelvok and Overload were true, and they were answered with vines waving in the air menacingly and sharp screeches. The ship was able to dodge the useless attacks, and as they fired down, the ship moved through the vines, firing its powerful weapons almost point blank into the creature's mouth. After one last mournful call, the creature died, collapsing to the earth. The other creature thought better of challenging its enemy, and dove deep into the ground, burrowing until it could no longer be seen. Critch looked up at Skrit.

"This thing got infra-red?"

"And she'll do the Kessel Run in 12 parsecs." Skrit answered, tongue-in-cheek, and flipped a nearby switch. The green radar screen turned white and red, and it was obvious that the red signified the creature.

Kelvok came into the cockpit, frowning. "Commander, zoom out to maxi-

mum, if you please." Skrit did so dutifully as Critch looked up at him.

"Sensing something?"

Kelvok was silent as the screen confirmed his fears. The plant-creature that was left was not the lone one on this planet. There were more.

A lot more.

Answering the unasked question, Critch closed his eyes, slumping in the chair. "At least five hundred. Probably more." The mass of red spread throughout the ground of the planet's surface like a plague, completely underground, hidden until the trap had been complete. They were all headed to one spot, and it had nothing to do with the ship.

"They wanted us to see this." Kelvok spoke to himself, almost a whisper, as he stared straight ahead, drowning out the useless laser fire from Overload in the rear.

Within heartbeats, the swarm of plant-creatures emerged from the earth around and within the villiage, without warning or reason. The savage vines grabbed townsfolk, innocent and guilty alike, throwing them, ripping them asunder and eating them whole, while tearing apart their pride, their well designed buildings that had never been made to withstand anything like this. There had been several thousand people that existed within and just outside the borders of this villiage. Men, women, children, and another sex that served mainly as the lawmakers in this society. All treated with the same disrespect and contempt for life. All dead within moments.

It was far worse than Kelvok could have guessed, far worse than any of them had ever seen. They now knew what had happened to the original planet they had encountered the creatures on, that it had seeded, overran

*(Continued on page 13)*



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### NEEDS OF THE MANY

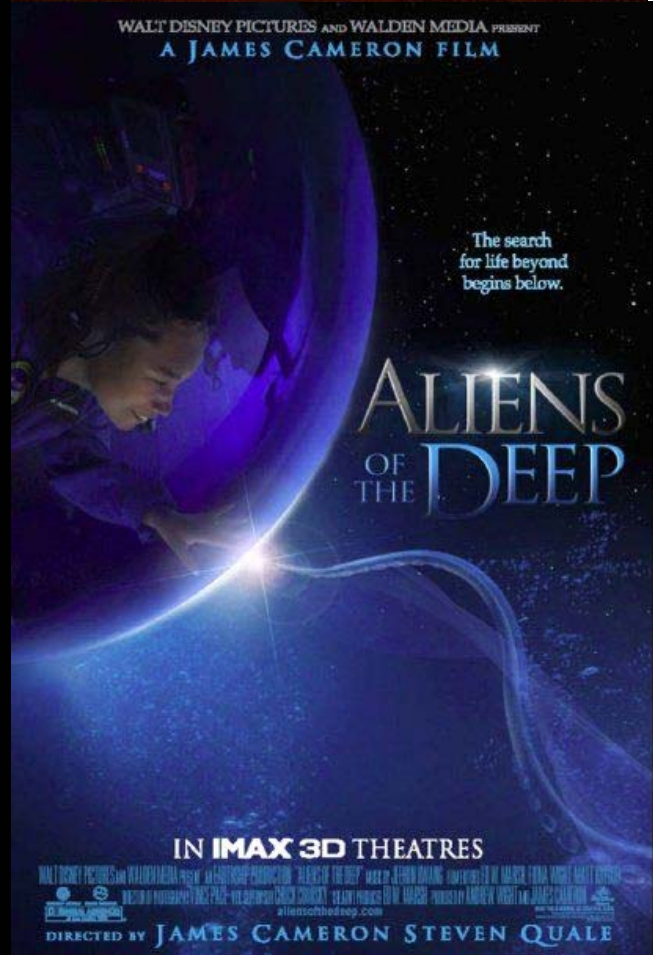
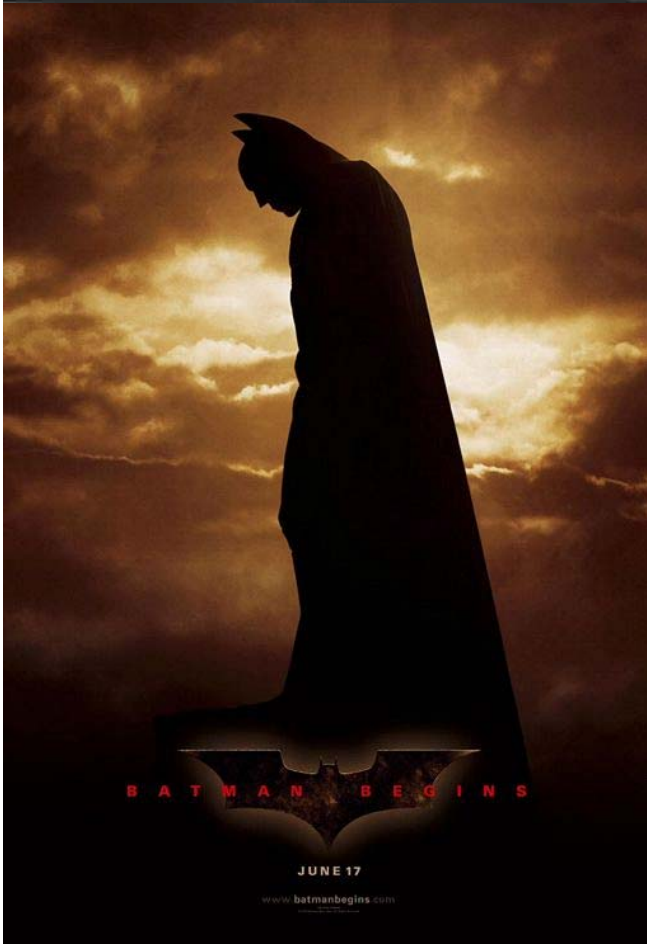
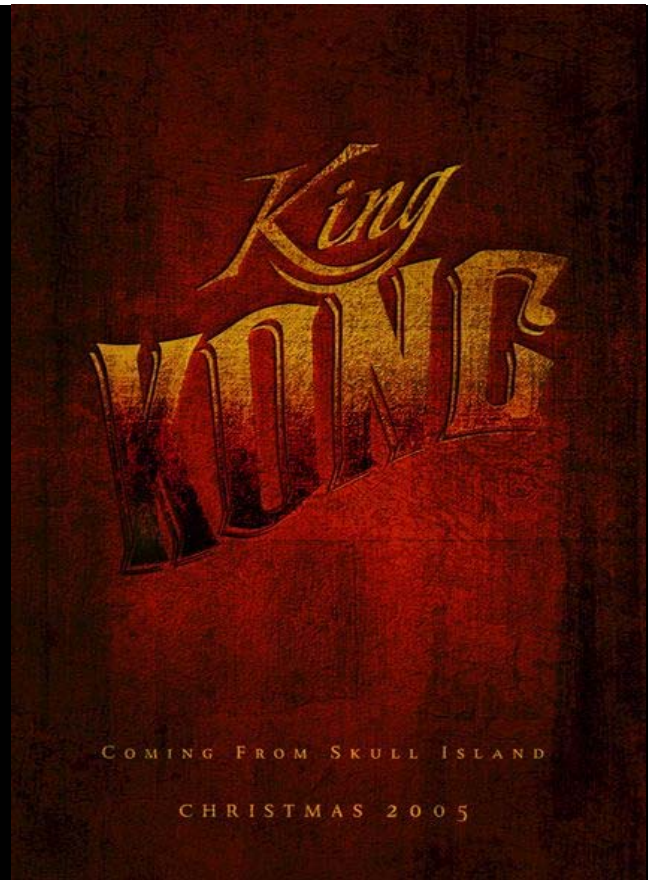
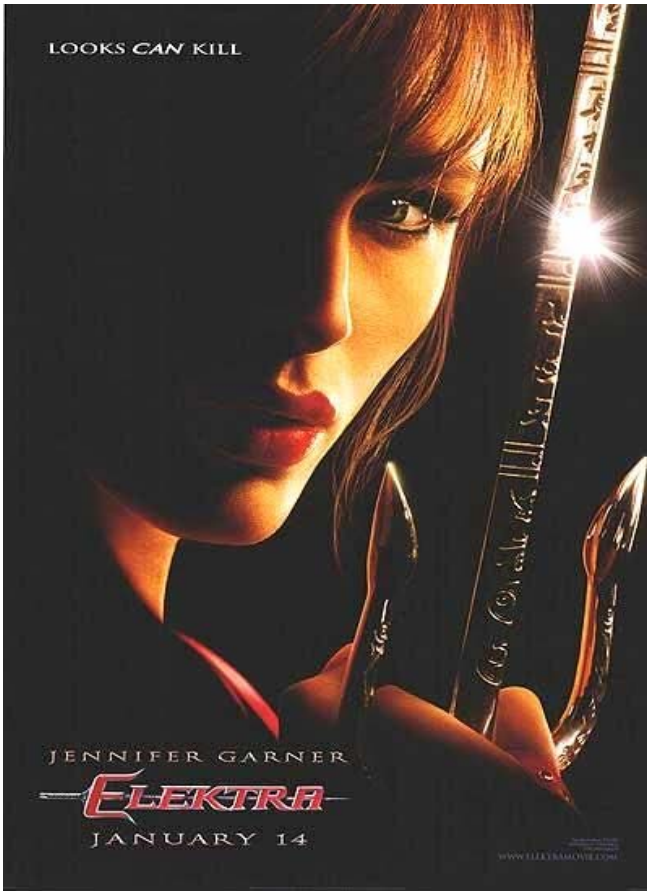
*Written by Chris  
Stephenson*

*(Continued from page 12)*

and took control of every possible thing, until it became the dominant, the only life form capable of survival, changing the whole atmosphere. Kelvok clenched his fist, unable to hide his anger completely, and nodded briskly to Skrit, who silently, painfully, set a course back to the Maximillian. Unable to do anything to help the villiage, unable to stop wishing that it was him instead of them.

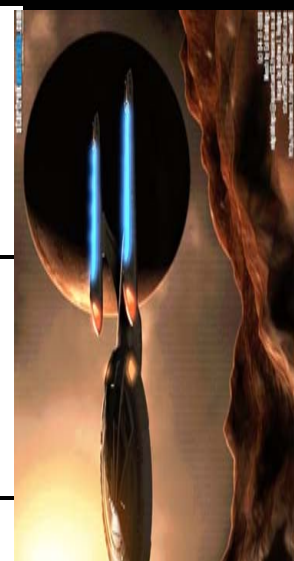
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16 <i>Roleplaying Birthday—Nathan Cobaugh</i>	17	18	19	20 <i>Birthday— Danielle Biro</i>	21 <i>Enterprise</i>	22
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**THE MIGHTY MAX  
DECEMBER 2004**

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