

THE MIGHTY MAX

"Reach for the Stars,
And Grab the future"

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

Serving Central Ohio since 1992

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SM



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Inside:

Lots of Officer Reports
Enterprise, Star Wars, and Battlestar news
Home Again
Beyond the Final Frontier
Comics



The MaX-Files

CAPT Chris Stephenson
Commanding Officer

Greetings. I want to thank everyone for getting in their newsletter articles in a timely fashion, it's been a big help as I get this newsletter put together along with everything else that has to be done as I prepare for the change of command.

There has been some talk about what time the meetings, and the meetings themselves, so I'll briefly talk about them. I and members of the Operations department will arrive at the library at roughly 3:30pm in order to set up. The room will be set up as normal, though I want the podium up there cause, well, I always wanted to talk up there.

The Command staff meetings will begin at 4, which are basically just a loose rundown of the upcoming meeting, with spaces for interviews for positions, and things of that nature. All are welcome, but ordinarily only the Command Staff will be able to speak, so it is recommended that the general membership show up at around 4:45-5. The Command meeting will wrap up at roughly 4:45, and then the meeting will start at 5:15, allowing fifteen minutes for stragglers and late-comers. The meetings themselves should last no more than two hours, and even that is on the long end of the scale.

The meeting will be run on an agenda, which has been sent out to the membership via the groups list and will also be available at the meeting itself. The agenda is always in flux, and opportunity to voice items not on the agenda will be provided in each section of the meeting.

It is my hope that the meetings will run more smooth, and hopefully we will get more accomplished. There are a number of projects that have been set in motion, such as getting out new membership cards, getting the 2004 edition of the regulations out, and more communication. I believe much of the communication issues have been sorted out with the addition of the yahoo lists and also attempted phone calls around as reminders about the meetings, but there is still work to do!

On the website front, I'm adding the music videos made popular at Marcon last year, and also the store is online, where you can get your actionwear and other Maximillian merchandise.

Until next time,

The Cap'n
*The Max Adventure is just
beginning...*

XO and Sickbay Report

LCDR Robin Goldblum
First Officer / Chief Medical Officer

Greetings all! I have decided that since I am both XO and CMO, I will just write one big report covering everything instead of two small reports. For this issue, as promised, I will be reporting on my shoreleave experience to the Slanted Fedora convention in New York. Also, be assured that the outbreak of Bluey lice has been contained. They now all live in a terrarium with mushroom houses and no cats to bother them.

The convention began Friday night with an introduction to all the guests. These included: Rene Auberjonois (Odo), Garrett Wang (Harry Kim), Spice Williams and Todd Bryant (the Klingons from *Star Trek V*), Vaughn Armstrong (Adm Forrest), Hallie Todd (Lal), Julie Benz (Darla from *Angel*), Richard Biggs and Jason Carter (from *Babylon Five*), Casey Biggs (Damar), and more. The big surprise after that was a comedy performance by Julie Benz's husband, John Kassir. Not only is he the voice of the Crypt Keeper from *Tales from the Crypt* and Buster Bunny from *Tiny Toon Adventures*, but he is a hilarious stand-up comedian too.

Saturday was filled with question-and-answer sessions with the actors. This was also the time to get autographs signed. I found all the actors to be very nice and happy to answer all questions. The dealers' room was also filled with a nice assortment of science fiction/fantasy merchandise.

Saturday night featured dinner and a show. The dinner was good with Caesar salad, lasagna, and tiramisu. The show was Garrett Wang doing a reading of "The Santaland Diaries." It was about a struggling actor in New York who took a job as an elf in the famous Macy's Christmas display. Overall, it was very funny with a sappy ending about the "real" Santa coming to the rescue. Afterwards, I needed to board my shuttlecraft and return. I found the experience very satisfying and I highly recommend it to any crewmembers on shoreleave next year.

THE MAXIMILLIAN
ONLINE STORE

<http://www.maximillian.org>

Security Report

*LCDR Nathan Cobaugh
Records Officer/Chief of Security*

I do not know if there will be someone to replace me as security chief so I am going to keep on as Security chief until it is necessary for me to step down from the position. So in the interests of maintaining the duties of which I have been assigned, I will be doing what I can to keep the standards of the ship up to snuff in Security as well as my newly elected position as Secretary.

I am still working on trying to get my computer up and running again, or getting a new one here in the next few weeks so I can keep my projects running as well as my website. I will be also working with Critch at my new job seeing that we are both going to be in the same class together. Captain, I promise not to drive you crazy. *(Editor's note: Too late.)*

Along with everything I am proud to say that this year will be my 30th birthday of course that was back in the month of January and coming up will be my 5 year anniversary since I got married. Looking forward to many more. Anyways, here is to the new command staff and in the great words of Captain Kirk, "May the wind be at our backs."

Security Chief Skrit signing off.

Purser's Report

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

We were able to meet with Manny, the former treasurer and secure the financial materials for the ship's bank account. Below is a report of the ship's financial standing as of January 2004.

General Fund	\$178.38
Charity Fund	\$104.00
Rob's Fund	\$282.50
Total Balance	\$564.88

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:

Bush's New Space Vision – Moon-Mars Plans Take Shape

With President Bush's announcement during his State-of-the-Union speech that NASA will once again be an agency of exploration, we are getting closer to the realization of human's actually visiting other planets. The timetables for these missions are quite amazing. We expect to send a robot to the Moon in 2008. The first manned flight would occur between 2015 and 2020. This is definitely the foreseeable future! It's exciting to think that we will see human beings performing tasks that we've watched in our favorite Sci-Fi TV shows and movies – explore space, create off world colonies and even mine asteroids for profit.

There is already a good deal of controversy on whether we should go back to the Moon or go straight to Mars. I personally agree with the Whitehouse position that the Moon missions will be "an important demonstration of our ability to live and work on another world. We will assess technologies and the use of lunar resources and we will build the skills and gain the experience that will enable us to conduct sustained exploration of other worlds."



Another advantage of going to the Moon would be to develop larger observatories with huge telescopes where there are no clouds or blurring atmosphere. In light of the latest diagnosis of the Hubble Space Telescope's relatively imminent failure (some say as soon as 2008) we need to develop other sources of deep space exploration.

The new Crew Exploration Vehicle, though not yet in the design stage, will be the star ship of our future. Not only will these ships be capable of ferrying astronauts and scientists to the Space Station after the shuttle is retired, but their main purpose will be to carry astronauts beyond our orbit and to other worlds.

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**

The Scientific Method

CMDR Erica Stanley
Chief of Science

MAKE ROOM AT THE TABLE: TWO MORE ELEMENTS CREATED

By James Glanz
THE NEW YORK TIMES

A team of Russian and American scientists reported this week that they have created two new chemical elements, called superheavies because of their enormous atomic mass. The discoveries fill a gap at the farthest edge of the periodic table and hint strongly at a weird landscape of undiscovered elements beyond.

The team, made up of scientists from Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory in California and the Joint Institute for Nuclear Research in Dubna, Russia, disclosed its findings in a paper published in *Physical Review C*, a leading chemistry journal.

"Two new elements have been produced," said Walt Loveland, a nuclear chemist at Oregon State University who is familiar with the research. "It's just incredibly exciting. It seems to open up the possibility of synthesizing more elements beyond this."

The periodic table is the oddly shaped checkerboard that hangs in chemistry classrooms the world over. Each element has a different number of protons, particles with a positive electrical charge, in the dense central kernel called the nucleus.

The number of protons, beginning with one for hydrogen, fixes an element's place in the periodic table and does much to determine an element's chemical properties: ductile and metallic at room temperature for gold (No. 79), gaseous and largely inert for neon (10), liquid and toxic for mercury (80).

Elements as heavy as uranium, No. 92 on the list, are found in nature, and others have been created artificially. But much heavier elements have been difficult to make, partly because they become increasingly unstable and short-lived.

Still, for roughly half a century, nuclear scientists have been searching for an elusive "island of stability," somewhere among the superheavies, in which long-lived elements with new chemical properties might exist. Loveland said that the new results indicated that scientists might be closing in on that island.

"We're sort of in the shoals of the island of stability," said Kenton J. Moody, a Livermore nuclear physicist who was one of the experimenters in the work.

"It's an amazing effect," he added. "We're really just chipping away at the edges of it."

The experiments took place at a cyclotron, a circular particle accelerator, in Dubna, where the scientists fired a rare isotope of calcium at americium, and element used in applications as varied as nuclear weapons research and household smoke detectors. Four times during a month of 24-hour-a-day bombardment in July and August, scientists on the ex-

(Continued on page 5)

The Truth is out there...THATAWAY!

CMDR Michael Stanley
Chief of Intelligence

Well, another month has come and gone, and while I was originally hoping to type out an awe inspiring review of the Star Trek VI Special Edition DVD, it would seem that time and real life has conspired against me. So hopefully, my great prose will see the light of day in a future edition, but for now, I'll say that the movie contains a few changes from the version we've been used to these last twelve+ years and the extras are quite nice (but not as nice as the ones on the Star Trek V Special Edition DVD).

On the gossip front, word has it that after the February sweeps, heads may roll in the Trek production hierarchy. Some rumors even state that Rick Berman may need to update his resume, but at this time nothing has been confirmed, so more info will follow later.

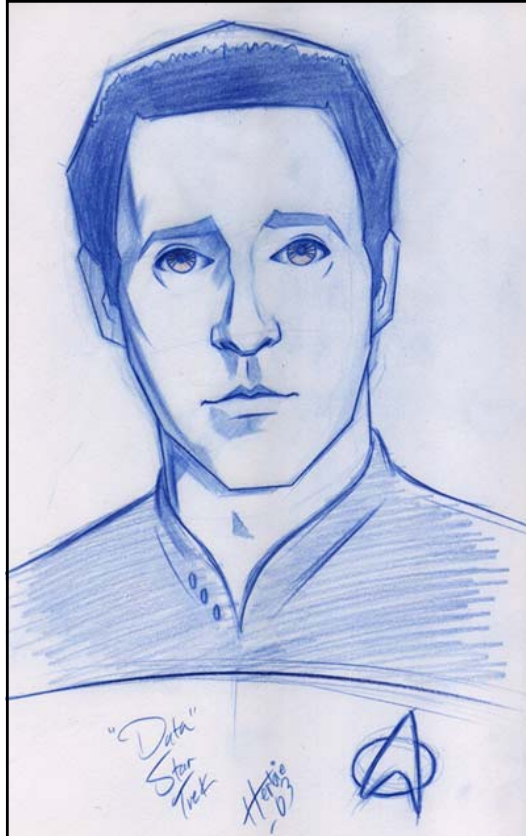
Another interesting point is that an upcoming episode of Enterprise called "E2" will feature a starship with a half-human/half-vulcan CO and a female department head named Archer. Speculators, start your theories.

Ta ta for now, see you next month.

-Ye Olde Trekkie Fart-



The Martian Volcano "Olympus Mons"



Scientific Method Continued...

CMDR Erica Stanley
Chief of Science

(Continued from page 4)

periment said, a calcium nucleus fused with an americium nucleus and created a new element.

Each calcium nucleus contains 20 protons; americium contains 95. Because the number of protons determines where an element goes in the periodic table, simple addition shows the new element to bear the atomic number 115, which had never been seen before. Within a fraction of a second, the four atoms of Element 115 decayed radioactively to an element with 113 protons. That element had never been seen, either. The atoms of 113 lasted for as long as 1.2 seconds before decaying radioactively to known elements.

Scientists generally do not give permanent names to elements and write them into textbooks until the discoveries have been confirmed by another laboratory. By an international convention based on the numbers, element 113 will be given the temporary name Ununtrium (abbreviated Uut for the periodic table) and element 115 will be designated Ununpentium (Uup).

Data Picture Drawn by "Herbie" and submitted by LTJG Babs Bunny.
Databit picture created and submitted by Squirrelly and Babs



Loveland said he agreed that the new elements would require independent confirmation before they could receive final acceptance. And he conceded that the Dubna find was likely to receive more than the usual amount of scrutiny: Two years ago, the reported discovery of Element 118 was retracted after a scientist at Lawrence Berkeley National Laboratory was found to have fabricated evidence.

The only other simultaneous discovery of two elements in recent times came in 1952, when einsteinium (99) and

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Commissioner's Report

*ADM Matt Morris
Commissioner*

Note to Command Staff consisting of Captain Charles Connor, and Commander Terry McPherson...you are hereby FIRED!

Heh, just kidding. To the outgoing Command Staff of the U.S.S. Maximillian, enjoy your retirement. To the Incoming staff, may God have mercy on your soul, or in Critch's case, mercy on your circuits. I expect great things from the new staff.. As Admiral Forrest would say, "Don't screw this up.

ADM TUROCK T'KILL

Kelvok's Korner

*CAPT Charles Connor
Former Captain*

Greetings. Well this is my last Article I write as CO of the ship, it was fun, but the time has come to go. I hope that at the very least I was able to make this a fun ship to be on. I know things didn't always go smoothly but I think overall we were able to work out the problems we did have. We did have some new members join and we had a successful raffle, recruiting drives, and auction.

Ok, well, it's been fun, but now its time to leave. Good bye.

I'll be back.

Captain Charles Connor
Former CO USS Maximillian

Scientific Method Continued...

*CMDR Erica Stanley
Chief of Science*

(Continued from page 5)

fermium (100) were discovered in the fallout from the hydrogen bomb explosion at Eniwetok Atoll in the Pacific Ocean. The most recent successful discovery of a element-one that has received a name-came in 1994. That element, No. 110, is called Darmstadtium for the city in Germany where it was discovered.

Submissions to the March 2004 edition of the Mighty Max are due on March 5th, 2004.

Submit to
Critch@maximillian.org

NOW ON THE AIR: THE U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN RADIO STATION
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Musings from the Puddle

*RADM Gregory Dunn
Inspector General*

**U.S.S. Maximillian Trading Cards
Phase I**

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

I hope everyone enjoys this addition to the newsletter.

Thank you,

Gregory "Blobbin" Dunn

Ohio Temperature Gauges

*CAPT Kathlene Harper
Liaison—U.S.S. Columbus*

+70 degrees -Texans turn on the heat and unpack the thermal underwear. People in Ohio go swimming in the Rivers.
 +60 degrees - North Carolinians try to turn on the heat. People in Ohio plant gardens.
 +50 degrees - Californians shiver uncontrollably. People in Ohio sunbathe.
 +40 degrees - Italian & English cars won't start. People in Ohio drive with the windows down.
 +32 degrees -Distilled water freezes. Lake Erie water gets thicker.
 +20 degrees -Floridians don coats, thermal underwear, gloves, and woolly hats. People in Ohio throw on a flannel shirt.
 +15 degrees -Philadelphia landlords finally turn up the heat. People in Ohio have the last cookout before it gets cold.
 +10 degrees -People in Miami all die... Buckeyes lick the flagpole.
 0 degrees -Californians fly away to Mexico. People in Ohio get out their winter coats.
 -20 degrees -Hollywood disintegrates. The Girl Scouts in Ohio are selling cookies door to door.
 -60 degrees -Polar bears begin to evacuate the Arctic. Ohio Boy Scouts postpone "Winter Survival" classes until it gets cold enough.
 -80 degrees -Mount St. Helen's freezes. People in Ohio rent some videos.
 -100 degrees -Santa Claus abandons the North Pole. Buckeyes get frustrated because they can't thaw the keg.
 -297 degrees -Microbial life no longer survives on dairy products.
 Cows in Ohio complain about farmers with cold hands.
 -460 degrees - ALL atomic motion stops (absolute zero in the Kelvin scale. People in Ohio start saying, "Cold 'nuff for ya?"
 -500 degrees - Hell freezes over. The Bengals win the Super Bowl!

Coming soon to the U.S.S. Maximillian Online Store!

THE MIGHTY MAX 2003 COLLECTED EDITION

A bound copy of newsletters released in 2003, with all color covers, and comments on the year that was.

\$25.00

HOME AGAIN

The second story in the U.S.S. Maximillian Saga

\$7.00

Communications Corner

*ENS Kitana Xan
Provisionary Communications Officer*

Hello everyone!

I just thought I would take a moment to bring your attention to a few things in the realm of Communications. The forum has opened up at Roddenberry.com and we are the first organization to host our own forum there! I would also like to note that Rod has sent out an open invitation to any fan group or organization to host a forum there, so if you know anyone who needs one, get them on the board for details. The URL for the board itself is <http://bbs.rodtenberry.com/> I am also working on updating the crew records and will start doing so at the next meeting.

If you know any of the contacts for other organizations in the area please let me know as well. I am looking to better not just communication between the crew but also to other ships so that we can strengthen our bonds and perhaps run some joint events and also quite possibly cross advertise. If you have an idea or even just think your expertise might be well suited to the realm of communications please let me know at kitanaxan@maximillian.org. Or talk to me at the next meeting and we can check things out.

This is Ensign Kitana Xan...
Signing off!

Message from the USS Richthofen

I was googling around and found your website, it looks great! I was wondering if you could pass along the following information to your crew? We're trying to raise funds to get Jimmy Doohan a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame. Time is precious here, as the Committee meets in June and Jimmy isn't in the best of health. Can you assist in getting the word out?

The web site with all the information you need is at <http://www.isff.org/paypalscottym.htm> . I'd be happy to respond to any other questions you may have.

Thanks!

Fleet Captain Trisha Tunis
CO, USS Richthofen, NCC 73286
<http://www.usredbaron.org>

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

"Galactica" To fly on Sci-Fi

It's official at last: the Sci-Fi Channel will produce 13 episodes of former Star Trek producer Ron Moore's reconceptualized Battlestar Galactica, following a successful miniseries last December.

Sci Fi Wire, the Sci Fi Channel's news service, made the announcement this morning, stating that the network has ordered 13 one-hour installments featuring cast members Edward James Olmos (Adama), Mary McDonnell (Laura Roslin), Katee Sackhoff (Starbuck) and Tricia Helfer (Number Six) among others.

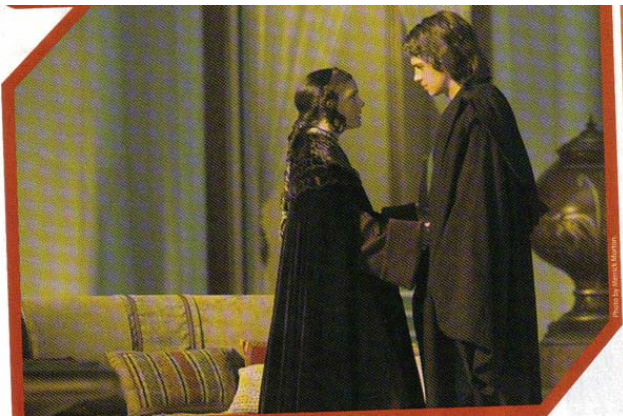
Moore will write scripts and put together the staff for the series. In a brief interview with Sci Fi Wire, he promised to try to maintain the standards of the miniseries:

I think one of the hallmarks of the series will be that, it's always going to be a tense situation. These people are always going to be one step away from disaster. Which doesn't mean that the Cylons will be attacking them every week. But I think the nature of their situation and the reality of what they're facing out there alone, with most of them left with the clothes on their back and whatever food and supplies they happen to have on those ships when the events of the pilot occur is only, God, the beginning.

Moore, who will serve as executive producer of the series, also said that he would like to find roles for some of the actors from the original Battlestar Galactica.

"I'm probably going to approach a couple of the actors, if not all of them, at some point, and talk to them about that possibility, because I think that would be kind of cool and fun," he said. "I think it would be interesting to find things for them in the new series. And not just, like, a walk-on."

Original Galactica series star Richard Hatch, a fan favorite at conventions, spent several years trying to spearhead a revival before Sci Fi



This can only end in tears : A scene from Star Wars Episode III

Enterprise Scuttlebutt

A rumour has surfaced that Paramount may plan far more sweeping changes than the time slot for Star Trek: Enterprise.

An anonymous source has told Cinescape that Garry Hart, president of Paramount Television, may be considering replacing the Enterprise production staff, possibly including longtime Star Trek executive producer Rick Berman.

"It would seem the lackluster support of Enterprise by [UPN executives] Les Moonves and Dawn Ostroff at this weekend's UPN press junket has gotten the attention of Garry Hart," wrote Cinescape's Patrick Sauriol. "From an insider...at Paramount Television's Marketing and Media Relations Department, a memo has been spotted suggesting Hart may be waiting until after Enterprise's February sweeps performance to announce the possible replacement of some of the show's production staff."

The same anonymous source, notes Cinescape, correctly leaked information about the show's planned change in time slot. However, stated Sauriol, "these are rumors right now and not known facts, and until our scooper chooses to show us hard proof of their claims or we discover another means to confirm what they are telling us, an open mind should be kept."

Please treat these allegations as unconfirmed rumour. As of yet this information has only been reported by a single source, and it is questionable whether specific information such as this would appear in this manner in an internal production memo. The original item is here at Cinescape.

Enterprise will be moving to 9pm on Wednesdays beginning in the spring.

Upcoming Episodes:

2-18 "Doctors Orders"

Phlox puts the crew into a coma.

2-25 "Hatchery"

Archer attempts to save Xindi Insectoids

3-3 "Azati Prime"

The Xindu weapon is found. Underwater.

Armageddon Dilemma CAPT Charles Connor

Armageddon Dilemma

Part One

Deep space monitoring Station 17 near the Madga VII star system Beta Quadrant:

Lt. Devon Lawrence stared intently on his scanner array display. "Join Starfleet expand your mind explore new worlds and new civilization blah blah." He thought. "Yeah explore my mind meet new people so far I've scanned 10 billion particle a space debris an expanded my mind on the latest Captain Proton Holo-novel." His mind began to drift over thoughts of how lovely Risa is when the perimeter alert sounded. "What do we have Lt" It was Lt. Commander Ridgewood. Lawrence checked his incoming scans his eyes widened! "Borg Sphere sir!" Ridgewood studied the sphere movements. Then said "Did they detect us?" Lt. Lawrence turned and responded, "I don't believe so sir they haven't alter their course and I'm picking up additional Transwarp signatures 196 light years distant." Ridgewood furrowed his brow "launch a class X probe" "aye sir" Lawrence responded. "The Borg have returned" Lawrence thought, this just wasn't going to be good.

The Borg Queen stood in her Chambers amid a flurry of activity. Three Borg Cubes unexpectedly broke contact after encountering an unusual subspace distortion. She assimilated their last transmission sent by the cubes and formulated a plan of action. She was about to order another investigation when the Alert sounded! "Warning subspace distortions detected." The monotone voice intoned. "On Main screen." Voiced the queen.

A wedge shaped object five times larger than a Cube loomed over the Borg Hive Base. "Fire all weapons take defensive actions!" ordered the Borg leader. Borg Cube 34819 closed as its sister came up behind as a third vessel was bringing up the rear. They fired at point blank range but with no effect. The alien vessel returned fired. The Cubes Shuddered as the waves of energy struck them. Then they vanished from view. The Borg queen was taken aback. The Alien vessel now targeted the hive base. And was closing fast knowing she was out-gunned the Borg Queen ordered the remaining cubes to take up defensive positions as she transported to a nearby diamond command ship and fled through the transwarp gate. "Activate defense protocol 0001" as the her command ship slipped into the gate the Base, gate and remaining cubes self destruct in a massive explosion sending subspace shockwaves through out the sector. The Alien vessel shuddered, rode the wave unfazed, and continued on its course.

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Home Again

CAPT Chris Stephenson

Star Trek: Maximillian

HOME AGAIN CHAPTER ONE—PART TWO

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.

The light grayish colored walls of the Maximillian's sickbay usually made Jaydin feel at home, for it was where she spent most of her time. It was simply reassuring to her, this place where she was in control, where the information to save and heal was not only at her fingertips, but also ingrained in her mind.

But today, everything was different, and there was no reassurance in the large room. The main doors, damaged as they were by a recent attack by a strange botanical lifeform, hung open, and it was assumed they would be prepared in a few days. None of this worried or concerned her, in fact she barely even cared. There was too much on her mind at the present time to concern herself with trivial issues or repair.

Sickbay was mainly empty, though there were a couple patients, and a small group of younger, fresh from the Academy med students working on an experiment. For this reason she had

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Home Again

CAPT Chris Stephenson

(Continued from page 9)

removed herself, sitting in her office, idly looking through information, trying to learn more, trying to take her mind off of the issues that had clouded her. But it was no use, and she closed her computer.

She chuckled a bit at the sheer inanity of it all. Lieutenant Commander Jaydin, savior of Bajor, and the universe! She would have laughed out loud if it didn't worry her so much. What if it was all true?

She attempted to apply reason and logic to the situation. Hanging around Kelvok had obviously rubbed off on her, she supposed. Her beliefs were similar to most Bajoran beliefs, that of the prophets living in the wormhole, that of the orbs that held great power, and it would seem that that was the correct belief, when you considered the recent occurrences over the past several years that surrounded this station, and the planet. Nothing was for sure, and the officers still left from those events, from the horrible wars with the Dominion, the Cardiassians, not to mention a brief foray with the Klingons, did not wish or care to share their experiences. Still, rumors flooded Deep Space Nine, rumors of the existence of the Pai-wraiths, Dark demons that would flood the entire galaxy with their malevolence. Still others told of the sacrifice of Captain Benjamin Sisko to stop their plans, and of the brave fights that occurred around them. The Pai-Wraith stories were the ones that seemed to strike home the most, for though she followed what were considered the 'mainstream beliefs', she had also done research into them. The main Bajoran religion had come together almost since the first beings on Bajor, and encompassed parts of other religions, creating almost a patchwork system. The Pai-Wraiths came from a small, at least small on the scale of the comparative population, structured belief system that were once, thousands of years in the past, the dominate religion in the system. Over time they had faded, and had shifted farther and farther back in the conscious minds of most Bajorans, till the present day when they were largely considered to be, at best, "On the fringe", and at worst, a cult organization that drove members mad in some instances, to death in others, and ripped apart families. It was this group that had now come to DS9, to find what they referred to as "The lady Jaydin", to take her as their 'savior'.

If she didn't know any better she would assume it was a line, a cheap trick to try and drum her into the group, a trick probably tried a thousand times on young Bajoran girls they deemed acceptable, and naive. But the looks on the members faces, as though they truly believed in what they had found, made her pause. It didn't matter what she believed, They believed it, and if that was the case, it made her decisions very difficult.

She looked up at the sound of laughter, and found her gaze meeting the group of research students. But instead of their heads buried, studying the attempted "Mind-Meld" of a tribble, acquired on DS9 from carefully controlled conditions, their eyes met hers, and then they grew quiet, suddenly becoming very interested in their studies.

Jaydin's eyes narrowed. She had never been extraordinarily popular, but then, she supposed, around such an eclectic group that made up the Maximillian, who could be? How could a simple Bajoran rank much

(Continued on page 12)

Armageddon Dilemma

CAPT Charles Connor

(Continued from page 9)

Captain S'daak awoke to sound of a familiar buzzing as the morning alarm sounded in his quarters. He got up and walked to the sink. Splashing water in his face he then walked to the sonic shower and got in. "Computer read me Duty officer's current report on ship status." "Sure thing Captain Honey!" a cherry voice chimed. S'daak raised an eye brow and thought, 'I must still be dreaming', He rubbed his eyes, the cheery voice continued", current ship status is nominal. Cruising at warp 6 to Beta Antares seven. Anything else I can do for you Captain Kitty!!" Suddenly there was a painful choked scream and then a loud "TAMAK!!" "Yes Captain?" "Commander Tamak meet me in briefing room at 08:30 hours along with Mr. Critch and Ensign babs!"

"Yes sir!" came a very sheepish voice at the other end.

To be continued....

Beyond the Final Frontier

CAPT Chris Stephenson

Star Trek: Maximillian

BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER

Chapter Ten Part One

REVENGE

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.

What has come before...

An Observatory has been destroyed by an object yet unknown to the Federation, and it has began a long journey to the heart of the Alpha Quadrant. The U.S.S. Maximillian, weary from a try-

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ing mission in the Menkare Expanse, and with an untested Captain, is the sole survivor of a small task force organized to halt the invasion, and has been charged with accompanying the ship to it's final destination, which now appears to be deep in Gorn space, following a small probe launched shortly before it's owner was destroyed...

But Lieutenant Commander Critch Starblade has a plan, but one that he must be a part of, for reasons only he knows. He has disguised himself and snuck aboard a complicated away mission to the craft, and has met up with the Rapid Response team on board.

As the crystal vessel attacks the last Gorn defenses, Admiral Lyon removes the Maximillian from Captain Septaric's control. He must now lead the Maximillian to victory, or defeat...

Admiral Lyon stood alone in the Captain's ready room, adjacent to the bridge. He frowned, looking around, calming down. He suddenly felt a twinge of dread at the thought of returning to the bridge, of taking the command seat, of attempting to reverse decisions that never should have been made.

He did not blame Captain Septaric. None of this was her fault. Indeed there was nothing that any member of the Maximillian could have done to salvage this. He knew that the blame could only rest with one man.

The blame was his, and his alone.

He shook off his dread. He was Admiral Robert S. Lyon. The highest ranked Admiral in all of Starfleet. He had served aboard many ships named Maximillian, had faced and outwitted threats too numerous to mention. In addition, he had successfully negotiated first contact situations too many times to count, often diffusing issues that threatened entire systems, to say nothing of the Maximillian itself.

He was the great Admiral Lyon, a

name that echoed through history as one of the greats of Starfleet. And now, he would prove his ability.

As the ship shook from a nearby blast, he marched with all the dignity and confidence he could muster out of the ready room, facing the music.

A Gorn battlecruiser, the last vessel of it's class remaining after the massacre, roared overhead, vibrations from it's proximity to the crystal-shaped ship reverberating throughout the vast interior of the apparently deserted ship. For Lieutenant Commander Critch Starblade and the remaining members of Korjac's Rapid Response team, it was anything but empty.

Korjac let a tooth-filled growl emanate from his thick Klingon throat.

"Fan out, standard search spread." The team started to move apart.

"Teams of two..." He grunted at Critch. "You're with me." Cradling a ready phaser rifle, Critch nodded, following him closely, scanning around with his superior vision. He switched through his varied visual operations, checking for heat signatures and life signs. He knew he would succeed where the rest of the away team had failed. He was no normal human, or even Klingon. He was an Android. He was superior.

But if he had superior eyes in the back of his head, he would have been able to see behind him, slightly above and to the left, and found what he was searching for. The humanoid figure moved swiftly across the grated catwalk. As it moved, it cast a shadow upon two other members of the team. They stopped, holding still for a beat, and then spun around to face the monster, rifles at the ready. They aimed and faced...

Nothing. Not a soul, nothing to have warranted their sudden movements. They breathed unsteadily, and one tapped her commbadge.

"Shadow movement in my sector, sir."

"Stay alert, Martinez. All units to her area."

As the team began to move, almost as one, to the location of their comrade, a dark figure pounced upon Martinez, knocking her to the floor. As she tried to regain her senses, to fight back, the other half of the pair brought his rifle to bear, and fired a full-power blast into the back of the humanoid. It spun, grabbing the throat of the young man, lifting him into the air. As he struggled, he looked into the shadowed face of the humanoid, and a slight look of realization came to his face, even as his neck was snapped.

The team advanced, witnessing the last moments of Ensign Robert Paulson. He fell, crumpling, to the hard grated floor of this strange ship. They could not make out the look of the humanoid through the dark, and dust clouds that had risen from it's landing. Even Critch could not see through the strange particles. They could only see that it was human-like, two arms and legs and a similar body type. Korjac grimaced at the sight of another one of his team dying, even as he watched the humanoid move back towards Lieutenant Martinez.

"Open fire!" Korjac yelled loudly, carelessly, and the remaining team walked slowly at the creature, firing their phaser rifles quickly.

The shots hit their mark, most of them anyway, but if it damaged the humanoid, it did not show it. Not stepping back for a moment, it leaped high into the air, overhead and then behind the team, grabbing the two response team members that were to the side of Korjac and Critch, and smashing them together with all it's might. Critch watched in horror as the bodies hit the floor, and he came to a sick realization, that this may be beyond any of them...any of *them*.

Lieutenant Martinez had risen, and was firing blindly, angrily into the creature. It did not move towards her, only cocking it's head slightly. Critch, firing and moving closer, still could not see through the dim light clearly. He moved alongside Korjac,

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attention amongst a Soongian Android, complete with a smaller Data copy along side her, another Android that was widely rumored to be a spy from another universe, yet was trusted enough to run an entire department, an engineering bay full of life-size intelligent talking animals, found by the Maximillian years before and just recently finding their unique niche in Starfleet, and an energy being that seemed to be the most popular amongst schoolchildren across the Federation. Having made close friends with each of them, however, she did not wish for anything else. She was however, quite curious about the situation, and a suspicion rose inside her mind. She stood, leaving sickbay and riding a turbolift to the Battle-Bar.

The Battle bar, run by an Orion trader who thought his secret as a spy for the pirate organizations was well kept, so of course everyone knew about it, was a darkly lit large bar and lounge. Housing holosuites, games, real and synthetic drinks, and not a few under-the-table deals took place and were consumed here, and it fit the Maximillian perfectly. Originally created by Admiral Lyon, whose thinking was that the Maximillian deserved something a little different than the standard Ten-Forwards. Harboring a small resentment against the vastly more popular and respected Enterprise, Lyon designed it specifically to be as far from the regular designs as possible, and it was now more like the renowned bar on DS9 itself rather than the brightly lit, friendly Ten Forward.

Jaydin walked in and surveyed her surroundings. She walked by several small groups, each time noticing that when she drew near,

they grew silent. She knew she could throw her rank around, and order the younger officers to tell her what the conversations pertained to, but she did not wish to build a reputation by doing that. She lived through the Occupation and grew up to be a fine officer, she knew when to pull rank and when to not.

Finally she heard a familiar pair of voices, joined by a slightly smaller voice, all arguing in a corner.

"For the last time, I can't watch him! I've taken care of him every time you've had something else to do for the past week! Who takes care of him when you're getting Botanical Samples? ME! Who watches him when you're helping the furs down in Engineering? ME!" LCDR Critch Starblade, exasperated at this point, tried to drill a point home. LTJG Overload, joined by her diminutive best friend Databit, was having none of it.

"And who's your droid?" She asked with almost sickening sweetness, puppy dog eyes suddenly appearing.

Critch growled, wishing that the emotion chip had never been invented. "He's your pet."

Databit stood indignant. "I am not a pet! I provide a valuable service to Overload and this crew."

"Riding around on my shoulder while I'm on duty is NOT a valuable service!" Critch yelled, a tad loudly, as Jaydin walked up to them and took a chair. They did not stop their conversation as others had. She began to wish they had.

"I was partially responsible for the destruction of the botanical creature that..."

"You were partially EATEN by the botanical creature!"

They probably would have gone on for an hour, but Jaydin cleared her throat and interrupted. "Who talked?"

Critch nodded at Jaydin, and continued. "And ANOTHER thin....eh?"

"Someone spread the word about the prophecies. Everyone's talking about it." She grabbed Critch's collar. "And I know you love to talk."

He pulled free. "Hold on for a second. We've been sitting here ever since we got back. We haven't talked to anyone!"

She looked at him, looked at Databit and Overload, and nodded. "Thanks." She stood up. "Wait...you've been sitting here arguing for three hours?"

Overload looked up. "We're not arguing, we're discussing droidsitting times!" She smiled a smile that looked sweet but over the course of their association he had come to associate with evil.

"I'M NOT DROIDSITTING!" He bellowed, as Jaydin walked away quickly, not wishing to get dragged into this particular argument. It always ended the same way anyway.

She returned to sickbay, at least she could work this out in the quiet of her office. She expected no-one to remain, to have found a safer place to gossip, and the research team had moved on, the tribble purring happily on the table, an identical one lying next to it. Muttering under her breath, she grabbed a syringe and injected it into tribbles, not hurting them, but rendering them unable to procreate further.

"The great Klingon songs of the tribble wars are kinda catchy." She jumped as Skrit walked out of, rather thru the wall that enclosed Jaydin's office, using his energy holographic form to full effect. She sighed.

"Don't you warn people when you do that?" A look of aggravation came over her face.

"I'm sorry, next time I'll just pop out of existence." He acquired a nasal sounding voice suddenly. "Please state the nature of the medical emergency."

She shook her head, and stormed into the office. Skrit followed, once

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attempting to cut off the humanoid from advancing on Martinez.

Their plan failed even as it began. The humanoid wrenched free a metallic pole, glanced at it, then threw it with laser precision and deadly accuracy. The pole hit and stabbed through Martinez, and she fell to the floor with a choke, her gun firing now uselessly into the air.

The humanoid turned to Critch and Korjac, and stepped forward. Apparently it was having trouble seeing them as well. Critch decided to use this to their advantage, and threw caution to the wind. He quickly moved to the creature, ready to attack. The creature aimed and fired a punch at Critch, and with quick reflexes Critch caught the punch. He held the arm for a moment, trying to shove it back, or even break it, but he found he could not. The humanoid was as powerful as he was.

The humanoid did not make any motion, even as Korjac moved behind him. Instead he just stared at Critch. A hole seemed to open through the dust particles just then, and Critch could see the eyes of his enemy. Familiar eyes...

Korjac broke the moment by firing point blank into the humanoid's neck. The bolt seemed to be absorbed by the humanoid, and he flailed an arm back, knocking Korjac to the side. Critch was momentarily distracted, and the humanoid grabbed Critch, tossing him next to Korjac, near a dark catwalk. Critch rose slowly, weighing his options, and choosing the most obvious.

Korjac lay, broken, bleeding, beaten. But not dead, not destroyed. Not yet. His armor broken, his commbadge snapped in two, He still attempted to rise. Critch put a hand on his chest, firmly yet harmlessly holding him down.

"Today is not a good day to die." Critch said, ignoring the humanoid's movements toward Martinez's body, ignoring it reaching to remove the pole. He appraised the broken

commbadge, and tapped his own.

"Starblade to Maximillian. Beam me up." He tossed the commbadge as the vessel shook around him, and as the Maximillian's signal locked on to the commbadge, it landed on Korjac. He looked at Critch with a fire in his eyes as he disappeared in blue stars.

Critch rose slowly, feeling no pain due to the absence of anything that could feel pain, yet still conscious of bruising on his legs. He focused on his enemy, his nemesis, this being that seemed to only exist to kill and destroy.

The humanoid had pulled free the bloody pole, and faced Critch. It held his stance, as if staring him down, then threw the pole, just as it had done before. But this time, the outcome was unexpected. Critch grabbed the pole out of midair, using the momentum to spin around and fire it right back where it came from. Surprised, the humanoid was not able to do as Critch had done, and was speared through the lower stomach. This did get a reaction, as a guttural, yet human yelp emanated from the creature. It moved back, into the shadows, disappearing into the ship, as Critch moved forward, riding an artificial wave of adrenaline. As he marched, he noticed blood on the floor, at least what looked like blood. A quick scan revealed metallic particles, and many parts that were unknown. He decided to consider it blood, because it comforted him. If it could bleed, he could kill it. He moved towards the shadows where the humanoid had disappeared into, and spoke, somewhat to himself.

"Just you and me now."

"Starblade to Maximillian, beam me up." As Lyon re-entered the bridge, he heard the call. A moment of anger crossed his face, as he wondered why they should risk bringing Lieutenant Commander Starblade back, considering it was his own doings that had caused his current situation. He shook off that thought. He was now in command of this vessel,

and Starblade was a member of his crew. All would and must be sacrificed for his crew. For this ship.

"Bring him back!" He barked, and heads throughout the bridge snapped to look at him. Their opinions buried deep, they executed the orders as Lyon moved towards the... *his* chair. He glanced, noticing Captain Septaric had not left the bridge, as he had half-expected. Instead she was showing her true spirit, something Lyon supposed was due to her Klingon heritage. She would stand and fight, not for her Admiral, but for the Maximillian itself. She was silent too, though a look of surprising anger and hatred, emotions that he never associated with the woman, shown in her looks and gestures. She reluctantly moved from the chair, and whispered as she passed him, "They don't know." She then moved to the operations panels, gazing over the nervous young ensign, glancing at the statistics coming in. She spoke to Lyon without looking at him, and also to the computer, and the crew. "Transfer Command to Admiral Robert Lyon, Authorization Septaric 2-04" She turned and stared at him. "The ship is yours, Admiral."

The crew was surprised, but they did not show it. The tension was building, however, the stress of being amidst the battle and the bridge conditions. Admiral T'Kill approached Lyon's side, speaking softly. "Are you out of your human mind?"

"I know what I'm doing, Turock."

"Here we go again." Blobbin said, as Turock returned to his side, choosing not to argue with Lyon. Not here, not now. "Batten down the hatches, Rob's going to try and lose another ship."

"Status, Captain?" Lyon said loudly, though he could see what was happening by merely gazing at the viewscreen. The object had now moved close to the homeworld, not quite entering the atmosphere yet, and had slowed, mopping up what little

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again through the wall.

"Holograms, Androids, Tribbles..."

"Oh My!" He finished, and she simply glared at him. He put his head down. "Sorry, forgot the Bajoran code. Why laugh, when you can sneer. Seriously, what's wrong?"

She sat down heavily, "Too much on my mind."

"The cult thing?"

She looked up at him, fire in her eyes. "You're not supposed to know about that! Who told you?"

He frowned, surprised at her quick attack. "It's all over the place...Everyone's talking about it, having a real live savior of the galaxy on board...it's kinda exciting." He attempted a grin, which wilted under Jaydin's glare. "It's that cult leader, Mathias or something. Blabbing to anyone who'll listen how important you are, how much you mean to Bajor." He nervously ran his fingers over his ceremonial three-blade Klingon Dagger.

She looked at him, then stood back up quickly, and walked quickly out of Sickbay, leaving him in her proverbial dust. He attempted to go after her, and then thought, "What's the use?"

She spoke to the communicator as she half walked, half ran.

"Where is Mathias?"

"Deck 12, main hall."

She turned right into a turbolift, and it instantly moved on her command. In an instant she was marching down Deck 12, where she found Mathias arguing with Nato, the Katarran communications officer of the Maximillian.

"The prophecies say no such thing! There's no evidence of anything even relating to a savior, nothing that suggests Jaydin could be any such thing!" Nato ranted at him, as Mathias calmly accepted

his anger.

"The beliefs we follow are very old, Commander, older even than the most widely known and followed ones. Orbs, Prophets, we have no use for such talk. But we do believe in the Lady Jaydin, we do believe she is the one."

"I think I should be the judge of that, thank you very much." Jaydin broke in, staring at Mathias with anger.

Nato stopped for a moment. Not wishing to get in the middle of this particular argument, he removed himself silently, nodding at Jaydin as he left. She glared at Mathias still, then started.

"How dare you spread this around my ship."

"How could I not? It is a great thing, my lady."

"A great thing? Making me the central point of the conversations? Separating me from people that are supposed to trust me?"

"Why should it matter what they think? You are above them. You are the savior..."

"STOP SAYING THAT!" She yelled, anger taking control. "I don't even believe in what you're saying! It matters because they are my friends. Don't you know what it's like to have friends?"

He sighed. "Soon, very soon, you will have to make a decision, my lady. You can come with me, to Bajor, to take the place that you have been destined to take for untold centuries, to fulfill prophecy thousands of years old, and lead Bajor to prosperity and respect.

"Or, you can remain here, just a officer, just this ship, and Bajor will fall. Everything you know, will end. And it will all be because of you. In the short-term, It will be seen as a insult from you, and from Starfleet. We have high placement on the council, my lady. It is probable that Bajor will leave the Federation, as they will be

unable to protect us from the coming storm. This choice, is on you."

She was visibly shaken as he walked away from her quickly, the two paths clearly laid out.

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Beyond the Final Frontier (Continued)

resistance remained.

"The vessel has slowed, and looks to be preparing to enter the atmosphere. Kragnar is in Engineering."

He nodded. "Fine. We strike. Break off escort, charge all phaser banks and prepare the torpedoes." He glanced at Blobbin, then continued. "Prepare the Erresdorian shielding and torpedoes."

Even Blobbin was surprised, though a tooth-filled grin spread over his face. He let out a war-whoop, and his body changed into the colors of a Indian brave uniform, complete with three bright purple feathers over his head. "GERANIMO!" He yelled, and quickly moved to a console, forming hands so he could input the correct commands.

Turock was less impressed, and lost his temper for a quick moment. "You can't! They've been barely tested, and never in a battle situation! We have no idea if it'll have any effect, if it'll even protect the Max!"

Blobbin didn't turn from where he was hurriedly punching the screen in front of him, assisted by a security officer. "Of course it'll work! The calculations came from my mind, you know." He formed a third arm with hand, and pointed at his head as he said this.

Turock grimaced. "Yeah, consider

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the source!"

"ADMIRAL!" Lyon bellowed, and Turock quieted quickly. "I have made my decision. We have stood by long enough, we cannot risk this planet's destruction, risk failure. The object must be stopped, and it must be stopped here. We must use everything at our disposal to succeed."

"Destruction?" Captain Septaric turned, giving up all pretense of not listening to the conversation. "You think it can destroy..."

"The Gorn Homeworld, Captain? I know it will. It's what it's here to do. Destroy. Kill every life in this universe, and beyond."

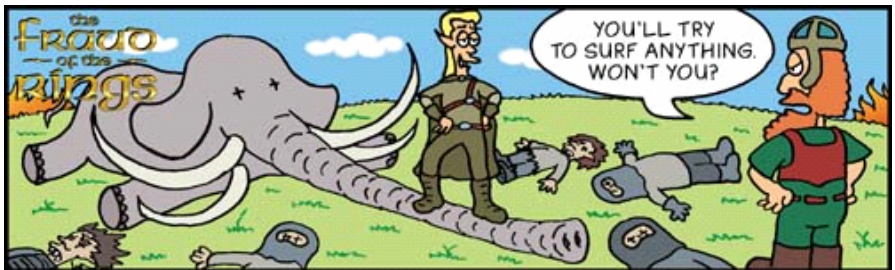
"How do you know? How can you possibly know this?"

Lyon was silent a moment, delicately preparing his answer. "Because I know. And I know what I'm here to do, what we're all here to do. So lets do it." He glanced up at the viewscreen, glanced at the object which was now slowly sinking into the planet's atmosphere. "Pursuit course, helm. Prepare a spread of Quantum Torpedoes at my mark, to detonate when I give the word. Go."

The great ship Maximillian gained momentum, and followed the object into the clouds, soaring as the sky rushed by it, as the fires attempted to ignite on it's hull from the heat shield. A ship overdue for an overhaul, A displaced Captain, a worn down crew, and a vengeful Admiral all dove towards the planets surface with the same drive and purpose. The torpedoes launched, and the battle began.

BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

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STILL BOLDLY GOING!