

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

MARCH 2004

VOLUME 12, ISSUE 3



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U.S.S. Maximillian
Change of Command
February 14, 2004

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Beyond the Final Frontier
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The MaX-Files

CAPT Chris Stephenson
Commanding Officer

Greetings. The first full month of the new command staff has come to a close, and already we're making strides forward to improve our ship. While there were some mistakes at the last meeting, we have learned from them and that means this meeting will run much smoother.

We had a few votes at the last meeting, and we will have to revote on the library issue. Because the vote was split three ways, we need to pare down if we're going with the Northern Lights Branch or back to Whetstone, which is available beginning in July. I am aware that we voted for the Northern Lights last meeting, but circumstances warrant a revote.

It is important that we keep the charity angle of the Maximillian going strong. For this reason during the March meeting I am proposing a challenge against another ship, tentatively the U.S.S. Columbus. I would like to bring back the old days of the challenges between ships.

We are participating in the Central Ohio food drive this year, and are having a competition in the ship! The person who brings in the most cans of food will win fabulous prizes!*

We are donating the Rob fund, once the treasury is completely in LCDR Moran's capable hands, to a suicide prevention helpline. I am hopeful that we will continue to have this as one of our charities.

The Juvenile Diabetes Foundation is, of course, our main charity, and I am hopeful that we can make a donation to them this year.

Later this year I will present a new volunteer/charity idea to the crew, involving answering "Letters to Santa" from needy children. More to come on that idea.

Lastly, word from our Klingon friends on the Dragonstorm from Stubenville that \$500 was stolen from their local movie theatre, money that was going to go to the Children's Miracle Network. Since we have a couple of movie recruiting drives coming up with raffles, not to mention a possible drive at Marcon, I had an idea that we may be able to help out.

Until next time...
Captain Critch

*The Max Adventure is just
beginning...*

**Prizes May not be Fabulous*

XO and Sickbay Report

LCDR Robin Goldblum
First Officer / Chief Medical Officer

Greetings, fellow Maxers! On the XO side, there are a number of positions still open. This is an excellent way to participate and contribute to the ship. The list is available on our website along with the paperwork. Just email me the completed forms (LdyJaydin@aol.com) and we'll get the process started.

On the CMO side, I have decided we all need a lesson about Bovine Spongiform Encephalopathy, aka Mad Cow disease. This disease is caused by a particle even more basic than a virus in that there is no DNA or RNA, only protein. It is called a prion, and it is very resistant to many types of disinfectants, heat and cold. These prions mainly infect the central nervous system (brain and spinal cord), creating microscopic holes and turning the brain into a big sponge. This is why the cows go "mad." The best way to transmit the disease is to grind up the infected nervous system and feed it to other cows. Luckily, this practice has been outlawed in the United States for many years. Unfortunately, Canada only just outlawed this practice a few years ago and the disease can be dormant for up to ten years. In fact, the infected cow found in Washington state was originally from Canada.

The question of whether or not Mad Cow disease can infect humans by eating a diseased cow has not been definitively answered yet. There are human-specific prion diseases, such as Kuru. Some of you may remember this from the X-Files episode where people working at a chicken processing plant were eating the brains of infected employees and going crazy. One study in England claimed that some people infected with Cretzfeld-Jakob's disease (the human name of this disease and please don't quote me on the spelling) got it from eating contaminated meat. However, the number of people that actually became sick was very low compared to the number of people exposed. Other scientists theorize that a specific gene is needed to be susceptible to the bovine prion disease. As you can see, no one is very sure about the relationship of this disease to humans. Overall, I believe our beef supply is safe and fear of catching this disease should not stop a person from enjoying meat in the United States. Yet, it may be wise to be wary of it in other countries, especially Canada and Europe.

**THE MAXIMILLIAN
ONLINE STORE**

<http://www.maximillian.org>

Security Report

*LCDR Nathan Cobaugh
Records Officer/Chief of Security*

Greetings,

Skritweb is now updated so feel free to stop by and visit. There are a couple of things that I wish to clarify now that I have more responsibilities with the ship. Skritweb.com is a site that I came up with, one that I can call my own. Right now skritweb is just for fun and entertainment purposes. My duties to the MAX come first, skritweb second.

Somewhere down the line when I can make it work, skritweb will hopefully one day be my own business.

Most of the crew doesn't know that I am a profes-

(Continued on page 4)

Purser's Report

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

I am happy to report that the Max Snacks project has generated enough funds to cover the initial cost. All proceeds from future sales of the initial inventory will be pure profit for the ship.

Renewed Memberships 2/04:

Family Membership – Manny Medina, Bobbie and Jeremy Estabrook

Family Membership – Susan and Sarah Moran

Family Membership – Mike and Erica Stanley

Single Membership - Paula Dunn

New Memberships 2/04:

Family Membership – CJ, Catherine, Danielle and Rachael Biro

General Fund	\$280.36
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Charity Fund (JDF)	\$104.00
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Rob's Fund	\$282.50
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Total Balance	\$666.86
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Celestial Viewpoint

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

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

The DARPA Grand Challenge

The Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) is the central research and development organization for the U.S. Department of Defense. On March 13th DARPA will hold the Grand Challenge where autonomous robotic ground vehicles will navigate a route between Los Angeles and Las Vegas. Teams of scientists, engineers and students from across the United States will compete in this unique land race. The first vehicle to successfully complete the course in 10 hours or less will win \$1 million for its builders. If no entries meet that deadline, future competitions will be held annually through 2007, DARPA officials said.

Grand Challenge robots are expected to be able to drive on paved and unpaved trails, as well as avoid both natural and man-made obstacles like ditches, power line towers and open water. DARPA will hold the race in two parts in early March. First, a qualifying round to be held during the week of March 8 on the California Speedway track in Fontana, California, where race vehicles are expected to prove their autonomous driving and obstacle avoidance capabilities. Those that survive the trials will move on to the big show on March 13th.

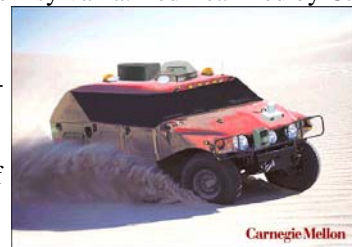
Out of an original 86 applicants, 25 were selected by DARPA officials to run the race, with entries ranging from a group of Californian high school students to members of the Robotics Institute at Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Red Team led by Carnegie Mellon's Robotics Institute professor William "Red"

Whittaker, converted an 1986 military surplus Humvee into Sandstorm, a robot vehicle capable of driving itself at speeds in excess of 45 miles (72 kilometers) per hour.

From the Red Team website: We call our vehicle "Sandstorm". This name properly conveys the aggressive personality of our vehicle. We will be racing across desert in a modified military surplus HMMWV (High Mobility Multi-purpose Wheeled Vehicle) Sandstorm is arguably the most advanced autonomous ground vehicle ever built. We hope to see many proud supporters cheer Sandstorm on to victory this coming race day.

I'm rooting for the Red Team since there are no teams from Ohio and they are from my hometown. Next month I will report on the exciting results of the Grand Challenge.

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**

Security Report (Continued)

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh
Records Officer/Chief of Security

(Continued from page 3)

sional pianist and I am not sure if anyone has ever heard me play, however, I am hopeful that skritweb will be my launching pad for my career as a musician.

I enjoy being with the MAX and hope to be with it for as long as I can and as most of the history with the crew as they well know, the ups and downs that we have been through and our devotion to what we do is what makes the Maximillian so great.

Skrit is proud to say that as Security Chief, Skrit will make sure the ship will be at the ready awaiting the Captain's and XO's command. To quote Star Trek, "the adventure is just beginning."

Records Report

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh
Records Officer/Chief of Security

I finally was able to get my computer up and running, courtesy of Micro Center, thank heavens and now I can keep everything updated. Sorry for the delay Captain Critch. The ship's roster is being hopefully now current, and all the appropriate officers on board will have copies of it. The command board, medical, xenobiology, etc. Looks like our new home is now at the Northern Lights branch of the Columbus Public Library.

Our anniversary dinner will be coming up and will be as usual, potluck style. I have designed business cards and will be emailing critch with the design so he can print it in the newsletter. The ship also decided at the last meeting by a majority that the ship will not be at the UN Fest this year. MARCON is also coming up and more than likely the Max will be there recruiting. Critch and Squirelly will be doing membership cards. The Max will be doing a food drive up to \$100. Vulkan will be on the same weekend as our meeting in August, so we might be changing the date of our meeting.

Persona sheets will be made available to new and existing crew members for our xenobiology department. The Max also decided by majority that our XMAS dinner will be merged with the Columbus for this year.

That should cover the all the new business that we went over. I am sure if I missed anything essential that Critch wants printed in regards to Trek Galaxy he will update as neccessary. I apologize if I missed anything else Captain. I did not get any sleep from Thursday morning until after our meeting on Saturday due to that away mission I was on with that other job.

Records officer signing off...

LT. COMMANDER DATA IS TRANSFERRED TO THE U.S.S. LAMBDA
UNDER THE CONTROL OF SIX-YEAR-OLD CAPTAIN P.J.



...AND FINDS IT TO BE A LOT MORE FUN!

Lt. Commander Data and Nefaria's own created Captain P.J., drawn by Babs

U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN UPCOMING EVENTS

MARCH

26, 27, 28 Camp Dover

APRIL

2, 3 Hellboy Recruiting Drive (Tent.)

10 Meeting

24, 25, 26 Buffy Vulkan

MAY

7 Van Helsing Recruiting Drive (Tent.)

8 Anniversary Party/Meeting

28,29,30 Marcon

JUNE

4 Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban Recruiting Drive (Tent.)

5 Maxolympics (Trek Weekend)

6 Trek Putt 5 (Trek Weekend)

11 The Chronicles of Riddick Recruiting drive (Tent.)

12 Meeting

24, 25, 26, 27 Origins



NATHAN "SKRIT" COBAUGH
SECRETARY

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ANYTOWN, OH 12345

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U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN BUSINESS CARDS

20-30 Cards (Full Color) \$5

50 Cards \$10

500 Cards \$50

3D Text Optional

Order from LCDR Nathan Cobaugh at skrit@skritsys.com

Good things about "Buffy"

Daniel Milks

Over the course of the series, Buffy had explored different themes of choices people make, what happens when people get older, and what it feels like to have the great responsibility of saving the world. All of this as the same time as entertaining an audience and generally being one of the funniest shows on television.

Of course, an ex-girlfriend of mine had remarked that I only watched it for the girls. Nope, never ;). She was going to get me a life-size standup of Gellar to give me a hard time.

I always found the show very refreshingly funny. If you think about the way things work in the show, you could not really take it seriously (but I don't). For instance, why isn't there more of a concerted effort to take an army to Sunnydale and take out all the vampires? Of course, this would leave the show without a premise -- you can't have a vampire slayer without vampires.:)

Spike the Vampire was a great comic relief character. Here we have a vampire that is evil and causes trouble for a couple hundred years, suddenly unable to hurt anyone due to a behavior modification chip put into his head.

And there were lots of popular culture references (and not so popular references) to current events and nerdy kind of things. In Season 6, the bad guys were, of all people, the prime nerds of the world...they got center stage. The kind of kids that play video games, Dungeons@Dragons, argue about Star Wars, etc. These were the nemeses of Buffy (a ridiculous idea which worked very well on the show).

Another good thing about the show was Alyson Hannigan (the stunning redhead of American Pie fame). I was in grief when I discovered she got married, but oh well :(.

The musical episode of the show is another great highlight -- whole groups of people now get together and sing along with the lyrics of the music at conventions all over the States. They've even published the script and the soundtrack to the episode. I can't say I know all the words, but I have sung along to the episode once, and it was a lot of fun (particularly since I haven't really sung anything in quite a long time). Who would have thought that a cult like following could be born from this one episode (much in the same way as the Rocky Horror Picture Show)?

12 Things a Klingon Programmer Might Say

"Top 12 things a klingon programmer would say"

12. Specifications are for the weak and timid!

11. This machine is a piece of GAGH! I need dual Pentium processors if I am to do battle with this code!

10. You cannot really appreciate Dilbert unless you've read it in the original Klingon.

9. Indentation?! -- I will show you how to indent when I indent your skull!

8. What is this talk of 'release'? Klingons do not make software 'releases'. Our software 'escapes' leaving a bloody trail of designers and quality assurance people in its wake.

7. Klingon function calls do not have 'parameters' -- they have 'arguments' -- and they ALWAYS WIN THEM.

6. Debugging? Klingons do not debug. Our software does not coddle the weak.

5. I have challenged the entire quality assurance team to a Bat-Leth contest. They will not concern us again.

4. A TRUE Klingon Warrior does not comment his code!

3. By filing this SPR you have challenged the honor of my family. Prepare to die!

2. You question the worthiness of my code? I should kill you where you stand!

1. Our users will know fear and cower before our software. Ship it! Ship it, and let them flee like the dogs they are!

Positions still open

Armory Chief
Chief of Medical
Chief of Communications
Transporter Chief
Auxiliary Services
Ship's Counselor
Yeoman

Submissions to the April 2004 edition of the Mighty Max are due on April 3rd, 2004.

Submit to
Critch@maximillian.org
Or 614-476-5358
Or 298 Jennie Drive
Gahanna, Ohio, 43230

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

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

Kelvok's Korner

*CAPT Charles Connor
Former Captain*

Greetings: I have been enjoying the sun and fun of Risa but now its time to get back to work. At present I am applying for Shuttle ops so that should keep busy, plus I get to wear a cool flight wing badge.

Persona sheets are ready so please get one and fill it out. also I have been working to put the writers bible on Disk complete with update. so bear with me. at present you can have an copy of the current albeit out of date writers guide either from me or Susan.

Ok, sorry, no story this time but Part 2 of the Armageddon machine will be in the next newsletter so instead i will give you this... According to the Star Trek Encyclopedia what does the designation USS stand for?
Transmission Ends



SCIENCE NEWS *Submitted by LCDR Nathan Cobaugh*

A new galaxy that may have helped awaken the universe

Byline: Peter N. Spotts Staff writer of
The Christian Science Monitor

Date: 02/17/2004

In their hunt for "origins," astronomers have peered into stellar nurseries in the Milky Way, found fledgling solar systems, and surveyed star-forming regions in other galaxies. Now they appear to have added one of the universe's most distant, earliest galaxies to the cosmic family album.

A team of astronomers from the US, France, and Britain announced on Sunday that it had discovered what looks to be a small galaxy some 13 billion light-years away - the most distant galaxy yet detected. And it appears to have been forming massive first-generation stars at a furious pace.

This, researchers say, suggests that this object and others like it may have played a key role in awakening the universe from its "dark ages" - a period when the young universe was filled with primordial hydrogen but no stars. Even when new stars did ignite their fusion furnaces, the light was obscured by a dense fog of neutral atoms until enough stars and protogalaxies evolved to ionize atoms and let light pass.

The new galaxy is unusual compared with its more mature counterparts, including those experiencing intense star formation, says California Institute of Technology astronomy professor Richard Ellis, a member of the research team. The galaxy appears to display traits "that theorists have predicted for objects that formed for the very first time."

With an estimated diameter of some 3,900 light-years, the young galaxy would fit comfortably within the Milky Way, whose disk stretches some 120,000 light-years across. Yet it is forming stars from 10 to 50 times as quickly as the Milky Way, says

Jean-Paul Kneib, a researcher at Caltech who led the effort.

More than just your average quasar ...

The find joins a small but growing list of celestial objects detected at such great distances. Most of these other objects, however, have been quasars - brilliant beacons of radiation that shine from galaxies with active, super-massive black holes at their centers. Each of these black holes tips the cosmic scales at several billion times the mass of the sun.

So far, researchers have discovered 13 quasars that appear to have formed when the universe was about 6 percent of its current age, according to Xiaohui Fan, an astronomer with the University of Arizona's Stewart Observatory. Last summer, for example, researchers using powerful radiotelescopes found a quasar whose emissions began to travel the universe when the cosmos was only 870 million years old.

But quasars, Dr. Ellis notes, represent one extreme in galactic evolution and remain relatively rare. The small galaxy his group found may be the earliest detected representative of a broader, more common class of objects that helped bring a renaissance of light to the universe after the dark hiatus following its fiery beginning in the Big Bang.

Faint and tiny image, ever farther

Spotting and studying objects at such extreme distances is stretching current technologies to their limits. The new galaxy has proved to be no exception. Even using the clarity and resolving power of the Hubble Space Telescope to first detect the galaxy, then the light-gathering power of the 10-meter Keck telescopes atop Hawaii's Mauna Kea to study it in more detail, neither could have done the job without help from Abell 2218. This is the designation given to a cluster of galaxies

whose combined gravity acted as a lens to magnify the young galaxy's image and brighten it some 25 times.

Even then, Hubble had to stare at the same spot in space for 15 hours and the Keck scopes for two full nights before they could collect enough faint photons to register useful images and gather tantalizing spectra. Moreover, the galaxy's great distance means that it is speeding away from earthbound observers as the universe continues to expand. At 13 billion light-years distant, the speeds are so great that radiation emitted within the new galaxy as ultraviolet light is "stretched" to much longer infrared wavelengths by the time it reaches Earth.

The researchers acknowledge that while several lines of evidence point to an extremely young age for this galaxy, they don't have spectroscopic signatures that many would consider the "smoking gun."

Such unambiguous spectroscopic evidence is difficult to get at these distances and with current technology, acknowledges Massimo Stiavelli, an astronomer with the Space Telescope Science Institute in Baltimore who was not part of the team. Still, he adds, the group's evidence "is reasonably convincing."

Dr. Kneib notes that his team had to overcome skepticism that they could achieve their goal when they first applied for telescope time.

But now that the results are out - and to be published in an upcoming edition of the *Astrophysical Journal* - the team hopes to get more time to study the object, as well as to search for counterparts elsewhere in the sky.

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

New "General" For Episode Three



General Grievous will play a large part in Lucas' final "Star Wars" film, the as-yet-untitled Episode III, due in May 2005. The movie's producer, Rick McCallum, describes Grievous as a sort of "the military leader of all the Separatist armies. He's part alien and part robot, a master strategist and the greatest hand-to-hand Jedi killer the galaxy has ever known."

Early word has the General's arms splitting apart to hold FOUR lightsabers at one time. When two just isn't good enough anymore...

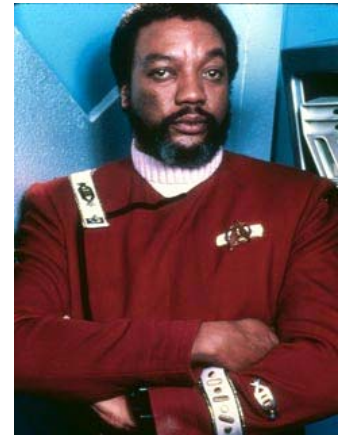
General Grievous will soon appear on Season Two of Cartoon Network's "Clone Wars" series, beginning in April.

Original Trilogy DVDs will be released on September 2004.

Trek Obituaries

Paul Winfield, the veteran actor who appeared as both Captain Terrell in *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan* and as Captain Dathon in the *Star Trek: The Next Generation* episode "Darmok", has died at 62 of a heart attack.

In a long and varied career, Winfield was discovered by Sidney Poitier and cast in *The Lost Man*, playing roles as diverse as Don King in *Tyson* and the police chief in *Dennis the Menace*. An Oscar nominee for his role as Nathan Lee Morgan in *Sounder*, Winfield also earned Emmy nominations for the title role in the 1978 miniseries *King* and for *Roots: The Next Generations*. He won an Emmy in 1995 for a role on *Picket Fences* as a federal judge.

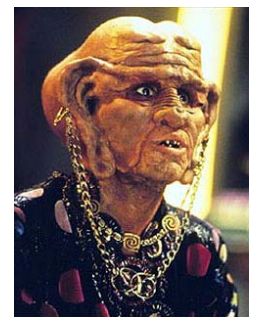


Cecily Adams, the actress who played Quark's mother Ishka a.k.a. Moogie on *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*, has died, her husband reported. Jim Beaver posted to alt.obituaries that Adams, the 39-year-old daughter of *Get Smart* star Don Adams, died on the morning of March 3rd after a long illness.

Adams, who also worked as a casting director, had worked on such comedies as *That 70s Show* and *3rd Rock From the Sun*.

As an actress she appeared on *Murphy Brown*, *Party of Five* and *Just Shoot Me* among other shows. Beaver, who appeared in the *Star Trek: Enterprise* episode "Broken Bow", reported that he and Adams had a two-year-old daughter.

On *Deep Space Nine*, Moogie, a supporter of women's rights on Ferenginar, convinced the Grand Nagus to modernize the Ferengi.



Starbase Columbus Hailing Frequencies

RED ALERT! RED ALERT! The Ferengi have beamed into Starbase 1 and proclaimed march as Moogies fabulous Ferengi month (You do know who Moogie is of course - read on if not, and the answer will be revealed)*

The 3rd law of Acquisition states "Never Pay More for An Acquisition Than You Have To"

SO WHY PAY MORE? WE HAVE DEALS GALORE! We have over 100 items currently on sale.

HOT! HOT! HOT! We have recently done several huge buy-outs of some really great Star Trek items and are passing the savings on to you.

- First is the new Captains Travel mug by Monogram International. We are offering it at the sale price of 9.99 with a free pack of coffee. You will love this great looking mug.

- Never be late again! Last chance to get your new calendars at less than half price, while they last.

- We bought a large number of clocks by Centric in a variety of styles (wall clocks, alarm clocks and mini desk clocks) representing all of your favorite shows at a great sale price. These regularly sell for \$35.00 each but are now on sale for \$19.99 or 2 for \$ 35.00. That's half price, what a deal The Grand Nagus would be so proud.

- This is a last chance to acquire new 5 inch Playmates figures - folks, these are no longer being made, so when they're gone, they're gone forever. Sale includes Babylon 5 as well as Star Trek figures. Just a few include Series 6430 Sale \$6.00 Each while quantities last

#16042 THE MUGATU

#16031 JAMES T. KIRK IN CASUAL UNIFORM

#16154 HARRY MUDD

#16023 TOM PARIS MUTATED

#16022 SESKA AS A CARDASSIAN

6436 THE TRAVELER FROM TNG

#6446 SECURITY CHIEF ODO

#6445 COMMANDER BENJAMIN SISKI FROM THE MIRROR UNIVERSE

#16021 CAPT. BENJAMIN SISKI IN RED STAR FLEET UNIFORM

We interrupt this transmission for a special news bulletin.

Hard cover book sale

"Beyond Uhura" - The captivating autobiography of Star Trek's own Nichelle Nichols. She also shares behind the scenes memories of Star Trek. A symbol of hope and promise, she continues to work toward the same goals as Lt. Uhura and all of star Trek.

List Price \$22.95 Sale price \$10.00

"Star Trek Movie Memories" by William Shatner Our favorite captain discloses all the chaos, creative turmoil and back stage politics and production haps and mishaps that permeated each of the Star Trek Movies, brimming with anecdotes and more than 100 never-before-seen photos. This book is a must for all die hard Trekkers. List price \$25.00 Sale price \$10.00.

Instead of candy, next time consider a gift of a Star Trek plate - which will only bring joy to behold and won't make you fat or rot your teeth, We have more than 85 listed and 13 are on sale, some as low as \$20.00. These are limited in production and make great collectibles which are sure to increase in value.

States and Dioramas

Featuring A terrific collection of statues, polystone busts and highly detailed dioramas. These are all limited in production and make very special and unique collectibles for any desk or TV room. Four are new and 5 are on closeout sale - while they last.

Costumes

Warrior vests are available for Renaissance events or Warrior races like the Klingon

(Continued on page 10)

Home Again Chapter Two

CAPT Chris Stephenson

Star Trek: Maximillian

HOME AGAIN
CHAPTER 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 room was dark, lit only by a few ceremonial candles. There were no windows, no connection to the outside world of any kind. Only the candles, a few statues, and of course, the central desk, decorated in red velvet, sat in this place. Chairs of the standard shape were arranged around the room, and those that sat in them did not find great comfort. Whether it was because of the construction of the chair or the delicate topics that were being addressed was unknown.

They were all men, powerful subjects of the planet, and they all sat with serious looks on their faces. They sat in silence, mulling over their discussion, before they began again.

"...This cannot be allowed to come to pass." The tallest of the group spoke forcefully.

"Agreed. The *Kaipar* must come to Bajor." Another, across from him, chimed in.

"But we cannot take her forcefully! We haven't the strength..."

"Silence, Bereth. No-one has brought up anything of the sort."

The youngest member of the apparent council was silenced by it's oldest, who now stood, and gazed around the room. "Fifty years I have led this council, fifty years in silence, waiting for our time to rise. Now the *Kaipar* has returned to us, and along with her being we are presented with a great opportunity. I agree, we cannot let this pass us by. She must come to Bajor."

"But how can we..."

"I said that force will not be a necessity, Bereth...But the suggestion of force may yet bear fruit." He walked slowly around the table, looking deeply at each sitting member. "You know what I am referring to."

A few of the twelve still sitting nodded to themselves, and a few whispers of knowledge filled the room. "The Sleepers..."

"Yes. Assigned to each Bajoran that has entered Starfleet. One remains secure and anonymous on board the Federation starship.

That is how they will remain. Their information continues to be of great use. But there is another. On Terak...excuse me, Deep Space Nine. Tell me, Bereth, is the Maximillian still allowing visitors?"

He thought for a moment, and then answered. "...I believe so, their Captain has been most grac..."

"Then it is settled. Their generosity will be their undoing. The sleeper will go to the Maximillian. Send the instructions. Bring her to us."

(Continued on page 12)

Hailing Frequencies

Starbase Columbus

(Continued from page 9)

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Scientists have discovered that spending a lot of time in outer space adds mass to the human head.

Star Trek: Maximillian : Beyond the Final Frontier

R E V E N G E (Continued)

Critch walked across the catwalk, and gazed below him. It seemingly was a sort of bridge, connecting portions of this ship. Below him was nothing, at least that's what the looks of it were. His vision, even zoomed in, could only make out the barest glimpses of other catwalks, other walkways, and other devices that he could only begin to guess their meaning and purpose. The bridge went on for a long while, a half-mile if his calculations were correct, but Critch knew the creature had come this way. He was caught in a game now, he knew it, but he knew it was a game he could win. He had hurt the humanoid, chasing it off. He should be cautious, he knew. The old adage came to his mind, nothing being more dangerous than a wounded animal. And that's what this was, an animal, feeding off of death and destruction like it was a full-course meal. He glanced up, and saw clouds rushing by. He couldn't guess the purpose of the object, which now seemed to be a machine, self running and correcting. He put it out of his mind. He had to focus on the task at hand.

As he moved forward, he found his first clue that things were not as they seemed. The metal pole lay in the middle of the walk, glistening with a silver ooze on one end. The humanoid had recovered, it appeared. As he picked up the pole, investigating and scanning it, he was interrupted by a voice, the same voice that they had all heard echoing through the ship before. The voice of the humanoid.

"YOU HAVE COME" It spoke, loudly echoing off the unseen walls of the vessel. Critch shook off the noise.

"I'VE COME FOR YOU! SHOW YOURSELF, MURDERER."

"YOU HAVE INVADDED MY VESSEL."

"AND YOU'VE INVADDED MY UNIVERSE!"

"YOUR..." The voice stopped, sounding shaken, even a bit confused. "YOU DON'T REMEMBER."

Critch stopped, and his voice was no more than a whisper. "Remember

what?" He tried to track down the owner of the voice, tried to get back to a position where he held the advantage, but was distracted by a reflection off of a beam, a blueish star, growing larger...

The torpedo came through the ship, just as the weapons had done before. However this time was different. As it rushed overhead and past Critch, it suddenly burst. Critch was blinded for an instant, followed by a rush of fire and power, surging through the ship. Critch was sent over the side of the catwalk, grasping a side, hanging on with one hand for his life. The Quantum torpedo had burst in a perfect spot, not seriously damaging anything, due to the different frequencies. Critch silently gave thanks for that fact, then cursed himself for not simply beaming in a torpedo, thereby changing the frequency of the torpedo, allowing it to be a part of this ship, and blowing it apart that way. He attempted to pull himself up, when he saw the legs of the humanoid above him, who had like Critch and the ship, though the sudden vibrations had caused many sparks and loose wiring, survived no worse for wear. Critch's eyes scanned upward, and stopped at the face. He blinked. The humanoid let a smile creep across his own face. Critch shook his head. It couldn't be possible...

The humanoid was, in every way and every look, identical to Critch Starblade.

The doppelganger chuckled a bit to himself, stared down, and offered a hand of assistance.

Thoughts flooded Critch's mind, thoughts of what this could mean, of what this must mean, of what he could and could not do next. He chose what he couldn't.

The doppelganger simply said, quietly. "Welcome home."

Critch let go of the grating, and dropped into the darkness below.

"Fire! Fire at Will!"

With Admiral Lyon's command, the torpedo spread shot out of the

launchers and encircled the object.

"Detonate!" The torpedoes exploded in a ball of blue blaze. The ship seemed to ripple with the shockwaves, and slowed more.

Those on the ground could not forget the sight. The Crystal ship exploding out of the clouds, a Sovereign-Class vessel hot on the object's tail. They flew close to the ground, as close as they dared, above the mountains and forests, and the Maximillian's hull markings, were it to slow down enough, could be plainly read from the surface. As the object flew, a section of plating on it's backside facing the Maximillian began to shine brightly. As the smoke gushed of the superheated Max, fresh from the heat shield, Admiral Lyon shouted, "Brace yourselves!"

The object fired a single beam from it's rear, striking the Maximillian on it's bow. The command staff flew from their positions, Blobbin in the rear shouting, "GAH! I'm buckling, Admiral!", his form bouncing around the bridge. "STATUS!" Lyon yelled from the floor.

"SHIELDS HOLDING! DOWN TO 75%"

The object, nonplussed with the Maximillian's resistance to the weapon that had destroyed everything it had previously come into contact with, continued to fire. Again, and again, at the same spot it had struck. At the same time, there seemed to be motion at the bottom spire of the object. Panels slid as it moved, and a sharp yellow beam erupted out of the newly created hole. It struck the planet's surface, digging deep into it, burning instantly through rock and rubble.

As the ship shook, and sparks began to rain down upon them, the crew of the Maximillian stood defiant to the last. "KEEP FIRING!" Lyon ordered his beleaguered crew, even as he punched the panel himself, having moved towards a control console, not satisfied with the smaller version on his chair. Septaric, shaken, angry,

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Star Trek: Maximillian : Home Again (Continued)

(Continued from page 10)

"This isn't right, Jaydin, you know it isn't."

Teela Amor walked alongside Jaydin down the halls of DS9, trying to talk some sense to the young officer. A Bajoran herself, Teela knew better than most the pressures the splintered religions could put on their people. And as a former Captain of the Maximillian, she knew how to talk to the crew.

"This cult, they're trying to sway you. Make you think they have some sort of great power."

"What if they do? What if they can do what they say?"

"I've seen no sign of them during the council meetings I've sat in." Captain Amor was well traveled, often leaving the Maximillian to serve on an Advisory board, and served as Admirals Blobbin's and T'Kill's eyes and ears aboard their flagship, the Mighty Max. "If they're there, they're well hidden."

"Then you think there's a possibility."

"There's always possibilities." Jaydin's worried look returned, even as Teela tried to smooth it away. "That's why we're out here, Commander. That's why we left Bajor behind after the occupation.

The possibilities that there may be something beyond the war and hell that we've seen. They may be who they say they are, You may be their precious "*Kaipar*", seven orbs may suddenly appear in spacedock. We don't know. But I doubt it. And Admiral T'Kill doubts their claims are valid."

Jaydin sighed. "Great. More people knowing."

"It effects the Max, he has to know, you know that. Someday if you have a ship, or a fleet, you'll know."

"Not likely."

"There's always possibilities." Teela chuckled. "Put it out of your mind, Jaydin. It'll blow over, just as things do. We'll leave in a few days, and except from some ill-timed jokes from your android friend, this business will stay with the cult."

"I hope you're right, Captain."

"I usually am... That's how I got to be a Captain." She smiled, and left Jaydin then, heading to another section of the station.

Jaydin hadn't noticed where they had been walking to. It was the station's chapel. While it welcomed most religions from throughout the quadrant, it was quite obvious that this was a wholly Bajoran place. She entered, and looked around the room.

Red draperies adorned the walls, and the lighting was dimmed compared to the darkly bright hallways of the circular station.

She sat at a pew, and attempted to gather her thoughts, still working it out. And it struck her that the answers would not be found here, but would be at her home, her ship.

When she returned to the Max she knew better than to try to talk to any of her colleagues in Medical, she would only get the same responses as before. Instead, she needed to talk to her true friends. She headed towards Critch's quarters, hoping that his and Overload's argument had been solved.

From the strained shout of "Come in" that came from his room, she knew it had, and not in the android's favor either. She walked into his quarters with a look of amusement, looking at the scattered holos and padds, noticing the overturned plants, and then up at Critch, his hair out of place, and the miniature droid that sat on his shoulder, looking quite pleased with himself.

"Droidsitting?" She allowed herself a smirk.

"I don't want to hear it." He sank into a beanbag chair, even as Databit ran into another room. Critch sighed, and gestured at the plant, it's soil spread throughout the room. "That's your fault."

"My fault?"

"You just had to let him help you with the plant experiments."

"He's actually a pretty big help, when he's not investigating something. Sides, Overload's good with the plant stuff, and they're kind of a pair."

"Great, fine, what's happening?"

"I wanted to know what you thought of

everything."

"Everything?"

"The Savior thing."

"Ah..." He was interrupted by a great crash, and sound of running water. "GAH!" Critch yelled, and jumped up and into the adjoining room. Databit was sitting in a pile of broken glass, and was drenched. Critch glared at him, as he looked up at who he considered to be one of his closest friends. "My experiment was a success!"

Databit was tossed out into the hallway a moment later, and Jaydin was ushered out as well. "Sorry, I'm due on shift soon, and I've gotta clean this up. Don't worry about this savior stuff. It's all Folktales and baloney."

She shook her head. "You think everything's baloney, Critch."

He agreed, and went back into his room with a wave. She shook her head. At least it was interesting around here. She turned and almost walked straight into Kelvok. Nonplussed as usual, he nodded at his Medical Officer. "Good day, Commander."

She started to say something, but thought better of it. He was thrown by the look on her face, though he, of course, didn't show it. Though he was half-Romulan, he only let the other half out on special occasions. "Can I help you with anything?"

It would have been easy to say "No, thank you", but she had to get this out. So it was she found herself back in the Battle Bar, talking to the second Captain today about the situation. And as he heard more, his anger rose.

"I let him on my ship as a Guest, not a gossip. I do apologize, Commander."

"It's not your fault, Kelvok. It comes with having an open-door policy, I guess."

"The situation will be rectified, Commander. He will be removed. This is interrupting your duties, and disrupting your life." He stood up quickly, nodded, and headed off, eager to find Mathias, eager to resolve this.

As he left, two individuals entered. One, a large Bajoran visitor, complete with ceremonial earrings, and the other, Databit, searching for his friend Jaydin, eager to share with her the results of synthetic alcohol, gravity, and a glass container. She would certainly be more interested with his results than Lieutenant Commander Star-

(Continued on page 13)

Star Trek: Maximillian : Beyond the Final Frontier R E V E N G E (Continued)

(Continued from page 11)

yelled out across the bridge. "WE HAVE TO PULL BACK! SHIELDS ARE COLLAPSING!"

"WE CANNOT FALL BACK! NOT NOW, NOT EVER!" Lyon was lost in the moment, lost in the possibilities of destroying this thing. He was so close.

Turock yelled from where he was assisting Blobbin, "DO YOU WANT TO LOSE ANOTHER MAXIMILLIAN?"

It hit Lyon hard, the reminder of what had occurred the last time he had taken such a large part in the command of a starship. He had forgotten what it truly meant, forgotten in favor of a life in the Admiralty, a life behind a desk, directing wargames and fleet movements as though they were army soldiers in a backyard sandbox.

The final reminder came quickly. Captain Septaric had saw her console, had saw what was coming, knew the overload that Lyon was causing by endlessly firing would take out half the bridge if she didn't stop him. She knew what she had to do. Not for Lyon, not for anyone here, but for the Maximillian. Her first and only command. She rushed at Lyon, screaming, and before he could react, she shoved him out of the way, using every bit of her Klingon strength. As he flew to the floor, the console erupted with a powerful blast. The fire that seared forth caught Septaric's body. The console exploded, sending out a concussion wave that knocked the remaining members of the bridge crew to the ground. Septaric flew backwards, against the First Officer's chair.

Lyon moved to his feet, dreading, knowing, remembering, and wishing for a different outcome, ANY outcome but this. His wishes did not come true, as he saw the scarred and burned body of Captain S'Quid Tai Septaric. Dead.

Shaken, cold, shocked, Admiral Robert S. Lyon rose to his feet, unsteadily rocking as pieces of room collapsed in a corner. He rasped out a

few words, too quiet to hear.

"Admiral...?" Commander Ayers asked, having regained her post in the Communications chair.

"I SAID FALL BACK!" He yelled, angrily, and sank into the Captain's chair. No. *His* chair.

The Maximillian pulled up, and was further damaged by the stress of exiting the planet's atmosphere so quickly. The beam from the object continued for another full minute, and if the object was concerned with the Maximillian, it made no move. Instead, it closed it's bottom panels once the beam ceased, and broke off from it's low orbit. It peeled into the atmosphere, much more gracefully than the Max, and moved past it, not even bothering to attack the smoking severely damaged vessel. As the ships moved away from the planet, the rut made by the beam began to glow with a bright yellow haze. Lava erupted from it, but soon even that was overshadowed by the light. The planet began to spin faster. Intense quakes rocked the entire globe. Beams of light began to break through the crust and the ground. The Gorn Homeworld spun and spun until it could spin no more. A bright flash of yellow light and fire flew from the planet, rocks and debris spreading through the once proud system. And after the light dissipated, nothing remained of the world.

Uncaring, unimpressed, and emotionless, the object moved into the void, silent, soulless, and disappeared.

HE KNEW.

The information coming in was off the charts, what little he could read as the light overshadowed everything else in the room. The Admiral had dropped to the floor, attempting to protect his vision. But the young Captain no longer cared. He felt fear, for once in his life, actual fear at what this other place was capable of, of what it had done before.

And now that they were aware of him, of the Federation, of all of this,

he was afraid of what it would do again.

He thought quickly, as the panels and computers began exploding around him. He sent the destruct signal. He would later swear that he had not sent the probe in, that he had no control over it, and he would be absolved of any responsibility. But he knew the truth. He had to get close to the anomaly...closer to knowing more.

Half in and half out of the anomaly, the probe self-destructed. A bright flash took place, and then simply, everything was gone. There were no records remaining on the ship, every system and back-up system fried in the feedback. The only one who knew what could happen was Lyon.

And he knew that if anything was to happen, it would be his fault.

His responsibility.

And his alone.

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Star Trek: Maximillian : Home Again

(Continued from page 12)

blade, who seemed to have a lot on his mind this evening. As he headed towards her table, the Bajoran sat in a dark corner, and reached into his robes. He removed a disruptor, late Romulan model, presumably handed down from the recent wars. He took careful aim at his target.

At the head of Lieutenant Commander Jaydin.

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