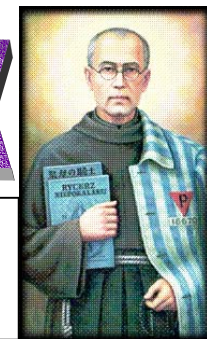




THE MIGHTY MAX



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

NOVEMBER 2004

VOLUME 12, ISSUE 11

A MIGHTY MAX HALLOWEEN

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The Mighty Max is the monthly newsletter of the U.S.S. Maximillian (NCC-74997) Sci-Fi Fan Association. This is only a fan publication, not to infringe on any rights, trademarks, or licenses of their owners.



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

STORIES/COLLECTIONS

Star Trek Maximillian: Great Adventures

Fiction from the U.S.S. Maximillian

Available May 2005 \$20

Star Trek Maximillian: Beyond the Final Frontier

Available 2005 \$20

The Mighty Max 2003 Collected \$20.00 Full Color

The Mighty Max 2004 Collected \$20.00 Full Color

SHIRTS

Colors Available: Gold, Purple, Kelly, Red, Royal, Orange, California Blue, White, Sports Grey, Khaki, Maroon, Forest, Navy, Green Mist, Natural, Putty, Black, Graphite, Birch, Dolphin Blue, Butter, Teal, Watermelon, African Violet, Jade, Light Blue,
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Solid Color Long-Sleeve Shirt with Maximillian Logo S-XL
\$19.25

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Striped Colors Long-Sleeve Shirt with Maximillian Logo S-XL
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Striped Colors Long-Sleeve Shirt with Maximillian Logo XXL
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XXXL
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HATS

Wool Hat
\$13.50

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

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

(Rank Insignia Extra, ask for details)

BUSINESS CARDS—Contact Nathan Cobaugh

The MaX-Files

CAPT Chris Stephenson
Commanding Officer

Greetings.

It has been a bit of a slow month for the Maximillian, though a busy month for it's members. Lots of things happened, mainly a move, a movie drive turned gettogether, and a completely separate meeting. Most of these happened on the same weekend, so largely an uneventful period.

The meeting was a great time, with the potluck having everyone who was supposed to bring something bringing it, the Halloween party highlighted with a personal best number of attendees during the Critch era, and with almost everyone dressed up in increasingly elaborate costumes that I understand made it difficult to judge the festivities. Still, our Admiral Blobbin and Ensign McPherson did their jobs, coming up with C.J. taking the winner spot for his Zorro costume, Robin for the X-Men outfit, and Ryan for Cthululu! Ryan also joined at the meeting, as well as Jacky reupping. After all that we still had time for a game of Trekordy, and some people didn't leave till 10pm for the second month in a row.

After that, there wasn't much until I discovered I had to move quickly, the weekend we were at the Buckeye Comic Con thanks to the people at MIDGARD COMICS (Get your comics there, they're good people, and 20% off pulls!). Almost as one, the Max pulled together, everyone that could offering me a place to stay until my permanent place opened up. More than ever, I consider the Max my true family, and I hope I can repay the favor at some point.

Later, we were going to have a recruiting drive for "The Incredibles", however due to circumstances and past experiences with drives, CMDR Goldblum decided to turn it into a regular gettogether, just eating and seeing the movie. (Which was....INCREDIBLE.). This was so successful we're doing it again for "Blade: Trinity" in December.

This month...not too much again, kind of a wind down before our big end-of-year holiday party at our December meeting. Just our usual roleplaying, and perhaps another move (Which may require more people, stay tuned!) This has been a good year for us, no a GREAT year, and we're going to keep it up with some new ideas to make next year the best ever.

So stay tuned for more, and I'll see you next month! Enjoy the newsletter and all the goodies therein!

Live Wrong and Slobber!

First Officer's Report

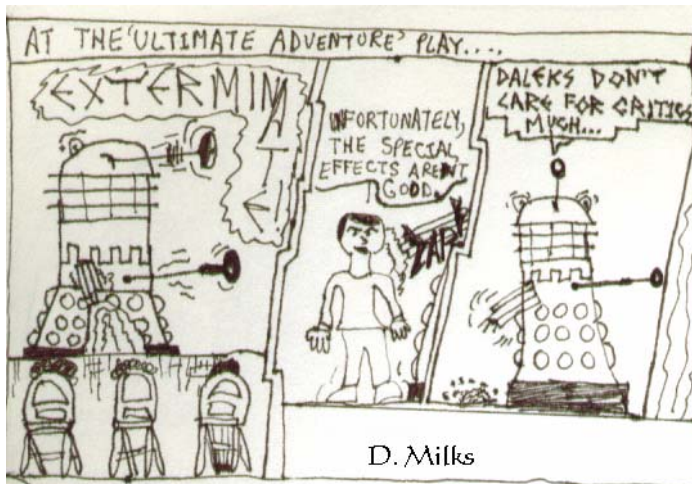
CMDR Robin Goldblum
Executive Officer/Chief Medical Officer

Greeting everyone! Once again, I want to thank everyone who donated and bought from the auction. It was such a wild success that two charities will now reap the benefits. Great job everyone!

This month is the perfect time for another book review. It is getting to be colder and there is nothing better than cuddling up in a nice warm bed with a good book (or in my case, freezing my butt off while reading and walking the dog at the same time since my free time is down to nothing). At the moment, my reading will be slightly on hold due to my need to study for boards, but once the pressure of boards is over, I will finally get to Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix.

I recently finished the duology (two books vs. trilogy, which is three books) Star Trek: The Brave and the Bold by Keith DeCandido. I bought them at a convention almost two years ago and have finally read them. They were fantastic. It involved all five series in a common theme about four deadly artifacts from an ancient civilization. What made these books unique was that most of it was written from the point of view of secondary characters. We've seen all these characters as guests on the shows but I really enjoyed seeing our regular heroes from their eyes. These are the first DeCandido books I've read and I have one more by him that I am now looking forward the reading (not that I will get a chance to anytime soon).

As for my experiment in reading the works by the Marquis de Sade, take my advice and AVOID it! Since I am firmly against burning books, I can only say that his work should be ignored and maybe then it will stop being published. Stick with more entertaining books like Star Trek: The Brave and the Bold series. Happy reading!!!!



Security Report

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh
Records Officer

The movie marathon at the Drexel was awesome where they had only 15.5 hours of fun instead of the usual 24+, however considering it was last minute for the most part, Joe Neff and Bruce Artoo managed to pull this one out of their hat. Lots of good movies and there were a couple that were off the wall. Premiering GOZU (a verry weird movie from Takashi Miike), The Machinist (Christian Bale), and The Last Horror Movie (Kevin Howarth). Also shown was the classics RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD and Argento's DEEP RED. All in all it was a great marathon and am looking forward to the scifi next spring. Meanwhile, Comicon was going on at the Buckeye Hall of Fame where the rest of the Max was on Sunday. I stopped by briefly to say hey to the crew on my way home from the marathon.



I would also like to take a moment to let everyone know that the Maximillian will be having their Christmas party Dec. 11th around 5ish (PM) at Whetstone Public Library in Columbus, OH. Plenty of prizes will be raffled off and proceeds will cover the cost of the supplies such as food. Not only for the Christmas party but the anniversary coming up in May. Ship's galley will be funded by these raffles and are not to be used to gain profits for the ship or myself. This fund is referred to as the MCAE fund, the Maximillian Committee for Anniversary/Xmas Events. The person in charge of the treasury for the Maximillian handles all monies for this fund. Donations are also accepted if one wishes to

Security Chief Skrit signing off.....

Wing Commander's Report

CAPT Charles Connor
Wing Commander

Greetings. Well, the Incredibles was, well, Incredible! A funny, witty movie about a superheroic family, great film. Now the Grudge...not so good. Had good moments, but nothing to make it stand out. Poltergeist was a much better pic. Ok, also preparing to move again to the Magnetic Springs area (By Delaware), ok, keep you updated.

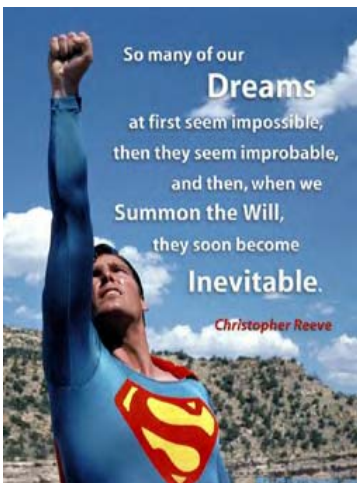
Capt Connor, Wing Commander

P.S. Milk Chan is an ...Interesting anime show.

A Tribute to Christopher Reeve

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh

Executive Officer/Chief Medical Officer



I grew up on the Superman portrayed by Christopher Reeve, and I always acted out the scenes from the movies as a child. My parents even bought me the pajamas and the costume, which I would wear proudly. I loved the movies and I could not get enough. When I saw Chris on the big screen acting out the part, I believed every nuance of the character and became fascinated in not just comics, but science fiction as well. These were the days when science fiction and comic books were the essentials of being a kid. And it was not just the cartoons and movies, but the TV shows as well. The heroes that we looked up to and still do today. Well, enough about that, the reason I chose to write this article is because Chris was a remarkable actor that was able to give the world so much inspiration through his talents. We will now begin a brief journey into the world that was Christopher Reeve.

Christopher Reeve was born Sept. 25, 1952 in NYC to Barbara Johnson and Franklin Reeve. At 4 years of age his parents divorced and his mom moved him and his brother, Benjamin, to Princeton, NJ. Barbara remarried to an investment banker some time later.

Upon graduating high school, Chris studied and graduated from Cornell, where he and Robin Williams were selected to study at Juilliard, under THE John Houseman.



After making Superman in 1978 he had two children to Gae Exton, Matthew (1979) and Alexandra (1982). He later had a son with Morosini, Will ('92). The salary for Superman was \$250,000 not to mention the role that launched his acting career. In 1980 Somewhere In Time was made at the same time as Superman II. III was made in '83, and IV was in '87. He also starred in Noises Off ('92) and later went on to horror films with John Carpenter's Village Of The Damned. He guest appeared in numerous TV movies and other movies, however, his legacy that will be forever remembered was the Superman movies. He produced some made for TV movies including a self-documentary, REAR WINDOW, and directed two TV movies: The Brooke Ellison Story ('04) and In The Gloaming ('97).

Shortly after making Village of The Damned ('95), one month after it's release he was riding his horse at an event in Virginia. The day was May 27. He got thrown from his horse and was paralyzed from the neck down. He contemplated suicide; fortunately his wife was there to convince him otherwise. With her support he was able to make it through that hurdle. Together, Dana and Christopher were to open the Christopher and Dana Reeve Paralysis Resource Center, which operates a website, publishes a Resource guide, and houses a vast collection of paralysis-related publications. Ironically, the accident that paralyzed him was during a shoot for horseback riding safety. The center was opened May 3, 2002 in Short Hills, NJ.

The last role he played in before the accident was Above Suspicion ('95) where he acted the part of a paralyzed individual.

Another piece of interesting trivia is that Jane Seymour named her son after Christopher.

Christopher Reeve lobbied to get funding for new medical procedures, specifically stem cell research. Candidate John Kerry recently noted this during a debate. Reeve dedicated the past decade of his life to spinal cord injury research. He was doing this during his last week. The man aspired to be an actor and a humanitarian and will forever be immortalized in this world as the one man who became a hero for all. Not just on celluloid, but here in the real world, he contributed so much hope to so many people who will

never forget his legacy. On Saturday, October 09, 2004 he fell into a coma from cardiac arrest. He never regained consciousness, and at 5:30 pm New York time he departed this world. He has been and ever shall be remembered as the man of steel.

[Information compiled from imdb.com](http://www.imdb.com)

*Image material reference (from top to bottom):
electron.cs.uwindsor.ca/~becker5/superman.jpg*

www.capedwonder.com/contact.html

www.cinefantastico.com/superman.html

<http://www.kryptonsite.com/awardsreeve.jpg>



October Meeting Minutes

Meeting Minutes of the October 2004 Meeting

Before the meeting was called to order, everyone got their food.

The Meeting was called to order at 5:30 on October 9, 2004. Twenty people attended this meeting, including guests "Angelbear" and F. Vince Karsh. Mr. Karsh talked a bit about a request for editing help with a fairy tale movie he was working on.

The Captain gave his report. The website is going well, and the newsletter is 20 some pages this month. The cards are Susan Moran and Sarah Moran. A quick run-through of the newsletter was done, and the deadline for submissions is November 7.

Trek Bowl Three went well, with about fifteen people attending. No money was raised, however, but much fun was had.

The Library was connected to a crime scene this month, so we began discussions about finding another library as home base. Suggestions included Karl Rd. and Whetstone.

The First Officer report talked about the Sky Captain Recruiting Drive, and the upcoming Incredibles drive. Members are encouraged to fill out a medical form in case of medical emergencies.

The Records Officer talked about the upcoming Movie Marathon, had a lot of things for the upcoming Christmas Party Raffle, and is still looking into patches.

The State of the Treasury is good, with us near a thousand dollars in total assets. We are giving half of the charity auction proceeds to the September 11th fund, as described by the purser. We also got a new member at the meeting, RYAN STUMP, and JACKY ROACH reupped for another year. We will be paying for a roll of stamps for the newsletters.

Advisory Staff (Elaine) gave her report. She is now taking care of her grandchildren.

Department heads talked, Babs talked about doing a Trek spoof with her friends called "STAR TRUCKS"

Admiralty â€ˆ Greg talked about the regs almost being done, and the cards. A complete set of the cards was shown.

The next game of the roleplaying was October 17.

Calendar and Membership Cards and Vegas Trip are still being worked on.

Story Committee â€ˆ December is the deadline for submissions for our First anthology, including stories, artwork, or titles.

Old Business, we will be at the Arena grand for the Incredibles on Friday Nov 5th, to be followed by a trip to possibly Buca di Beppo. Members went to the Spaceballs putt-putt tournament and did very well, Zen and Charles got awards.

Our Enterprise Premiere party went well, as did our attendance of the Columbus meeting.

We are still starting the Newsletter Exchange program.

New Business â€ˆ Digital Archive is being planned.

We had the Costume Competition, which was won by CJ as Zorro, other winners included Robin as an X-Woman and Ryan as Cthulu.

Trekordy was won by Robin's team, and then there was some Regs review before the meeting was officially closed around 10pm.

UPCOMING EVENTS

NOVEMBER

- 13) Meeting
- 21) Roleplaying
- 25) Thanksgiving

DECEMBER

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

Positions still open

Armory Chief
Chief of Communications
Transporter Chief
Chief of Intelligence
Counselor

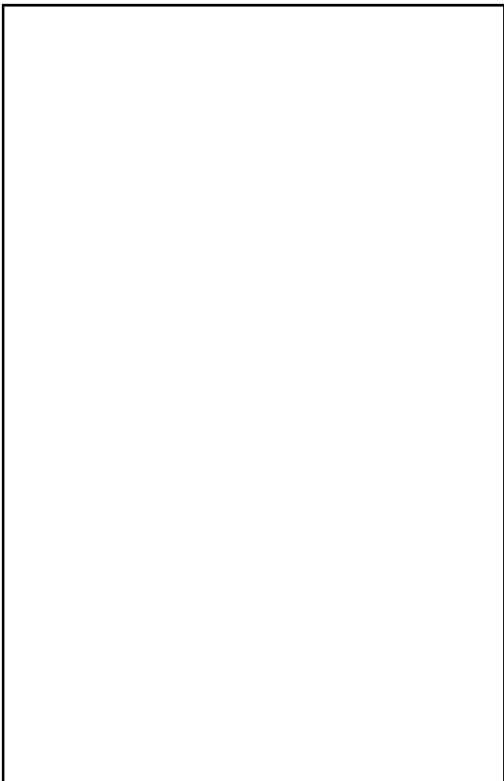
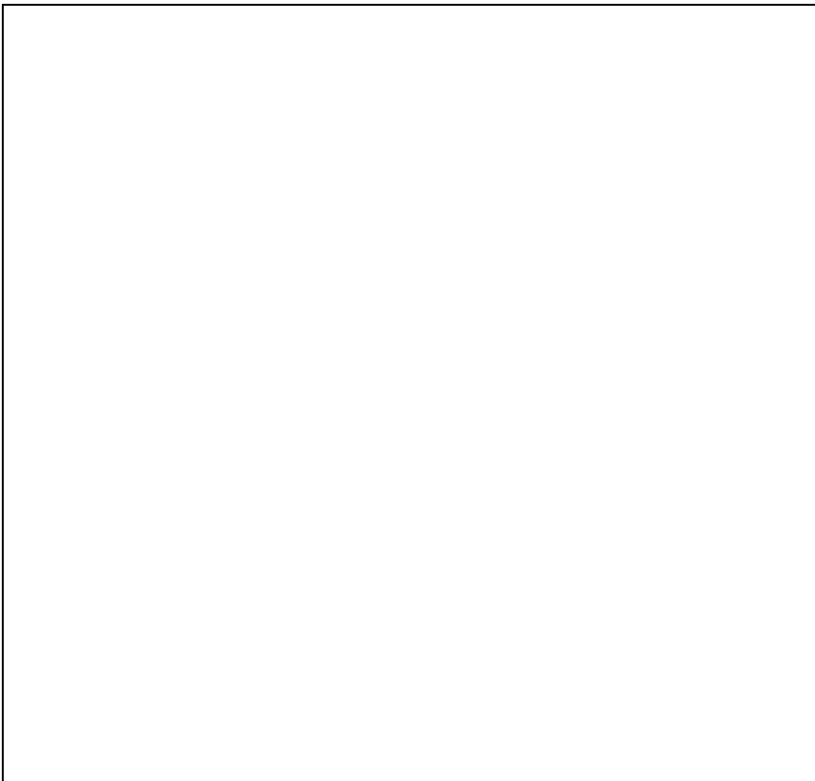
Submissions to the December 2004 edition of the Mighty Max are due on **December 7, 2004.**

Submit to
Critchstarblade@gmail.com
Or 614-284-4962



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

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



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



**Star Trek: Maximillian
Episode Three**

**"Forms of Life"
Chapter Three**

(Most of this chapter written by Nathan "Skrit" Cobaugh, specifically Skrit's origin. It can be found in it's original entirety at <http://www.skritweb.com>.)

"Lets go over this one more time..."

As Skrit had expected, once he had brought up the subject of where he had come from, something the producers of the show had been clamoring for ever since he had first started having a part in it, he was met with a much warmer reception than he had the last time he had spoken with them. While the cameras were still on Squirrely, at last now Skrit would have one chance to regain his spotlight. And he would give it everything he had to do so.

As the producer repeated what Skrit already knew, about which direction the camera would be facing and where he should be looking, Skrit realized how few people actually knew his story. Of course the Captain did, because he liked to know about each of his officers, not to mention that he was around when this whole thing happened. But friends like Babs and Jaydin and Critch, while they had made references to it on several occasions, had never asked any further probing questions. And Skrit never thought to tell them. It wasn't something they needed to know, or probably even wanted to know, really. The fact that he was who he was was good enough for them, and usually that'd be good enough for him to. But circumstances being what they were, it was time to come clean.

It was the middle of the night again, and Skrit stood at his security station, which had a few new spots on it for the cameras to rest, and also on his screen it showed his notes, just in case he forgot any particulars. Not like he could, he had lived it after all. He turned his attention back to the producer as he closed.

"You clear on that?"

"Crystal."

"All right Commander, we'll be live in a few minutes, so hang tight." As the time ticked away to his return, he wondered how they had talked Captain Kelvok into allowing them to tape on the bridge. The bridge of a starship, especially one as advanced as the Maximillian, was usually kept under pretty tight wraps. Though he supposed that with old enemies either crumbling away, in the case of the Romulans, or becoming friends, in the

(Continued on page 8)

K'Pinky and the Brain

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



Good Friday Ratings For "Enterprise"

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

Star Trek: Enterprise reached its highest fast national ratings of the season last night, rising .1 for the second week in a row to numbers higher than those for the season premiere.

[Zap2It](#) reports that *Enterprise* brought in a 2.1 rating/4 share for UPN. This means that 2.1% of American households with televisions were tuned in to "Cold Station 12", which represents 4% of homes with televisions turned on during the 8 p.m. hour. In that time slot, *Enterprise* finished ahead of the WB's recently cancelled but not yet off-the-air *What I Like About You* as well as *Grounded For Life*.

"Borderland", the first episode in the arc with Brent Spiner, had earned a 2.0/4 last week, so the elevated numbers at the start of sweeps month are encouraging. "Home" brought in only a 1.9/4 in the fast national ratings though its total viewership reflected a greater audience overall.

Though NBC's *Dateline* continued to dominate the hour with a 6.9/12 rating, UPN has consistently beaten the WB at 8 p.m., despite a lower average for Friday nights overall because reruns of *America's Next Top Model* have failed to compete in the 9 p.m. hour.

The fast national ratings report is at [Zap2It](#).

Syndication for 2005 Season

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

Star Trek: Enterprise will be available for weekend rerun syndication for the 2005-6 television season, Paramount announced in advertisements in Hollywood trade papers this week.

Cyrus at the [Trek BBS](#) posted a transcript of the three-page ad, which he described as "a very nice 2 page spread which shows the cast plus NX-01."

"5 TELEVISION SERIES...10 MOTION PICTURES...MILLIONS OF LOYAL FANS...ONE STELLAR OPPORTUNITY," hyped the ad copy. The text emphasized that *Enterprise* was UPN's top-ranked series among men 18-49 and men 25-54 every season, with the highest concentration of the latter demographic of any prime time show on network.

Cyrus speculated that the reason the show was being offered for weekend syndication rather than the more lucrative daily market might be because Paramount had plans to sell the week-day rights to a cable network. If the series runs beyond this season, the network would also have more episodes to offer.

FORMS OF LIFE

CAPT Chris Stephenson
Captain

(Continued from page 7)

case of the Klingons, security was becoming less stringent than it had in recent times. He supposed that the producers had been told to keep their cameras strictly on him. It would certainly explain a lot.

The clock moved slowly in Skrit's head, and he passed the time by imagining the screens across the galaxy turning on, expecting to see the squirrel, but instead finding their old friend. He figured it would be a welcome surprise, and soon they'd probably forget Squirrely ever existed. Who needed to watch boring engineering fix-it type stuff anyway. Security, that's where the action was.

"Showtime, Commander!" Skrit instinctively snapped to attention as the producer counted down... "On 5, 4, 3, 2..."

The producer started, happily. "Welcome to another installment of 'Starship Life'. Today, we continue on our journey through the systems with the U.S.S. Maximillian, NCC-74997, a sovereign class starship that has seen quite a bit of action, and strange happenings throughout the universe. And no stranger to strange things is the Maximillian's own security officer, Lieutenant Commander Skrit! He's seen things we cannot imagine, I'm sure, but for today, we're going to learn a little about him, in his own words. So, without further time wasting from myself, lets turn this show over to our friend Skrit, and learn a little something..."

Skrit allowed the cheesy words of the producer to roll off him as he began talking, cautiously. "Thank you. For the past few days and weeks, I have received many messages wanting to know how I came to be, where I came from, and what I'm doing here. I couldn't ignore all the mail, so now, I will reveal my secrets to you, my audience.

"It began a long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away...well not really, but a good story starts with an embellishment, don't you think? It was a few years ago, after the Dominion war and the business with the Marconian invader. The Maximillian had been recently patched up, and a great patching job they did to, after losing a nacelle and having multiple holes punched in it, but I digress...The Maximillian was sent on a mission of science, to an uncharted sector, to an uncharted planet. The Chief medical officer at that time was a man by the name of Dr. Nathan Alexander.

"It was a routine assignment, and the rest of the away team had already beamed back up to the planet. He was using his tricorder on a rather unassuming plant...and then I happened along.

"How in my original form, I am a wave form energy that is able to coalesce into a cross between electromagnetic and

(Continued on page 9)

FORMS OF LIFE (Continued)

chemical energy similar to cosmic dust and stellar winds. The closest form of energy that I come closest to resembling, by human comprehension anyway, is a solar flare. Due to my unique identity, my essence transcends existence as we know it into multi-dimensional levels. This is how I am able to briefly alter myself into energy patterns that I can become compatible with, such as certain types of EM frequencies like those on a starship, and so forth."

Skrit paused, to collect himself and also to let everything he had said sink into his audience, though he realized he probably just lost a good half of them with that little explanation. Nonplussed, however, he continued.

"Now I was just happening along, exploring the planet, when I picked up the energy of the tricorder. Now to everyone you know, a tricorder is simply just as it is, a scanning device, useful for all sorts of things. For me, however, never having seen one before, I took it as a means of communication. My mistake was, trying to communicate back.

"I attempted to merge with the tricorder, to try and understand it, and speak back to it. Almost immediately, the tricorder overloaded, and an electrical surge was sent through Dr. Alexander's body. The merging was a success, and I instantly knew everything about the tricorder, every piece of information inside it flowed through me, and I wanted to know more. I also instantly knew about the good doctor, and within a nanosecond I attempted to merge with his body as well, in order to keep him alive, instead of unknowingly committing a horrible act.

"I became aware of the damage being done, and absorbed the life and very spirit of Dr. Alexan-

der. The body, myself included, was transported back to the Maximillian, directly into sickbay. Unfortunately, again, my essence was too much for the container to handle, and the body of the doctor began to vaporize.

"As my energy began to encompass his matter, I realized that I could not cause any further destruction. This could cause a matter/antimatter explosion, and I don't have to tell you how bad that would be. Rest assured, we wouldn't be sitting here right now. Thinking quickly, aware of my surroundings, I interfaced with the EMH emitters and pattern buffers, and sent whatever energy by-products that the circuits couldn't handle through the ship, directly into the warp core. I can tell you without ego that the Maximillian's efficiency was raised for no less than two weeks.

"What happened to the good doctor? He's a part of me, sitting behind my brain. I can feel him thinking, and we work together now, there's no sense of anger or animosity towards me. I think he understands that I didn't mean what I did. Occupational hazard, I guess. Because of him, though, I started off in the Federation on the right foot. All my knowledge came from him, and I'm sure that's one reason they let me go through the academy so quickly. The fact that I look just like him when I'm wearing my emitters can't hurt, either."

Skrit stopped, and bowed his head, but did not reveal if he was thinking, or remembering the fallen doctor. Then he straightened up, and continued.

"Regardless, they were convinced that my intent was to aid Starfleet by bringing a sense of security to volatile situations. My ability to convince hostile parties to work together in the interests of prosperity and long life was what sealed the deal. Since then I've been involved in a number of first contact missions, not to mention some testy peace negotiations throughout the stars.

"As Starfleet was impressed with the level of trust that I could handle

along with the responsibility of being able to make snap decisions in the face of adversity and overcome many obstacles, I became highly recommended for the Starfleet Marine corp. Again my effectiveness became apparent with expertise in forms of combat, discipline, and knowledge of multiple technologies.

"As a result of the skills demonstrated by myself to Starfleet and the UFP, I was permitted, on my request, to return to the Maximillian to serve as chief of Security. My accumulated knowledge and experience through Starfleet gave me the ability to construct more effective nodes to interface with which contain small shield generators that protect them and a higher frequency that permit me to modify certain patterns within the physical form that I take. This is how I am able to generate weapons and phase in and out which by the way causes a serious degradation of the emitters. Generating weapons is easy, phasing wears out the emitters which can only be constructed by utilizing the replicators and then manually adjusting them accordingly. Not that you care, but anyway...

"As you know, I now serve on the Maximillian, however, there are times when Skrits is called on from Command, Intelligence, and the UFP. This is one of the reasons I decided to build a ship on which to use for certain missions."

Skrit loved talking about his ship. "Due to the extensive data available through not only myself but that of the computer I was able to compile enough parts out of shipyards and junkyards to build

(Continued on page 10)

FORMS OF LIFE (Continued)

(Continued from page 9)

The RSL, named after a great friend of the good doctor. Also, by use of the huge database I have learned all forms of combat that have been discovered throughout the history and exploration of humanity as well as contact with other alien life forms.

"Now, To avoid wasting energy I use no energy weapons whatsoever. When energy weapons are used on me, it's like feeding me a Sunday meal. My nodes, unfortunately, can only take so much, hence an additional buffer and tiny shields to protect them. My favorite weapons are swords, knives, and a Klingon medallion that I proudly brandishes on uniform which opens up to reveal three blades which symbolize the Klingon insignia." He paused to show it off. "The only time I materialize this medallion is on away missions and diplomatic functions with the Klingons as a sign of respect. Now, As I am pure energy I cannot be killed, at least not by your standard weaponry. I can be dissipated, however in time I can reassemble. I do not align with any particular religious treatise or doctrine. I am a companion and my only goal is to aid those who are in need.

"All technology on the RSL was utilized and combined from various

(Continued on page 15)

THE
MAXIMILLIAN
ONLINE
www.maximillian.org

Pictures
Information
Regulations
Stories
Everything you
need to know...

Bakula to make a bold "Leap" forward?

[HTTP://WWW.TREKTODAY.COM](http://www.trektoday.com)

It seems three season of *Enterprise* may not have quelled Scott Bakula's (Jonathan Archer) time-travelling habits – as reports suggest that he may be working on a project that could see new *Quantum Leap* back on TV for the first time in eleven years.

According to [Dark Horizons](#), rumour had it that a two-hour telemovie with the work title "A Bold Leap Forward" may be in the pipeline, with production to start January next year. This would reportedly be headed by original *Quantum Leap* creator Don Bellisario and writer Trey Callaway, who wrote the horror flick *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer* and was involved in Tim Burton's *Lost in Oz*.

Rumours indicate that the movie would be set eleven years after the end of the original show in keeping with the actual time since the show went off-air. The original series finished with Dr. Sam Beckett (Bakula) leaping continually and out of control, losing touch with his friend and mentor Albert 'Al' Calavizzi (Dean Stockwell).

Al would reportedly make contact once again with Sam, then after losing contact bring in Sam's daughter Sammy Jo, sending her on her father's path in an attempt to bring him back. If the premise is successfully executed and well-received, the potential for a TV show would apparently also be present. It has been suggested that Bakula would make guest appearances throughout the run.

Most recently, Bakula and Stockwell were reunited not as Sam and Al but as Captain Jonathan Archer and Tandar Colonel Grat in the first season *Enterprise* episode "[Detained](#)". The episode contained a number of nods to *Quantum Leap*, including Dean Stockwell's character constantly carrying around a small computer device and tapping information into it.

The planned TV movie has an [IMDB entry](#); the original report can be found at [Dark Horizons](#). Please remember that no production sources have officially confirmed this and until such time as they may, you should treat this information as you would any other rumour.

Secrets of "The Aenar" Revealed

[HTTP://WWW.TREKWEB.COM](http://www.trekweb.com)

The third episode in the now-highly-anticipated Andorian/Romulan arc on STAR TREK: ENTERPRISE is reportedly titled "The Aenar," according to sources. The title refers to the unique Andorian pilot who has been using remote control technology to steer a Romulan ship causing all sorts of mayhem for the Andorians, Tellarites, Vulcans, and Starfleet in "Babel One" and "United"

Reportedly a telepath with a unique physical appearance (we'll leave that secret unturned), the pilot is a type of Andorian known as "Aenar." His name is 'Gareb' and he may be one of a kind among his people. The Romulans are using him to pilot their vessel and avoid the possibility of anyone (especially Vulcans) learning of their appearance or heritage during a conflict.

Referred to in "Babel One" and possibly seen in "United," Gareb will finally come to life in "The Aenar" and get some help from a relative of his, who according to these latest rumors, assists Enterprise and her allies gain something of a useful advantage over the clandestine Romulan remote control technology.

This information is highly preliminary and should really be treated as rumor. The episode won't air for several months and all speculation should be taken lightly until it's confirmed through official channels.

NEEDS OF THE MANY

Written by Chris Stephenson

CHAPTER THREE

"GO! NOW!" Critch yelled after the initial shock wore off from seeing the emergence of one of the last things he ever expected or wanted to see ever again. The plant-creature that had already overrun and destroyed one planet, and nearly destroyed the Maximillian itself before being repelled by Overload's clever mix of botanic and phaser technology, had found its way here, now, and from the sounds it was making, was not unaware of the past between it's brethren and the away team. It was bracing itself, moving slowly towards the Captain, Critch, Overload and Ensign Bob, growling lightly, as if it was sizing up the threat posed by the team, almost remembering the weaponry it had faced before. They took this opportunity to begin a desperate run, turning as if one and moving in the opposite direction.

"DROID!" Overload yelled to Critch as he ran, Databit clinging to her neck, assessing the plant and wishing that the team had brought their weapons with them. "WHERE ARE WE GOING?"

"THE ARGO!" Kelvok, his face a picture of relative calm, answered for the android, moving as quickly as he could through the terrain, Ensign Bob behind him, fearful, stumbling through the sand and rock. Only the look of his Captain made him keep what little sanity he had, but he couldn't be blamed. Who could, considering he had just seen a giant creature, which by all rights shouldn't exist, erupt out of a calm landscape and begun moving towards him, with the obvious intent to remove him from his life! He hadn't seen the original creature, which although taking over most of the key systems of the ship, had stayed away from his sections and designated escape pods, something that he was quite thankful for.

Together, the four moved quickly over the landscape, such as it was, out of the crater created by the crashing escape pod and running as fast as they could back towards the Argo, dodging the multitudes of rocks and debris kicked up. A vine smashed down, narrowly missing Overload, but she deftly moved out of it's way, her android hearing having heard the rush of wind signifying an incoming harmful object. She had already been way too up close and personal to the plant-creature, even having been swallowed, seeing it from the inside out. She had no desire to repeat the experience, even if she had another quantum torpedo launcher handy. Which unfortunately for the team, they didn't. All the conceivable weaponry, other than the cannon on the Argo, was back on the shuttle, miles away. At the moment, it felt like it might as well be on the other side of the moon for all the good it was doing them. Still they ran, determined not to end in a tangle of vines and teeth, as had one unlucky Ensign upon their first meeting with the creature. If no-one else remembered the red-wearing cadet, surely the Ensign that ran with the away team now knew of him. Knew of their similar names, knew of their similar backgrounds, and knew of their now-quite-possible similar

end.

They were nearly there, could see the Argo getting closer, their salvation seemed to be at hand. Critch allowed himself to think over the possibilities of what he would do upon his return. How best to research the return of the creature was a definite, and also making sure to come along on less away missions. More and more over the past few weeks his life had become more turbulent, and he wished for the return of the days where boredom and tweaking the operations department was his main focus. He felt he was due to come back to that any time now. He dodged nimbly to the right as a vine rushed between he and the ensign, then watched as it curled back and attempted to trip him up, to catch him and drag him back to the waiting jaw of the creature. Not a way for him to die, not after all this.

"OVERLOAD, DRIVE!" She had nearly made it to the pod, and was about to reply to Critch's orders when everything went suddenly very wrong. The Argo lifted up in the air as though a great geyser had erupted beneath it, and Overload was struck in the chest, sending her flying backward, Databit in another direction. For anyone else that could have been a death blow, or at least broken several bones. For the android, it was the equivalent of getting the wind knocked out of her. Critch slowed to a halt, and held up one fist, and closely thereafter Captain Kelvok and Ensign Bob stopped as well. It was a geyser of sorts, a green visor of vines, another creature making it's presence known at the worst possible time. The one that had been chasing them was moving slowly, as though jockeying for position with the other, a silent communi-

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NEEDS OF THE MANY

Written by Chris Stephenson

CHAPTER THREE CONTINUED

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cation ongoing between the two. Critch saw a small gap between them and knew there was no other choice. Shouting for the remainder of the team to follow, he ran as fast as he could, scooping up Databit on the way, who quickly climbed up on Critch's shoulder to search for his friend.

They very nearly didn't make it, only making it through the creature's tendrils by a whisker. Overload had seen what they had planned and had rushed around to meet them, and they were a complete team again, for the moment anyway. Overload was breathing heavy, though she obviously didn't need to, and asked the question on all of their minds. "Now what?"

The Maximillian was no longer in a stationary orbit over the planet. Instead, Tamak had disregarded all orders from his Captain, instead choosing to do just the opposite. The ship was very close to the rapid moving energy storms, which were now seemingly attracted to the Maximillian's sudden motions. As the ship swooped in and out, like a skier going down a hill, electricity surged out and struck the ship, causing a jolt and the lights to flicker, but no damage to the shielding. This didn't serve to lighten the moods of anyone within the ship, however, though Tamak seemed excited, as though things were proceeding exactly to plan, although T'Purr knew for a fact that this definitely wasn't a plan he was planning on sharing with anyone else. He had given the orders with a bark, and did almost all of the maneuvering through his console on the armrest. This put her at a great unease, and her fur bristled as she thought about confronting him. Squirrely, the ship's chief engineer, had come to the bridge a moment ago to monitor the effects the storms

were having on the ship as a whole. Being a six-foot squirrel was unique enough, but having come from a remote jungle on Betazed had given him the same mental abilities that most of the planet's humanoids had: Not so much as to read minds, but enough to get a general feel of their emotions and thoughts, an empathy power that he had told few about, and it had served him well in this fleet. Right now, he could feel twinges of uncertainty from the crew, and a rising anger from T'Purr. Knowing a situation right now would be the last thing anyone needed, he calmly stood behind her.

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

She turned with a surprised hiss, and her tail went stiff. Seeing that it was just him, she relaxed somewhat, yet was still slightly on edge. "This isn't right, Squirrel."

"I know, Cat, but we have to at least give him the benefit of the doubt. Chain of command, and all that."

"The way he's going, I can't get a lock on the away team! We don't have any idea what's going on down there!"

Squirrely sighed, and shook his head. "Gotta trust in the Captain. He's



got good people, what could go wrong?"

"We are so boned."

Critch, ever the master of understatement, watched as the plant creatures circled each other, and slowly began backing up, the rest of the team along with him, as a single vine, wrapped around the Argo, lifted straight up into the sky. A moment too late Kelvok realized what was happening, and he said loudly to the away team, "GO. NOW." The team scattered, but it was too late. The vine curled back, and pitched a perfect strike. The Argo flew through the air at an unbelievable speed, and impacted exactly where the away team had gathered only a minute before. Fortunately, Critch and Overload had seen what was coming, and pushed the others out of the way, rolling with them. They landed hard on the ground, and were pelted with shrapnel from the vehicle, which had come apart with the quick impact on the hard ground. Most of the shrapnel was harmless, especially with two of the crew being able to withstand the new attack. One rather large piece, however, was not. Ensign Bob's leg was exposed to the air, and the sharp piece of metal, originally part of the construction holding the large rear cannon on, drove itself right through the pantleg and the flesh, like a nail through a thin piece of wood. Not surprisingly, the young ensign screamed with the sudden pain, due to the jagged sharpness. Critch, trying to shield Bob from the incoming strike, realized his mistake with chagrin, and grimaced. Although as he did so he realized that this gave him a new idea. He stood straight up, just as the shrapnel and metal stopped falling through the air, and the plant-creatures began to move around them again. He motioned to Overload to scoop up Kelvok, which she did without a complaint from him, he having realized this would be a much better idea. He in turn cra-

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NEEDS OF THE MANY

Written by Chris Stephenson

CHAPTER THREE CONTINUED

(Continued from page 12)

dled Ensign Bob in his arms, being careful not to disturb the injured leg, and together, they ran.

Now there were only two sets of legs, and due to the two Android's abilities, they were able to cover much more ground in a shorter amount of time. Critch, with the determined Ensign Bob, was quicker, but only just, as Overload, holding on to Kelvok while Databit sat on his stomach trying to carry on a discussion about the plant-creature, was right behind him. If he would have time, Critch wouldn't have minded a discussion about the two different models varying capabilities, that is one that didn't end with a "Superior", "Inferior" snipe back and forth, which unfortunately had occurred quite often since her appearance on the Maximillian.

With their great speeds, estimated at about three times the normal foot speed of a bipedal humanoid, they were beginning to outpace the creatures, though not my much. Critch noticed he couldn't get going as fast as he would've liked, and it was becoming quite awkward for him to move freely due to Ensign Bob and his injured leg. Bob kept making little gasps of pain, and Critch knew that the pain was growing, and something would have to be done soon. Bob was more aware of this than anyone, and had come to the grim realization that Critch was too much of an officer to let anyone on his crew sacrifice himself, even if that was what had to be done. He didn't know why, knew very little about the circumstances that had made Critch who he was, but regardless, he knew what he would have to do. He looked at Critch, and simply stated, "Put me down."

Critch slowed. "What?"

"You can't go fast enough while you're holding me. You need to put me down."

Critch suddenly realized that he didn't know this Ensign's name, or had forgotten it in the heat of the chase. "Ensign, those things are coming right up on us! I'm not leaving you here to die!"

Bob knew that his remaining course of action was pointless, knew of the dangers, but it simply had to be done. "Let me try to beam back, see if it's safe. When I make it, I'll call down."

Exhasperated, Critch looked at the approaching creatures, looked down at Bob, and said, "Do it." Critch felt a strange emotion of dread for the young officer, who nodded and tapped his commbadge. Within the second, in a sparkling blaze of blue, Ensign Bob faded from his arms, and Critch hoped he was going to a safer place. As the remainder of the team drew near, Critch caught Kelvok's frowning face, but no words were exchanged. And together, they began to run again, this time Critch outpacing Overload by a slightly larger margin.



On the bridge, Skrit looked up from his console excitedly. "Commander, incoming transport! It's the ensign!"

As Squirrelly quickly made his way to a transporter room to assist with the transfer. None of them said what was on their minds, however. There was a very good reason why Captain Kelvok had not wanted the Maximillian near the planet and the electrical storms. Now, the crew hoped as one that their Captain had been mistaken.

Squirrelly entered Transporter Room 3 with a feeling of panic, the same feeling he felt from the Lieutenant that was handling the controls, trying to successfully bring in the lone transport. Knowing that his fear would only add to the lieutenant's, he sucked in his feelings, and simply asked him in a straight and even voice what the status was.

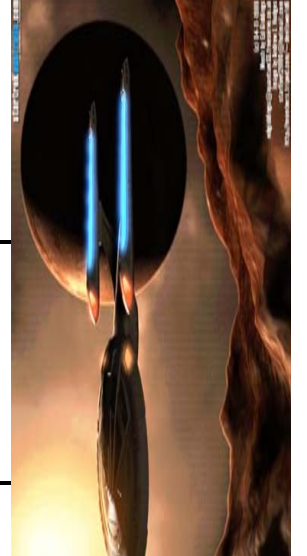
"I've got him, sir, but these energy readings are off the scale!" This was exactly what Squirrelly was afraid of. The electrical storms could have an extreme effect on the readings and systems, and even he didn't know what the consequences could be. He began, with his large paws, tapping on the panels, trying to bring the energy back within the correct parameters.

The center pad alit with blue as the two engineers frantically tapped, the Transporter chief and the head engineer using all of their knowledge, working together, and for a brief moment they thought they had succeeded, as they saw the vague outline of Ensign Bob

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DECEMBER 2004

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7 <i>Newsletter Deadline</i>	8 <i>Blade: Trinity Release</i>	9	10 <i>Blade: Trinity Gettogether</i>	11 <i>Monthly Meeting/ Holiday Party</i>
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19 <i>Roleplaying</i>	20	21	22	23	24	25 <i>Christmas Susan Moran Birthday</i>
26 <i>Charles Connor Birthday</i>	27	28	29 <i>Sidley Howard Birthday</i>	30	31 <i>New Years Eve</i>	



NEEDS OF THE MANY

(Continued from page 13)

appear. The transporter chief, admittedly young, even cracked a brief smile.

The smile did not last, as he looked up, and saw Ensign Bob's face, saw him in pain and anguish, and saw him mouth two distinct words. "Help. Me." There was then a horrible sound, a devil's scream, and then the blue sparkles turned to gold, and Squirrelly quickly pushed the lieutenant away as the transporter panel sparked and exploded right after they moved away. Electric streaks surged out of the damaged panel, moving through invisible lines to the cables and wiring within the Maximillian's walls. Within moments every light on the deck exploded in a hail of sparks and noise, and the entire ship shook. After that, it grew worse. Power levels dropped, and systems on unaffected decks were called upon to compensate. The surge spread through these systems, knocking down relays and in some extreme cases causing entire walls to explode outward. The damage to the recently repaired ship, while not as bad as had been done to it before, was still massive, and was only growing worse as the surge spread. Squirrelly quickly tapped his commbadge, praying that the communications were still up.

His prayers were answered less than a heartbeat later with Tamak's gruff voice asking, "What happened?"

"No time. Shut down all systems, there's a power surge that'll wipe out everything on the ship!"

"Understood." Squirrelly wasted no time in ordering the Transporter chief to manually assemble a team to assess the damage to the transporters, and began moving towards the bridge. As he moved, lights dimmed and turned off, and he found himself, along with the rest of the ship, in total

darkness. A beat passed, and the electricity that had been flowing through the abundant channels open to it found it had nowhere else to go. On the saucer section, close to the front edge, a large explosion occurred as the energy had nowhere else to go but out, and it did it with a vengeance, resulting in a jagged edge where it had been smooth only moments before.

On the bridge, the mood had gone from bad to worse. Tamak rubbed his forehead, as though wiping off sweat, and had ordered the power to come back on, knowing full well that it would take several hours for the Maximillian to be back to full capacity, if all the damage had been ignored. With the damage, it would easily be days. As Squirrelly entered the bridge, passing behind a distressed looking Skrit, looking as if he was mulling over something in his head, Tamak instantly ordered him to assess the damage to his section. For now, the Maximillian was dead in space, all power to movement and shields was lost for some time, and forcefields were going offline all over. As Squirrelly set to work, he received a message on his panel, covertly sent by T'Purr as though they were simply still at the academy. The message read succinctly:

**BEFORE POWER DOWN, JAYDIN SENT MESSAGE
PLANT-CREATURES ON PLANET CHASING AWAY TEAM
LOST CONTACT WITH ARGO
NO CONTACT NOW**

Squirrelly looked up, stricken. He knew what this meant, of course. The away team could not get back to the Maximillian. Without transportation, they could not escape the plant-creatures. He glanced over at Skrit, who was staring straight at Tamak. Then, he turned quickly, and jogged to the turbolift, disappearing before Tamak could say a word, before anyone could stop him.

FORMS OF LIFE

(Continued from page 10)

technologies around the cosmos. I know other entities as well who also aid myself in working to help those in need. This is why I have built the RSL and why I proudly serve on the Mighty Max.

"And that's me, in a nutshell, so to speak. I hope I haven't used up too much of your time, so I'll send it back to our host. Thanks again, and I'll see you in the stars..."

The producer started talking again, but Skrit paid no attention. He had done it, socked it right out of the park, to use an old vernacular, probably picked up from looking at old sports memorabilia at Deep Space Nine. Everyone else, now, would have to play catch up. He was back in the drivers seat, where he always should have been, and nothing could stop him now...



STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN: NEEDS OF THE MANY

Written by Chris Stephenson
CHAPTER THREE CONTINUED

(Continued from page 15)

The phrase "Between a rock, and a hard place." had never seemed so real for Kelvok and his away team. They had been running for minutes, hoping against hope for contact with the Maximillian, that Ensign Bob's risky gambit would have worked. Instead, there was nothing. It was enough of a miracle that the Max had realized that Bob wanted out, and that they were still close enough to be able to do anything about it. This still worried Kelvok, but obviously he had bigger problems to worry about. For the past minute, they had seen two directions available to them. A small city on the left, complete with buildings, houses, vehicles, all alien to him, but still obviously a civilization. On the right, a giant hill that seemed to erupt out of the ground at a 90 degree angle, straight up in the sky for several meters, then leveled off into a flat plain. Too high for them to climb. Critch was in the lead, and up until now Kelvok had been quite satisfied to let him make the decisions on where to go. Now he felt a small fear, though he tried to quell it, that the decision would not be a good one, or at least not the one that Kelvok himself would make. If Critch decided to make for the villiage, it would likely be the end of it. It would probably save their lives, but at the cost of many others. The plant-creatures would rip it apart as if it was tissue paper.

But if Critch did the noble thing, make for the blocked pass, it would be the end for the away team. The decision was deceptively simple on the surface, just one way or the other. But to Kelvok's mind, and assuredly in the Android's as well, it was a very test, possibly the final test of his character. Of was he truly who he seemed to be, who he aspired to be. A leader.

In the end, it was done quickly

and without question or comment. Critch simply turned towards the rock, resigning himself and the team to their fates, trusting in whatever higher power that controlled the fates of the universe to deliver them from their folly, or at least to make their ends as quick and painless as possible. Each one of them knew what this meant, from Kelvok down to little Databit. The end was at hand. Kelvok had wished to see the Maximillian again, to uncover the mystery behind Tamak's strange actions, to see what kind of officers his crew, some of which he had championed for ever since his inception as Captain, would become. Now it seemed not to be.

They reached the rock one by one, with the creatures gaining on them, slowing as well due to the increasingly rocky ground. It was buying the away team time, but time for what? Critch glanced up at the rock, noticed that there that after several feet it levelled off to a flat surface. A plan formed behind his eyes.

"DROID!" He yelled to Overload, who looked at him fearfully, both for her and for the team.

"Got an idea?"

"Maybe. Let Kelvok down. Sir,

you're going to have to get on my back."

"Commander?"

"You'll see. Overload, do this." He made his fingers into a sort of claw form as Kelvok climbed on, Databit now resting more comfortably on Overload's shoulder. As she copied him, Critch then drove his fingers into the rock, grimacing a bit. It didn't exactly hurt, but it wasn't the best feeling in the world. He did it again, a little higher, and then drove his feet into the cliffface, one after the other. As the creatures drew closer, he brought a hand out, and did it again, higher and higher, beginning to climb straight up the unclimbable wall, Kelvok hanging on for his life, surprised at the ingenuity that was shown. He glanced down, seeing Overload struggling up the wall, but doing it, and together, they moved as one of the creatures reached the bottom of the cliff. It seemed confused only for an instant, then seemed to copy the androids, driving vines deep within the wall. It tried to shake the wall, trying to force them down where it could easily reach them. The other creature came up against the wall, and after an instant, copied the first, but this time pulling itself up along the wall, slithering slightly, very slowly, but making progress none the same. The victory for the away team had been extremely short lived.

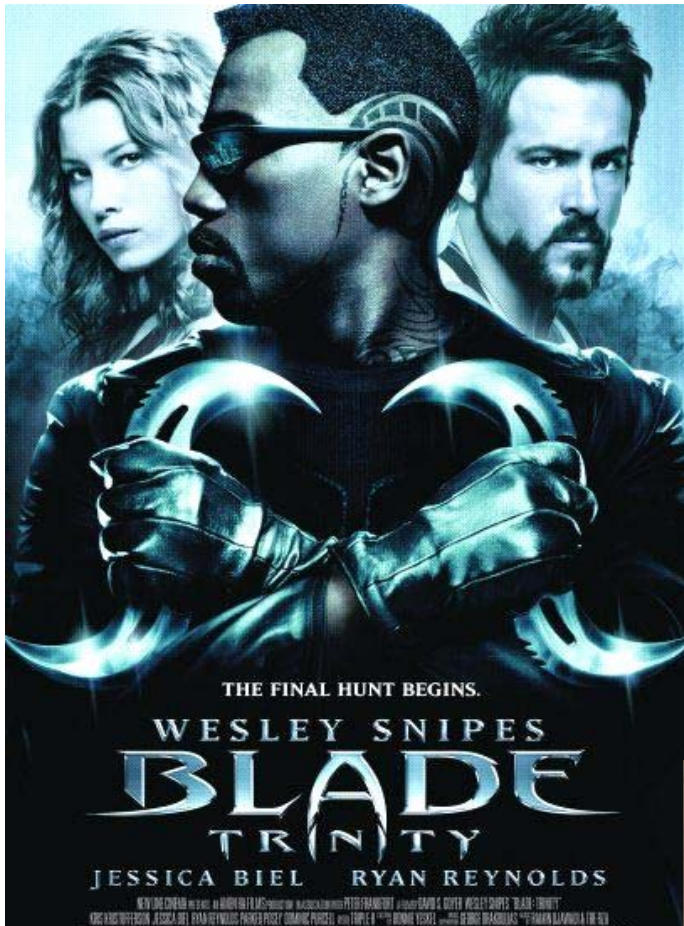
"Don't look down." Was all Critch said....

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

**SUBMISSIONS FOR THE
 FIRST MAXIMILLIAN ANTHOLOGY
 ARE DUE AT THE
 DECEMBER MEETING**

**SUBMISSIONS CAN BE:
 ARTWORK
 A TITLE
 ANY STORY YOU WROTE
 POEMS**





**THE MIGHTY MAX
NOVEMBER 2004**

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Newsletter Submissions Due December 7

*HAPPY THANKSGIVING!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY ELAINE JACKSON
AND MELANIE BRACKNEY!*

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