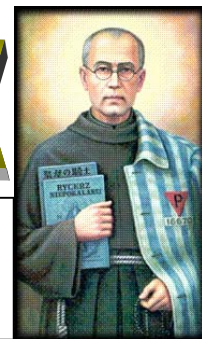




THE MIGHTY MAX



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

SEPTEMBER 2004

VOLUME 12, ISSUE 9

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Babs in Money Penny outfit, William Shatner, and Nathan Cobaugh at this year's VULKON.

IN THIS ISSUE OF THE MIGHTY MAX

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THE MAXIMILLIAN STORE

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 Winter 2004 \$20

Star Trek Maximillian: Beyond the Final Frontier

Available 2005 \$20

The Mighty Max 2003 Collected \$20.00 Full Color

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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.

Hope everything is going well for everyone wherever you are. Feels like we just had one of these things doesn't it? Because of the Vulkon and business, everything needed to be put all together to keep up with our normal schedule. So between this meeting and last, not much happened, save the Star Trek IV thing.

We were all at Lennox, a goodly number of us considering the late hour, and all told made some money off of it. I must admit it was better than I thought seeing the movie on the big screen, especially since IV never was my favorite. Too bad they didn't get VI.

After today's meeting we're having the auction, which will be going to a slightly different charity than normal this time, benefiting the troops in Iraq. It is a special meeting, since it falls on September 11th, so there'll be a slight somberness to it, but knowing us, it won't last too long.

This month will be extremely busy, as we've got some good events lined up. The auction of course is this weekend. Next weekend will see the release of Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow, and we will be at the Arena Grand for that. Day after that, a few of us will be attending the Columbus meeting so we can reestablish contact between ships, and see how the other half lives, so to speak. On the 19th, we have our Roleplaying Game again at the Guardtower. Then the 25th we'll be attending "Spaceballs" as a ship, which is essentially Dayton's Trek Putt. If we win, we get to run it next year, and I really want to win it. Also it's a chance to see and talk in front of ships that we don't get to see that often. Finally, October 3 is Trek Putt Three: The search for Par. See the flier later on this issue.

We've got chapters of all the current running stories in this issue, one at a time so nobody gets confused. Got a goodly number of articles, including a picture of T'Purr Meowran (Susan) by one of our newest members, Zen!

See you at the meeting!

Live wrong and Slobber
—Cap'n Critch out.

THE MAXIMILLIAN ONLINE

<http://www.maximillian.org>

First Officer's Report

*CMDR Robin Goldblum
Executive Officer/Chief Medical Officer*

Thanks to everyone who helped me celebrate my 25th birthday here in Columbus! I got to go out to Molly Woo's Chinese food at Polaris, which I recommend. After working for two years at that mall, I had never actually eaten there. It was very good.

The Captain also got me a paperback of the fifth Harry Potter book so I can now finally read it. My Mom also sent me a copy of the Lives of Dax. It was even signed by Nicole de Boer. For those of you who don't know, she played Ezri Dax on the last season of Deep Space Nine. She is currently on USA's The Dead Zone as Sarah. Anyway, I have been waiting a long time to read that book also. Last but not least, my brother got me Anne Rice's The Witching Hour. So many books, so little time!!!

Thanks to all who made this a special birthday when I couldn't be with my family because of school this year.



Wing Commander's Report

*CAPT Charles Connor
Wing Commander*

Greetings. Star Trek IV movie event was Grand. it was great to see the classic Trek on the big screen again. I get my second Flight wings as of this meeting. Looking forward to the Recruiting drive this week. well that's all for now.

Transmission ends now

Capt. Charles Connor

Secretary's Report

*LCDR Nathan Cobaugh
Records Officer*

Well, the news is officially in.....the Star Trek weekends at the Lennox did let's see what is the word? Halfway there. The numbers for the movies were not that great, and not enough really to warrant doing any future Trek movies at the Lennox. The management at the theater thought that Star Trek movies would do better than the previous ones which so far were: TOP GUN, GHOST-BUSTERS, and GOONIES. The only movie that the highest attendance was Star Trek II:TWOK for the Trek movies. Ironically, that was the same weekend as VULKON. Total funds raised for JDF at the charity raffle were \$10. Coming September 24, 25 at midnight only (Friday and Saturday) is MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL.

If anyone wants to go see that cost is \$6.50 for adults and \$5.50 for children. Also, the horror marathon is going to be on October 23rd which will be a mini-marathon. It does not look like it will be a 24 hour one due to who knows what. Probably because it will be held at the Drexel Grandview and that theater does not exactly have the resources that the Arena Grand has or Studio 35, who usually hosts the horror marathons. Or it could be that they waited until recently to start booking films. Nothing yet has been confirmed about what movies they will have or the cost, however, it usually runs around \$28-31. Any further information you can get by accessing Skritweb.com or you can check the drexel.net website.

Coming up soon is the Christmas party for the Maximillian and there is a raffle to raise money to cover the cost for the food only at the meetings. So far the raffle has no funds and the prizes to be are a CADET DATA action figure and another figure or something that I will add by the next meeting.

I would talk about VULKON, and how I had a great time meeting Barbara Luna from ST:TOS:Mirror, mirror but I can do that on my website. Babs and I had a priceless moment which is immortalized by a picture that will be on this newsletter and on maximillian.org as well as skritweb.com as soon as I get it back from Critch. This newsletter will probably be chock full of a lot of things, so.....

Security Chief Skrit signing off.....



August Meeting Minutes

Meeting started 5:15 sharp. There was one guest, Zen Fox, who later joined. Terry McPherson showed up later, and joined for two years. Zen introduced himself.

There was one award, promoting Babs to full Lieutenant.

The reports were given by the Captain. The website is still functional, working well. The newsletter is 16 pages this month, and there are no cards due to miscommunication between ADM Dunn and other people.

Trek Bowl 3 is coming Oct. 3rd at 1pm at East Main Lanes. Admission is \$10 for bowling, shoes, and pool.

Convention Update: Vulkon apparently went well, Nathan and Babs attended, and will give their reports later.

The first officer arrived right after her update. The Raffle drive for AVP was successful, raising \$12 for the ship/JDF.

There was, after much begging/prodding, a submission for a position, Daniel Milks is our new Auxiliary Services Officer.

The Records Officer reported on the midnight showing of Trek 2, 3, and 4. We will have a recruiting drive for III and IV.

Vulkon went very well, Nathan and Babs got their pictures taken with William Shatner, and she won a judges choice in the costume competition as her 'moneypenny' cat outfit.

Stationary is still being worked on, and Skritweb will become an outlet for Nathan's talents as a musician.

The purser was not present, we have in total about \$500. We had 2 new members last month, and two new members this month.

Advisory Staff was not present.

Department heads and crew spoke. Robin is working on getting the Medical Sheets done, Nathan spoke on the upcoming Drexel Horror movie marathon, Oct 23 at the Drexel Grandview. See drexel.net for more information. Todd spoke on "The Roddenberry Effect", where Rod is trying to get people to send him pictures and a paragraph for an upcoming project.

The Admiralty was not present, the regs should be to the Captain by the September meeting.

The roleplaying committee - Capt Connor spoke about the upcoming game, which was the day after the meeting.

The Calendar committee - Capt Connor wants pictures soon!

The Story committee was not present.

The Vegas committee brought up the time-share that Nathan has for us.

Membership cards are still being worked on by LT Squirrley
Kings Island was successful, and we will be going over a two-day span next year.
The Music of Columbus event takes place September 14 at Nationwide



Skritisms

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh

Quoth the raven: nevermore, nevermore.

I wanted to utilize this space specifically for short stories and compositions that will be a part of the business that I plan on starting up soon. I wanted to take the time to insert some stuff as part of the newsletter, because for the longest time my wife Sandie has always told me that I should be using my talents to make a living since I spend so much time on these things. Last month the feature was a poem I wrote entitled INFINITE DIVERSITY. I shared some other compositions with Critch who thought they were pretty good and eventually I will be putting it all into a book to hopefully launch a career that I have been holding off on for the past 20 years of my life.



The arts have been my main talent in life, and I have been sitting by trying to make a living any other way instead of using my skills. So saith the raven: nevermore, nevermore. So without further ado I will be submitting original compositions and stuff that will be here as an effort to contribute in an artistic manner to the Maximillian. The following is entitled FINAL FRONTIER and is a short haiku.

A journey in space
To go somewhere we ne'er been
Searching for new life.

The quest is endless
Answers found in outer space:
The final frontier.

A crew of many
Working together to find
A new hope for man...

Why we keep going
After fighting aliens
Is for our future.

Through science fiction;
Other worlds we see our lives
Laid out before us.

Shall we dare to dream,
Or should we explain it all?
End of transmission....

UPCOMING EVENTS

SEPTEMBER

- 17) Sky Captain Raffle Drive (Arena Grand)/Raffle Drawing 5-9
- 18) Columbus Meeting 5pm Karl Rd. Library
- 19) Roleplaying at the Guardtower 1pm
- 25) Spaceballs (Ask Critch)

OCTOBER

- 3) Trek Bowl Three
- 8) Enterprise Season 4 premiere party
- 8) Meeting
- 17) Roleplaying

NOVEMBER

- 13) Meeting

DECEMBER

- 11) Meeting/Christmas Party

Positions still open

Armory Chief
Chief of Communications
Transporter Chief
Chief of Intelligence

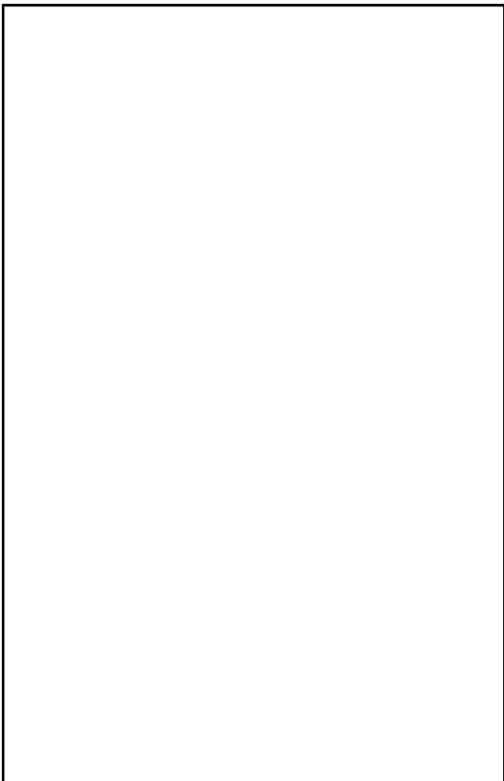
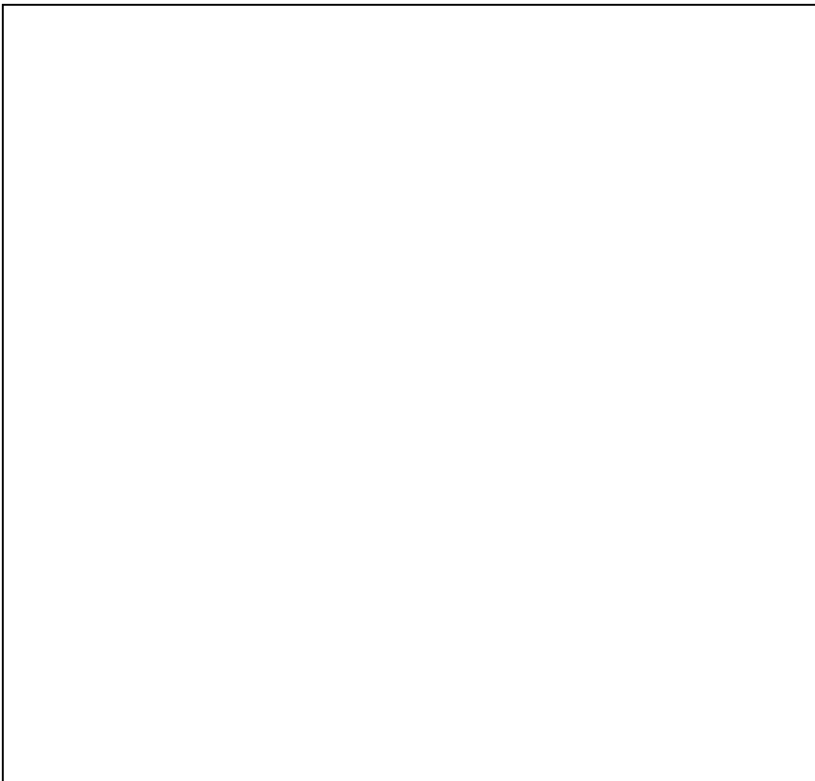
Submissions to the October 2004 edition of the Mighty Max are due on **October 3, 2004.**

Submit to
Critch@maximillian.org
Or 614-595-1325



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
FORMS OF LIFE
CHAPTER ONE**

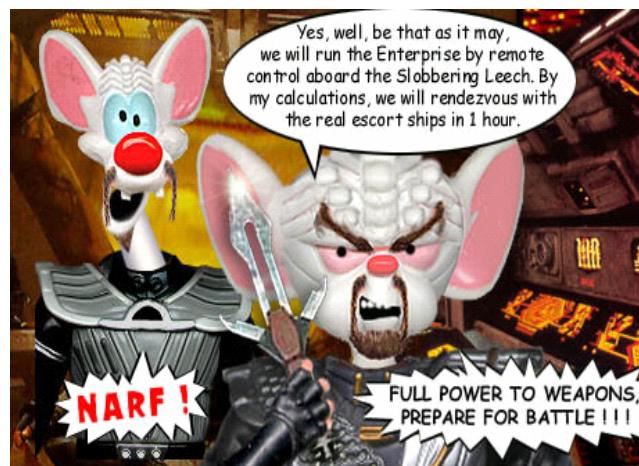
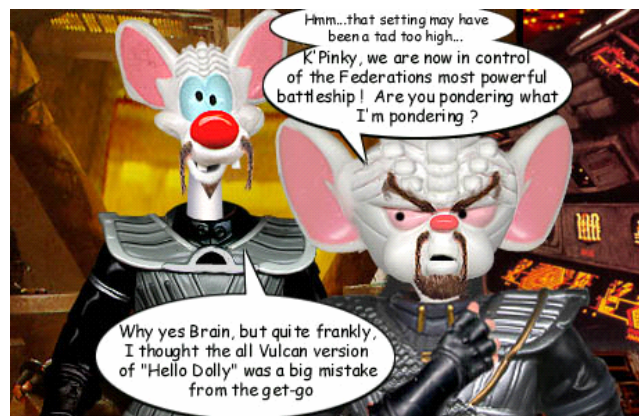
**Season One, Episode 3
Written by Chris Stephenson**

The strange looking group entered the main engineering bay of the starship Maximillian as they had moved for the last ten minutes, which had made the turbolift ride up a bit interesting. Squirrely led the makeshift parade, his grey tail swishing behind him as he moved gracefully, walking purposefully to his destination where he could continue his work uninterrupted. Behind him came a group of floating cameras, small yet undeniably there, whirring and working in tandem with each other, sending the results of their taping back to some central office somewhere, where the final show would be edited together. Behind the cameras were a mix of operators and show hosts, the operators making corrections and staring at pads which revealed the screens that the technicians would get back at the office, and they focused and tweaked the displays until they were as good as they were going to get, and then they were tweaked still. The show hosts were silent, for once, as they allowed the strange alien to be observed working in his natural habitat. Finally, behind all of them, and far enough back that he had to take a separate turbolift to reach engineering, was Skrit, more than a bit perturbed at the situation's change, and eager to return to the original plan, which was his tour of the ship. He kept clearing his throat and tapping at the operators' arms, trying to get their attention without interrupting the show and proving himself to the audience to be an annoyance, something he desperately wanted to avoid.

At this point, he definitely wasn't an annoyance to anyone. Indeed, he wasn't even on the radar of the operators, busily trying to get the cameras to the best vantage point to show the known galaxy and whoever else was receiving the transmissions this strange creature that had quietly been elevated to the prestigious position of chief engineering officer. The upright walking six foot tall squirrel glanced around the bay in front of him, noting his officers and where they were, and moved to a panel, hitting several tabs with his large, furry fingers.

For their parts, the officers in engineering adapted quickly to their new chief, not acting with any kind of derision at all, having been accustomed to strange new species that were either unheard of or unknown to most of the galaxy. They knew little of Squirrely, only that he had some history with Captain Kelvok that he preferred not to discuss, which had led to his being advanced through the academy and related courses much faster than the usual cadet. Even that wasn't rare here on the Max, where many of the crewmembers were special cases, such as LCDR Starblade, the android who had went through

(Continued on page 8)



TO BE CONTINUED...

STAR TREK ONLINE*Http://www.startrek.com***For immediate release:**

PERPETUAL ENTERTAINMENT TO DEVELOP AND PUBLISH *STAR TREK*® MASSIVELY MULTIPLAYER ONLINE GAME

SAN FRANCISCO — Sept. 7, 2004 Perpetual Entertainment, Inc. announced today that it has secured the exclusive worldwide rights from Viacom Consumer Products to develop and publish a massively multiplayer online game based on Paramount Pictures' *Star Trek* franchise.

Star Trek is one of the world's most popular, longest-running, and beloved sci-fi properties, with millions of passionately devoted fans throughout the world. As *Star Trek* celebrates its 38th anniversary, *Star Trek* gaming begins its next evolution.

The license encompasses all live-action motion pictures and television series including, [Star Trek](#), [Star Trek: The Next Generation](#), [Star Trek: Deep Space Nine](#), [Star Trek: Voyager](#), and [Star Trek: Enterprise](#). "The scope of the content license is extraordinary for a game of this kind, giving us the opportunity to immerse fans and players in the incredibly rich, diverse and exciting universe of *Star Trek*," said Joe Keene, CEO of Perpetual Entertainment.

The game will deliver action, adventure and combat mechanics unique to persistent world games. Its design includes a rich array of solo and multiplayer missions set in space, on planets and in starbases throughout the universe. At launch, it will take place during the 24th century timeline in the series with other aspects of the *Star Trek* universe to be interwoven and added through expansions.

"Players will encounter characters, places, and situations from their favorite *Star Trek* movies and television series; will explore incredible new worlds; and will cooperate with or battle friendly and hostile races throughout the game," said Chris McKibbin, President of Perpetual Entertainment.

"Fans of *Star Trek* have been longing for a game that lets them participate in and explore the *Star Trek* universe," said Terri Helton, Executive Vice President of Viacom Consumer Products. "We have been searching for the right partnership for our time-honored *Star Trek* to create a game that not only appeals to fans but a broader audience as well. Perpetual's experience, technology and vision for this game make them the clear choice."

The game is expected to enter public beta testing in 2006 and to launch by early 2007.

FORMS OF LIFE

CAPT Chris Stephenson
Captain

(Continued from page 7)

the schooling quickly mainly

because of his advanced technology. Since he already knew everything there was to know about the subjects he went for, and vast stores of others

he didn't, there had been no need for him to remain in the academy.

He privately joked they were tired of his winning the Starfleet Academy twice in as many years, even with his abilities toned down to more human-like levels. So there were no evil looks, no snide comments, only officers doing their job for their chief, who had filled the position left

vacant by the Maximillian's first officer, who had only recently begun to devote more time in command aspects, and following the latest developments throughout the galaxy, particularly the Romulan situation that was overwhelming the standard news channels, not to mention the classified communications that were winging from admirals to ships and back again.

Squirrely looked with not a small amount of pride at his crew as they worked diligently at their padds and stations, marveling that this ship had welcomed him so readily and easily. While he had heard of the Maximillian's reputation as a "Different" kind of starship, it still came as a shock to him that he wasn't treated as anything special, but instead just as another member, as though he was human or Vulcan, or

some other common species. Though as he thought about it, humans were

pretty rare on the Mighty Max. The only thing that was making him nervous

at this point was this obtrusive camera crew that had begun following him everywhere. He didn't care that they were there so much as that they were a potential distraction to his people, not to mention that because there were so many of them if there was a problem he couldn't guarantee they would all be able to escape. It was hard enough watching out for his crew, let alone the controllers with their expensive equipment. He swallowed his angst, thankful that after so long of nothing

happening, and then two crises in so short a time, things had quieted down

again, allowing him to get back to his work without worrying about death

and...plants, he thought with an involuntary shudder. Maybe, he thought, if he threw these people a bone or two, they'd be satisfied, and go back to taping...whatever they had been taping before.

He began to turn his attention to the cameras and the programmers, starting to put on a little bit of a show for them. He gestured toward certain parts of the bay, the warp core first and foremost. He used a small amount of scientific words to describe what he was showing them, not wanting to overwhelm them, or whoever was still watching this out there in the galaxy.

"This is, of course, the engineering bay of the Maximillian. It holds the most up-to-date technology available to Starfleet and the Federation, and trust me, it's used more often than you think.

(Continued on page 9)

FORMS OF LIFE (Continued)

"Over here you can find the controls, overrides, and panels for the warp core, along with the core itself, though I'm guessing you've already noticed that." The controllers of the camera chuckled a bit. The warp core, with its sharp blues and grays, and multiple moving parts inside the chamber, easily was the first thing anyone saw when they walked through the immense bay. Extending up and down several floors, the core was fairly unwieldy to work on, but it was relaxing to watch, and Squirrelly, along with many others throughout the ship, often came to Engineering on their break periods or their off shifts just to gaze at the core. Lieutenant Overload had made an interesting comment about it, calling it a 'really big lava lamp.' It seemed to fit, though there really weren't any blobs moving around in it. It's light shone brightly enough to attract many, however.

As Squirrelly talked, he moved, and without realizing it he had begun a tour of engineering. Hanging on every word, the camera operators followed him up and down the lifts, a seething Skrit walking behind them. More than once Skrit had thought about just using his energy form to shut down, or fry the cameras, ending the program and Squirrelly's little ego-trip before it really had a chance to begin. But he supposed that wouldn't be very becoming of a Maximillian officer, so he held his tongue and kept his emotions inside, save for shooting a dirty look at the oblivious Squirrelly every few moments. He remembered he had brought the tour down here once. Not knowing the ins and outs of Engineering, although he himself was only kept corporeal by the same equipment designed by the people who had designed this bay, and all the working systems in it, he couldn't give a very detailed explanation of the systems around him. But he tried, and that had to count for something. He really didn't have to do much, anyway, because the group had seemed to be

impressed just by merely gazing at the technological wonders that surrounded them. And if it was good enough for them, it certainly was good enough for him. He knew he had done a better job than the squirrel anyway. He looked up at Squirrelly just as he stuttered on a word. Though he recovered quickly, it was enough for Skrit to feel superior about what he had accomplished already, and would continue to accomplish once this charade had reached a conclusion. Which it would, hopefully, in just a few minutes.

Skrit's hopes faded with each passing moment. The operators were now satisfied with setting up shots throughout the bay, so they could continue to watch Squirrelly, who by this point had stopped leading the group and had returned to his work, seemingly ignoring the crew as he did so. Skrit shook his head, knowing that the squirrel was wasting what short time he had in the limelight, his fifteen minutes of fame disappearing into the ether as time moved. Skrit could feel his own time moving away just as much, and knew he had to act quickly, lest the squirrel ended up inadvertently closing out both of their careers before they began. He quickly moved from where he had been waiting, kind of leaning up against the outer barrier of the warp core, not the safest place to stay radiation-wise, but radiation of any kind would never be a problem for him, and made his way back to the chief operator of the camera crew, obviously on a break, by the way he was sitting at a previously unoccupied chair.

"Hey, uh, sir...?"

"Ah, Lieutenant Commander Skrit. What can I do for you?" The operator spun around on the chair to face him.

"I was just wondering when we were going to get back to taping the show."

"Yeah...about that..." He stood up, and put an arm around Skrit, leading him around. "Look, I'll be blunt. The main reason we're here is because of the nature of this ship's personnel. We want some pizzazz on this show, something to make people jump up and take notice. Our first choice was Admiral Blobbin, of course,

nothing plays better than shape shifters...but he was too busy back on Earth. Your abilities made you an easy choice to continue on in his stead..."

Skrit shook his head. "What changed?"

"Well...He did." He gestured towards Squirrelly. "I've never seen anything like him. Closest thing would probably be the Katarans, but the tail and everything here...I'm not saying anything bad about your abilities, Skrit, they are most impressive. But it could only last for so long, we have to move on sometime. I apologize...maybe we can do something small with you later, maybe with the rest of the crew." He walked away from Skrit then, who was getting angrier by the moment. He seethed in Squirrelly's general direction, who had noticed Skrit standing there, but not noticing his emotions. He rode the lift down, passing the operator on the way, and met up with the energy being.

"Hey, Commander, what's up?" Squirrelly asked inquisitively.

"Ah, Lieutenant Squirrelly. Just the person I wanted to talk to...." Skrit spoke, his voice dripping with sarcasm. Squirrelly didn't catch it.

"Are you here for your checkup? You know I need to go over your specs with you...can't have you fading out on us."

"Not exactly...You took my show."

"Excuse me?" Squirrelly took a step back.

"They don't want me to lead their little group ever since they saw

(Continued on page 10)

FORMS OF LIFE (Continued)

(Continued from page 9)

you swishing your tail around like you own the place."

"Wait...hold on, I don't even want them!"

"Well, they want you, so be happy with it. You have to get them back to me, so I can finish."

"Skrit...see...They don't want to, though, you said it yourself. They want to stay here...I can't just kick them out!"

"It's easier than you think."

"I can't do that, you know why. We're under orders not to cause any problems while they're on board, we're trying to sell this ship. If I throw them out of Engineering, they might just decide not to come back!"

"They won't leave the ship. Trust me."

"I'm sorry, Skrit, I can't do that."

Squirrelly turned, and moved away from the angry being. Skrit was breathing shortly, angrily, more out of habit than an actual need to breathe. He would take this up with the others...Yes, this is what he would do. This would be taken care of quickly, with no problems at all. Time to get things back to normal, he thought to himself, as he left sickbay, whistling all the while.

TO BE CONTINUED....

STAR TREK: MAXIMILLIAN
GREAT ADVENTURES

The first collected edition of stories written
By crewmembers
of the U.S.S. Maximillian!

Contains
A Great Adventure
Home Again
Forms of Life
Needs of the Many
Little 'bit of Mischief
And more!

Coming this winter!

VULCAN WAR? "FORGE" DETAILS!

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

The first episode in the much-publicized Vulcan arc of STAR TREK: ENTERPRISE this season will be called "**The Forge**," according to TrekWeb sources today. The episode will kick-off a three-episode storyline featuring a desert trek and possibly a civil war on the planet Vulcan. It may also reveal stunning new developments in the prequel universe.

The episode starts when what is described by sources as the "Federation embassy" on Vulcan is bombed and a character named 'Ambassador Forrest' is killed. This suggests that the Federation, the governing organization of Starfleet and hundreds of planets in the first four STAR TREK series, may be founded in this season of ENTERPRISE, and that **Vaughn Armstrong's** Admiral Forrest (or perhaps his relative) may be named an ambassador to Vulcan in an earlier episode of the season. "Zero Hour" stated that the Federation would be founded seven years after the events of that episode (2161, according to lore), so whether this mention of a "Federation" embassy is merely a misnomer or indicative of a more complicated plot point remains to be seen.

Speaking in the new issue of [SFX Magazine](#), producer **Manny Coto** says the season will definitely build toward the founding of the Federation, but may not show it.

"The stories that we're telling will all tie together at the end, where we will see either the actual forming or the beginning of the forming," Coto says. "I'm not sure we can go all the way to the actual forming, because there's a date situation involved. But definitely, that's where the season's heading."

Coto also mentions in the interview that if the Romulan Wars are passed over for inclusion in the next STAR TREK feature film, he'd begin developing them for ENTERPRISE "right away."

The ambiguity of the embassy aside, sources reveal that "The Forge" picks up as 'Archer' heads to Vulcan to investigate the bombing and is soon led into the Vulcan desert by a Vulcan security investigator named 'T'Fon' described by sources as a 'George Patton of Vulcan' with a hidden agenda. T'Fon is the chief investigator of the V'Shar, the Vulcan High Command's security wing.

T'Fon is less than welcoming to Archer's efforts in the matter until the investigation points to members of a strange religious cult called the 'Syrrans.' T'Fon is aided by 'Varek', a younger Vulcan investigator possibly sharing whatever agenda his superior has. In search of 'Syrran' himself, a religious figure who has found the remains of the Vulcan hero 'Surak', Archer sets out into the desert.

Archer encounters a Vulcan named 'Arev' on his journey, who offers to guide the Enterprise captain on his quest to find the cult. He is described as a Kohlinar master from 50 to 70 in appearance and who possesses more emotional control than many Vulcans we've met. He regards Archer as an illogical being and sources suggest he may actually be Syrran himself.

"The Forge" is set to go before cameras under the direction of **Michael Grossman** ("Hatchery") September 14th.

Until this information is confirmed by Paramount or another official source, it should be treated as rumor.

NEEDS OF THE MANY

Written by Chris Stephenson

CHAPTER ONE

"Captain's log. The Maximillian is approaching Cirrus Theta, a class-M world that we have little information on. There are no other ships in the area, and this planet is only claimed by the inhabitants, the Cirrans, of which we know nothing about. Still I feel like something is approaching, so I am wary of the coming encounter. Still, it will be good to close this chapter of our adventure."

"So, the pods just been sitting there for the last month?" Lieutenant Commander Critch Starblade was confused, trying to sort all the facts out and get them to make sense in his android brain.

"Correct, Commander." Kelvok nodded towards his first officer Tamak, a fellow Vulcan who had of late been tied up heavily in classified documents and research, and was rumored throughout the ship to be answering to Admiral T'Kill himself. Tamak looked up as though unprepared, then smoothly segued into following up what his Captain was getting at.

"When the pods were jettisoned, this one was empty, a backup in case of overflow or malfunction." Tamak began, glancing around the room as he spoke. "We don't know how it happened, but this pod managed to go completely off from the preset coordinates, and ended up on a new course. Luckily, Cirrus Theta was in the pod's path, otherwise it would have never been found."

Security officer Skrit cleared his throat. "A little convenient that this planet happened to be in it's path, don't you think?"

"You're chasing shadows..." Jaydin shook her head, eager to wrap this up as soon as possible. She had a few experiments in sickbay that she wanted to check the progress of.

Skrit frowned. "Maybe, maybe not.

But think, out of all of the trajectories it could have taken, ninety-nine percent of which would have sent it spinning out to space for the next thousand years, it managed to find the one that would land someplace detectable."

"I am willing to write it off as a coincidence and leave it at that." Tamak replied. "We've already put far too much time into this already."

"Yes." Kelvok agreed. "It is possible that the pod's malfunction hit upon a local star chart, and found the closest planet. Regardless..."

"Regardless, things just got a lot more complicated." Lieutenant Commander T'Purr Meowran walked into the room hurriedly, trailed by her assistant. The two Kaitians took their seats, tossing a padd on the table. T'Purr, ordinarily the chief of Stellar Cartography, had been filling in for the science officer's spot recently, and had also took up a bit of the communications duties on the side. Because of this, the feline had been working on getting more information about the Cirrans out of the vast databanks of the Maximillian. Information she had just found.

"Complicated, Commander?" Tamak appraised her, emotionless as always.



T'Purr sighed. "The Cirrans aren't warp-capable, but only barely. They're an active, space-faring race, and have pretty much been all over their own system."

Kelvok nodded, already motioning for Tamak to head back to the bridge, before he was stopped by T'Purr. "Already taken care of, our signature's already been masked, and we'll be able to stay in the system a few days before we'll be detected, as long as we stay outside of their radar."

Kelvok dreaded the answer to his next question. "Have they recovered the pod?"

"Strangely enough...No. From what the scans are reading, they haven't come within five kilometers of it."

Kelvok paced the floor of the command meeting room, considering the implications of the statement, while Critch wondered aloud, "Is the pod leaking anything hazardous?"

"Nothing. Came down through the atmosphere, hit like a ton of bricks, and that's pretty much it. And nobody's so much as looked at it."

"Populated area?" Jaydin wondered.

"Small town about 10 clicks off."

Skrit shook his head. "They couldn't have missed it. Woulda made a hell of a fireball coming down."

Kelvok sat, and folded his hands together. "Then it appears we have a new problem. One that works to our advantage."

"Could just beam it up." Critch finished his thought, and looked rather proud of himself, until he glanced at T'Purr, who didn't look any

(Continued on page 12)

NEEDS OF THE MANY

Written by Chris Stephenson

CHAPTER ONE CONTINUED

(Continued from page 11)

happier about the situation. She sighed, and continued.

"Wait, it gets worse. The area around the planet is almost filled with electrical anomalies..."

Lieutenant Squirrelly, who had been monitoring the discussion from Engineering while fixing up another of his special projects, completed the statement. "If we get close enough to beam anything through, I'll lay 50/50 odds that we'll lose the pod, and probably short out half of the systems on the ship."

"Great." Skrit put his head in his hands, but Kelvok did not look disturbed in the slightest. "Well then...we'll just have to do this the old fashioned way."

Critch thought he could detect a note of glee in his voice, and Jaydin gave him a cautious look. She asked, tentatively, "You're not thinking of what I think you're thinking of, are you?"

"If you're thinking of the Mark II, I am indeed."

"Captain, that thing's a death trap! It's like the worst designs of the last three centuries put together! Not to mention the other potential problems..." Critch spoke quickly, adamantly.

"Problems?"

"I'm talking about 'Screw the prime directive, let's go off-roading!' We're gonna be ten clicks from them, a race that has no idea 'aliens' exist as far as we know, and we're gonna be racing around?"

"That is precisely why I need my Operations officer down there to navigate, to assure that we are not discovered."

"Now just wait a damn minute..."

"I would appreciate being able to leave my ship without being having to shoot at anything, Commander. This

would afford me that opportunity."

"Feel the wind in your hair?"

"...Something like that. Ourselves, an Ensign from Shuttle Ops to get us down there, and Ensign Soong-Maddox."

Critch rolled his eyes. "And the bit?"

"I do not believe it possible to separate them, do you?"

Critch remained silent, sighing a bit, while Lieutenant Commander Skrit spoke up, seizing the opportunity. "Instead of using a Shuttle pilot, why not let me take you guys down there?"

Kelvok shook his head. "There are far better uses for our chief of security than taxi service, Commander."

"Ah, but not just any shuttle. We can take the R.S. Lyon for a test drive!"

Before Kelvok could answer either way, Tamak cut him off. "That won't be necessary, Commander. This mission is far too delicate..."

In turn, Skrit cut Tamak off right back. "Exactly why the Lyon would be a good choice! It's armed with better weapons, and has a much better turning radius and top

speed..."

"I have read your schematics, Commander, I was a chief Engineer in my time. However, your ship requires far more field testing before I can allow it to serve as a shuttle alternative, particularly if it is to be used for transporting the Captain."

"But..." Skrit attempted to protest further, but thought better of it with a glare from Jaydin. Kelvok, somewhat apologetically, looked at Skrit.

"Next time, Commander. Mr. Tamak, get us into a high orbit. Officers to their stations, away team to shuttle bay 4. Dismissed." The group, the command structure of the Maximillian itself, stood in unison and moved out of the room, each to their assigned areas. Skrit was still quietly fuming over not getting the chance to fly, in his eyes, the most well designed ship in it's class in the entire fleet, far outstripping the newly popular "Delta Flyer" Models for speed and maneuverability. He had worked on his designs for some time, receiving insight and suggestions from some of the most famous engineers and ship builders in the fleet, even getting a communiqué from Montgomery Scott recommending the type of materials to be put into the construction. Named after Admiral Lyon itself, Skrit saw the ship as a way to carry on his traditions of improvising and driving forward new technology ideas, such as including the Errsedorian technology brought forward by ADM Blobbin in weaponry and shields for the Maximillian and other ships, which proved to be the Federation's savior on more than one occasion, including the battle against the Marconian Invader a few years before.

Regardless of Skrit's feelings, he went to his position, behind the First Officer, over-seeing the bridge, as T'Purr sat in the Science Officer's position, and everyone else in their own, save for Operations. Here sat one of the Maximillian's newest officers, Ensign Mela, a Betazoid that had recently come aboard, and had joined in as an assistant to Critch, the chief of Operations. She had learned quickly the operations panel,

(Continued on page 13)



NEEDS OF THE MANY (Continued)

(Continued from page 12)

and almost didn't have to be told what to do by Tamak as she eagerly hit the controls and began the ship's movement.

Down below, the strange mix of the away team had arrived at the shuttle bay at almost the exact moment that the Maximillian had settled into its orbit high above the planet Cirrus Theta. Databit happily sat on Critch's shoulder, against Critch's wishes as usual, chatting energetically away with Ensign Overload, Critch's second in command in Operations. Kelvok followed them into the shuttle, hoping that their usual arguments and discussions wouldn't end up crashing the shuttle or revealing their position. The group was followed by the ensign pilot Bob, newly transferred from another ship, who settled into the drivers seat. After a moment of the away team arranging themselves, Ensign Bob turned back to them.

"We ready to go, Captain?" They nodded, and Bob turned back around. "Seatbacks and Tray tables gentlemen." With a hit of a few buttons and the opening of the shuttle bay doors, the shuttle wafted into space, moving towards the planet below.

On the bridge of the Maximillian, First Officer Tamak sat down, watching the shuttle's path intently. A quick urge arose within the Vulcan to lock phasers and fire, destroying the shuttle and it's occupants totally. He restrained himself, however, fortunately for the Captain and the rest of the away team, not to mention Tamak's future career. He worried about these feelings, as they were unlike him, and definitely nothing he would entertain in any way, shape, or form.

He didn't notice his own hand hitting a few panels on the command chair, didn't notice a message being sent, a message that was encrypted so as to not even be detectable to the Max's own systems. And he didn't notice the contents of the message, reading a simple phrase.

"The game has begun."

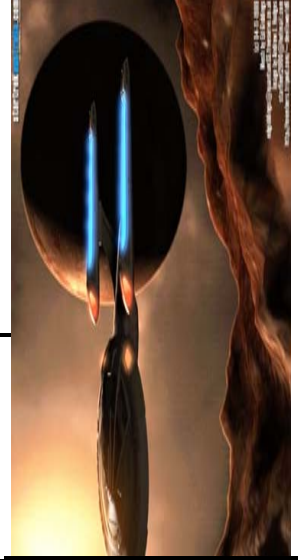
TO BE CONTINUED....



Babs's "Lili" and Data, Drawn by Babs!

OCTOBER 2004

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
3 Trek Bowl 3	4 Newsletter Deadline	5	6	7	8 Enterprise "Storm Front"	9 Monthly Meeting
10	11	12	13	14	15 Enterprise "Storm Front Part 2"	16
17 Roleplaying	18	19	20 Paula Dunn Birthday	21	22 Enterprise "Home"	23 Chris Stephen- son Birthday
24/31	25	26	27	28	29 Enterprise "Borderland"	30



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Trek Galaxy: Ohio Chapter, together with the U.S.S. Maximillian, are proud to bring back, for the third year in a row, the only Central Ohio Star Trek Charity Bowling Tournament , TREK BOWL.

On October 3rd, at the AMF Main Lanes, Trek Bowl Three: The Search for Strikes, will take place from 1pm onward. As was the case with last year's successful Trek Bowl, the event will start with a brief introductory period, then the championship will be played out over the course of three games. Afterward, there will be an awards ceremony, and then finally the Trek Bowl Pool Tournament.

Admission to Trek Bowl will be \$10.00, which includes shoe rental and three games of bowling, and entry into the pool tournament. All proceeds will be donated to the Best Friends animal shelter.

Trek Galaxy: Ohio Chapter puts on Trek Bowl and other events every year. It was started in 1999 by Chris Stephenson as a means of uniting fandom in a way that had not been done before, by offering a website, <http://www.trekgalaxy.org>, which has a listing of every group in Ohio and every Star Trek related event coming up in our area, by sending out a free email of information every few weeks, and by the charity events. Trek Putt, the Star Trek Putt-Putt charity tournament, is our oldest, and three years ago we began Trek Bowl. From these events we have raised a total of over a thousand dollars for charities such as the Red Cross, Toys for Tots, and the Dave Thomas Foundation for Adoption.

The U.S.S. Maximillian is a Columbus-based Sci-fi fan organization that has been around for 13 years. Doing charity work and also taking part and starting many fun events throughout it's history, the Maximillian is proud to take part in the latest entry in the Trek Bowl legacy.

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STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN: BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER

Written by Chris Stephenson
HONOR

Repairs to the Maximillian were coming along about as well as could be hoped, considering everything that had happened and the general morale of the crew. At any other time, in any other situation, the ship would be on it's way to a starbase or space station for resupply and repair, and allowing the crew to properly mourn their losses. But this was no ordinary happening, the circumstances were far too dire to allow for any rest at all. Everything had to be done on route to their destination: cutting off the crystal vessel's advances before it could reach it's destination: Earth.

The problem at this point was that nobody knew where the object was, or what route it was taking. Admiral Lyon hoped, as did the remainder of the crew that knew what was truly going on, that the vessel had merely chosen the most direct course possible, eventually rejoining the original one before it had made the detour that had ended the history of the Gorn homeworld, and with it over a billion lives. Whether or not that was the case had yet to be determined, but it was something to go on. And when dealing with something as serious as this, just having a little something to go on could make all the difference in the world.

The crew had threw themselves into their work after the abbreviated funeral, trying to take their minds off of the intense situation. At least, some thought, they weren't being attacked or assaulted in any way now, and while they couldn't take their time, it was much easier to work when you weren't worried about dying from an unseen explosion every other second. Some departments had begun to pipe soothing music through their respective comm systems, and the results so far were favorable, as far as the officers could tell.

The halls and decks were filled with crewmembers busily rushing components and instructions to other areas of the ship, as well as engineers rewiring circuits and fixing damaged parts. It seemed nigh impossible to get from one area to the next if you had no specific purpose, especially since many decks were still closed from the earlier destruc-

tion. Fortunately for Commander Kragnar, he had a specific destination in mind. Admiral Lyon.

For most Klingons, honor supercedes all, specifically the honor of the bloodline. In Kragnar's mind, that honor had been sullied by Lyon, who had usurped her authority and eventually her command, and had been the chief cause of her eventual death. He knew, somewhere deep down, that he should wait, calm himself, not give in to rash action. But action was needed to restore the honor, to ensure her safe passage to the afterlife. And to ease his troubled mind. Admiral Lyon must apologize for his actions. The Maximillian would return to it's original command structure, which would make Kragnar the Captain, the Vulcan Kelvok the first officer, and so on down the line. He would lead the charge against the invader vessel, sacrificing all for Earth and the honor of the Septaric bloodline. It was quite possible that none would survive, but that didn't look likely anyway in the current circumstances.

His large frame moved quickly through the hallways, never stepping aside for anyone, instead, the crew of the Maximillian either moved aside or was pushed aside with nary a word or even a grunt from the large Klingon. His teeth bared at the memory and the thought of what Lyon had done, what he had caused. And not just for S'Quid, but this ship as well. The Maximillian was greatly damaged, mostly because

of his actions, and the last thing it needed now was to charge into battle without strategy. Yet this was exactly what Lyon was planning, it seemed, with the sudden motion. And he, the supposed first officer of this ship was once again kept out of the loop, all the decisions being made by usurper Admirals who only appeared when they could cause the most problems and handed out information as though it was raktar scraps to feed to a starving Targ. He would stand for this insult to his and every other member of this ship's honor no longer.

Kragnar entered the turbolift to the bridge, and closed his eyes, clenching his fists as he did so. He thought about what he would do when he entered S'Quid's...no, the Captain's ready room. Lyon's room now. Going off half-cocked without a word would result in nothing more than spending the rest of this voyage in the brig, and that would accomplish nothing. No, this must be handled in the ways of the Federation, in the ways that S'Quid had unexpectedly embraced. Communication.

Explaining his position and what must be done was the only way to get through to the admiralty. Perhaps bringing up the question of the exchange program, that humans and other aliens had, against the Empire's better judgment, been allowed to advance to higher ranks, though none had never commanded a Klingon vessel. The chain of command must be followed, if for no other reason than to keep the exchange program functioning, for the good of diplomacy.

If, that is, there would be a Federation left after this encounter.

Kragnar mentally and physically prepared himself. He knew he had to unlearn the Klingon ways for now, to follow what his sister had always said. Otherwise this could end very badly.

As the turbolift slowed, his Klingon side spoke to him, almost as if a whisper, reminding him of honor, of his duty.

And that no matter what would happen now, the whisper in his mind promised, Lyon's death would come at Kragnar's hand.

"This is the stupidest damn thing that's

(Continued on page 17)



STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN: BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER

Written by Chris Stephenson

H O N O R (CONTINUED)

(Continued from page 16)

ever happened to me.” Critch said to himself as he walked along, much as he had for what he estimated to be the past half hour. Running a check, he determined sadly that it had only been fifteen minutes since he and the strange lifeform had begun their seemingly endless walk through the bottom of the vessel. He tried to pass the time by looking up at the passing stars, trying to determine their exact location, but it was pointless, every time he thought he recognized a constellation, the ship had moved to a new location. It seemed that the ship was taking a zigzag type course through space, probably to avoid detection. This lightened Critch’s mood somewhat, because it meant that chances were good the Maximillian was still out there, and left in good enough shape to follow the ship, and perhaps make another go at destroying it. Or better yet, disabling it, giving Critch an opportunity to get off of it and solve the endless mysteries that had been popping up ever since he had arrived here. The vessel’s origins, his doppelganger, the technologies far more advanced than anything he had ever seen, and now this creature that seemed friendly enough all added up to something he couldn’t decipher, yet was all oddly familiar to Critch, somewhere deep in the recesses of his android brain.

“K...Ka kaaa...Ka.rey?” The creature strained it’s neck around to peer at Critch, a semi-inquisitive look on it’s face, as though trying to ascertain what Critch had said. Critch simply shook his head.

“Ka-Ka Karey to you too. Is that your name?” The creature had the look on his face again, and then was silent. The conversation was going nowhere. Neither side could figure out what the other was saying, and at least to Critch it was becoming quite aggravating. He had never realized how much he would miss simple conversation if it suddenly all went away, and would relish the opportunity to have a real conversation again, whether it be with the creature, with the doppelganger that was respon-

sible for sticking him down here, or even with Admiral Lyon. It was a testament to how much Critch wanted to go back that he would even want to talk with Lyon again.

“Karey...Karey...” The creature began to babble, and Critch suddenly wondered if he had hit upon something with the earlier statement.

“Karey. Your name is Karey?” The creature stopped in his tracks for a second, then looked at Critch excitedly.

“Ka-Ka Karey! Karey!”

“Riiiiiight.” Critch shook his head.

The absurdity of the situation was crushing him. The fate of the universe was at hand, and here he was teaching a dumb animal how to speak! He started walking again, as the creature pointed at him.

“Riiiiiight?” It pointed at Critch, anxious.

“No. Critch.”

The creature’s eyes lit up. “Critch!”

“Yes. Critch. My name.”

“Critch! Critch!” It jumped up and down, very excited, as though it had found something precious.

“Um..yeah. Critch Starblade.”

“Starblade!” The creature pulled Critch into an alcove, next to a considerably high-tech looking architecture. It put his hand on a flat panel, and pulled it away, then did it again, looking at Critch. Bemused, Critch realized that he had become the trained puppy. Not something he was happy about, but when in Rome... He placed his right hand on the panel, and waited. The creature moved back, and too late Critch wondered if this whole thing had been an elaborate setup, some kind of trap.

As soon as he realized this he felt a shock go through his entire body. Electric streams moved through his systems and his consciousness, hitting every particle and fiber of his being. He felt explosions ripple through him, awakening him more than he had ever felt before. The sensations honed in on his brain, the central nervous system, located strangely at his lower back. From there it encompassed everywhere, and everything. He saw nothing but bright flashes, felt nothing but quakes. He flailed about for what seemed like hours but in reality was only

seconds, until his palm lost it’s somehow magnetic connection with the panel, and he fell to the ground, soundless, and laid there, having lost all sense and reason.

“I’m sorry, Commander, that’s not something I can allow.” Admiral Lyon sat behind his desk in his ready room, barely acknowledging Kragnar’s presence. He was buried behind a pile of padds, and he was picking them up almost at random, looking at them, pushing a couple of times on the screen, and then forgetting them again, putting them down, and starting all over again. Kragnar had showed considerable restraint for his race, using the door chime, waiting patiently until Lyon had asked him if there was something he needed, and then he explained his viewpoint, being careful not to show any anger or ill will towards the Admiral. Lyon, for his part, seemed to have listened for about half a moment before moving on to his next task. This, combined with the negative response, only served to fuel the bubbling pit of anger within Kragnar, who seethed. He was very close to making a poor decision, and he knew it.

Instead, he took a deep breath, remembered that diplomacy and communication were powerful weapons as well, and spoke again. “With all due respect, I’m not sure if you understood me correctly, Admiral.”

Lyon did not pause. “I heard every word. This has been laying heavily on my mind ever since I made my original decision. I am well aware of your position, and your relationship to the crew, and of course to Captain Septaric. But your record, indeed, the record of anyone in the chain of command does not show anyone suited to the current strife.”

“Admiral...”

“This matter is closed, Commander. Is there anything else?”

Kragnar had about had it with doing things the Starfleet way. Lyon’s mind was made up, there seemed to

(Continued on page 18)

STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN: BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER

Written by Chris Stephenson

HONOR

(Continued from page 17)

be nothing that could change it. Kragnar shook his head. He had one last gambit to play.

“May I speak freely, Admiral?”

Lyon sighed, exasperated. He was growing tired of the constant interruptions. This was not something that he had the time or patience to deal with. All these orders had to go through, all this information had to be processed...and he was the one that had to do it, or the consequences would be too dire to even imagine. He was careful not to slam down the padd he was currently tapping and glared at the Commander. “Fine.”

Kragnar did not miss the subtle way Lyon was giving him signals to wrap this up, but the one route that had not been taken, the direct route, was the last chance for Kragnar to settle this the Federation way. Or the last chance for Lyon to save himself, the voice in Kragnar’s head whispered.

“Sir, I believe you’re making a mistake.”

“So does half this ship.”

“You are placing your ego and your personal interests above the Maximillian. Already you’ve...”

Lyon stood, angry, now almost as mad as Kragnar had been. “How dare you come in here and accuse me. How dare you say that I’m placing myself over this ship. Nothing is above the Maximillian, Commander, do you understand?”

Lyon moved around the table, in Kragnar’s face, an obvious challenge. A five-star Admiral, Lyon knew exactly what he was doing.

“This ship has been my entire life, Commander, from before you were even entered into your first school, before you killed your first Targ. I know more about the capabilities of this ship and every member of this crew than any two people, and more than that, I know about that thing out there. You want revenge, fine, I understand that, say that. But don’t come into my ready room and tell me that the Empire’s honor is at stake. I know full well what’s at stake here, Commander.

Lyon gestured wildly to the window, his voice getting louder. “If we fail, then the Federation falls. Who will protect your Empire then? This is the first strike in a war, and I will not be remembered by it’s few survivors as the man that could have saved

worlds upon worlds if he had just broken protocol!”

“Lyon...” Kragnar was nigh-growling now, and far beyond ranks.

“That would be Admiral, Kragnar. If you have a problem with how things are going, take it up with Starfleet Command. Right now, you have ten seconds to leave my ready room or you will find yourself in the brig until either the vessel is destroyed or kingdom come. Make your decision.”

Kragnar restrained himself as much as he could. A single hard blow, unexpected, would at the very least knock Lyon unconscious, and at the most kill him. Honor would be restored. His fist clenched as he stared at Lyon, who simply stared back at him, awaiting his decision.

But it was not what she would have wanted. Not here. Not now. Too much had yet to be decided. Too many decisions yet to make. He unclenched his fist, nodded, and Kragnar left the ready room, leaving Lyon to exhale, knowing what could have just happened, knowing that he had defused a potentially deadly situation by lighting a larger fuse. He knew Kragnar was too much of a Klingon to go away completely, and this was not over. And he understood his feelings. But now there were other things to obsess over. The fleets. The Maximillian. The vessel.

All at once, Critch knew everything there was to know. He remembered the past, saw the present, and could even decipher the future. It was too much, even for his vast stores of knowledge, and as quickly as it appeared before him, it disappeared. But not completely, not as cleanly as it must have the first time his memory had disappeared. Fragments of the past floated before him as he drifted in and out of his dreamlike state, his body laying prone on the metal grating of the vessel, the stars moving far above them, almost too high to see, certainly too many to count. He now could remember things he never could before...flashes of great cities, held together by single indestructible walkways, suspended over a limitless void. A great swirling portal, delivering a vessel, identical to the one Critch had

been found with and not dissimilar to the one he was currently occupying now. A cataclysmic crash, and then a whiteness so blinding and deep that it penetrated even the closing of his eyes. And then...Lyon.

A conversation that he should have never remembered, one that he was not awake during. Yet clear as day he could hear the words in his head, almost see the faces. It was years before, and it was Lyon and Captain Stephenson of the Science Ship Asimov, and there was a debate.

“This...thing cannot be allowed to live, Captain.”

“Admiral, he’s not a thing! He’s a living being!”

“I know precisely what it is, Captain Stephenson. A threat. It must not be allowed to carry out it’s mission.”

“We don’t even know what his mission is! He could be an explorer, like the Errsedorians! He could be...”

“And if not? If it was sent to destroy us? Destroy the Federation? What then?”

Silence.

“What if he can’t remember?”

“Hedging our bets on what will happen when it wakes up is not an acceptable way to solve this, Captain.”

“Captain, his inner workings are alien but there are some similarities to a positronic brain in his lower back. I believe I can isolate the memory functions.”

Silence.

“I’m listening.”

“If he doesn’t remember, he can’t hurt us. Think of how much Commander Data has meant to Starfleet! Think of how much an even more advanced android would bring to the Federation!”

“You are proposing a memory wipe.”

“Not a wipe. He’s a computer, a very sophisticated computer, I don’t know enough of his differences from the positronic type to even begin to

(Continued on page 19)

**STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN:
BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER**
Written by Chris Stephenson (CONTINUED)

(Continued from page 18)

wipe. But a total blockage of his past memories, where they can be overwritten with new ones...I can do that."

"And if you fail?"

Silence.

"Then he will be destroyed."

Silence, and a great sigh.

"Do it. Inform me when the procedure is complete. No-one else knows, Captain."

"Thank you, Admiral."

Critch blinked to life, and rose slowly, rubbing his head. He was tired of falling, tired of not knowing everything he should know. Tired of everything. Lyon...This was all because of Lyon. He rose to his feet, noticing the creature assessing him. Then yet another unexpected thing happened.

The creature spoke.

"Starblade...Come. Come now."

Critch was taken aback. Was everyone lying to him? "You speak Federation?"

The creature was equally surprised. "You speak Marconian?"

Critch frowned. "What are you talking about, You sound like me!" On a hunch, as he said this, Critch ran an internal sound check on his systems. When the creature spoke, it was the same guttural throat-scratching it had been. When Critch had spoke, whatever, instead the language of the Federation that he had expected, it was the throat-scratching. Either the universal translator had begun to work, or... He looked over at the panel, back to it's prior blinking on and off.

"We understand! Come now!" It grabbed Critch's arm, and once again they were off through the ship, but an important first step had been made, and Critch sensed that they were closer to their destination, if nothing else, because the lights had grown brighter, and in the distance they were brighter still. Inside he was in turmoil, as he remembered the conversation he should never have known about, and compared that to his first meeting with Lyon that he knew of. Was everything a lie? Was it all just a game to Lyon and his

Federation?

"Sir, he's awake now."

"Very good." Admiral Robert Lyon entered the makeshift sickbay of the Science Ship Asimov, which right now since their rushed docking at the nearby Archer Observatory was completely deserted save for Lyon and Captain Chris Stephenson, who was already on his way out, on order of Lyon. He looked around the sickbay for a moment until he saw the dark-haired man, looking quizzically around the room. If he didn't already know, hadn't already seen the insides of him, he would have never guessed that this man was in fact not a man at all, but an impossibly advanced robot, the likes of which the Federation, indeed, no-one in this universe had ever seen. Lyon approached him slowly, as the android glanced at him.

"Hello."

"Hello, I am Admiral Lyon. You know Federation Standard?"

"The Captain has programmed me with all the languages he could find..."

"I understand you are having memory problems."

"Yes." The android frowned. "I can't remember much..."

Lyon stopped, worried. "What do you remember?"

"My name."

Relieved, Lyon closed the distance further, and offered a hand. "I'm Admiral Lyon, or just 'Rob'."

The android stared at the hand before he made a mental connection, and took it, shaking it with a firm grip. "I am Critch. Critch Starblade."

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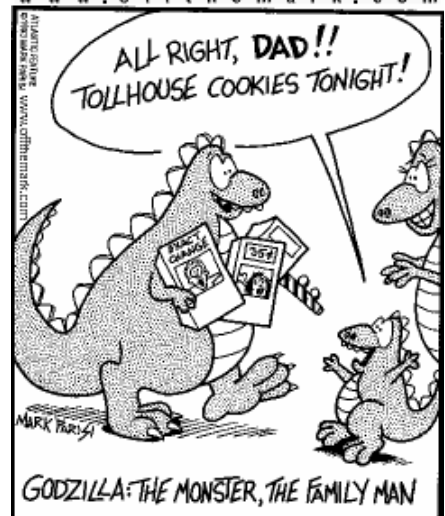
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GODZILLA: THE MONSTER, THE FAMILY MAN

**THE MIGHTY MAX
SEPTEMBER 2004**

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Newsletter Submissions Due October 3

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PAULA DUNN!*

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