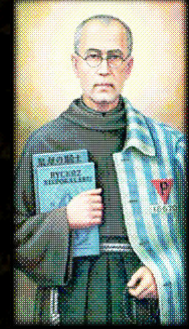




# THE MIGHTY MAX



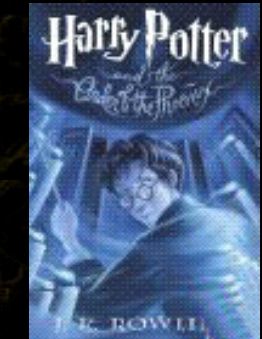
**"Reach for the Stars, and Grab the Future"**  
**U.S.S. Maximillian (NCC-74997)**  
**Science-Fiction Fan Organization**

**VOLUME 13, ISSUE 7**

**JULY 2005**

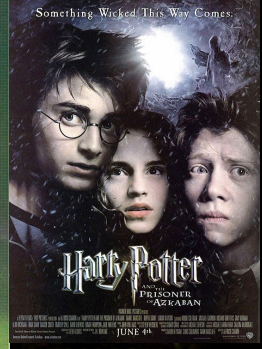
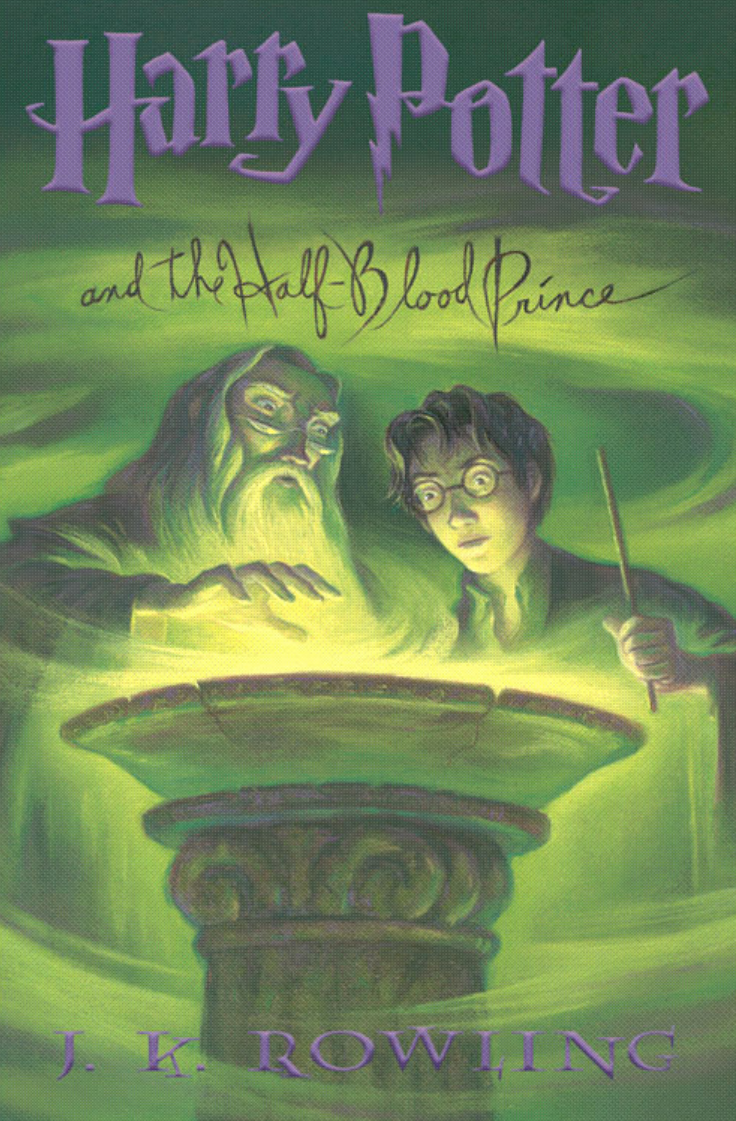
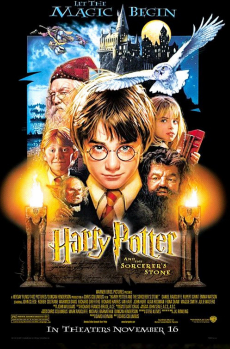
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- Commissioner  
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- Inspector  
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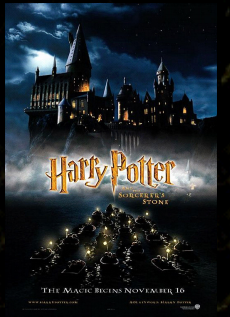
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Officer  
CAPT Chris  
Stephenson
- First Officer  
CMDR Robin  
Goldblum
- Records Officer  
LCDR Nathan  
Cobaugh



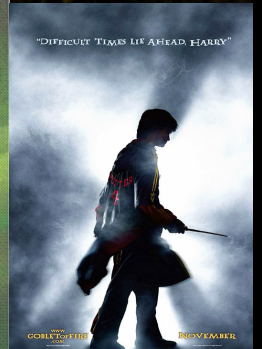
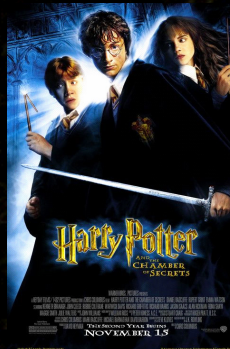
- Ship's Purser  
LCDR Susan  
Moran

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- Editor-In-Chief  
CAPT Chris  
Stephenson
- Editor  
VADM Greg Dunn
- Printer  
LCDR Susan  
Moran



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### The MaX-Files

*CAPT Chris Stephenson  
Commanding Officer*

Greetings everyone, and now for the newsletter.

We've had a bit of a slow month of recovery in June, and this month will continue that trend. Since it is the summer, our meetings aren't as busy, and our event rate shows that trend. This month we're having our recruiting drive and gettogether for Fantastic Four, and of course our meeting, both of which have passed. We will be attending Kings Island again at the beginning of August, and then once again having our famous Maxolympics, featuring events, prizes, and more. Also this month several members are heading down to Wilmington for the release of "Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince.", which explains our cover this month.

What we did do in June wasn't much. After we said goodbye to Robin in a marathon few days of moving, MCL, and driving, we had the smithee awards at Origins, which was sparsely attended due to immense cost, and Red White and Boom, which had a fair turnout despite taking some time to find out who was going to get us a place to watch it at. (Thanks Nathan!) Batman Begins came out, but due to lack of time/interest, there was no official Max get-togethers for that.

Hopefully by the time you read this we'll have a New Member Packet out, and you'll be getting your money's worth from joining the ship. Also, Membership Cards and the 2005-2006 Calendar should be arriving shortly.

Live Wrong, and Slobber!  
Cap'n Critch.

### First Officer's Report

*CMDR Robin Goldblum  
Executive Officer/Chief Medical Officer*

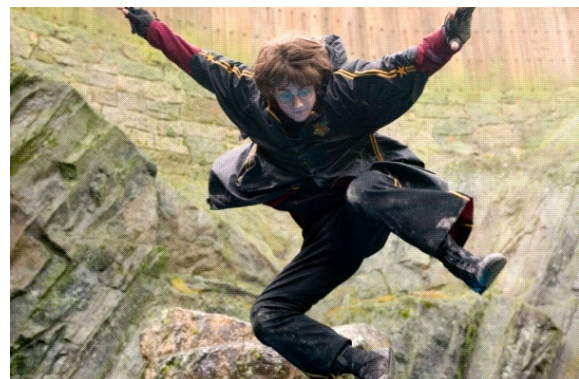
First of all, I want to thank everyone involved with both the celebration of my graduation from veterinary school and my moving to Pennsylvania. You were all wonderful and I could not have done any of it without you. Thanks!

Second, since he wasn't at the meeting, I am handing over the position of Chief Medical Officer to my assistant, Terry McPherson. I know he's been waiting for this position for quite a while. I am sure he will do a good job. Just remember, you can always get a hold of me over subspace channels.

Finally, I want everyone to know that I am not gone forever; I have not been canceled. I fully intend to continue submitting articles, reading the newsletters and keeping in touch with the Max. I know the Command staff will adequately make up for my absence and keep the ship up to the usual high standards. Love ya!



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## Security Report

*LCDR Nathan Cobaugh  
Records Officer*

One of the things I have been working on is now beginning to move forward. For those of you who know about the Starship Lexington project, we are starting to get the production underway. Hopefully by the time this hits the newsletter, we will be starting our shoot. God willing of course. Due to the nature of the shooting schedule and my job, I will not be as involved with the Max as before. I will continue to serve on board and continue doing what I can. No I will not be leaving the Max, it is just that time is now getting very scrunched and what time I do have I need to make sure I am focusing on my family and job. I am thankful and blessed to be able to have an opportunity to work with the Lexington with their production and hope that it takes off and does very well.

The people I am working with are very talented and have so much creative genius to make a show that hopefully will be able to capture a large enough audience. The reason I wanted to express this in my report is because I want to just take a moment to let the readers of our newsletter know, that if I were not a part of this group, I would never have been able to meet so many talented people both on and off the ship. I would like to thank the Admiralty of the Max for putting together such a fine ship. I owe the Max a great debt of gratitude.

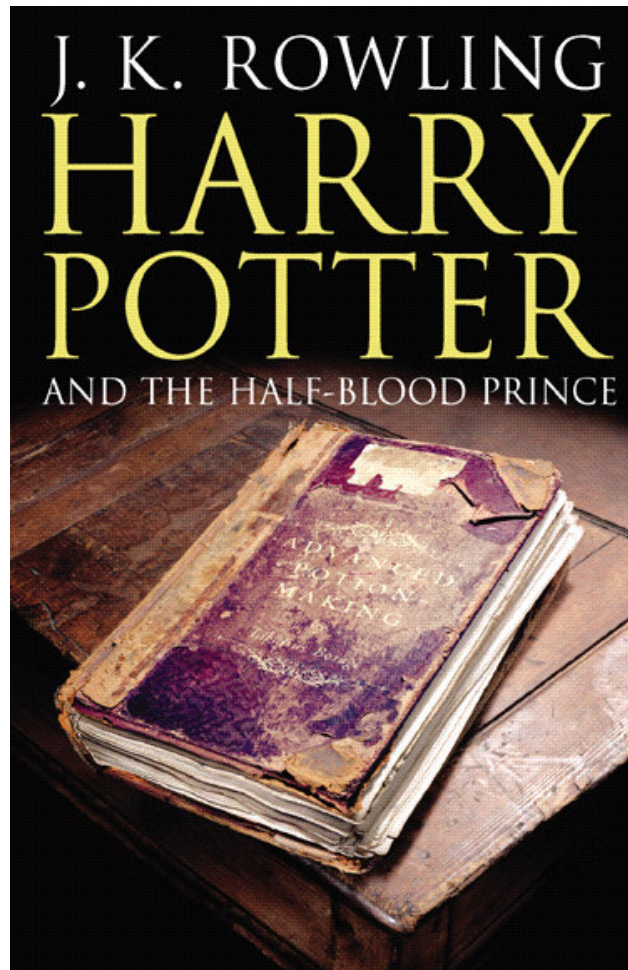
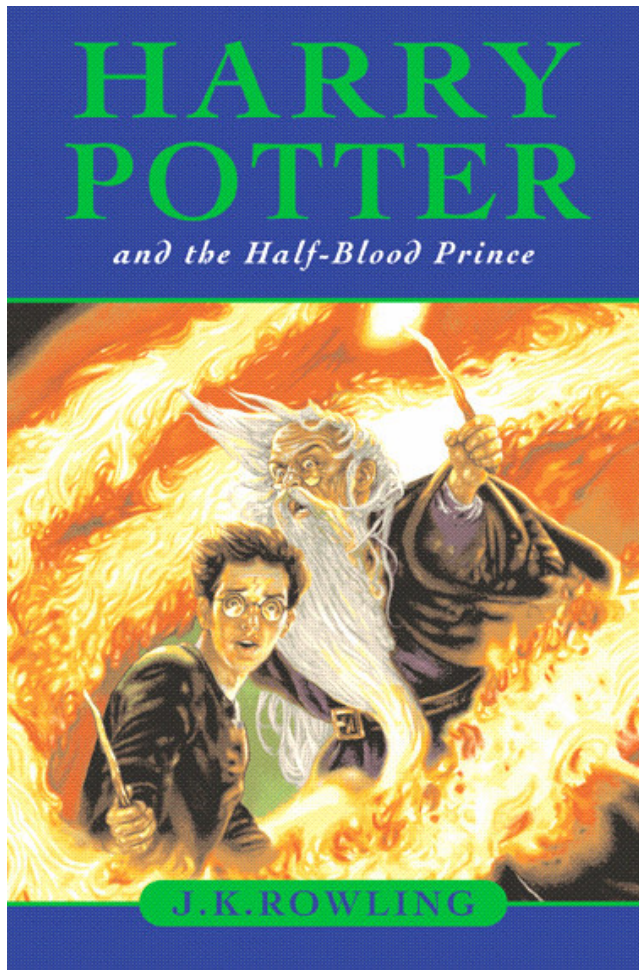
Joey Bonice, put together [www.starshiplexington.com](http://www.starshiplexington.com). He visited the Max a while back, about a couple of months ago, and now I am just counting the blessings that have been presented. I am working with the production team to put together a pilot for an inter-net fan based Star Trek show.

Another group that I may be working with is at [www.usshathaway.com](http://www.usshathaway.com) run by Brad Hathaway. Brad is a really cool guy and has done a lot to keep up the spirit of Trek and I am sure that if you check his web site there may be some way you can assist in the production of this as well.

If everything goes well by the end of the year each site will have their first episode. Feel free to check out the web sites and download the teasers and film tests. I have read the scripts for these two and the only thing I will say is that they are very well done, and that with the talent that is available to these two productions, I believe that these both could do very well in the Star Trek and sci-fi community.

Security Officer Skrit signing off...





### Musings from the Puddle

VADM Gregory Dunn  
Inspector General

#### MUSINGS FROM THE PUDDLE

This month the persona cards continue with:

Card 20: Zen who is a Vulpes Vulpes Sapien

Card 21: Squick, Sidley's Ferengi

Thanks,

Gregory "Blobbin" Dunn

P.S. I am taking ideas for subgroups in the MaxCards. Please e-mail me or see me if you have any suggestions.

## June Meeting Minutes

The meeting began at around 5:30. The meeting was called to order, with a small group of about 12. There were two guests, Mike and Erica.

The Captain gave his report. The newsletter is several pages, and is Dr. Who oriented. The story written by Steve was cut off accidentally, and it will be in the next issue. The deadline for submissions is July 5th.

The website is going well, and will be redone in July. Trek Galaxy will be folded into the Max site.

The First officer came in to gave her report, this will be the last meeting for her. Robin's Graduation was that night. There were no submissions for positions.

The Records officer was not present. The Raffle paid for the Anniversary Dinner.

The Purser was not present. The State of the treasury is good, we have over \$600 in total.

Department heads gave their reports. Babs is auctioning art at furbid.ws, screenname rocket\_babs. She had spoken before the meeting about her work with the vegas trip, which 7 people at least are signed up to go. Round-Trip airfare looks to be about \$190. C.J. Talked about the trip to the effects studio, which looks to be in July.

The Admiralty gave their reports. Bowling is still forthcoming.

Old Business : The Membership cards will be done for July, pictures will be taken at future events.

The Digital Archive is ongoing.

Star Wars went very well at the Arena Grand. Critch, Catherine, and Rachel were on the news.

Marcon went excellent, CTS3 was well-recieved, and will be on the website after the upheaval of it.

Kings Island went well, except the almost-death.

The Maxolympics - Featuring Four-Square, will be our August meeting

New Business: The Auction will be after the September meeting, I am efforting getting other ships to come.

Red White and Boom will be the 1st of July. It is being discussed whether or not we are going on the boards.

Many of us are going to Origins, which is the first weekend of July. The Smithee Awards are on Saturday night, and may be free, or the cost of a visitor's badge for that day. It is at the convention center.

Many of us are going to Dragoncon, in Atlanta, the first weekend of September. The entire cast of Firefly will be there.

We are planning on going back to Kings Island in early August.

The meeting was closed exactly at 7pm. After meeting we went to Robin's Graduation, and to Friendly's.

## UPCOMING EVENTS

### JULY

- 16) HP-Ohio Wilmington Trip
- 27) Tumbleweeds Gettogether

### AUGUST

- 6) Return to Kings Island
- 13) Maxolympics
- 19-20-21) Stargate Sg-1 Con
- 26) Food Gettogether

### SEPTEMBER

- 10 ) Auction
- 30) Serenity at the Arena Grand

### OCTOBER

- 8) Halloween Party

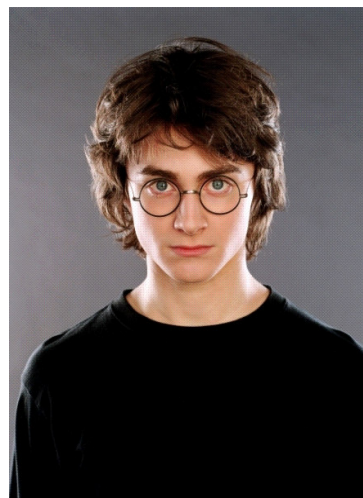
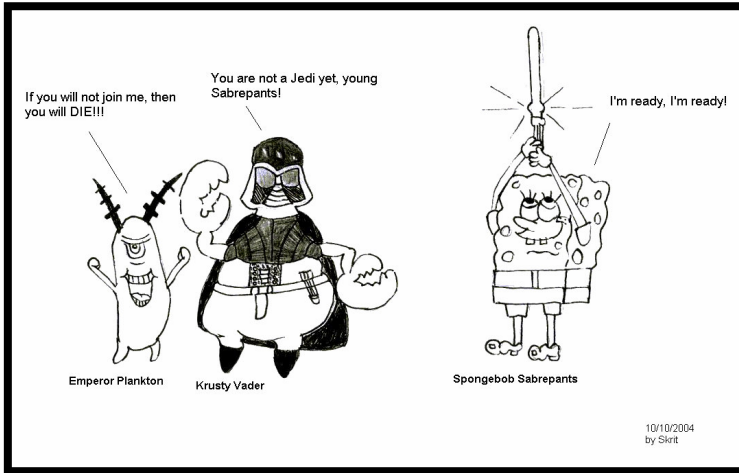
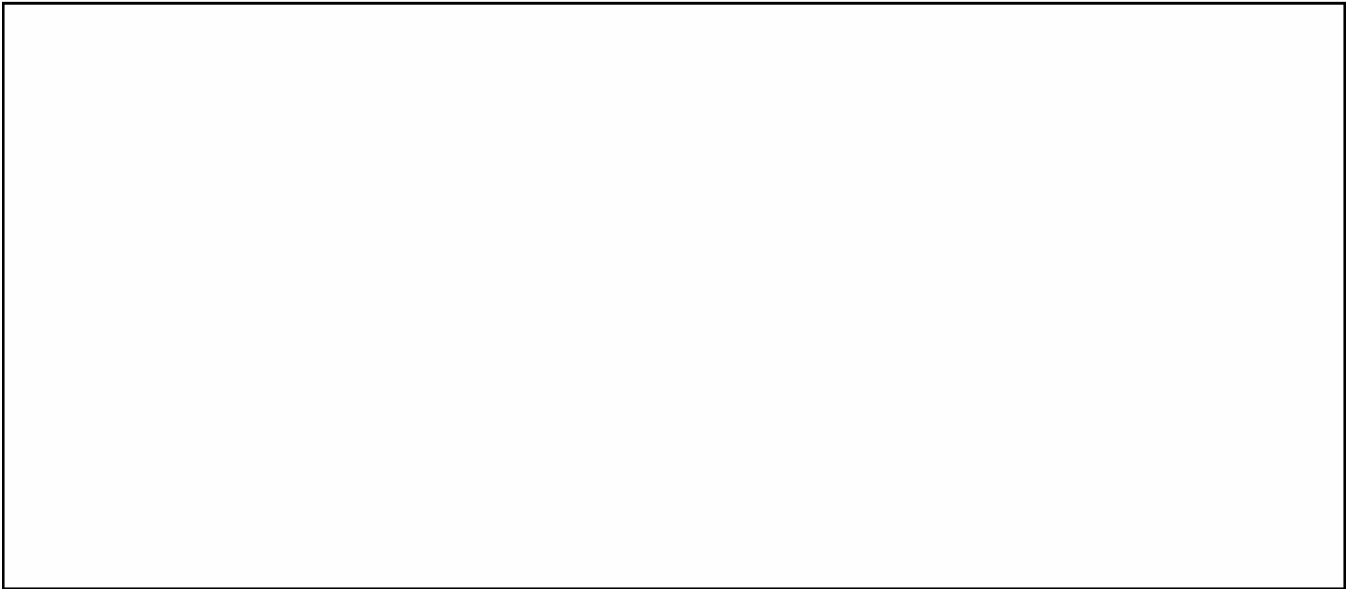
## Positions still open

Armory Chief  
Chief of Communications  
Transporter Chief  
Counselor

Submissions to the August 2005 edition of the Mighty Max are due on **August 8, 2005**.

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





## A New Discovery from the Final Frontier

*Lt Jeremy Krieg*

### Earth's "Bigger Cousin" Detected

On Stardate 6/13/05 astronomers announced the discovery of the smallest planet so far found outside of the Terran star system. About 7 1/2 times as massive as Earth, and about twice as wide, this new extrasolar planet may be the first rocky world ever found orbiting a star similar to our own. "This is the smallest extrasolar planet yet detected and the first of a new class of rocky terrestrial planets," said team member Paul Butler of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. "It's like Earth's bigger cousin." Currently around 150 extrasolar planets are known, and the number continues to grow. But most of these far-off worlds are large gas giants like Jupiter. "We keep pushing the limits of what we can detect, and we're getting closer and closer to finding Earths," said team member Steven Vogt from the University of California, Santa Cruz. The discovery of Earth's distant cousin was announced at a press conference at the National Science Foundation in Arlington, Va, on Stardate 6/13/05.

The new planet orbits Gliese 876, an M dwarf star 15 light years away in the constellation Aquarius. The "super-Earth" is not alone: there are two other planets both Jupiter-sized in the same star system. This third world was detected by a tiny extra "wobble" that it caused in the central star. the "wobble method," this is an indirect method, which means the presence of a planet is inferred, in this case, by a planet's effect on the star it orbits.

From this wobble, the researchers measured a minimum mass for the new planet of 5.9 Earth masses. The planet orbits makes a full orbit in a speedy 1.94 days, implying a distance to the central star of 2 million miles or about 2 percent of the distance between the Earth and the Sun. Orbiting so close to its star, scientists speculate that the planet's temperature is a toasty 400 to 750 degrees Fahrenheit (200 to 400 degrees Celsius). This is likely too hot for the planet to retain much gas, like Jupiter does; therefore, the planet must be mostly solid. "The planet's mass could easily hold onto an atmosphere," said Gregory Laughlin from UC Santa Cruz. "It would still be considered a rocky planet, probably with an iron core and a silicon mantle. It could even have a dense steamy water layer."

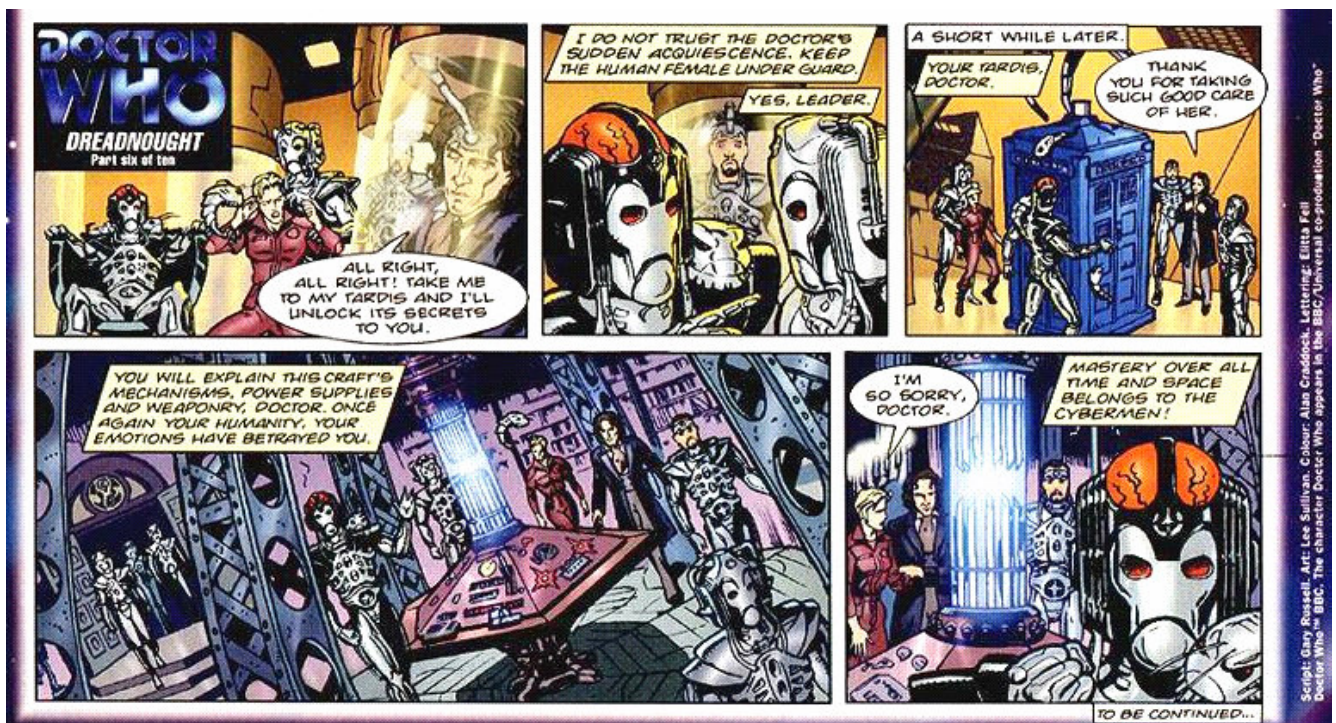
A paper detailing these results has been submitted to The Astrophysical Journal.

## THE MAXIMILLIAN ONLINE

[Http://www.maximillian.org](http://www.maximillian.org)

Stories — Pictures — Regulations — Stories

Mention this ad when ordering from the **Max Store** and receive **5%** off.



## Lexington Report

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh

An up and coming production featuring a whole new spin set in the Star Trek universe is the Starship Lexington. Set in the time around STII:TWOK though STVI, the Lexington is going to have new adventures of an entirely new crew but same style ship as the Enterprise. There are many people from Ohio in this production and some scattered around the nation. We even have some from across our borders.

The Captain is Alex McKnight, and his wife Angelica head the ship along with Saavik and Valentina. There is a whole history of the Lexington and a complete bio for the cast and crew on the main web site at <http://www.starshiplexington.com>

Rounding out the cast in order from above is Nathan Cobaugh as Alex, Sarah V. E. as Angie (his wife), Lezlie Curtis as Saavik, and Brandy Seymour as Valentina. This is just the top of the cast, and even more actors and actresses from Columbus and the surrounding area make up the rest of the cast. We were looking to start shooting already, only our actress playing Angie got caught up in customs, as she was coming from Vancouver. Needless to say, we all know how customs can be a hindrance sometimes.

Our director is James Tabor from Mindset Productions, who does music videos and some independent films as well that they are working on. James is very talented and definitely has an eye for the camera. He is working on getting the same type of camera that George Lucas used to film for SWIII:ROTS. I do not know the name of the model but apparently James does and that is what we will be using.

Many animators and CGI people are working on the sets that we will be using to insert into the background of where the blue-screen will be. Currently we are still looking for any available space that we can use for filming.

Once Sarah gets here to Columbus, OH we can start filming and god willing that should be by the beginning of August. If that is the case, our first episode will be available hopefully by the beginning of next year or February.

There is so much going on with the Lexington right now that it would be difficult to talk about it all. CGI, casting, story lines, characters, and so much more. I could write like at least a couple of pages to cover everything we have been discussing online and offline.

Last weekend, we got together to do our screen testing and makeup testing as well. We did some pre production shooting of scenes that will soon be posted online at the web site indicated above.

Joey, who attended a Maximillian meeting only two months ago, managed to recruit me into the Lexington project. Actually, I volunteered and have been enjoying every minute of work on this. We, the Lexington, have our bulletin board where anyone can stop by and view some of the stuff that we talk about and also encourage anyone who might be interested in learning more about us to visit the BBS. The link to that is listed here:

[http://www.starshiplexington.com/final\\_lexington\\_site/phpBB2/index.php](http://www.starshiplexington.com/final_lexington_site/phpBB2/index.php)

Feel free to stop by the Lexington's web site to see

## MEMBERSHIP CARDS

Cards by LT Jamie "Squirrelly" Wilmoth — Text by Cap'n Critch

The Membership cards are NIGH completion! As of this meeting, the Command staff and Admiralty cards will have been completed and dispersed, with the remainder released as time allows us to, as quickly as possible. These cards are several months in production, and look very nice, and are free to all paid members. They will get you, right now, a lot of oohs and ahhs, and 10% off at Starbase Columbus!

Please send card information if you do not think we have it on file to me at [critchstarblade@gmail.com](mailto:critchstarblade@gmail.com).

### MEMBER INFORMATION

MEMBER NAME: STEPHENSON, CHRIS

OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE?: YES

CARD EXPIRES: 4/31/2006

MEMBER  
SIGNATURE:

ISSUING OFFICER: CAPTAIN CHRIS STEPHENSON

OFFICER  
SIGNATURE:

### ACTIVE DUTY MEMBER



## The Girl with Orange Hair OR Aliens of Easton

ENS Steve Pompa

*Editor's note: The following story was accidentally cut off in the middle in the June 2005 issue of the Mighty Max. It is now being reprinted in its entirety in this issue.*

“Security Chief to Level 4, Please... Security Chief to Level 4, Please...”

### Episode 1

The Security Chief (but let's just call him Leon) governed his Kingdom with an iron fist. Nothing happened in his domain, the Easton Town Center, without him knowing about it. He was top dog. He ran a tight ship, he brought home the bacon, he was in the zone, he... well, I think you get the idea.

So why was everything going so wrong today? First, his partner, Nate, called off sick, leaving him to patrol alone. Then, while his was getting his morning cup of coffee, some no good punk kids spray painted “Rent a Pig” on his Security Cart. After that, his mid morning coffee break was interrupted by the Mall Director, who informed him that his relief man, Carl, had also called in sick, and that he would have to stay the entire day. After his 11:30 cappuccino stop, he was asked to remove a large blue box which somehow ended up in the middle of the Zoe's Secret Lingerie Store, but seeing as how lunch was at noon, he just blew that off.

Then there was the riot. All in all, a pretty crummy morning, thought Leon.

“Security Chief to Level 4, Please... Security Chief to Level 4, Please...”

Leon heard the page just as he was finishing his Spacemucks Mocha in the middle of his 1:00 rounds. Reaching the elevator the Security office, he waved to Frank the Janitor, who was cleaning up what was left of the jewelry kiosk after the riot (boy, what a mess THAT was), shifted his gaze to avoid the eye of the Zoe's Secret manager, almost got ran over by a girl with bright orange hair who must have been carrying at least eight shopping bags, grabbed a peanut butter cookie from The Great Cookateer, and pushed the button for Level 4.

He remembered the strange little man in the holding area from the riot this morning, of course. That cream colored suit, gaudy pullover and straw hat just screamed liberal arts teacher.

*(Continued on page 10)*

## Lexington Report Continued

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh

*(Continued from page 8)*

how we are coming along with our designs for our ship. Cast photos and bridge photos are online and available to download. We even have wallpaper designs for the computer if you wish. We are still looking for some people to help right now with photography and set designers (actual physical sets we can use). New episodes are already in the works on paper of course. We have ideas for the next few episodes, however, we are always willing to receive story ideas for future episodes on our BBS. We will be shooting here in and around Columbus. We are always looking for volunteers to help with food, setup, and cleanup, so if you want to volunteer to help out we can use the help. Right now we have a full cast, so until someone writes a story where we need to cast someone new, we really do not have a need for any new actors at this time.

If you wish to be a part of the writing team, again, stop by the BBS and check out our Office for future episodes.

This is Skrit signing off....

## Beyond the Final Frontier Chapter 17 Regrets

Captain Chris Stephenson

Considering everything that had transpired in the last few desperate moments, the main Engineering deck was surprisingly calm and pristine. The overloading conduits had been bypassed and rerouted before any serious harm was done to the ship itself, and with the absence of any battles going on, the lights were back to their former brilliance. In fact, the only main difference between now and any other time in the *Maximillian's* main Engineering deck was the lack of people. No officers, crew members or workers of any kind were on duty, save one man, who stared straight ahead at a single spot. The silence filled the deck, as an overbearing stillness fell upon the floor, joining a single white sheet there.

The body of Lieutenant Amy Armstrong Thomas lay calmly on the cold floor, not that it mattered, as she was well past caring about things of that nature. Her actions had saved the *Maximillian*. Indeed, it was because of her that the Sovereign-class-starship had one last chance to reach Earth ahead of the malicious vessel. Once again, the Federation had been given a fighting chance. This was of no consequence to the man who stared endlessly at her body, seeking forgiveness that would never come.

The past few hours swam behind Admiral Lyon's eyes. He could not care about what had or had not happened in his relative youth. Proving one way or the other what had really happened was beyond his present facilities. Focusing on the here and now was the only thing he could do...and right now, his chosen focus was Lieutenant Thomas.

The last words between them haunted Lyon's thoughts, words of anger, and how Lyon would be willing to sacrifice her for his ship. Eerily prophetic, he thought to himself, and he breathed heavily.

*(Continued on page 10)*

## Beyond the Final Frontier Continued

CAPT Chris Stephenson

*(Continued from page 9)*

He shut his eyes tightly, trying to imagine her last moments. It was the least he could do, having placed her in the position that led to her death. Forcing her to lead this already damaged department as the *Maximillian* slipped into yet another worthless and unwinnable battle... Only now did Lyon realize the folly of his actions, only now coming to the conclusion that he had tried to use the fight as a distraction against the allegations levied against him by his former friend...

But he deserved it, didn't he? He opened his eyes again, raising them to the ceiling. Removing Lieutenant Commander Starblade's memories without so much as giving the android a choice had doomed them both to this current strife. Perhaps if he had been more forthcoming... perhaps even telling Starblade about how it was because of him that the android had arrived here in the first place. But if Starblade was correct... If his actions years upon years ago had caused the end of so many beings...

Then Lyon deserved this, and far more, for risking the entire Federation.

Putting himself back where he belonged, he lowered his head, refocusing his gaze on the white sheet, covering Thomas's body loosely. This area should have been cleared some time ago, he realized, as the maintenance crews and Engineering staff had already moved to other decks. But the Medical team was still busy in sickbay, busy with the casualties of the recent times. And every casualty indirectly because of Lyon himself. Every dead body and hurt soul weighing upon Lyon more and more as time continued its slow march. If he didn't feel as if he deserved it so much, he would have screamed. Instead, he continued his vigil, as he felt at the absolute least, he owed this much to her.

So engrossed was he at his task that he didn't even notice his fellow Admirals entering Engineering, or taking their places, one at each side, until T'Kill cleared his throat.

"She stayed at her post to the end... She saved every person on this ship, Rob."

Lyon nodded, continuing his stare. Blobbin's face morphed into an angry glare.

"Are you gonna just stand there all day and lose another ship?" Lyon didn't register the sting that he felt from the reminder. He simply took in a breath, then let it out slowly. T'Kill's face joined Blobbin's in a glare, though for T'Kill, it was something that he had grown accustomed to.

"Rob... You know what we're here for."

Lyon nodded. "Yes."

"Don't make this more difficult than it has to be."

"I don't intend to, Turock."

Blobbin appeared to spit on the deck, but the mercury essence quickly returned to the Errsedorian. "Pity."

Lyon continued. "I am resigning from my post, Turock. It appears that I am unfit for command."

T'Kill let out a breath he didn't even know he was holding in. "We don't think you're unfit, Rob..." Blobbin scoffed.

"At least I don't... but the situation has gotten out of control,

*(Continued on page 11)*

## The Girl with Orange Hair Continued

ENS Steve Pompa

*(Continued from page 9)*

Briefly he glanced over the detainee's file: Name: NONE, Address: NONE, Age: 955... That tears it, Leon thought.

"OK, sir, what seems to be the trouble?" Leon said in a calm tone.

"Trouble? TROUBLE! Do you not see what's going on in front of your nose! The strange man barked in a slightly Scottish accent.

"Sir, I see everything that happens here," Leon replied.

"What about that riot this morning," the stranger continued, "Surely you'd agree it was out of the ordinary."

"I think we've heard quite enough about the riot for the time being, Sir! What was this one about? Protesting the WAR? Fried Chicken? Besides, that's not what why you're here and you know it!"

"So why AM I here...", the stranger sighed, staring at Leon's badge, "...Chief?"

"For Disturbing the Peace, Sir. People in line at the movie theatre complained you were giving away the ending to the big spring Sci-Fi blockbuster."

"Oh, really, I don't have time for this," the stranger snapped. "The lives of everyone in this center are at stake, my friend Ace is lost somewhere out there, and something horrible could happen at any moment!"

At that moment, an explosion rang out from the mall below.

"What the hell was that?" Leon exclaimed, "I've got to check this out. I'll talk to you later!"

"Wait! Take me with you!"

"No way, Mister..."

"Doctor! Please, my friend might be down there."

"Oh, alright, Doctor. But I'm keeping close tabs on you."

"I wouldn't have it any other way, Chief," the Doctor beamed, "but be careful. I believe you'll soon find that life with me can be somewhat... fantastic!" The Doctor smiled, placing the red handle of his umbrella under his chin in a manner that made Leon's blood run cold.

They hurried out to the main portion of the mall to find total chaos for the second time today. Explosions were going on left and right, and most troubling of all, instead of panicking, the shoppers were, well, shopping. Patrons were calmly looking at hats and dresses and video games while destruction was unfolding around them.

"Are you sure this Ace guy is down here, Doctor?" Leon asked.

"SHE, and yes, Ace and explosions usually go hand in hand. Ah, there she is now. Ace!" The Doctor called.

In the middle of all the carnage, the Doctor found his missing friend, a young girl with a blue bomber jacket and bright orange hair, weighed down by loaded of shopping packages. But despite the Doctor's shouting, the teenager just walked right past him with no reaction at all.

The Doctor ran after her, grabbing her and shaking her by the shoulders.

"Ace, what's going on here? And what have you done to your hair?" the Doctor asked, staring the girl down.

Ace just stared back blankly at the Doctor.

*(Continued on page 11)*

## The Girl with Orange Hair Continued

ENS Steve Pompa

(Continued from page 10)

“Just doing a little shopping, Professor, Ace replied sleepily. “I bought ten Blink 182 T-Shirts from the Tepid Subject Boutique. people. We’ve got to evacuate them.”

“They’re all under the same trance that Ace was. We can’t do anything for them now, and I don’t think these “Cyberbears” are the main problem. Someone is pulling the strings; the riot, the bears, the hypnotized consumers, someone or SOMETHING is responsible for it all! We’ve got to get out of the mall and regroup. This way I think...” the Doctor directed, and suddenly stopped in his tracks.

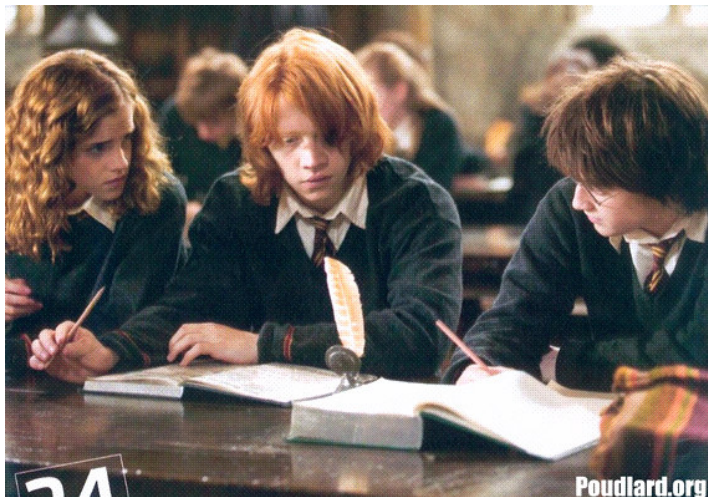
“This was the end of mall just this morning, I’m sure of it.”

“Yeah,” Leon agreed, “And is that an Ampersand and Fitz in the middle of I-270?”

Leon pointed to highway, now blocked off by the new shopping wing, buzzing with happy patrons and their new wares.

“Oh, dear” the Doctor moaned, as the bears closed in, “I fear our problem is far more serious than I thought. If we don’t act fast, this shopping center will consume the entire world!”

TO BE CONTINUED???



## Beyond the Final Frontier Continued

CAPT Chris Stephenson

(Continued from page 10)

you’re too closely entwined to all of this...”

“Am I to be confined to the brig?”

Blobbin shook his head. “Only if you put up a fight...C’mon, Rob, it’s your ship, put up a fight!”

“No, Blobbin.” The mercury form lowered his head sadly as Lyon answered. “There’s been too much fighting already.” He turned to T’Kill. “Not that it matters, but I recommend Lieutenant Commander Kelvok to fill the position...at least temporarily.”

T’Kill nodded. “All we may have left is temporarily, Rob. I doubt an entire fleet will have much better luck than us at stopping this thing.”

“I agree...but maybe some fresh eyes will put some light on this.”

“I’ll get to it. Admiral Lyon...I officially remand you to quarters until the conclusion of these events...or until we settle this, one way or the other.”

Lyon saluted T’Kill, then nodded to a upset looking Blobbin, and began his long walk through the decks of the *Maximilian*, past his shipmates, and to his quarters, where he hoped to think very hard about where his life had taken him. He did not expect he would ever walk out of his room again.

Blobbin gestured towards the departed Admiral. “Sure keeping him to his own recognizance is a good idea? I don’t like the looks of him...”

“I won’t see him in the Brig, Blobbin...If he’s going to die, he can do it a free man...like the rest of us.” Blobbin uttered under his breath that he wasn’t a man, as T’Kill called to the medical team to collect Lieutenant Thomas.

It was impossible to tell how long Critch sat in the darkness, his back pressed up against his makeshift prison. He had turned off his chrontal sensors, indeed had turned off most of his external abilities, and now was only focusing on his thoughts, and his self. His mind had betrayed him, and everything that he had ever thought he was, or could have been, was lost. Now where before there had been only mystery and secrets lay the truth, a past of death and destruction, of murder and chaos. How many souls had been ripped apart by his treachery? How many lives lost because of his actions?

Lyon had been right, of course, which didn’t really surprise Critch. The good reasons for not allowing him to remember his past were numerous and uncountable. If he had awoken, his memories intact, he would have easily torn apart every crewman on the station. Undoubtedly he would have eventually accomplished his mission, which he assumed to be the destruction of the human race, and the Federation along with it, leaving the pathway clear for an invasion force from his home universe. Lyon had given him life, given him a new purpose, and in return Critch had now spat on Lyon’s generosity, and everything he had stood for. And at the end of it all, now sat alone, cut off from everyone and everything familiar to him, left here in the darkness, on this truly alien

(Continued on page 12)

## BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER CONTINUED

*Written by Chris Stephenson*

### CHAPTER SEVENTEEN: REGRETS

*(Continued from page 11)*  
vessel.

He didn't bother to raise his head to peer out through the walls of his cell. Many times he had tried to locate his captor or his assistant, and many times he had been left searching in the dark. It really didn't bother Critch that he couldn't find them. After spending the years since his awakening searching for answers that seemingly would never come, now he dreaded the next discovery. How many more disasters would he be responsible for? How much more would he be able to stand?

There were still many questions that flooded the android's mind. Lyon's role in this adventure was still unclear. How he had arranged to intercept the original force, as if he had known of its existence, and why he had kept it a secret for so long. Was it shame? Pride? Or something deeper... After everything that had come out now, of everything he now knew he owed Admiral Lyon, the benefit of the doubt seemed such a small thing to give him.

There was a slight creaking around him as Critch felt the ship finally shudder to a stop. As he looked beyond the endless catwalks, overhangs, and equipment that dominated this vessel, he could make out the stars, very still, gleaming and illuminating their surroundings as they had for millions of years. Who would be masters of this universe when the stars died, Critch wondered. From all indications, the Marconians would first wipe out their main opposition in the area, and then move to the surrounding areas, and eventually overtake everything. It would take time, perhaps time beyond even the lifespans of these stars burning brightly. But what is time to a machine?

Critch swallowed out of habit, and shuddered when he realized how he knew what the Marconian stratagem was to be. Not because it was a lucky guess, or some kind of insight. It was only because it was what Critch himself would do, and that realization chilled him to the core, despite his emotions only being the byproducts of superior technology.

It sickened him to think that he would even be capable of the sort of acts that he knew he must have. The atrocities that must have gone on for his lifetime... How could a race that evolved in such a way have literally built themselves into this? What was their goal in doing so?

Critch was tired of questions. Tired of answers, tired of life. He simply put his head back down, and tried once again to clear his head of anything and everything. But instead, all he was left with was a louder creaking and a far-away engine powering up, readying the vessel for its final journey into the heart of the Federation. And on the inside, he was left with an eroding soul, his essence fading away, replaced by a deadness and deep regret for actions unnameable.

Minutes passed. Perhaps hours. The same endless dullness that had seeped into Critch's mind returned and expanded itself until there was only it and nothing else. It had overcome all sound, all surroundings, all of his self. An android sat in an endless darkness, and there was nothing more.

Eventually, however, there was an end to the stillness. A great jolt occurred, sending Critch to the floor. Landing hard on his side, he looked out, past the brown equipment, past the ship itself, and saw space. The stars began to move slowly, and then they began to pick up speed.

He worked it out in his head. The repairs had been made. The vessel would now return on its original heading, making a direct strike at the heart of the Federation.

Earth.

And there was nothing he could do about it. Banging a hand on the hard floor, he sat back up. He glanced yet again at his prison, gauging the possibility of escape for the thousandth time, plans running through his head at the speed of light and just as quickly being shot down. Brief flashes of hope faded from his eyes, and he let out a deep sigh. His head dropped again as he leaned back against the wall, and began to return to his darkness.

The darkness did not come, not this time. He was awakened out of it yet again, but not by any movement. A noise came from nearby, growing closer. Critch looked up, not welcoming any more intrusions. What would be the next revelation that was

sprung upon him?

After peering out at the ship for a moment, he recognized the site of Canty's 'Ka-Ki-Ri', the slave Karei. The beast lumbered down the stairway, and assessed his surroundings, before turning his gaze upon Critch. The creature had four eyes, two on each side of its face, the leftmost eyes pushed up a bit because of the protruding nostril. All of these eyes were staring at the defeated android, who did not want to give him the courtesy of even acknowledging his presence.

It spoke then, and it was a second before Critch's translator could ascertain what the speech was. It still came across broken and jumbled, but recognizable. While Critch did not turn his head toward Karei, he was listening intently.

"Master say... say ship moving again. Ship on course." His short job evidently done, the creature turned to leave Critch to his solitude.

A beat passed before Critch could will himself to answer the Ka-Ki-Ri. "To Earth. To kill everything there." It was more of a statement than a question, but it was enough to stop the creature for a moment. There was intelligence there, Critch knew. But was there enough to reach? There wasn't any hope yet... just an idea.

"Master... doing what Master must."

"Why? We know where Lyon is! There's no reason for this to go on any longer!"

Karei still stood with his back to Critch even as the android rose to face the creature, though he knew challenging Karei would likely be a useless gesture. "Master... not share information with Karei. Karei only Ka-Ki-Ri. Not Marconian."

"It's information you need to know, Karei! You're part of this! He's going to kill every life on Earth, and you're going to be his accomplice! Whether he likes it or not, you're equals!"

A nerve was struck, and Karei quickly turned to Critch, moving far quicker than anything that size had a right to. It moved angrily, as though to strike the android, forgetting for an instant that the walls that kept Critch in also kept everything else out. Its words, however, were able to cut straight through.

*(Continued on page 13)*

## BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER

*Written by Chris Stephenson*

### CHAPTER 17 Continued...

*(Continued from page 12)*

“Starblade never care about Ka-Ki-Ri! Starblade destroy, enslave Ka-Ki-Ri, destroy all else! Invade universes, kill all else! Starblade’s Ka-Ki-Ri died for Starblade! When Starblade start caring for Ka-Ki-Ri? When Starblade start caring for any?”

Critch stepped back, the words of the creature cutting deeper than any phaser blast ever could. So he was responsible for this too. Next, he assumed, he would find that he was responsible for the creation, and eventual destruction of all the universes. He shook his head, trying to shake off the guilt. There was a time and a place for such things, and it certainly wasn’t now.

“I...I didn’t know.” Trying to come up with something to say, his voice and mind were both found wanting. Karei didn’t give him a chance to recover.

“Didn’t know’? How does Starblade not know? Starblade cause! Starblade destroy! Starblade was there!”

Critch stared defiantly at the creature. “*THIS* Starblade wasn’t there. *THIS* Starblade can’t remember anything since he got here. I signed up with the first group that worked to stop things exactly like this!”

Karei stopped, then shook a small amount, as though it was an alien shrug. “Starblade not excused, Starblade never can be excused.”

“I’m not asking for that! I...” Critch stopped, assembling his words. “...This can’t continue, you know it can’t. I need a chance, one chance to make it right, to make something right!”

Karei began to walk away from Critch. “No chance. Trick. Not going to trick Karei.”

“No...” Critch slumped to the ground, a hand on the wall. “No trick...” Critch thought quickly, as quick as he could. “Will you let humanity become the next Ka-Ki-Ri?”

Karei stopped again, just as he had reached the stairwell. Critch kept the pressure on. “Let them be enslaved just as your people were? Murdered? De-

stroyed? An entire race wiped out as though they never existed? Your race may be dying, Karei, but you’re still here, and you still have a mind of your own. *Help me.* Help me stop this now, before it escalates!” Critch rose to his feet, as Karei turned to face him yet again. “Karei, I don’t know what I did. Hell, I don’t even know who I was. But I can do something. I have to know the truth, and you’re the only one that can get me out of here so I can find out what the hell is going on!”

Karei seemed to be fighting with himself. “Can’t...Ka-Ki-Ri cannot disobey the master!”

“Who’s the master, Karei? The man who possesses this ship, or the man that built it? This is *my* ship. I’m sure I would’ve been smart enough to give myself an out if anything turned against me. You won’t be discovered. Just tell me where to go.”

Karei approached Critch, almost in spite of himself. “Starblade...Trick...”

“Karei, I swear to whatever God your people believe in, you get me out of here and I’ll turn this damn thing around and park it right on Marconia’s doorstep, and turn myself over to whatever passes for judge and jury over there. I will answer for my crimes, but I have to *stop, this, from happening!*” Critch punctuated every beat of his last sentence with a pounding fist against the wall. He meant it, every word. Every intention he had, should they survive whatever was to happen next, was to make the journey to his forgotten home, and face whatever justice he had to.

There was a long minute when Critch feared that Karei may not have believed him. Then the creature’s hand landed on a panel, and one of the shards of the prison cell lowered back into the floor. Critch hurriedly moved out, suddenly nervous that they would be discovered. “Thank you, Karei. Just tell me where to go, and I’ll find out what I need to know.” Critch was quickly learning that gaining information was as simple as placing a hand on the nearby equipment.

Karei waved a hand. “Have short time, but time before master discovers escape. Will show you where informa-

tion is.” Critch nodded, and the two climbed the stairs, quick as they could, wary of discovery. The fog of the dark had lifted from Critch, and a spark of hope had returned.

The Maximillian had not moved from its previous spot, where all control had been lost, and its end had nearly been met. Full power would never be restored in the shape they were in, especially with a large circular hole in the center of the saucer section. The casualty count was in the hundreds, nearly half the ship, and Doctor Alexander knew that he would likely see no sleep for the next several days, if he would ever get the opportunity to sleep again. Sickbay had long since run out of beds, and Alexander had been forced to take over most of the deck. It was a dicey progress, considering Sickbay’s location was very near where the laser had sliced directly through the saucer. The forcefields were holding, thank goodness, and work healing those that could still be helped had begun in earnest. It was small comfort to those injured, the many that were left lying in the middle of the hallways, sheets covering their bloodied and burned bodies as they moaned in pain, awaiting relief of any sort.

Elsewhere on the mighty Max, there was alternatively peace and chaos. The sheer amount of crewmembers that were hurt, or worse killed, caused many non-essential parts of the ship to be darkened completely, in order to preserve power for needed systems. In those parts of the ship that were being used, there was shouting, and movement. The crew that were still able-bodied were working as fast and as hard as they could to get the Maximillian back into some sort of shape, at least so that they could escape what they feared was oncoming doom, should the vessel that attacked them returned. The anger against Lyon was replaced now by the need to finish the job, so the crew of the Maximillian soldiered forth, replacing

## BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER CONTINUED

*Written by Chris Stephenson*

### CHAPTER SEVENTEEN: REGRETS

*(Continued from page 13)*

and repairing whenever and wherever they could, and however they could.

Because of the disaster that the regular bridge of the ship had become, the remaining command staff had retreated to a secondary command center, christened the "Battle Bridge" by Admiral Lyon during the construction of the Sovereign-class ship. Stationed deeper within the ship, theoretically in more protected quarters, the command staff could run the ship from a more sheltered location should the need arise. And at this point, the need was definitely there.

The staff had lessened somewhat, due to the loss of the communications officer's hearing, and the quick transfer of command to Kelvok, which had actually taken place on the way to the battle bridge. Tamak had slipped into the First Officer's position, and the Caitian Nato had filled in both as second officer and as communications, using his bat-like hearing abilities to navigate the backup equipment.

Admiral T'Kill, along with Admiral Blobbin, having made sure Lyon had returned to his quarters, stayed on the bridge. The power had not been restored yet, as Tamak had returned to his old engineering stomping grounds, under orders to provide as much warp power as possible. T'Kill sat, silently, looking over the scene in front of him.

It was as if it was a new ship being built before his eyes. In order to beef up the power in this section, to allow for total control of the ship, a small army of engineers had invaded the bridge, assembling parts and controls as quick as they could. It was not quickly enough for T'Kill's tastes, as he shifted his attention to Blobbin, who was complaining to Kelvok about Lyon. The half Human half Romulan shook his head. Once Blobbin started a rant, it was difficult to get him out of one.

"...The man didn't even bother to think! Just shoot, shoot, shoot some more, and if there's anything left, well hell, better shoot it! Give him one problem, and he just goes totally spiptic over it!"

T'Kill finally interrupted him, though

Kelvok, being Vulcan, showed no sign of outward distress. "Could you just give it a rest?"

"I'm just getting warmed up!" The Errsedorian answered, not breaking his stride, and launched into another tirade about Lyon, and something about shuttles and red lights...Old stories that T'Kill had heard many times before, and he was not interested in hearing about them right now. They were trapped in holding pattern, awaiting the word for Engineering on what speed they could make to Earth. Nato was hurriedly adjusting his communications station, so that the slipshod fleet that T'Kill had been assembling could be appraised of the current situation. T'Kill considered yelling at one of them, but he caught himself, knowing that forcing them into more work would only result in slowing them down, the last thing that he could afford at this point.

So he continued to sit at the Operations station, idly watching the numbers scroll by on the pad, local gas pockets, nearby nebulas...space, despite being fairly empty, seemed far too busy for T'Kill's tastes.

He closed his eyes for a second, relishing in the brief instant of rest. The rest was interrupted, as it had been far too often lately, by Blobbin's ranting.

"And another thing, he tried to do all this in this ship! Pride of the Federation my shiny ass! Just looking for another ship to destroy, I tell you...just give me one of *my* ships, one little particle dump, and I tell ya, we'd..."

A firework went off inside T'Kill's brain. "Particle dump?"

Blobbin stopped, and rolled his head since there were no visible eyes present. "Yes, particle dump. An Errsedorian ship with just a small one would..."

"Tell me what it is, Blobbin."

"I've told you before!"

"And you'll tell me again. Spill it."

Sounding put out by the request, but inwardly excited at the chance to show off about his people's technology, Blobbin spoke. "A particle dump is standard on Errsedorian ships. Sucks in all the universe's gunk, and anytime we like, we just convert it to energy, send that junk straight to the engines, presto! That's how we power our stuff."

"Like a ramscoop."

"Yeah, sort of like a ram..." Blobbin trailed off, realization spreading throughout his form as T'Kill rushed to the Captain's chair, not bothering to go through Kelvok, who truthfully, didn't mind at all.

T'Kill tapped the comm button on the chair's arm, opening a channel to engineering. "Tamak!"

The voice came back quickly, and for a Vulcan, it was harried. "Admiral, I'll have Warp 3 in a couple of seconds..."

"Never mind that, would it even be possible to reroute the ramscoop outputs directly into the Errsedorian energy feeds?"

"...Possible, but unlikely, and it would require a power output of more than half this..."

"Do it. I don't care how, just do it. Cut out every system on this ship. Life support. Do it." He ended the transmission, and just as quickly called over to Lieutenant Nato. "Communications!"

"Sir?"

"Get that working, and contact Admiral Mitias at Starbase One. Have her standby for instructions on assembling new weaponry on every ship in our defense fleet." He stopped, and called out to Blobbin.

"Operations!"

It took a minute for Blobbin to realize he was the closest to the Operations chair.

"Aye!"

"The instant we have warp, and I mean the instant, haul ass to the rendezvous point. And I want you to hit every nebula, gas pocket, and space junk you can find on your way there. We've got one chance at this."

Blobbin started punching in the numbers, shaking his head, not convinced, but busy on his work. Kelvok wasn't convinced either, and he was not able to keep from voicing his concern.

"Admiral, are you sure that this will provide enough energy to keep the Errsedorian devices functional? We cannot survive another instance like before."

"Kelvok, it has to. If it'll work on his snail ship," He nodded at Blobbin, who formed a hand with a single finger pointing straight up out of his back. "Then it'll work on this one, and every ship in our fleet."

"And if it doesn't, then our last hope is

*(Continued on page 15)*

## BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER

*Written by Chris*

*Stephenson*

### CHAPTER 17

Continued...

*(Continued from page 14)*

gone.” Blobbin finished. T’Kill, grimacing, nodded.

There was a sudden call over the comm system. “Warp drive is at your disposal. We can make it to warp 3.5 without much trouble...”

Tamak was quickly interrupted by Kelvok. “Warp 4, then.” T’Kill let out a half smile at the impatience, and Blobbin punched in the final commands.

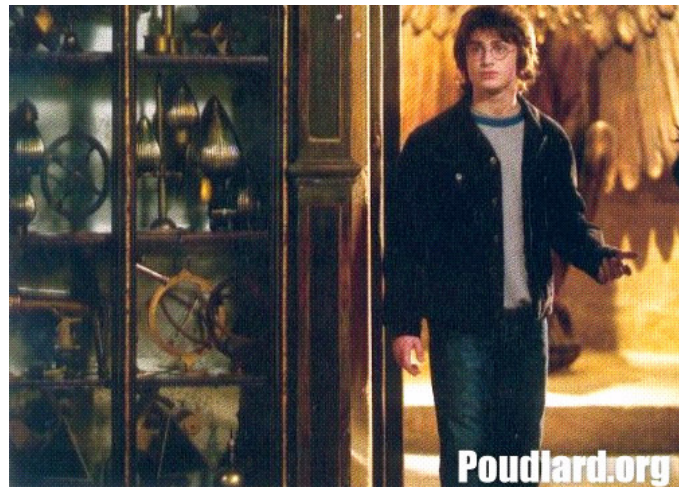
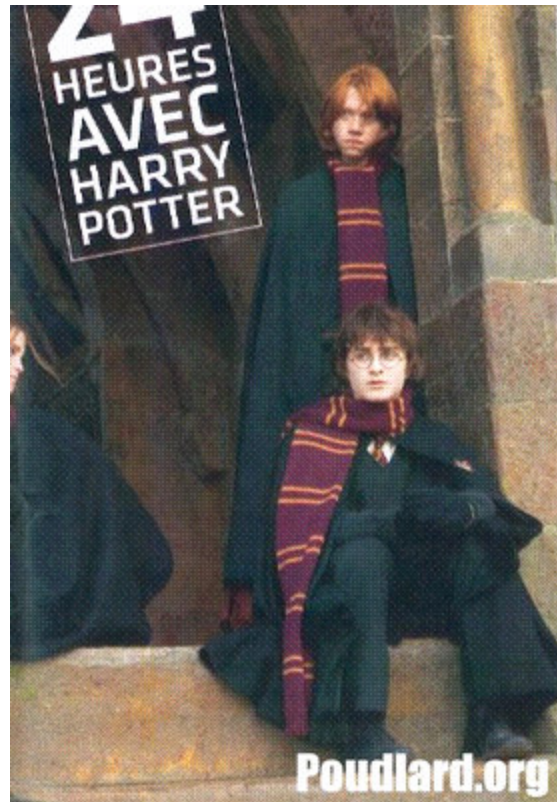
The Maximillian, seemingly filled with a new purpose, launched into space, with time running out, and none to spare.

**TO BE CONTINUED...**

## Wing Commander’s Report

*CAPT Charles Connor*

Hey, me and Chris helped Robin move her things into her new home in Newtown, PA. After a nearly 12 hour drive we arrived without much incidents. The trip back was interesting too, on the Greyhound. I also got a new used truck so now I have reliable transport again Woohoo. That’s all for now.





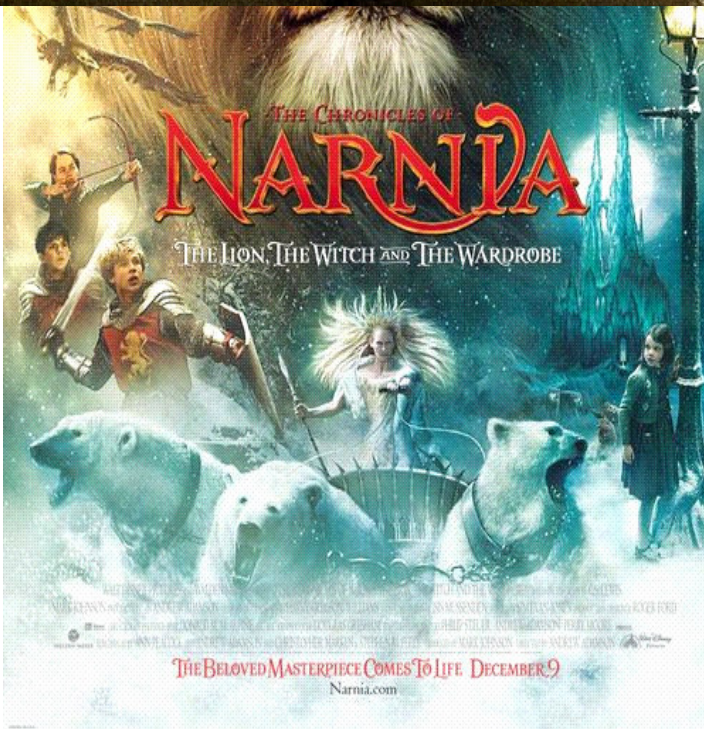
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GOVERNMENTS SHOULD BE AFRAID OF THEIR PEOPLE.



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# AUGUST 2005

| Sun                       | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri                       | Sat                        |
|---------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|---------------------------|----------------------------|
|                           | 1   | 2   | 3   | 4   | 5                         | 6<br>Kings Island Trip 2.0 |
| 7                         | 8   | 9   | 10  | 11  | 12                        | 13<br><i>Maxolympics</i>   |
| 14                        | 15  | 16  | 17  | 18  | 19<br><i>Stargate Con</i> | 20<br><i>Stargate Con</i>  |
| 21<br><i>Stargate Con</i> | 22  | 23  | 24  | 25  | 26<br><i>Dinner TBA</i>   | 27                         |
| 28                        | 29  | 30  | 31  |     |                           |                            |

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**THE MIGHTY MAX  
JULY 2005**

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[HTTP://GROUPS.YAHOO.COM/GROUPS/MAX74997](http://groups.yahoo.com/groups/max74997)

[HTTP://WWW.MAXIMILLIAN.ORG](http://www.maximillian.org)



I am already missing Robin....What am I going to do?  
Maybe I should take a drive out to PA.  
I have been so busy with work, tiring myself out,  
Robin, Robin, I will always remember the zoo,  
Now you are off to find your way,  
And the only way to see you is with a runabout.  
Critch likes to be the worrisome one,  
And now you are free of his speeches,  
Practicing medicine on dogs and cats.  
Without you we will feel alone,  
For your kindness and love reaches.  
The time has now come for us to say "Congrats!"

—Nathan Cobaugh

