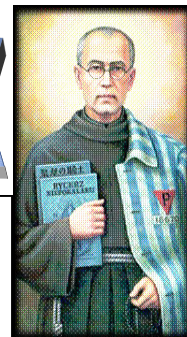




THE MIGHTY MAX



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

MARCH 2005

VOLUME 13, ISSUE 3

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Constantine Get Together - Arena Grand 2-18-05



**Needs of the Many
Audio Short Story
(Here)**

The MaX-Files

*CAPT Chris Stephenson
Commanding Officer*

Greetings.

SURPRISE! For the past month and a half, myself, Admiral Dunn, and Lieutenant Commander Moran have been working diligently on the first of the two part audio adaption "Needs of the Many". This, the 'Fourth episode', details the return of the evil plant creatures from "A Great Adventure", and tells the events leading into Critch Starblade becoming Captain of the Maximillian. Everyone make sure to tell Greg what you think of the incredible way the cd holder looks, and how the cd looks, and everything else. Special thanks to ZEN for providing a big chunk of the cd's cover art, as well as Skrit and Sarah for providing character artwork.

Beyond that, it's the "Damn big" newsletter edition. Over 20 pages, as usual, with a really frickin' huge chapter of Beyond the Final Frontier, which I believe is the best yet. Action, betrayal, and the Maximillian of 4 years ago getting the crap kicked out of it. What's not to love?

On the actual ship itself, February continued our adventures in the real world, as we all got together for "Constantine", and then again at Fuddruckers later in the month. Suddenly we're doing more and more, and everything is going very well. As I said before, this year is going to be HUGE.

This month, our meeting, which you're either at or have missed (Buy the video!...if we sold videos.) has the return of Trekordy, which by my reckoning celebrates it's 10th anniversary this year. (First played at a U.S.S. Kittyhawk meeting in 1995.) Also we are going to get some good discussion time in on some projects, including the Vegas trip. Later in the month, it's off to the Zoo, and also our 3rd month in a row of going out to eat, this time to the Spaghetti Warehouse!

As the year goes on, we're getting ready for our big anniversary spectacular at the STUDIO 35! "Star Trek: Maximillian—Behind the Trek" Will take you on a journey behind the Maximillian's 13 year journey from Starfleet Shuttle to the Sci-Fi organization that we are today. Admission is Free! Besides, if you've ever wanted to see yourselves on the big screen, now's your chance.

After that, of course there's more! We have Marcon, with the Cardboard Tube Trilogy coming to a close, and Trek Putt VI, and Robin's Graduation (And sad leaving. :-(-) And later in the summer, the Maxolympics/Picnic! Not to mention a few surprises...

Currently being worked on (That I can tell you about...) is a membership packet! Hopefully done by June-ish, everyone wondering about points or what to do when they join will have their questions answered, as well as being provided with a nice thing to show people what we're made of.

I'm sure there's more, but I've said too much already!
Live Wrong and Slobber!
Captain Chris Stephenson

First Officer's Report

*CMDR Robin Goldblum
Executive Officer/Chief Medical Officer*

Greetings fellow Maxers! Just a reminder that we are going to be visiting the zoo next Saturday on March 19th. I encourage everyone who can to go. The Columbus Zoo has worked hard to update their facilities. Not only do they have their classic displays from North America, Africa and Asia, but they have a new display from Southeast Asia and Australia/New Zealand. While the ride isn't worth it in my opinion, the entire display is very well constructed. Also, I believe the baby elephant is still there! While they do have a food court with a good variety, it is a little costly and I will personally be bringing my own lunch. Hope to see lots of people there!

I also just finished a fantastic book. It was the autobiography I Am Spock by Leonard Nimoy. I had never read his first autobiography I Am Not Spock but he explains how the misinterpreted title came to be and that he knows now what a mistake it was. The writing is beautiful and I could not put the book down. I highly recommend this book for anyone, even if you aren't that interested in Trek. It has some wonderful stories in it and I applaud Leonard Nimoy for his superior writing.

Security Report

*LCDR Nathan Cobaugh
Records Officer*

Okay now for all you readers of the newsletter, this is the security report. I want to make sure that everyone knows that the security report has to do with all things Skrit related and having to do with the Anniversary dinner.

Since that is now cleared up, um, Critch, here is the news from Security.

Plans for the Anniversary dinner have been confirmed. We are going to be at Studio 35 and then the Whetstone Public Library afterwards for our dinner. Movie presentation to be around 2 pm and then we are heading off to the library. Just getting that out of the way.

Moving on, I am pleased that everyone seems to enjoy the Mighty Max Adventures in the newsletter and am getting a good response on my web site skritweb.com. I am not sure if I will have the time this month to get the next comic out on time for the newsletter. If I do, it will be at the last minute because of time constraints.

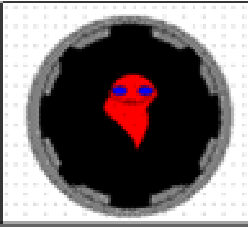
Just found out that the Drexel Sci-Fi Movie Marathon will be April 2-3. More information to come.

-Skrit

Secretary's Report

*LCDR Nathan Cobaugh
Records Officer*

Not to confuse anyone who is reading this report, but this should be the secretary's report, not the security report as Critch apparently combines them in the newsletter. These are two totally different reports.



One being the secretary position and the other is a different department. Anyway, since I was not at the January meeting the minutes for the meeting should be written by Critch not by me, so there is a typo there on who wrote those. Also, Sandie (my wife) and I were reading the minutes and we just loved Critch's use of a comma, or should I say lack of use. Also, we both got a kick out of Greg's report on the Critch school of grammar.

In regards to the Feb. meeting, I left early due to an engagement I had at Fado's at Easton. My wife and I are going to London April 15-25, courtesy of a Columbus Crew vacation package. The group we are going with consists of at least 50 people I got to meet quite a few of them at Fado's. Afterwards, Sandie, Sherrie (sister-in-law) and I went to BD's for dinner. I had a lot of fun.

Sunday was a major blast, because I got to go see Champions On Ice with Sandie and her family. I was blown away by the performances and I have to say WOW!

Wednesday, the 16th, I am seeing Mercy Me (Christian group). February has been an eventful month even though I was very sick for a few days and I thought I was going to miss the meeting, but I made it and it seems to just be chock full of fun and I hope everyone remembers that St. Patrick's Day is coming up, and of course the Ides of March. So crack out the shamrocks and may the luck of the Irish be with you.



The McDaniel Report

ENS Todd McDaniel

www.saveenterprise.com, www.enterprisefans.com, www.trekunited.com, & www.enterprise.org have all come together under www.enterprisefans.com, banner and are united in their efforts. If they can't keep "Enterprise" on 53, they would like to move it to the Sci-Fi Channel, "Its logical home."

There will be a full page ad in the Presidents' Day issue of the Los Angeles Times with small form-petitions to sign and mail to various executives. Please see if you can obtain a copy thru your library or local stationery store, sign the petitions, and aid the effort to bring "Enterprise" back in some form or fashion

I am going to try my darndest to obtain either a whole copy of the paper or a printable form of the ad. Right now, my computer won't allow my print window to print the .pdf version I can bring up. The print window is too large and the "Print" command button is nowhere to be seen.

As you might expect, each of these sites has glowing and golden accolades for "Enterprise." It does seem quite the pity to let "Enterprise" and thus Star Trek go aglimmering. Get behind these people and these sites and keep on keeping "Enterprise" and Star Trek on the TV or holographic projector forever.

THE MAXIMILLIAN ONLINE

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

Pictures Information
Regulations Stories

Everything you need to know...



Purser's Report

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

Celestial Viewpoint

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

Renewed Memberships 2/05:

- Single Membership – Nathan Cobaugh (7/06)
- Single Membership – Chris Stephenson (4/06)
- Family Membership – The Biro Family (2/06)

New Memberships 2/05:

- Single Membership – Richard Watson (2/06)

Membership expires in 3 months or less:

- Melanie Brackney (4/05) Daniel Milks (3/05)
- John Chubb (5/05) Diane Stamm (4/05)
- Robin Goldblum (5/05) Howard Stamm (4/05)
- Juliette Magera (3/05) Jamie Wilmoth (4/05)
- Todd McDaniel (5/05)

Memberships renewal past due

- Bobbie Estabrook (2/05) Jessie Shrin-Cowen(2/05)
- Jeremy Estabrook (2/05) Erica Stanley (2/05)
- Manny Medina (2/05) Mike Stanley (2/05)
- Chip Shrin-Cowen (2/05) Rachel Steiner

Expenses

Max Snacks	\$11.75
Photo Album	\$12.95
Flag Stand	\$39.00

Misc. Income

Max Snacks	\$15.20
Patches	\$12.00

<u>General Fund</u>	<u>Charity Fund</u>	<u>MACE¹</u>	<u>Total Balance</u>
\$589.81	\$23.94	\$21.00	\$634.75

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

Max Food Drive for Operation Feed

Once again the Max is holding a food drive in support of the Mid Ohio Food Bank's Annual Operation Feed. Operation Feed helps keep the food shelves stocked in 232 food pantries, soup kitchens and emergency shelters in six central Ohio counties: Delaware, Fairfield, Franklin, Madison, Pickaway and Union. Children are those most often helped. Ten percent of the people served at Foodbank agencies are senior citizens.

It is hard to believe that in America there are people who literally go to bed hungry every night. But it is true, even right here in central Ohio. You have an opportunity to make a real difference in the lives of these people. It doesn't take much, just a few dollars or even donated food items.

This year to make it a little more interesting we are holding a raffle for all those who contribute to the Max Food Drive. The Food Bank counts donations in "meals". One pound of food = One Meal. One dollar = Two Meals. For every "meal" you donate you receive one raffle ticket. The prizes so far are a *Conan the Destroyer* video, *The Chronicles of Riddick* DVD (wide screen), *The Fifth Element* DVD (both wide and full screen) and a Schrek 2 poster. The last day to donate either monies or food will be at the April Max meeting. The drawing will be held at the end of the meeting. Winner need not be present.

(Continued on page 8)

Musings from the Puddle

VADM Gregory Dunn
Inspector General

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

This month the persona cards continue with:

Card 20: Zen who is a Vulpes Vulpes Sapien

Card 21: Squick, Sidley's Ferengi

I have also had a good response for persona info. I am still waiting on persona pics and bios from Jackie, Ryan, Squirrelly, and Babs. Please see me ASAP to get this info in.

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.

February Meeting Minutes

MEETING MINUTES February 2005 MEETING

The Meeting was called to order at 5:15pm. There were 14 members in attendance, and there were two guests. We had our pledge of allegiance after introductions.

The Captain gave his report, going over this month's newsletter, and that the website is updated with the latest minutes and newsletter.

The deadline for submissions is March 7th.

The first officer gave her report, She has passed her boards! She will be leaving us in June. Oath and Hooding will be on June 11th.

The Constantine Gettogether will be this Friday at the Arena Grand, Times TBA. There was an application from ENS Terry McPherson for Chief of Medical, who will take over for Robin when she leaves in late June.

The Records Officer gave his report, concerning the movie marathon, business cards, and more.

The Treasurer gave her report. The State of the treasury is good, we donated much to the charities, and are having a drive for Operation Feed. We are having a raffle where if you donate a meal, you get a ticket.

Department heads gave their reports. Nathan is looking into getting a seal done for our official papers.

A rough draft of the calendar was presented, which is looking really good. The next RPG will take place February 20th (Greg's Birthday!)

at 1pm. Vegas is on hold until next month, although Robin talked about having a donation drive to support it with Starbase. The story committee is currently editing the stories for the anthology.

Admiralty - Next month is Trekordy 3.0 with prizes!

Old Business:

Membership cards on hold until next month

The U.S.S. Ohio wants to join our Exchange program, we are awaiting their address.

The digital Archive is ongoing.

Since Tumbleweeds was so successful, we are going to Fuddruckers this month! Wednesday the 23rd at 7pm we are going to the Marcus Crosswoods.

Cinema Wasteland is the first weekend of April

Vulkon is April 15-16-17

Camp Dover is April 22 - 23 - 24

New Business:

The Anniversary plans were revealed: We are going to the Studio 35 on May 14th at 2pm for a Maximillian Movie Presentation, a sort of behind the music presentation. Afterward we are going to a nearby library for our usual dinner.

The Zoo Trip is March 19th, meeting at the entrance at 10am.

Marcon is May 26-27-28-29, we are participating in the bag stuffing on thursday, and the skit will be "Cardboard Tube Samurai III: The

Revenge of the Samurai"

The Kings Island Trip will be June 3rd.

Trek Putt VI: The undiscovered Course will be June 4th

There was a few bits of open discussion regarding the cancellation of Enterprise.

The meeting was adjourned at 7:15, and we went to CiCi's Pizza in Gahanna.

UPCOMING EVENTS

MARCH

12) Meeting

19) Zoo Trip

20) Roleplaying (Tent.)

30) Spaghetti Warehouse Get-together

APRIL

2-3) Cinema Wasteland

2-3) Sci-Fi Movie Marathon

9) Meeting

16-17) Vulkon

17) Roleplaying (Tent.)

22-24) Camp Dover

29) Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy

MAY

13) Enterprise Finale Party

14) ANNIVERSARY PARTY/
Meeting

27-29) Marcon

Positions still open

Armory Chief
Chief of Communications
Transporter Chief
Counselor

Submissions to the April 2005 edition of the Mighty Max are due on **April 4, 2005.**

Submit to

Critchstarblade@gmail.com

Or 614-284-4962



The Mcdaniel Report Pt. 2

ENS Todd McDaniel

60 sec/ min x 60 min/ hr = 3600 sec/ hr.
 3600 sec/ hr x 24 hr/ da = 86,400 sec/ da.
 86,400 sec/ da x 365 da/ yr = 31, 536, 000 sec/ yr.
 31, 536, 000 sec/ yr x 186, 000 mi/ sec. = 5, 865, 696, 000, 000. mi/ LY
 5, 865, 696, 000, 000 x 3.26 LY/ PC = 19, 122, 168, 960, 000 mi/ PC

Warp One = 186,000 m.p.h.
 Warp One Squared = $186,000^2 = 34, 596, 000, 000$ mph
 Warp One Cubed = $186, 000^3 = 6, 434, 856, 000, 000, 000$ mph
 Warp One to the Fourth = $186, 000^4 = 1, 196, 883, 216, 000, 000, 000, 000$ mph.
 Warp One to the Fifth = $186, 000^5 = 222, 620, 278, 176, 000, 000, 000, 000, 000$ mph
 "222 septillion, 620 sextillion, 278 quintillion, 176 quadrillion."

There are only/ We have been granted only $10^{10^{10^{10^{10}}}}$ seconds.
 We have presently used $10^{10^{10}}$ seconds.
 $10^{10} = 10$ billion
 $10^{10^{10}} = 1$ followed by 100 zeroes = 10 trentduttillion.

The time immediately is Year 13, 700, 002, 005; Month 02, Day 14, Hour 00, Min 39, Sec 06.

This means that light has been traveling for that long and the universe is that old. Therefore the universe is 23.7 billion light-years wide.

If you check my large numbers, you wil see that $186, 000^5$ is on the order of this universe's size. Use your computer's calculator to calculate the number of miles in 23.7 billion LY.

Or, if you want a very rough, inaccurate estimation: a LY is very approx. 6 trillion miles.
 That's $23.7 \times 10^6 \times 6 \times 10^{12} = 14.22 \times 10^{18}$: is about 14.22 septillion miles.

But did you know that a minute really equals 61 seconds?
 And if you say: "But wait a minute! I've been taught in school that a minute = 60 seconds!"

O.K. take you watch with a sweep second hand. Start at a minute. When the second hand catches up with the minute hand again, where is the minute hand? At the next minute!
 $60 \text{ seconds} + \text{next minute/second} = 61 \text{ seconds}$. It's like that for every minute of time, at all times. And those seconds add up, my friend!

K'Pinky and the Brain

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



Star Trek: Maximillian
BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER
Chapter Sixteen
VIOLENCE
 Written by Chris Stephenson

Editors Note: This story is a serial novel, taking place about 4 years ago, using characters that served on the Maximillian at that point in time. New chapters can be found monthly in "The Mighty Max" and online at Maximillian.org Past chapters can also be found at Maximillian.org.

Critch backed away from the monitors quickly, unsure about what had just happened. One minute, he was attempting to have a civil discussion with Admiral Lyon about what he had uncovered, and the next...All control had been lost.

He glanced up at the screens, and saw the repeating scenes of destruction. The Marconian cities being laid to waste by the immense energy backwash, brought upon them by the invading probe, sent forth by Lyon himself. Whether accident or by design, the monitors told the tale: Lyon was guilty. Guilty of the assassination of uncountable numbers of beings, guilty of an unprovoked attack on a species that until that moment had no idea the Federation even existed! And because of everything that had transpired, Lyon was guilty of launching an interstellar war which had already cost the Gorn their homeworld, and very soon could cost all of humanity theirs as well.

Critch was so troubled by this turn of events that he didn't notice "Canty" approach, unable to hide how pleased he was. "Well done, Critch!" The doppelganger said brightly. "I didn't know you had it in you!" Critch again saw the strange creature by his side, but chose to ignore it for now. Far more important things were happening.

"I did that?"

"I told you, a lot of the systems here operate solely on brainwaves. Mostly, you have to touch them to activate, but when the feelings are strong enough..."

Critch put his head down. "I didn't... There's too many unanswered questions about all of this. Lyon deserved a fair trial."

"Canty" shook his head. "This isn't exactly inadmissible evidence, Critch. It would have come out sooner or later. If not by us, then our rulers would have seen to it. Better now, so that all our cards are on the table. Besides, it has worked out beneficially for all of us."

They looked at each other, Critch raising his head. "How do you mean?"

'Canty' nodded towards the monitors, which instantly showed images of the Maximillian moving through the stars. "Lyon is coming to us, Critch. We are slowed sufficiently so that their...your ship will be able to overtake us in less than one of your hours. I'm sure that this was Lyon's plan in the first place. Find us, recover his precious commodity, and destroy all evidence of his evil."

"Precious commodity?"

(Continued on page 8)



And the winner is...

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

- Some winners of this year's "the "Dark and Stormy Night Contest" where one writes only the first line of a bad novel:
10. "As a scientist, Throckmorton knew that if he were ever to break wind in the echo chamber, he would never hear the end of it."
 9. "Just beyond the Narrows, the river widens."
 8. "With a curvaceous figure that Venus would have envied, a tanned, unblemished oval face framed with lustrous thick brown hair, deep azure-blue eyes fringed with long black lashes, perfect teeth that vied for competition, and a small straight nose, Marilee had a beauty that defied description."
 7. "Andre, a simple peasant, had only one thing on his mind as he crept along the East wall: 'Andre creep... Andre creep... Andre creep.'"
 5. "Although Sarah had an abnormal fear of mice, it did not keep her from eeking out a living at a local pet store."
 4. "Stanley looked quite bored and somewhat detached, but then penguins often do."
 3. "Like an over-ripe beefsteak tomato rimmed with cottage cheese, the corpulent remains of Santa Claus lay dead on the hotel floor."
 2. "Mike Hardware was the kind of private eye who didn't know the meaning of the word 'fear'; a man who could laugh in the face of danger and spit in the eye of death -- in short, a moron with suicidal tendencies."
 1. "The sun oozed over the horizon, shoved aside darkness, crept along the greensward, and, with sickly fingers, pushed through the castle window, revealing the pillaged princess, hand at throat, crown asunder, gaping in frenzied horror at the sated, sodden amphibian lying beside her, disbelieving the magnitude of the frog's deception, screaming madly, 'You lied!'"

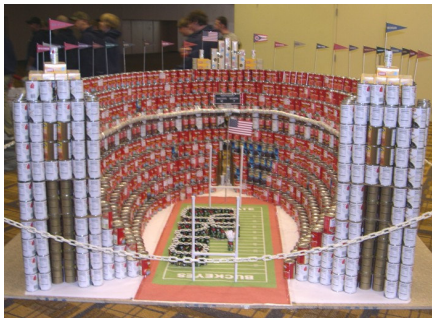
Celestial Viewpoint Continued...

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

What kind of food is needed most? The Food Bank needs nutritious, filling food, such as: Beef or Chicken Stew, Canned Fruit, Canned Pasta Meals, Canned Vegetables, Macaroni & Cheese, Peanut Butter, Canned Tuna or Other Canned Meats. Sorry but they cannot accept: Home-canned/package food, Outdated canned or packaged foods, bulk packages weighing more than five pounds.

And they can always use your monetary contributions to help them buy the food they need. **Please give generously to this very worthy cause.**

Great photo from CANstruction at the



BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER

*CAPT Chris Stephenson
Captain*

(Continued from page 7)

"You, Critch. I told you of your worth, even though you do not realize it yet. But Lyon knows."

Critch stared at the monitors. "No...No, Lyon's not stupid. He should know a direct assault on this ship would never work. They have no idea how this ship works. Hell, I have no idea how it works!"

"But still they come on the attack. Come, we have to move to the weapons array. If our entire defensive system is operational, we will have no time to collect Lyon and save your ship."

"We're going to..."

"If you want to save any more souls today, Critch, you must listen to me now. It is the only hope to save your adopted Federation...and the only way to preserve justice for your Admiral."

Critch slowly nodded. "Fine." And he began to follow the strange pair as they moved away from the monitors, deeper into the ship, towards their next destination.

As with the rest of the Maximillian, the main Engineering bay was aglow in red from the constantly pulsing alert signs. Admiral Lyon had not brought them out of Red Alert since he had heard from Lieutenant Commander Starblade a short time ago. Though Lieutenant Thomas thought it impossible, this served to put her people even more on edge. There was no communication coming down from the bridge on exactly where they were going, and all this served to do was unnerve the crew. Especially since all suspected a battle was imminent, and thus far on this voyage, there had been too few victories.

As Thomas stalked through her rounds, still barely containing her anger at Lyon from the earlier encounter, she overheard snippets of conversations from her crewmembers. Apparently she wasn't the only one that was holding a grudge against the Admiral, and some had extended their hatred to the entire command staff. More than once she had noticed a general slowdown in work, and although they picked up their efforts right away whenever they noticed her, she knew that once she was out of sight they resumed their tepid pace.

She knew why they were doing it. It was all they could do against their new Commander that thus far had had no contact with them, save two events. One, the initial announcement on the death of Captain Septaric, and two, when the videos and voices of Lyon and Starblade erupted out of every monitor on the ship. She didn't understand what it was all about, and knew better than to leave her station to find out. She was quite sure that Lyon was not going to be straightforward with her, and with all the work that his actions had caused, she couldn't leave her post for anything.

As she crossed upstairs, and to an overhang, she looked down onto her staff. As she watched their work, taking a brief moment to assemble her thoughts, she noticed an ensign off to her right, not doing much of anything at all. Certainly not doing what he had been tasked to do. Thomas moved to him quickly, before he could make a fake attempt at getting back to work.

"Didn't I give you a job to do, Ensign?"

"Er, Yes, Ma'am!"

"Is there something more important on your mind?"

(Continued on page 9)

BEYOND (Continued)

"I...No, Ma'am!"

Her eyes went red with fire. "Out with it."

"...Ma'am, what are we doing? We can't fight that thing again! We barely made it out last time! They're going to get us all killed!" As the ensign finished, Lieutenant Thomas looked around her, noticing that the nearby workers were agreeing with him. She closed her eyes tightly. Better get this over with.

"Ensign...Unless you can do your job, you are going to die. All of you!" She gestured around her. "All of you will die unless you do your duty! This is not a negotiation, this is not a game. You swore an oath to follow your commanding officer's orders no matter what they were. If you disagree, then when this is over, we will deal with it. If any of us are still here. If you can't deal with this, then report to the brig. I have no time for this. Back to work!" She barked, as the embarrassed crewmen returned to their frantic tasks, a marked increase in their speed. She moved away from the ensign, and also returned to what she had been on the way to accomplish. She knew she had most likely accomplished little. Like a small bandage on a gaping wound, it was only a matter of time.

On the bridge, Admiral Lyon sat uncomfortably in his Captain's chair. He knew T'Kill and Blobbin were standing behind him, waiting impatiently for his attention. He knew this because T'Kill had been clearing his throat for the past twenty-five seconds, and Blobbin had formed one giant finger, which had been tapping the back of his head for just as long. Despite the annoyance, knowing what they were there for made ignoring them a much better idea than confronting them. But, at the same time, he knew he had to reestablish his command. As Blobbin's finger neared his head again, Lyon quickly reached around, grabbing it, and bending it back. Blobbin, having no bones, felt no pain, but he acted it.

"Owww...what'd ya do that for!" He hopped up and down.

"For the annoyance. I assume you two want to speak with me?" Lyon was short with them, as the clock was ticking.

"Immediately." T'Kill was equally short.

Lyon nodded, glancing around the bridge. "Five minutes." In a louder voice, he spoke to the bridge. "Commander Kelvok, you have the bridge." Kelvok nodded quickly as the three Admirals headed off.

Once in the room, with the door closed behind them, T'Kill could hold nothing back. "Rob...What the Hell did you do?"

Lyon calmly sat at his desk. "If you're here to throw me out based on that...forgery, you should consider the source."

Blobbin shook his head, his silver-mercury form flowing as he did so. "Starblade? He's been best buddies with you since you woke him up!"

"Yes...But one thing he said was true. His memory was erased, by me. The object he crashed through our universe on is identical to the one that is invading now." He folded his hands, not yet allowing either of them to question him. "There are two possibilities. He meant for the ship to explode, making it seem like an accident...Or the first vessel was designed to do exactly what the second is accomplishing. We know there's at least one other thing with him...It's not a large leap to imagine that Starblade has recovered his memories, and has joined with the other being to finish what he started."

T'Kill ran a hand down his face, assembling his thoughts as Lyon finished his statement, then jumped in. "I don't doubt something like that is the case...but explain what we all saw! Those cities! If that's some sort of forgery, as you say, then it's a hell of a good one!"

Lyon shrugged. "Different universe, different technologies. I did send a probe while at the observatory, it's possible it crossed over successfully and that's where the images of myself came from. But I highly doubt anything I ever did caused what we saw."

"Then you admit it's a possibility!"

Lyon was silent, conceding the point. "Anything is possible, Turock."

Blobbin rolled across the room, thinking. "Rob, you're giving up too easily on the kid. Give him a chance!"

"We're out of time, Blobbin!" Rob rose. "We have one chance, one real chance, to end this right here, save Earth and everything with it. I'm not going to sit here and

let everything die because nobody else wants to do anything about it! This discussion is over. Turock, assemble your ships. Blobbin, prepare your weapons. That's it."

"Rob..." T'Kill shook his head, then walked slowly out of the room. A second later, a quiet Blobbin followed, not without a final tongue sticking out of his mouth, however. Again, Lyon was alone. Alone with what he knew was true, and what had to be done.

Critch followed "Canty", along with the doppel's strange creature, down the winding staircase that "Canty" had assured him led to the vessel's firing center. There was some doubt if even the two of them together could stop the firing solution, but Critch was growing more confident that there was something that could be done. "Canty" seemed to be in high spirits, which Critch took to be because of the new remote possibility that this thing could be stopped, and of course that Lyon would be brought to justice. There was much to be excited about, apparently.

There was still a lot that Critch didn't understand, but strangely the most pressing thing on his mind right now was the creature that trailed "Canty" down the stairs. Since it looked as though these stairs were going to go on forever, even with their quickened pace, there seemed to be time to clear up what everyone's role in this adventure was.

"So...what's with him?"

Critch started slowly, realizing quickly how little he truly knew.

"Him'?"

"Your friend there. Karey...or something or other."

"Ahhh...My Ka-Ki-Ri."

"What exactly does that mean?"

"Canty" chuckled. "He's my slave, Critch."

Critch stopped in his tracks. "Slave?"

(Continued on page 10)

BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER (Continued)

(Continued from page 9)

“Come on, time is short. I forget you have experienced so much, and remembered so little. Generations before you or I, there was a great war between the Marconians and the Ka-Ki-Ri. Countless Generations were lost in the battles, but in the end we were triumphant.”

Critch continued, unbelieving in what he was hearing. “So you took what was left to control?”

“Canty” shook his head. “Please understand, Critch, we are deeply civilized. The Ka-Ki-Ri offered themselves as penance for their transgressions. Their entire race gave themselves to us. And now, here we are, both societies intertwined.”

“Generations later? So the current Ka-Ki-Ri...”

“Were born into slavery, you would say. But you must understand the differences between our universes, and you must remember. Does it mean nothing to you that after your apparent death, your Ka-Ki-Ri died of grief? They live but to serve us! Isn’t that right, Karey?” The creature gave a silent nod, which Critch thought was done rather sadly, but “Canty” took it as an affirmation. “You’ll relearn your past. We are alone in the universe...”

Critch stopped again. “Wait... You had said Marconians were the only race in our universe... Now you’re alone, but with another race...”

“I meant the we as in our two races... The two races are so intertwined that many Marconians refer to the two as one... You must stop looking for subterfuge, Critch, I assure you what I am saying is correct.”

Critch wasn’t so sure, but didn’t get an opportunity to continue the conversation, as “Canty” had reached the bottom floor. “Enough, now! We are here! Karey, stay here. Now, Critch!” He pointed, and Critch stared at a flat panel. “Canty” moved to the side, and placed his hands on an illuminated screen on a wall. As Critch approached the panel, he noticed it lit up with a soft blue.

“Quickly, Critch! Put your hands on the panel!” As “Canty” was touching the panel, they heard a sudden rumbling. Critch did as he was told as the noise increased. It seemed to be coming from behind them. He increased pressure on the panel, just as “Canty” did, when suddenly the source of the noise was revealed.

The U.S.S. Maximillian, coming in from whatever warp speed they had been traveling at, had arrived. Slowing to just above ‘Canty’s’ ship’s speed, it moved right overhead, so close to their position that Critch could almost count the rivets on it’s bottom portion. The vibrations from the rushing noise rustled Critch’s hair a bit as he couldn’t help the feeling of awe in his gut. Despite the glittering crystal that he was on now, he still thought the Sovereign class starship was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

The Maximillian continued to slow, until they had matched the vessel’s speed. With his hands firmly affixed to the panel, Critch concentrated on not firing. He could only hope ‘Canty’ was doing the same thing. Risking a glance, he looked at his identical twin, and saw him also looking at the starship. However instead of awe, he looked at it with a twinge of confusion.

“What’re they doing? They’re just sitting there...”

“Match speed, hold position.”

The vessel’s position had been mapped, thanks to Lieutenant Commander Starblade’s taking the bait, and it was child’s play for the Maximillian to eventually locate them. Now that they had, the hard part began. Admiral Blobbin had taken his place at the Intelligence section, while Admiral T’Kill was at Starblade’s old post, Operations. Lyon was back in the Captain’s chair, giving orders, overseeing the operation. Everything had to be perfect.

They now hung in perfect synchronization with the vessel, a few kilometers in front of it. Thankfully, there had been no firing from the vessel yet, though Lyon knew that would soon change with his next move.

He turned to Blobbin. “Admiral, are we ready?”

“I guess we are, Admiral.” He stressed this heavily, unaccustomed with being referred to by his rank.

T’Kill didn’t expect a question, and he didn’t receive one, as he merely glanced over the efficiency reports coming in throughout the ship. None of them were anywhere near where they should be. T’Kill knew that the crew was tired, and many were angry. He hoped there’d be enough of a crew left after this to stage a mutiny if there had to be one.

“Activate Errsedorian shielding.” Blobbin said, a hint of pride in his voice, as he sent the message to the crewmembers tasked with carrying out these orders. Despite the short time, the shielding, as well as some of the weaponry, had been upgraded. There having been no other choice was always a great motivator, Blobbin thought to himself, the familiar smile returning to his face.

Throughout the hull of the ship, the two versions of shielding came online, activating on top of each other. A layer of beam shielding, followed by a layer of projectile shielding, followed by another pair of layers came to life, adapted from Blobbin’s own technology on the ship that had got him to the Federation, albeit very slowly. (Errsedorians weren’t known for their speed.) A dense ‘heavy’ shield activated around the bridge. Lyon hoped Lieutenant Thomas was up to the challenge, as the new shielding caused an immense drain on energy levels throughout the ship. As he noticed the lights beginning to dim, he ordered emergency lights throughout the ship. The crew would now have to operate in the dark, but at least they would be well protected.

Lyon again turned to Blobbin. “Weapons.”

Blobbin seethed, adding a “I’ll ‘weapons’ you.” Under his breath as he tapped a couple of buttons with a large appendage he had formed. He then swallowed, gulped, and said. “All weapons ready, M’lord.”

Lyon, having learned by now to tune him out, simply nodded. “Fire.”

The two androids watched curiously as a blue light moved out of the rear of the Maximillian, heading directly for the vessel. ‘Canty’ shook his head.

“They can’t be serious! They can’t even scratch us!”

The light reached the vessel. Critch was about to agree with his twin, when the torpedo exploded in a massive blast.

The explosion fed upon itself, becoming larger with every pass-

(Continued on page 11)

BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER CONTINUED
Written by Chris Stephenson

(Continued from page 10)
ing moment. Critch purely on instinct threw himself behind a table, having to remove his hands from the panel as he did so. ‘Canty’ flattened himself against a wall. The fireball moved past them. Catwalks and equipment that Critch couldn’t recognize were up-ended and flew around, one narrowly removing the table that Critch had hid behind, along with Critch himself. As the fiery tornado passed, leaving disaster in it’s wake, Critch looked over the table, at the Maximillian...and at the two additional torpedoes heading straight for him.

“Ah, crap.”

The fire from the explosions appeared to engulf the entire top half of the vessel. From his vantage point in the Captain’s chair, Lyon could see pieces begin to fly off. He punched the arm of his chair in victory as he called his next orders out.

“Maintain speed! Fire at will!”

The barrage of the shots striking the vessel did not abate for a second, and Critch had retreated to a safer location behind a bank of monitors, and even there he knew he was not completely safe. He looked over, saw ‘Canty’ continue to hold on to the panel, which thus far seemed to have obeyed his commands, as there was no return fire coming from the vessel. As Critch watched, a torpedo lofted over his head, and moved far within the ship, invisible to the Maximillian. It ignited, and the ship shook with a mighty lurch. A fireball a mile high erupted out of the ship’s midsection, causing ‘Canty’ to curse something in the Marconian language. Critch called over the noise of the oncoming fire.

“WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?”

“It hit a power core! Hold on!”

Critch was knocked off his feet by another sudden movement, and he hit the ground hard. He shook it off, and yelled back.

“Why are we moving like that?”

“The ship’s automated systems are taking control! There’s nothing I can do!”

The vessel had begun a long predetermined series of evasive maneuvers, controlled by a mixture of simulations and generations of painstakingly programmed technology. It rolled around one torpedo, and moved away at a quick pace before it could be struck by the weapon. Despite how incredibly large it was on the inside, at least as Critch could see, the ship moved as though it was a hundredth it’s size, dancing around the torpedoes, preventing further damage to itself.

As it did this, ‘Canty’ rose to a standing position from where the constant G-forces had thrown him down. He slowly regained his footing, then advanced with a snarl to the panel he had previously been occupying. He placed a hand on it, and pressed in with new force. As he did this, lights came on all round him, and then throughout the entire compartment. Critch rushed back to his panel. “What now?”

“Defensive systems coming online! I’m trying to stop them! Help me!”

The vessel began to fire it’s heavy beams at the Maximillian, which began to duck and weave throughout the shots, though not nearly as quickly or graceful as the shots before had been. The great ship’s dance ended quickly, as it received it’s first blow. The beam struck midships, and the bridge shook with the blow.

“SHIELDS HOLDING, CAP’N!”

Blobbin yelled as sparks erupted from an unmanned console to the left. The shielding, combined with the stress from the intense weapons fire, was rapidly draining the Maximillian’s energy reserves. Indeed, even the emergency lights were fading, and many essential decks were now in complete darkness, terrifying the crewmen within.

“What’s happening to my power?”

Lyon calmly asked, as the ship suffered another blow, this time to it’s bottom decks, as the vessel calmly swung underneath it, evading another torpedo as it did so.

T’Kill answered before Blobbin could.

“I told you! Federation ships can’t handle Errsedorian technology!”

“They can too!” Blobbin called out, indignant. “If you people would hurry

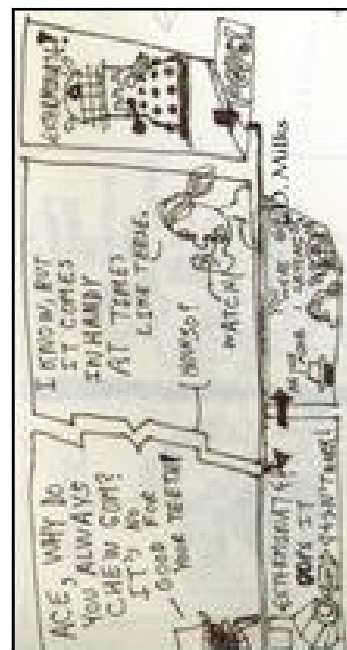
up and figure out a damn particle dump, we wouldn’t be having these problems!”

T’Kill, even in the midst of battle, would have been quite happy to continue the argument, if they weren’t silenced in that instant by a larger, horrible crash that seemed to surround them, as though space itself had decided to fold up around them. Lyon stood, as the viewscreen began to show tears running through it. “What the hell...?”

“Damn damn damn damn damn damn DAMN!” Blobbin uttered, getting ever louder. Lyon swiveled on his heels to face him as the mercury being continued. “The Maximillian can’t hold the beam shields up any more! The layers are folding up on each other.”

There was a large burst of static then, bursting out over the intercom, and everyone that was still conscious had to cover their ears for fear of losing their hearing. It faded out quickly, and only Lieutenant Commander Ayers had the presence of mind to record the feed, running it through the computers at her comm station almost immediately. “It’s Engineering!” She called out, sud-

(Continued on page 12)



BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER CONTINUED

Written by Chris Stephenson CHAPTER SIXTEEN: VIOLENCE

(Continued from page 11)

denly more frightened than she could remember being.

T'Kill nodded, noting the readings on his console. Shaking his head, and with a deep breath, said two simple words.

“Coolant leak.”

It wasn't any great surprise to Lieutenant Thomas there was a leak. The real surprise was that it had taken this long, considering the stress the ship was under. Considering how outmatched they were, with the vessel's powerful weapons, it was enough of a miracle that they were still here to fight. Combined with the incredible energy drain of the newly-added Errsedorian weapons... There was only one logical conclusion she could come to, and she wasn't even a Vulcan!

It started slowly, a stray shot striking the ship's underside. A power surge directly through the cables to Engineering, and a small conduit near the warp core breached. It was a small leak at the beginning, not nearly enough to cause an evacuation, or worse, ejecting the core, but it was growing.

“GET OUT! GET TO SAFETY!” Thomas yelled out to her shipmates as they ran, even as she moved farther away from the exit. At this point, they could still seal off Engineering, but at the cost of almost all power to the ship, leaving them defenseless.

There was one other option, which carried with it an insane amount of risk. A complicated procedure to bypass the ruptured conduit entirely, leaving the Maximillian enough power to escape, or at least to make a last stand worth singing a Klingon ballad. There was only one person in the bay left now, everyone else having escaped a safe distance. And she was the most qualified person on this ship to do what she had to do next.

She began to cough as she laid down, putting herself into position to make the repair. The radiation seeping from the conduit had begun to effect her, and she knew far too well what would transpire next. But there was nothing else she could do, nothing else she would do.

For this ship, she would give her all.

She pulled out a hydrospanner, careful not to drop it in the warp core as an associate of hers had done in the past, and began to work. The sweat formed on her brow as her stomach churned. The conduit began to heal, but not as fast as Thomas had hoped. Her skin gradually turned to red, her hands became clammy, and she was having difficulty concentrating as she finished her work. Her eyelids drew heavy, and as the long seconds moved by she forgot about any pain, and decided she would take a long nap when this was over.

Lieutenant Amy Armstrong Thomas finished the last connection, saving the warp core and maintaining what little power the Maximillian had left, and had one last thought escape her brain as she succumbed to the need for rest. As the hydrospanner hit the floor, her hand following closely behind, she wondered if this would finally satisfy Admiral Lyon.

“COME ON! HELP!” ‘Canty’ yelled out at Critch, as the doppel's palms pressed ever harder on the panels. Small indents were being made in the strange metallic material he was pressing so hard, but it didn't seem to be hard enough. The vessel was still firing on the Maximillian, and Critch could see that his ship had lost shields in several sections. He tried to do as ‘Canty’ asked, but found that no matter how much he concentrated on stopping the fire, the intensity of the beams only increased, as though the weapons were programmed to do the exact opposite of what Critch was doing...

Critch stopped, and stared around the room. After a moment, wherein ‘Canty’ had stopped calling to him and instead concentrated on his own work, Critch found what he was looking for, the piece in the puzzle. One monitor, instead of showing the battle in progress, was showing what appeared to be an advanced targeting array. Certain points on the array lit up, and Critch recognized where the points were relating to. They were where the beams were to hit when they fired. And they also corresponded exactly to what ‘Canty’ was pressing on his panel.

The realization hit Critch like a shot from a phaser rifle, and he stared incredu-

lously at his double... Just as ‘Canty’ formed a hand into a fist, and struck the panel in the dead center.

The vessel swung around, and above the nearly crippled Maximillian, which had stopped firing the one weapons that had done any damage since the encounter had begun. As the Maximillian slowly began to rise, an attempt to present its strong side to the vessel, in order to stave off another blow, the vessel began to emit a yellow glow from the bottom spike on its crystal form. Immediately thereafter, a beam, slightly larger than the white ones that had fired on the Maximillian before, rushed out of a newly created hole. The beam hit the Maximillian directly in the center, just north of the bridge. Finding no shields, no protection of any kind, the beam speared right through the ship, carving quickly through the decks, exposing them to the depths of space. The beam went through the main holodeck controls and bays, and the viewing lounge. As the beam stopped, the Maximillian lost what power it had left. Stabilizers went out throughout the ship, and it began a diving roll, pitching forward, mournful vengeful cries reaching out through the destroyed decks, all awaiting the next and final blow...

‘Canty’s’ face showed the beginnings of a smile, as he drew his hand back again. Just as he began to throw the final punch, he was thrown off guard by a sudden strong push by Critch, who had dived against him. The punch missed, and ‘Canty’, surprised, fell to the floor. Critch quickly threw his hands on the panel, and thought with every fiber of his being, yelling it out as he did so, “MOVE AWAY!”

As the conscious members of the Maximillian awaited their final fate, the crystal vessel suddenly pitched in the direction directly opposite from its former heading, and jumped into warp, accelerating faster than any in this universe thought possible. Lyon slowly rose from where he had fallen, trying to get back to the Captain's chair, before he discovered that a large beam had fallen on top of it. As Blobbin and T'Kill regained consciousness, Lyon gingerly

(Continued on page 13)

BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER
Written by Chris Stephenson
CHAPTER 16 Continued...

(Continued from page 12)

reached out to the Comm chair, before recoiling at the sight of Lieutenant Ayers' seared skin. Her right ear was completely gone, the wound cauterized. Her Communication skills, renowned throughout the fleet, were lost with the ear. She collapsed to the floor, moaning in pain, as Lyon fell forward onto the switch. Hoarsely, he called out to Engineering, for Lieutenant Thomas to give him a status report. There was no answer.

The vessel moved through space, and Critch was satisfied at his work. He didn't have time to wonder about 'Canty', however, as a sudden blow to Critch's back left him paralyzed suddenly. Critch crumpled on the floor, moaning in pain he didn't even know he could feel, as his double rose above him. Critch shook off the pain, but could only force one word out of his mouth as he tried desperately to recover. "Why?"

Canty sighed heavily, and tapped another panel. "I have struck what you would consider your central nervous system. You will recover." As he spoke, clear metallic walls rose up around Critch. They formed a point at the top, coming together. Critch could now just see the outline of his doppelganger, but he could hear him fine, and he guessed that 'Canty' could hear him as well.

"We... You were trying to stop this thing!"

"I had hoped you would remember before it came to this, Critch."

Critch struck the walls, finding them impenetrable. "Remember what? You're betraying your race, your..."

'Canty' turned angrily. "I'm betraying nothing! It is you who betrayed us!" Then he stopped, and laughed. "For years, when I was first learning to function...I wanted to be you! Be everything you were! You were an idol to us all!"

"And you went against everything I supposedly stood for!"

"No, Critch, I honor it more than you can ever know."

Critch was breathing heavy, his emotions flowing through him. "By embracing the military sect? By commanding this thing here to destroy planets?"

'Canty' laughed again. "Critch...I honor you, and the memory you may never regain."

"What...What do you mean?"

"I told you of the Military sect leader, the android that commanded entire generations in conquest."

"...The sadistic..."

"Critch...I didn't want to tell you until we had recovered your memories."

"...Tell me what?" Critch began to back away from the panels.

"Critch...You are that leader."

The world stopped around him, and Critch could only utter a weak, "What?"

"Only one man was brave enough to control the first weapon, Critch. You. You brought it to this universe, and nearly paid the price. I watched you leave at the great rally, and vowed to carry on in your footsteps after your 'death'. And now here we are!" He knew Critch could not see him gesture about the area, but he did so anyway. "Together at last! Together to finish what we have started! The annihilation of all mankind! Revenge for our brothers, and for the souls lost!"

Critch could only whisper, could not think, only falling backward, sliding down the cold metallic walls. "No...It can't...no..."

'Canty' shook his head in sadness.

"And now look at you, Critch. But all is not lost, and you will recover yourself in time. You have cost us hours, but it only delays the inevitable. And when we recover your lost self, we will return victorious to the universe we left behind in anarchy and chaos! We will unite Marcornia like none have ever thought possible!"

'Canty' then drew closer to the walls, whispering so that only Critch could hear, although the only other being in the room was the android's slave. "And if you do not join with me...I'll kill you myself." He rose again, and gestured for his slave to guard the walls. Then 'Canty' climbed the stairs again, leaving Critch to silently stare into nothingness, and slowly realize who he truly was.

Wing Commander's Report

*CAPT Charles Connor
Head of Shuttle Ops*

Greetings. Sadly I will not be at the Max meeting this month, but I hope that everyone has a good time at the Trekordy game.

Count down to the Enterprise Finale has begun! I would like to ask if someone could tape Enterprise for me for now until the Season Finale as I am unable to watch UPN 53 at the present time. Just one of the drawbacks to livin' in the boondocks.

I will be at the zoo the following weekend so the months not a complete loss. All for now.

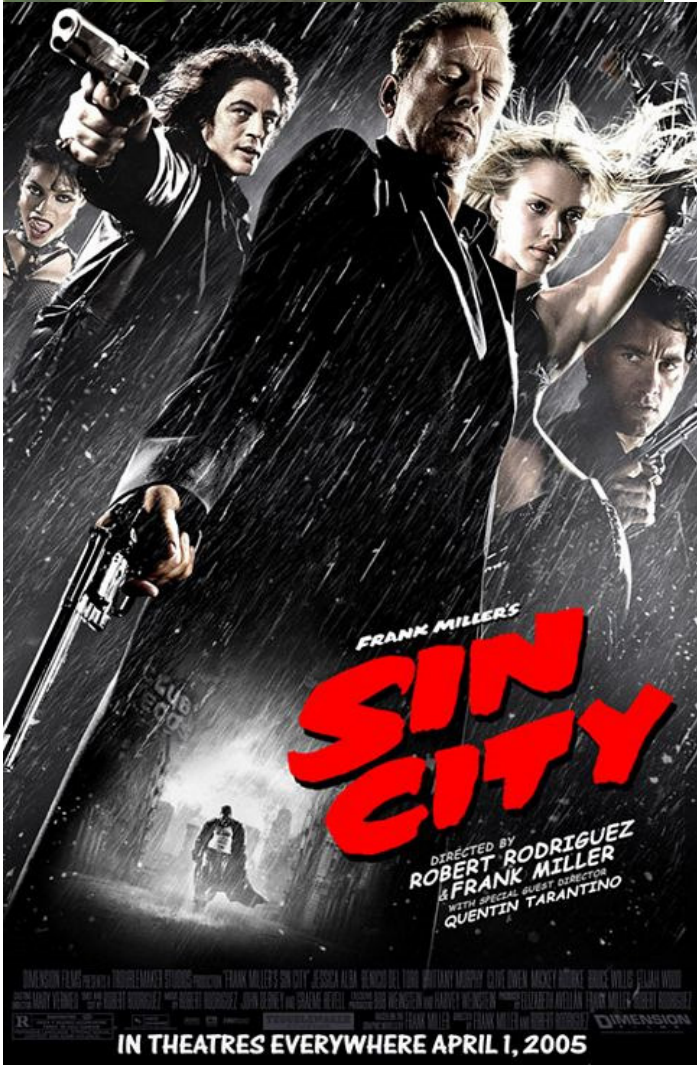
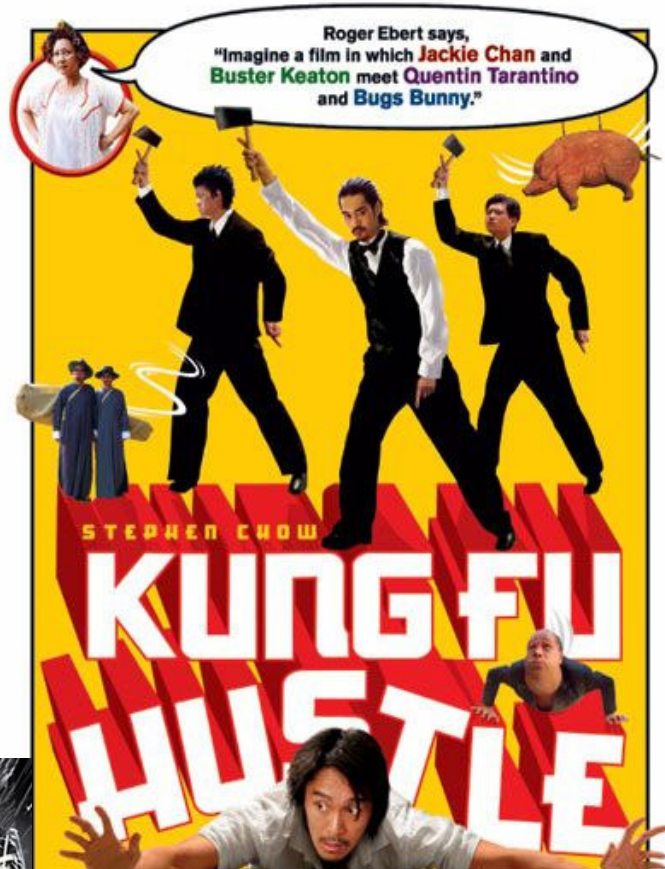
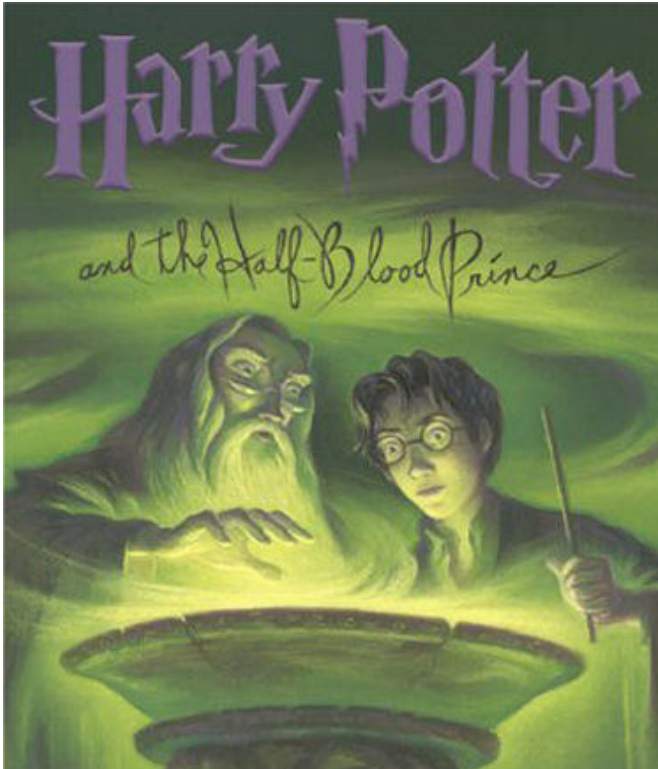
New 'Who' Review

LT Sarah Moran (Fel'ynn Meowran)

WARNING SPOILERS AHEAD: I watched the leaked episode, I had to see it. Us poor American fans have no idea when will be able to see the show on TV. I also heard that the copy available online is only a rough cut. Not in the sense that the quality is poor, 'cause it's not, but that there are some scenes in this copy that may not be in the final and there may be other scenes added in the one actually released. But this is just what I've heard.

The console room is amazing! I just love how they combined both the old and newer looks. We still have the portholes in the walls but we also have the large metal arches and everything over the console. The column is also a neat neon green color. I know that sounds awful but it works, if you've seen it I think you'll understand. And of course Rose had the line of, "...it's bigger on the inside." I would have been so sad if she hadn't of said that. Once she walks in, she walks back out and then runs around it, just like Ian in the first episode. Ha, ha.

The New Doctor is funny! I like him, he'll take getting used to but it's the same thing with any new Doctor. And I know people were complaining about his outfit being so boring but you really don't notice it. Rose is great, too. She fills the role of asking the



New 'Who' Review Continued

LT Sarah Moran (Fel'ynn Meowran)

(Continued from page 13)

Doctor all the questions but she is also very modern. Not the kind of companion who will just sit in the corner and scream. She's sort of like Ace or Charlie in that sense.

Overall the episode is really great. It's a kid show, which is the way Doctor Who is also supposed to be, but I think the fans will really enjoy it. The effects are nice, a little hokey by today's standards but they're able to do things that most Doctor Who productions would never have dreamed of. I hope anyone who's had the chance to see the episode agrees that it's a wonderful start!

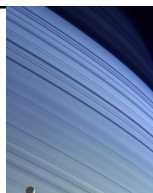
BLOGGED

(Editor's note: The New Doctor Who series is indeed awesome, and I've never watched any of the 20+ years of the originals. Sadly, at this point it has been passed over by the Sci-Fi Channel, so it is unknown where or even if it will be ran in the states. Stay tuned to find out.)

Saturn revealed as BLUE planet

Leigh Dayton, of the Australian, via VADM Gregory Dunn

THE first true colour image of Saturn reveals that the ringed planet is not the silver orb visible from Earth but a deep shade of blue.



Instead, the image - released yesterday by the Space Science Institute in Boulder, Colorado - shows that Saturn's northern hemisphere is a soft azure, striped by the shadows of the planet's rings.

The blue hue is a moody backdrop for Saturn's icy moon Mimas.

"It's pretty cool, and it also happens to be a neat picture," commented Chris Tinney, a Sydney-based astronomer

(Continued on page 17)

Star Ejected from Milky Way

Deborah Zaberenko at the Daily Telegraph Via VADM Gregory Dunn

AN outcast star is zooming out of the Milky Way, the first ever seen escaping the galaxy.

The star, astronomers reported yesterday, is heading for the emptiness of intergalactic space after being ejected from the heart of the Milky Way.

The outcast is going so fast - more than 2.4 million km/h - that astronomers believe it was lobbed out of the galaxy by the tremendous force of a black hole thought to sit at the Milky Way centre. That speed is about twice the velocity needed to escape the galaxy's grip, said Warren Brown, an astronomer at the Harvard-Smithsonian Centre for Astrophysics.

"We have never before seen a star moving fast enough to completely escape the confines of our galaxy. We're tempted to call it the outcast star because it was forcefully tossed from its home."

The star used to be part of a binary pair, waltzing with its companion star close to the rim of the black hole.

In this case, "close" is relative: the actual distance was probably 50 times the 150 million km the Earth is from the sun.

As the two stars twirled around each other, they were pulled faster and faster toward the edge of the black hole, a monster drain in space of which the gravity is so strong that nothing, not even light, can escape.

While the companion star was captured by the black hole, the outcast continued on its whirling path around its edge.

Objects go faster the closer they get to black holes and this star was moving at extraordinary speed, perhaps as high as 32 million km/h.

That very speed, with the speed of its twirling, sent the outcast zooming toward the edge of the Milky Way and beyond.

At this point, the outcast is about 180,000 light-years from Earth, in an outer region of the galaxy known as the halo.

A light-year is about 10 trillion km, the distance light travels in a year.



Spike Backs off "Enterprise"

[Http://www.sci-fi.com](http://www.sci-fi.com)

A spokeswoman for Spike TV backed off comments that the cable network was considering picking up UPN's canceled *Star Trek: Enterprise* in an interview with SCI FI Wire. The *Boston Herald* had quoted Debra Fazio saying: "It would definitely be something we would look at, and we know how devoted the show's fans are."

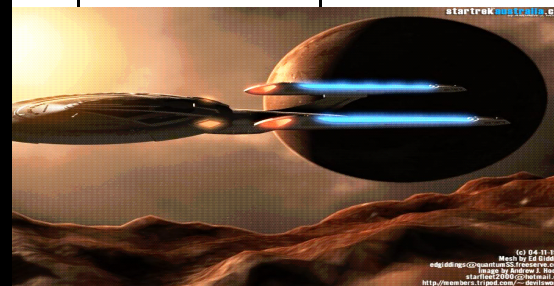
But Fazio clarified her remarks on March 8. "The quote was misconstrued," she said in an interview. "We can't say yes or no until it's proposed to the network, and that hasn't happened yet." Fazio added: "That's not something that we're actively going out and pursuing."

UPN announced earlier that it is canceling the low-rated *Enterprise* at the end of the current fourth season. No other network has stepped forward to pick up the show, and executive producer Rick Berman previously said that he was not interested in shopping the series around.

APRIL 2005

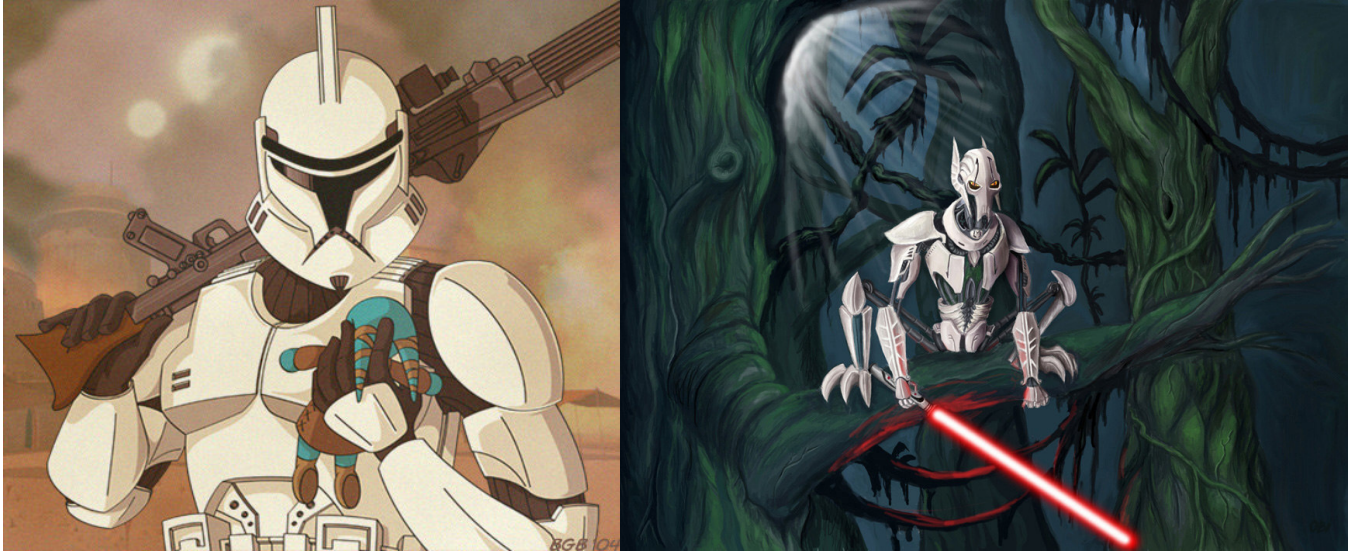
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1 <i>Enterprise Sin City</i>	2
3	4 Beth Walters Birthday	5 <i>Newsletter Deadline</i>	6	7	8 <i>Enterprise</i>	9 <i>Meeting</i>
10	11	12	13	14	15 <i>Enterprise</i>	16 <i>Vulkon</i>
17 <i>Roleplaying Vulkon</i>	18	19	20	21	22 <i>Enterprise Camp Dover</i>	23 <i>Camp Dover</i>
24 <i>Camp Dover</i>	25	26	27	28	29 <i>Enterprise Hitchhikers Guide</i>	30

STAR TREK
 U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN
 FAN ASSOCIATION



IN ANTICIPATION OF THE UPCOMING “STAR WARS: EPISODE III—REVENGE OF THE SITH”, THE MIGHTY MAX WILL BE REPRINTING ORIGINAL NEWSLETTERS FROM “THE S.S.D. PALPATINE”, A STAR WARS FAN ORGANIZATION FROM SEVERAL YEARS AGO THAT WAS STARTED AND RAN BY MAXIMILLIAN PERSONNEL

THE FIRST ISSUE BEGINS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE...



Saturn revealed as BLUE planet Continued...

*Leigh Dayton, of the Australian,
via VADM Gregory Dunn*

(Continued from page 15)

with the Anglo-Australian Observatory. According to Dr Tinney, a precise understanding of the blue view will come once the Cassini mission's imaging scientists analyse the picture in detail.

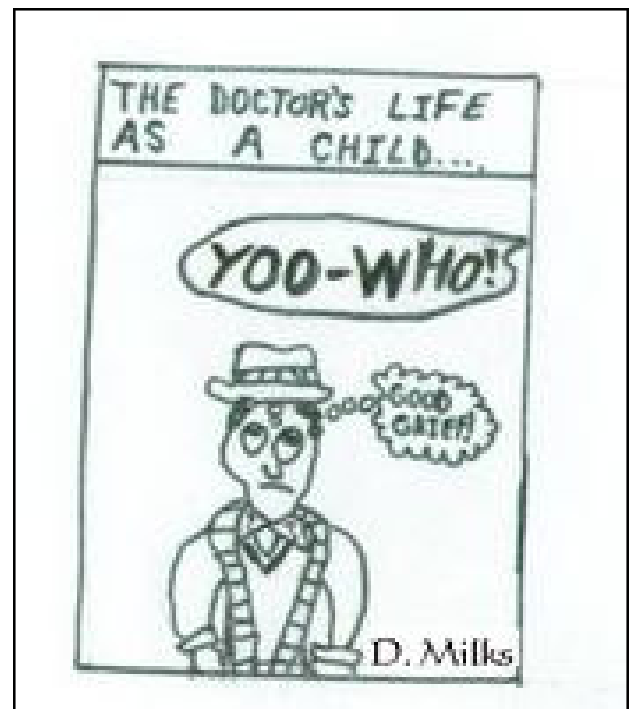
So far, the team - located at the Boulder Institute's Cassini Imaging Central Laboratory for Operations - suspects the colour is linked to the apparently cloud-free nature of the upper atmosphere of the northern latitudes.

The new blue view was snapped by the Cassini spacecraft's narrow-angle camera on January 18, at a distance of roughly 1.4 million km from Saturn.

The images were taken using a combination of infrared, green and ultraviolet filters.

The imaging experts then adjusted the colours to match what the scene would look like in natural colour.

The Cassini orbiter and its two onboard cameras were designed and built at the jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California. The Cassini-Huygens mission is a co-operative project of the US space agency NASA and the European and Italian space agencies.



**THE MIGHTY MAX
MARCH 2005**

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