



# THE MIGHTY MAX

U.S.S. Maximillian (NCC-74997) Science-Fiction Fan Organization

"Reach for the Stars, and Grab the Future"

-Christa McAuliffe, 1986



VOLUME 13, ISSUE 11

NOVEMBER 2005

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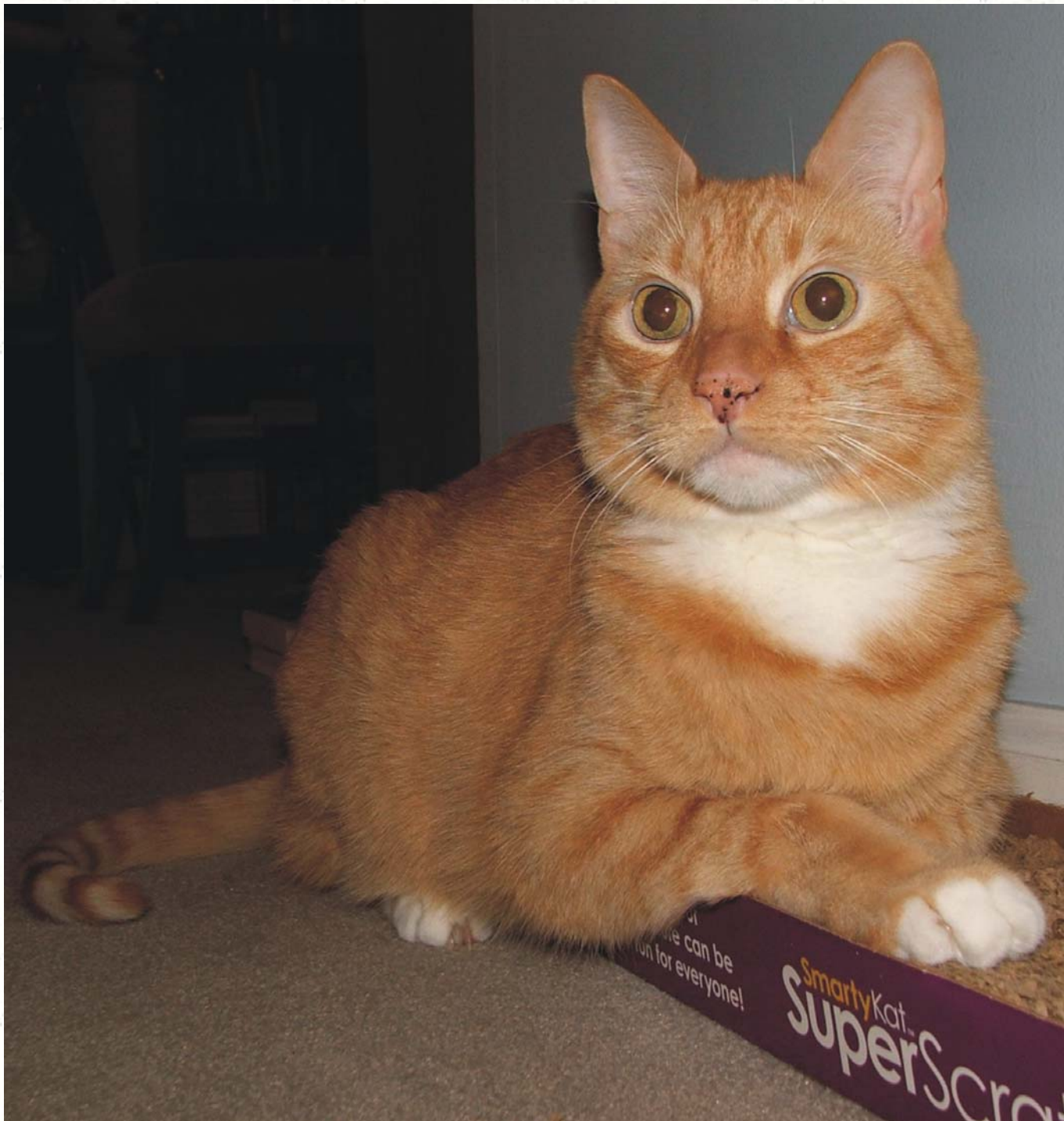
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The Mighty Max is the monthly newsletter of the U.S.S. Maximillian (NCC-74997) Sci-Fi Fan Organization. This is only a fan publication, not to infringe on any rights, or licenses.



The official mascot of the Max, Tobias J. Ubercat, (Toby to his friends) relaxing in the library of his Manor House in the city of Grandview Heights. He would like to wish you and yours a very Happy Thanksgiving.



## The MaX-Files

CAPT Chris Stephenson  
Commanding Officer

Greetings!

October was fairly light, except for the excellent meeting, there wasn't a whole lot going on, as we pretty much just did our own thing. Members had a get-together at the Brazen-head pub, a birthday party at Chuck-E-Cheese, went out to see DOOM, and several other things. But now it's November, and it's time for our annual auction!

By the time you read this, the auction will most likely have finished up, and was very big. Offerings and donations from members of the crew will have pushed this auction beyond expectations, or your money back!\*

This month will be fairly light as well, as it usually is towards the end of the year. We'll have a get-together for Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire, we'll help the Captain move, and enjoy some downtime. And in December, we'll have our Christmas dinner, and get-together for KING KONG.

On a sad note, the creator of DS9, Michael Piller, passed away at the age of 57. Since I'm at my best when I copy other things, I'll borrow from trekweb.com here...

*TrekWeb has learned that **Michael Piller** succumbed to a fight with cancer this morning. He lost his long battle with an aggressive form of head and neck cancer at 4:51 AM at his home in Los Angeles. He was 57. He is survived by his wife Sandra, daughter Brent and son Shawn.*

*Michael Piller was a fan of TrekWeb and one of the very first celebrity chats I had the opportunity to conduct here on the site. In 1997 I emailed Piller by chance after searching for his email address online. Amazingly, he received the note and forwarded it to his assistant at the time **Eric A. Stillwell**, who contacted me and said that Michael was very interested in doing a "live" chat to discuss the writing of the ninth STAR TREK feature, which would become INSURRECTION. The chat was well received and helped encourage other STAR TREK writers to join the fans at TrekWeb and I was always grateful to Michael for that.*

*Piller's name first came to my attention during one of many repeat viewings of my favorite TNG episode "Best of Both Worlds." As a child I took note of his name because he wrote the piece and so Michael and his work helped inspire a life-long love of STAR TREK, writing, this web site, and even a move to Los Angeles to pursue the Hollywood dream. I had the opportunity to meet Michael in L.A. in 1998 and again at the Las Vegas premiere of INSURRECTION. Later, in 2003, I interned at the offices of his company Piller2 in Hollywood. Michael was always a fan of TrekWeb and I appreciated his attention to my efforts as well as encouragement in all endeavors.*

*Michael served as creative consultant for Star Trek: Voyager, which he co-created, until the series concluded in May 2001. He also co-created Star Trek: Deep Space Nine and served as executive producer on Star Trek: The Next Generation (1989-1994), Star Trek: Deep Space Nine (1992-1995) and Star Trek: Voyager (1994-1996). During the 1994-95 television season, Michael also co-created and executive produced the UPN network series Legend.*

*In 1998, he wrote and co-produced Star Trek: Insurrection, the ninth installment in the enormously successful Star Trek feature film franchise for Paramount Pictures.*

*In 1999, Michael partnered with his son Shawn Piller to form Piller2, Inc., a Hollywood-based production company where they developed and produced new television and motion picture properties. The father/son duo are also the co-creators of USA Network's top-rated cable drama series "The Dead Zone", and the ABC Family Channel's "Wildfire."*

*Michael, in addition to serving on the Advisory Board for the Department of Communications Studies at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, gave a major grant to his alma mater to help launch a nationally distinctive screen-writing program.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*With Michael Piller at the helm of Star Trek: The Next Generation, the show became the first syndicated series in the 90's to receive an Emmy nomination for Outstanding Drama. Star Trek: Deep Space Nine continued the success of the franchise during its seven seasons on the air. Star Trek: Voyager also completed seven seasons in 2001.*

*An Emmy Award-winning journalist, Michael began his broadcasting career with CBS News in New York. He subsequently served as managing editor of the WBTV-TV News in Charlotte, North Carolina, and assistant news director at WBBM-TV, the CBS affiliate in Chicago.*

*His first position in entertainment television was as a censor in the CBS docudrama unit. Piller then spent two years as a programming executive before leaving CBS to write full-time.*

*Michael's credits as a writer-producer include the series Simon and Simon, Cagney and Lacey, Miami Vice, Probe, and Hard Time on Planet Earth. In addition, he co-created and executive produced the syndicated series Group One Medical.*

Live wrong and prosper,  
Captain Critch



## Secretary's Report

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh  
Records Officer



The time is coming. It is almost here! Keep your eyes peeled, you might want to make sure you are here when it happens. If you do not plan ahead, you may just miss it! Better check your calendar. It is one of the most important things you can do as a member of the Maximillian. And surprisingly, it does count! What could it be?

The elections will be coming soon to a meeting. We need you! Calling all members! Be sure to come to the meetings! We need your vote! And no, there will not be any 'recount,' unless of course it comes down to it.

Speeches will be presented at November's meeting so if you miss the November meeting, you will have missed the speeches of the candidates. To my knowledge, there is only one position that has two candidates running against each other. That would be for the role of Secretary. The two people running are: Babs, and Nathan.

So you see, we need you to come to the elections, so we can get everyone's vote.

On another note, here is some interesting information that might be of help to everyone who is interested:

Marcon planning meeting the weekend before Thanksgiving. Check [www.marcon.org](http://www.marcon.org) and click on the Con-Com link for details.

Chicago Tardis Con - Nov.25-27, 2005 starring Peter

Davison, Nicola Bryant, and more.

[www.chicagotardis.com](http://www.chicagotardis.com)

MidOhioCon - Nov. 26-27, 2005

[www.midohiocon.com](http://www.midohiocon.com)

Furry Weekend Atlanta - Feb. 17-19, 2006.

[www.furryweekend.com](http://www.furryweekend.com)

Creation Fangoria Con - Mar. 4, 2006

[www.creationent.com](http://www.creationent.com)

Millennnicon - March 17-19, 2006

[www.millennicon.com](http://www.millennicon.com)

Cinema Wasteland - Mar. 31- Apr. 2, 2006

[www.cinmeawasteland.com](http://www.cinmeawasteland.com)

Dover - April ?-?, 2006 [www.tasigh.org/dover/index.html](http://www.tasigh.org/dover/index.html)

TransformersCon - Apr. 29, 2006

[www.transformerscon.com](http://www.transformerscon.com)

Starfleet Region 1 Summit - May 19-21, 2006

[www.steelvalleywebdesign.com/startrek/](http://www.steelvalleywebdesign.com/startrek/)

Marcon 41 - May 26-28, 2006 [www.marcon.org](http://www.marcon.org)

Anthrocon June 15-18, 2006 [www.anthrocon.org](http://www.anthrocon.org)

PulpCon 35 - Aug. 3-6, 2006 [www.pulpcon.org](http://www.pulpcon.org)

Creation SG-1 Con - Aug. 25, 2006

[www.creationent.com](http://www.creationent.com)

Creation Trek 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary - Aug. 17, 2006

[www.creationent.com](http://www.creationent.com)

Mephit Furmeet - Sep. 1-3, 2006

[www.mephitfurmeet.org/](http://www.mephitfurmeet.org/)

DragonCon - Sep. 1-4, 2006 [www.dragoncon.org/](http://www.dragoncon.org/)

Creation SG-1 Con - Nov. 3, 2006

[www.creationent.com](http://www.creationent.com)

This is all the news from the secretary's desk.

## The Ultimate Star Trek Collection

Lt. Squirrelly Wilmoth  
Chief of Engineering

Here's a collection coming out on Amazon.com on the 15th! :-)

"Here's the ultimate collection for the ultimate fan. This 212-disc behemoth encompasses five broadcast series and 10 feature films and is, with a few exceptions, all the Trek a Trekker could want."

Though it is missing the animated series.

And guess what... It's on sale! For just.. \$2499.99! :-)

- Lt. Squirrelly

### # DVD Features:

- \* Available Subtitles: English
- \* Available Audio Tracks: English (Dolby Digital 5.1)
- \* Star Trek The Original Series: The Complete Seasons 1-3
- \* Star Trek The Next Generation: The Complete Seasons 1-7



(Continued on page 10)



## Starbase1.com Hailing Frequencies

### INCOMING TRANSMISSION FROM STAR FLEET COMMAND:

Greetings from Star Base Columbus!

**WE ARE SHIPPING DAILY AND WILL CONTACT  
YOU BY EMAIL IF AN ITEM IS OUT OF STOCK.**

We ship 3-day priority within 48 hours of receiving your order. Overnight Fed Ex is also available to be shipped Tues- Thurs. All Rates START (1 lb) at \$5.00 US post office priority, \$20.00 Fed Ex 2 day and \$25.00 Fed Ex overnight. Shipping rates are calculated by weight.

We have redesigned the web site in time for the Holidays and added a lot of new items and a couple of new sections to make things easier to find. The current main pages are:

- FRONT PAGE

- STAR TREK

- STAR WARS

- FANTASY (including Harry Potter, Xena, Lord of the Rings, etc.)

- HISTORIC AGES (including ancient, Renaissance, and modern)

- OTHER SCI FI (including B-5, X-Files, Battlestar Galactica, SG1 etc.)

In addition to collectibles, we have added over 270 new items in the last 30 days, many in the last week; including new costumes, wigs and accessories, and props.

A list of all the new items can be found by clicking on the new button at the top of the home page or go to:

<http://www.starbase1.com/scripts/search.php4?series=All%20Series&new=1>

We have listed over 300 sale items. A list of all sale items can be accessed from the sale button on the Front page or go to:

<http://www.starbase1.com/scripts/search.php4?series=All%20Series&sale=1>

### ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ITEMS - A NEW SECTION ADDED

Unique statues, candle holders, aroma burners, bookends, treasurer boxes, jewelry, writing pens, and picture frames are just a few of these lovely reproductions of Ancient Egyptian artifacts which can be found at:

<http://www.starbase1.com/html/ages.htm>

### STAR WARS

Light sabers - Darth Vader (lights up red), and Anakin Skywalker (lights up blue) full sized FX light sabers as well as the costume economy light sabers in stock <http://www.starbase1.com/scripts/search.php4?type=Prop>

Helmets - Scout Trooper, Boba Fett, X-Wing pilot, Darth Vader, and Jedi braids <http://www.starbase1.com/scripts/search.php4?type=Costume%20Mask>

From Sideshow we have the new Luke Skywalker 1/4 in scale - you have to see this one, the workmanship is amazing - it is at <http://www.starbase1.com/catalog/1QLUKE.html>

### HARRY POTTER

New Harry potter items include McGonall hats, Bertie Botts Every flavor beans and the Golden Snitch. Harry Potter items are at <http://www.starbase1.com/html/fantasy.htm>

Harry Potter wand <http://www.starbase1.com/catalog/RU3526.html>

Malfoy wand - <http://www.starbase1.com/catalog/RU521.html>

Ron Weasley wand - <http://www.starbase1.com/catalog/RU540.html>

Hermione wand <http://www.starbase1.com/catalog/RU541.html>

Other Props <http://www.starbase1.com/scripts/search.php4?type=Prop>

### LORD OF THE RINGS

*(Continued on page 10)*

## WING COMMANDER!

*CAPT Charles Connor*  
**Communications Chief**



Blah blah blah blah **Chiller Theatre**. Blah blah blah blah **"Chilly Billy"**. Blah  
blah blah **Saturday** Blah. **Scary** blah blah blah. Blah blah blah **classic horror** blah. Blah  
blah **Terminal Stare** and blah blah blah. Blah blah *blah blah* blah blah blah blah.  
Blah blah **Pittsburgh, PA**. Blah blah blah blah **channel 11 WIIC**. Blah blah blah blah  
**fudge maker**. Blah blah blah. Blah blah blah **before Saturday Night Live**. Blah blah blah  
blah. Blah blah **like The Brain that Wouldn't Die** blah **Plan 9 from Outer Space**. Blah blah  
**Hammer Horror**. Blah blah **AMC Monsterfest** blah **learn** blah **from "Chilly Billy"**.

That is blah



*LT Babs "Overload" Magera*  
**Chief of Operations**



SCIENCE FICTION  
**U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN**  
FAN ORGANIZATION



## Celestial Viewpoint

LCDR Susan Moran  
Purser / Chief of Science

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



### Fireball Sightings on the Rise

**November 3, 2005:** "I thought some wise guy was shining a spotlight at me," says Josh Bowers of New Germany, Pennsylvania. "Then I realized what it was: a fireball in the southern sky. I was doing some backyard astronomy around 9 p.m. on Halloween (Oct. 31, 2005), and this meteor was so bright it made me lose my night vision."

Bowers wasn't the only one who saw the fireball. Lots of people were outdoors Trick or Treating.

They saw what Bowers saw ... and more. Before the night was over, reports of meteors "brighter than a full moon" were streaming in from coast to coast.

Astronomers have taken to calling these the "Halloween fireballs." But there's more to it than Halloween. The display has been going on for days.

On Oct. 30th, for example, Bill Plaskon of Jonesport, Maine, was "observing Mars through a 10-inch telescope at 10:04 p.m. EST when a brilliant fireball lit up the sky and left a short corkscrew-like smoke trail that lasted about 1 minute."

On Oct 28th, Lance Taylor of Edmonton, Alberta, woke up early to go fishing with five friends. At about 6 a.m. they "noticed a nice fireball. Then 20 minutes later there was another," he says

On Nov. 2nd in the Netherlands, "The sky lit up very bright," reports Koen Miskotte. "In the corner of my eye I saw a fireball about as bright [as a crescent moon]."

And so on....

What's happening? "People are probably seeing the Taurid meteor shower," says meteor expert David Asher of the Armagh Observatory in Northern Ireland.

Every year in late October and early November, he explains, Earth passes through a river of space dust associated with Comet Encke. Tiny grains hit our atmosphere at 65,000 mph. At that speed, even a tiny smidgen of dust makes a vivid streak of light--a meteor--when it disintegrates. Because these meteors shoot out of the constellation Taurus, they're called Taurids.

Most years the shower is weak, producing no more than five rather dim meteors every hour. But occasionally, the Taurids

*(Continued on page 7)*

## Musings from the Puddle

VADM Gregory "Blobbin" Dunn  
Inspector General

More Cards! Are you getting sick of them yet? I know I am...evil cards just keep wanting to get made. Bad cards. Bad!

This month sees 2 amazing cards no one really wants...well unless you are a completionist. Here they are!

Card 34: Errsedorian Shielding: The Card!!!! This shows the nifty upper shield generators on the TES Enlightenment, Blobbin's ship from his home galaxy.

Card 35: Blobbin's Ship!!! The TES Enlightenment. Its swell and nifty and such.

Next month we will have the Rob Lyon Nathan fighter card thing and the first mascot...Databit. Assuming Nathan and Babs get me pics.

Peace Out!

Me



## Celestial Viewpoint

LCDR Susan Moran  
Purser / Chief of Science (Continued)

(Continued from page 6)

put on quite a show. Fireballs streak across the sky, ruining night vision and interrupting fishing trips.

Asher thinks 2005 could be such a year.

According to Asher, the fireballs come from a swarm of particles bigger than the usual dust grains. "They're about the size of pebbles or small stones," he says. (It may seem unbelievable that a pebble can produce a fireball as bright as the Moon, but remember, these things hit the atmosphere at very high speed.) The rocky swarm moves within the greater Taurid dust stream, sometimes hitting Earth, sometimes not.

"In the early 1990s, when Victor Clube was supervising my PhD work on Taurids," recalls Asher, "we came up with this model of a swarm within the Taurid stream to explain enhanced numbers of bright Taurid meteors being observed in particular years." They listed "swarm years" in a 1993 paper in the *Quarterly Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society* and predicted an encounter in 2005.

It seems to be happening.

When should you look? You might see a fireball flitting across the sky any time Taurus is above the horizon. At this time of year, the Bull rises in the east at sunset. The odds of seeing a bright meteor improve as the constellation climbs higher. By midnight, Taurus is nearly overhead, so that is a particularly good time.

According to the International Meteor Organization, the Taurid shower peaks between Nov. 5th and Nov. 12<sup>th</sup>. "Earth takes a week or two to traverse the swarm," notes Asher. "This comparatively long duration means you don't get spectacular outbursts like a Leonid meteor storm." It's more of a slow drizzle--"maybe one every few hours," says Asher.

A drizzle of *fireballs*, however, is nothing to sneeze at. So keep an eye on the sky

## Purser's Report

LCDR Susan Moran  
Purser / Chief of Science

### Renewed Memberships 10/05

Single Membership – None

### Membership expires in 3 months of less:

Shane Howard (12/05)  
Brandy Jackson (11/05)  
Mykayla Jackson (11/05)  
Randy Jackson (11/05)

### Memberships renewal past due:

John Friendrich (10/05)  
Jackie Roach (10/05)  
Ryan Stump (10/05)

### Expenses

Web Site Registration	\$34.99
ID Supplies	\$ 7.00
Halloween Party	\$24.00

### Misc. Income

Max Snacks	\$6.50
General Fund:	\$366.83
Charity Fund	\$ 32.94
MCAE <sup>1</sup>	\$ 0.00
<b>Total Balance</b>	<b>\$399.83</b>

<sup>1</sup>Max Committee for Anniversary/Christmas Events

## UPCOMING EVENTS

### NOVEMBER

- 12) Meeting/Auction
- 13) USS Columbus— "How to Host a Murder"
- 18) Harry Potter Drive

### DECEMBER

- 3) Critch Moving Extravaganza
- 10) Meeting/Christmas Party

### JANUARY

- 14) Meeting / Elections

### FEBRUARY

- 11) Meeting

## Candidates still needed for the following Ship Positions

Armory Chief  
Transporter Chief  
Counselor

Submissions to the December  
2005 edition of the Mighty  
Max

are due on **December 1, 2005.**

Submit to

Critchstarblade@gmail.com

Or 614-284-4962





## Articles of The Federation

LTJG Todd McDaniel — Communications Chief

*Due to a mishap with LTJG Todd McDaniel's submission the next entry in his series of the Articles of The Federation will not appear in this issue. My sincere apologies to Todd and the reading audience for this interruption in the series.*

*In it's place I would like to print this tribute to Veterans.*

### What is a Vet?

He is the cop on the beat who spent six months in Saudi Arabia sweating two gallons a day and making sure the armored personnel carriers didn't run out of fuel. He is the barroom loudmouth, dumber than five wooden planks, whose overgrown frat-boy behavior is outweighed a hundred times in the cosmic scales by four hours of exquisite bravery near the 38th parallel.

She - or he - is the nurse who fought against futility and went to sleep sobbing every night for two solid years in Da Nang. He is the POW who went away one person and came back another - or didn't come back AT ALL. He is the Quantico drill instructor who has never seen combat - but has saved countless lives by turning slouchy, no-account rednecks and gang members into Marines, and teaching them to watch each other's backs.

He is the parade - riding Legionnaire who pins on his ribbons and medals with a prosthetic hand. He is the career quartermaster who watches the ribbons and medals pass him by.

He is the three anonymous heroes in The Tomb Of The Unknowns, whose presence at the Arlington National Cemetery must forever preserve the memory of all the anonymous heroes whose valor dies unrecognized with them on the battlefield or in the ocean's sunless deep. He is the old guy bagging groceries at the supermarket - palsied now and aggravatingly slow - who

helped liberate a Nazi death camp and who wishes all day long that his wife were still alive to hold him when the nightmares come.

He is an ordinary and yet an extraordinary human being - a person who offered some of his life's most vital years in the service of his country, and who sacrificed his ambitions so others would not have to sacrifice theirs.

He is a soldier and a savior and a sword against the darkness, and he is nothing more than the finest, greatest testimony on behalf of the finest, greatest nation ever known.

So remember, each time you see someone who has served our country, just lean over and say Thank You. That's all most people need, and in most cases it will mean more than any medals they could have been awarded or were awarded.

Two little words that mean a lot, "**THANK YOU.**" Remember November 11th is Veterans Day.

*"It is the soldier, not the reporter,  
Who has given us freedom of the press.  
It is the soldier, not the poet,  
Who has given us freedom of speech.  
It is the soldier, not the campus organizer,  
Who has given us the freedom to demonstrate.*

*It is the soldier,  
Who salutes the flag,  
Who serves beneath the flag,  
and whose coffin is draped by the flag,  
Who allows the protester to burn the flag."*

Father Denis Edward O'Brien, USMC

Today we ask that you remember all those currently in the service of the United States and all her allies. While military conflicts are never easy to accept, neither are the denial of basic human rights. Whatever your opinions or beliefs, RESPECT and HONOR those who are answering the call to serve their country.

**Whatever you do, the choice is yours.  
Thanks to a veteran**

## Movie Reviews

LCDR Susan Moran  
Purser / Chief of Scenecce



**The Story:**  
Inspired by true events, we are told Emily Rose's harrowing tale through her priest, Father Moore (Tom Wilkinson). As sanctioned by the Catholic Church, Father Moore tried to perform an exorcism on the girl, but failed. On trial

for what the prosecution calls Emily's "negligent murder," Father Moore isn't afraid to go to jail. He is just desperate to tell Emily's story--how this fresh-faced, seemingly healthy 19-year-old farm girl (Jennifer Carpenter) goes off to college and comes back home speaking in tongues, eating giant bugs and apparently inhabited by not just one but six separate demons who finally kill her. This is what Emily's family and Father Moore firmly believe happened to her. The medical community, however, claims Emily suffered from a combination of epilepsy and psychosis that, without proper medication, resulted in her death. In a case that will certainly further her career if she wins, whip-smart defense lawyer Erin Bruner (Laura Linney) sets out to prove Father Moore only wanted to help. While the facts are laid out, the underlying question as to whether supernatural and evil entities truly exist remains constant. Don't expect any answers.

### The Review:

The Exorcism of Emily Rose is a bit deceiving. Going in, you think it's going to be about a girl horrifyingly possessed by demons. But the film is more a courtroom drama centering on the priest who is blamed for the girl's death. It does feel a bit like a TV movie of the week, but the strong performances elevate it to another level.

### The Bottom Line:

The Exorcism of Emily Rose may disappoint some who are looking for an out-and-out Exorcist-like movie and are bored by its TV themes. But with some superb acting, and a few well-placed scare tactics, the rest of us just might get freaked out if we wake up at 3 a.m. and smell something burning.



## Movie Reviews

LCDR Susan Moran  
Purser / Chief of Sciece



### The Story:

Based on the Pulitzer Prize-winning play by David Auburn, *Proof* centers on Catherine (Gwyneth Paltrow), a devoted daughter who must come to terms with the death of her father (Anthony Hopkins). He was a brilliant mathematician whose genius was crippled by mental insanity. As she deals with the devastating loss, Catherine

also is confronted with her own fears that she'll end up just like him. She's just as much as genius as her dad, but at what price? The constant threat of madness weighs the girl down. It doesn't help that her estranged sister Claire (Hope Davis) pretty much believes Catherine is headed for the deep end and wants to whisk her away so she can take care of her. At least Catherine finds some solace in one of her father's former math students, Hal (Jake Gyllenhaal), who idolized her father--and has loved her from afar. But even this bright spot in Catherine's life is jeopardized when the proof is finally discovered. And that brilliant, world-changing, complicated proof just blows things all to hell.

### The Review:

Laboring to overcome the inherent difficulties that come with adapting a stage play into a film, *Proof* nonetheless proves fascinating. The story revolves around a mathematical proof, but it isn't just about numbers. It's about how the proof affects the human relationships surrounding it.

### The Bottom Line:

Call me a sucker for these mathematicians-gone-mad movies, but *Proof* proves you can watch a flick about depressed, schizophrenic people concocting complicated math equations and still enjoy it. I swear!



### The Story:

On the surface, *Stay* seems to be a straightforward psychological drama about a psychiatrist, Sam Foster (Ewan McGregor), who is trying to keep a mysterious patient, Henry (Ryan Gossling), from killing himself. But the deeper we get into it, the decidedly weirder it gets. And not necessarily in a good way. Sam and Henry seemed to be inexplicably connected. While

his girlfriend and former patient Lila (Naomi Watts) looks haplessly on, Sam's lightly held grip on the rational world begins to melt away. He can no longer figure out what is true and what is happening only in his head--all climaxing in a titular confrontation between life and death. *Twilight Zone's* Rod Serling would have loved this one.

### The Review:

Director Marc Forster (*Monsters Ball*, *Finding Neverland*) seems a bit out of his league with this jumbled-up, hard-to-understand psychological fare. Granted, the visuals are arresting. Forster strives to create a world which, at first, seems real but then, little by little, turns into a wildly shifting dreamscape in which scenes blend into one another seamlessly. The real problem here is the script by David Benioff (*25th Hour*). It tries to say, "Look how clever!" by throwing you for loop after loop--except the loops don't make much sense. You eventually stop saying, "What the hell?" and start to get a pretty good idea how *Stay* is going to end up. And when the final twist is handed down, it's surprisingly not all that disappointing.

### The Bottom Line:

Part thriller, part mind-bending absurdity, *Stay* will definitely leave you scratching your head. But try to stay until the end--it might make up for the rest of it.





## Starbase1.com Hailing Frequencies

(Continued)

(Continued from page 4)

Arwen's Even Star Elven Necklace by Rubies - Now back in stock!

<http://www.starbase1.com/catalog/6007.html>

Elven Brooch by Rubies <http://www.starbase1.com/catalog/2252.html>

Elven Ear Tips by Rubies <http://www.starbase1.com/catalog/W0066.html> and <http://www.starbase1.com/catalog/RU2221.html>

Frodo's Sting electronic sword by Master Replicas is on sale for Halloween at the low price of \$ 85.00 (previously listed at 139.00) Electronic Sting sword from Master Replicas actually glows blue with authentic sounds. We have included batteries. <http://www.starbase1.com/catalog/UC1264.html>

### 2006 CALENDARS

New calendars are in stock for Classic Star Trek, Enterprise, Ships of the Line, Stardate Desk calendar, Harry Potter Goblet of Fire and The Art of Lord of the Rings at <http://www.starbase1.com/scripts/search.php4?type=Calendar>

BUFFY AND X-FILES 12 inch clothed dolls by Sideshow are at <http://www.starbase1.com/scripts/search.php4?type=Clothed%20Doll>

AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOS (at very good prices) are at <http://www.starbase1.com/scripts/search.php4?type=Autographed%20Cast%20Photo>

And the regular photos on sale (most are \$5.00 each) are at <http://www.starbase1.com/scripts/search.php4?type=Cast%20Photo>

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(Continued)

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(Continued from page 3)

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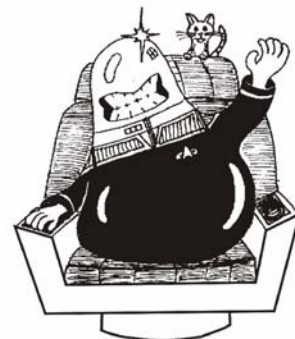
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## Doctor Who: Battle

### By Daniel Milks



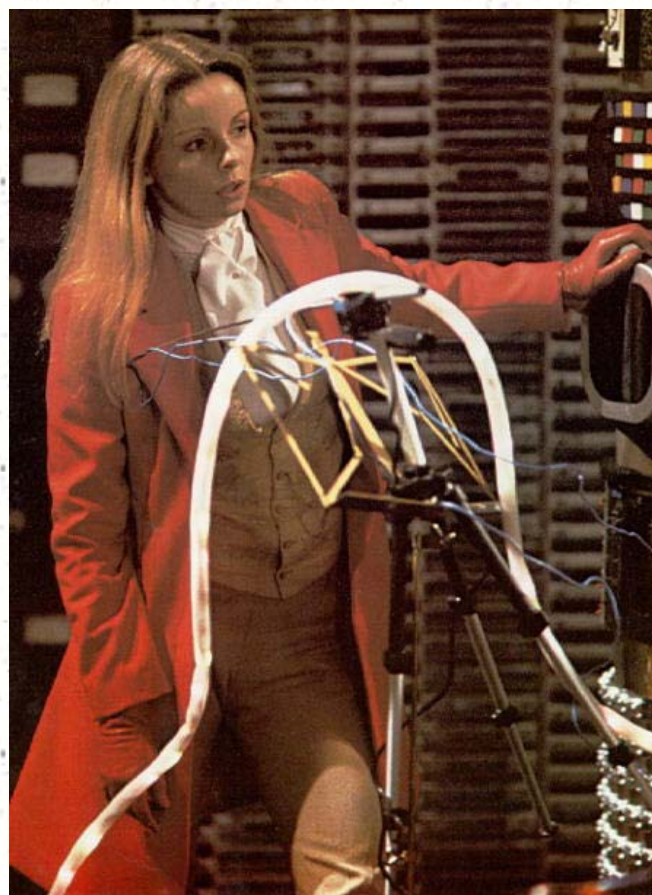
He'd never heard explosions like this before. Of course, he should be one to know, having witnessed battle after battle, war after war through all his adventures. He never thought he'd become embroiled in a war that would be so deeply personal and strike at his home. It was difficult to imagine it under attack. After all the years of traveling and wandering, he'd thought of his ship as home. But he still remembered his past, though he'd often wanted to forget it.

The sounds he'd heard weren't quite explosions in the sense that humans would think of them. As a Time Lord, he was able to sense disturbances in time and had some power over them. But here, he could sense histories being rewritten and the outcome of battles being changed as they happened in front of them. To an outsider, they wouldn't understand what was going on. But he could.

He sensed the structure of time being perverted, being bent out of shape to suit the needs of the enemy.

*I can't believe I've become a soldier in a war,* he thought.

The war had been going on for what had seemed an eternity in his eyes, with all of time hanging in the balance. He was drawn back into his concentration on the battle.



He used his mental focus to compute time equations to predict and outmaneuver the enemies' time plans. This was the final battle, he had thought. Most of his people had been wiped from existence in the course of this war.

Now, his people had gathered their forces together for a risky gambit that could end in a staggering amount of lives lost.

But there was no choice.

He looked at his monitor screen. He saw the space around his world surrounded by the all too familiar ships of the Enemy. There were so many that the twin suns of his world appeared to be blotted out. A battle fleet, the like of which he'd never seen before.

His sworn enemy. Daleks.

The Daleks was shaped Time using the secrets stolen from the Time Lords. To think that he had helped create the beginnings of this war...

Long ago, the Time Lords had taken him out of time and sent him to change the Daleks' evolution. He hadn't done all he could to wipe out the enemy, knowing that their existence would lead to a greater good among alien civilizations. Entire civilizations would band together out of fear producing allies and peace.

But now he was beginning to think that he might have made the wrong choice. All the choices he had made had led him here...

Once the Daleks had discovered the Time Lord plan using their scavenged time technology, they focused all their power towards the extermination of the Time Lords and establish themselves as the new Lords of Time.

An arm touched his shoulder, while he was lost in thought.

"Are you ready, Doctor?" said the female voice.

It was Romana. She was leading the final battle as the head of the High Council.

"Yes," said the Doctor, with a hint of sadness in his voice.





## Doctor Who: Battle By Daniel Milks

*(Continued from page 11)*

As he turned to face Romana, she could see the past Doctor that she knew from the past captured in his eyes, though they had become more focused since the war. The scars of the war left a visible impact on his aura. He had thick and curly hair and a great sadness in his eyes. Even now, he still wore a trademark anachronistic Edwardian fashion. They walked arm in arm towards the Temporal Battle Room.

The inside of the Temporal Battle Room would appear to sparsely decorated to a non-time sensitive creature. But not to the Time Lords. They saw endless displays of information and past, present, and future histories changing as the Dalek Emperor had made its progress towards its goal of wiping out the Time Lords.

"So, it's come to this," said the Doctor.

"Yes, I'm afraid it has," said Romana.

"Even if this works, someone will have to destroy the abandoned Dalek temporal facilities so no one else tries to take advantage of them."

"I know. Many civilizations are desperate, with their entire planets being transformed into worlds that are only suitable for Dalek life."

"The Nestenes have already made use of abandoned temporal technology and headed for Earth. I'd hate to see what my other enemies would do with it."

"You'll stop them, Doctor. You always do." She smiled at him.

He sighed and half smiled back at her.

\*

Aboard the Dalek warship, the enemy began executing its plans. Battle computers calculated move after countermove and predicted the outcome of the Time Lords. The worst-case prediction was losses of 85.24% of its forces if the battle was successful. Those losses were acceptable for them to gain control over Time.

\*

The Doctor and Romana were sealed in the Battle Room in the Gallifreyan Security Complex to avoid any interruptions and to focus on the battle.

He glanced behind him at his trusty TARDIS. He was glad to have it so close to him, especially now. He took a locket from his pocket. A series of images flashed over it, in four dimensions.

Trafalgar Square. Metebelis 3. The House of Lungbarrow. Susan. Vicki. Jo. Peri. Anji. Fitz. Liz. Mike. Alastair. Leela. The Death Zone. And his TARDIS, his home for so many years....

He sat there, lost in thought, lost in the past.

Then his silence was broken by a voice from behind.

"Isn't it too late to be reminiscing now, Doctor?" said Romana as she stepped toward him.

"I suppose you're right, but being Time Lords, time is what makes us what we are, our past, future, present, and futures not to be," said the Doctor.

"So you think our plan will work?" asked Romana.

"Well, I haven't done anything like it, oh in, well a couple centuries, with a stroke of luck, it'll work."

"I know, luring the enemy to our planet, turning it into a black hole, and escaping via a time tunnel powered by the Eye of Harmony isn't the most rational choice in the universe."

The Doctor finished her thought. "But it's the only choice we have. They've been exterminating our race, tampering with the past, and altering the natural course of history among countless races. Evil things like these have to be fought. To the death. We are the Guardians of Time."

Romana paused. "Yes, you're right Doctor. I am sorry that you've had such a personal loss, your companions, Fitz and Anji and Charley."

The Doctor looked deeply hurt, sadness in his often-whimsical eyes. "They were killed because of me. They hunted them down, tortured them, and killed them only because they traveled with me. I thought they would be safe, where I left them, but the Daleks knew. They took pleasure in exterminating them all. Just because they knew me. They sent me a message etched in blood."

Romana put a hand on the Doctor's shoulder.

"Of course, the Daleks captured you once too, Romana. I'm sure their treatment of you wasn't gentle," said the Doctor.

Romana had a look of anguish on her face.

Changing the subject, the Doctor interjected, "No sense in putting this off, let's get things in motion, shall we?"

"I agree. I'm sure you'll defeat them just like you put their army on the planet Spiridon into a time loop," said Romana.

"I'm sure I will." The Doctor moved to the control panel. He began to initiate the time weapon on the control panel.

But distractedly, he turned around to face Romana.

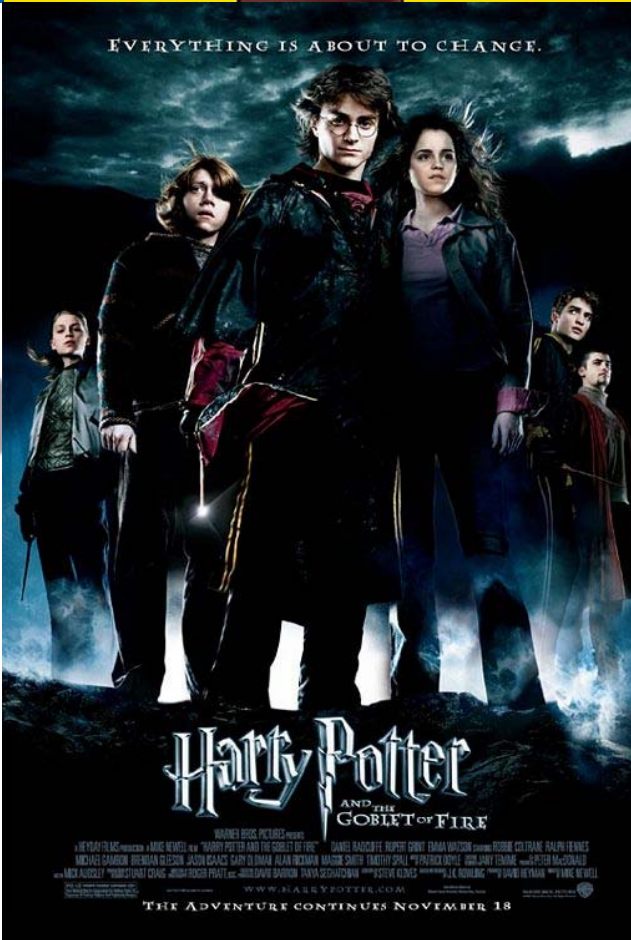
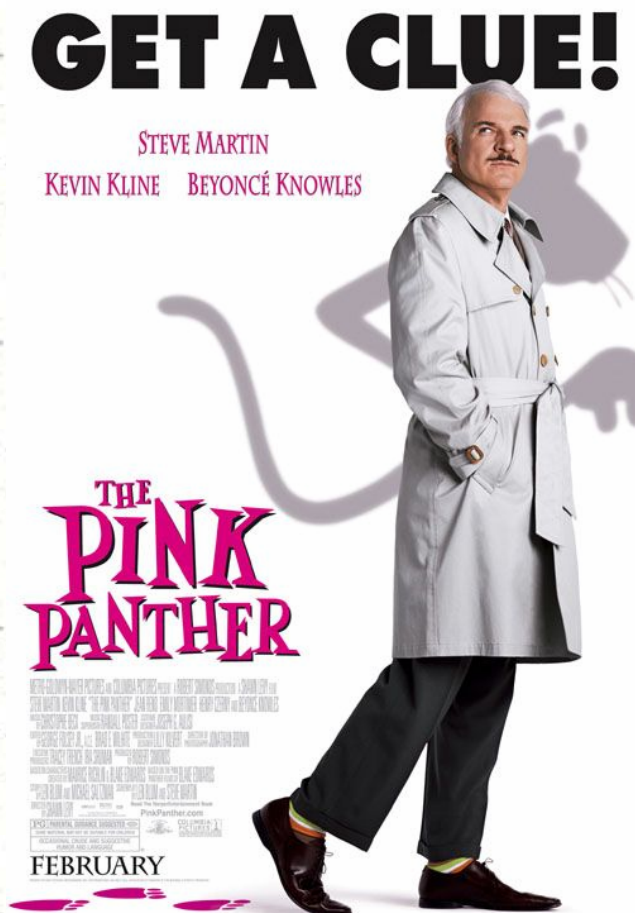
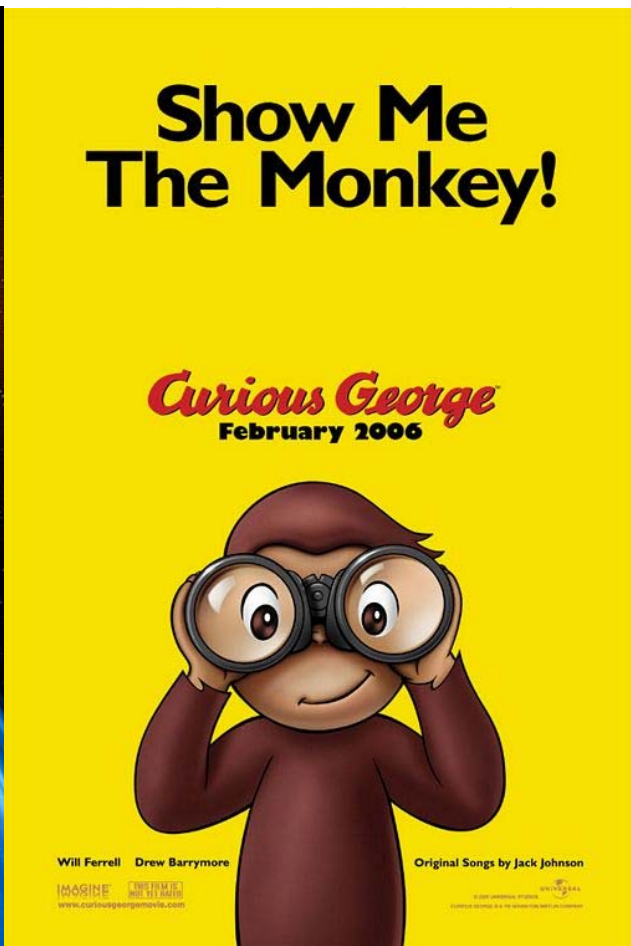
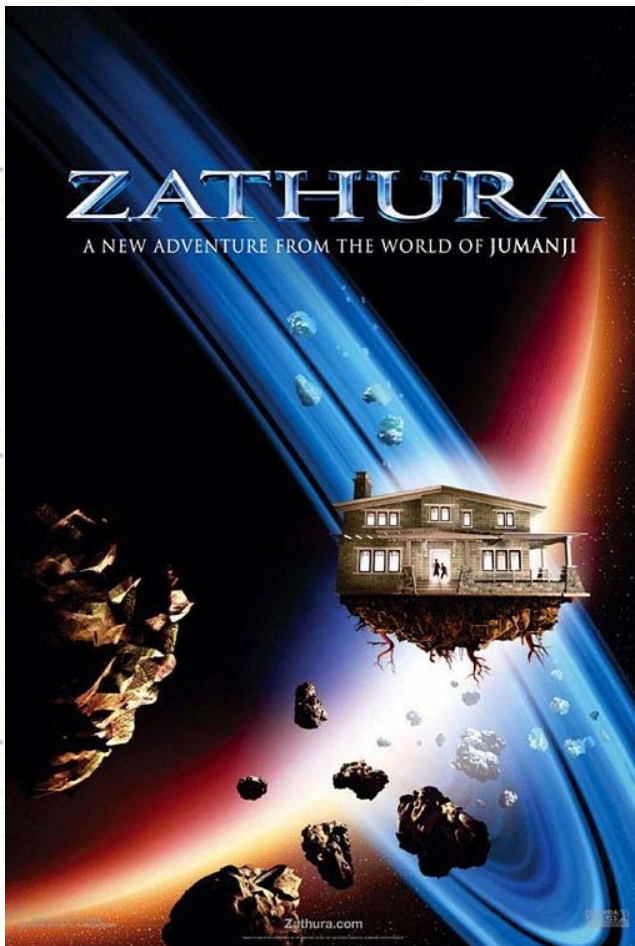
"Wait a moment, I never told you about that," said the Doctor.

"Oh, you didn't?"

"No. There was too much at stake to tell anyone the location of a massive army of Daleks. The Daleks themselves didn't know the location of the planet after I was done moving it to the farthest corner of the universe."

Romana had taken a staser from her side and pointed it at the Doctor.







## STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN : BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER

*Written by Chris Stephenson*

### CHAPTER TWENTY : TIMING (part 1)

*Editors note: For earlier chapters of BTFF, please visit the stories section at <http://www.maximillian.org>.*

It could be said that the interior of the vessel became more beautiful the faster you went through it. What had been a dreary brown landscape with occasional dots of color denoting the different sections became a mesh of sensations, a rainbow like view that would make one think that this would be the ideal way to show it off, to display the handiwork of it's creator. And in fact, this would not be too far from the truth. The Marconian designers, knowing the capabilities of those that would be inhabiting the vessel for long periods of time, designed it's vast size around defense, separating the main departments by vast areas of space, which also served to connect the redundant power sources, the great cores. Walking from one end to the other would take too much time, so it was highly recommended that the overseers of the vessel use haste when moving between locations.

The beauty was not lost on Critch as he moved his legs, pumping them as fast as he could, propelling his body through the spaces. He did not let it distract him, indeed nothing could at this juncture. Only by reaching his destination and accomplishing his goal, and through it providing some sort of restitution for what he had done, and inadvertently caused, would he finally be able to rest, though what fate after that awaited him he did not know. At this point, he wasn't even sure what universe he would end up in.

He fully expected court-martial from the Federation, and at this point he couldn't blame them. He had disobeyed a direct order from one of the highest-ranking Admirals in the fleet, and what's worse had accused him of a great destruction, when in fact he himself was responsible. While he doubted he would ever relay that fact to Lyon, he knew he would carry that guilt for the rest of his life, however long that would be.

His other option, of course, was to journey to his home universe, and face justice. There, he truly was lost on what to expect. It was possible they would welcome him back as a thought-lost conquering hero. Or would they see him as a traitor, somehow watching the events unfold as they were happening now? Regardless, he had made a promise to Karei, who had saved his life and perhaps by doing so this universe along with it. He owed it to the strange creature to at least make an effort to return. Someone had to speak for the Ka-Ki-Ri. In a universe that seemed without reason, he wondered if anyone would listen.

Critch ran on, through the reds and yellows, and past many large cores. He still could not see his destination in the distance, and it worried him. His internal chronometer told him he had roughly a half hour left before the vessel reached it's destination, and he was still pressed to the absolute limit to reach even the corridor he would have to climb before his time was up. He was also worried about the Maximillian's ability to reach Earth in that allotted time, as he had no idea how damaged they were. But he trusted in his shipmates, if they even would be his shipmates again. He believed Tamak could get the engines online, if anyone could, and he would rather have Admiral Lyon at the helm than any other Captain alive. Hope remained alive, and he welcomed its presence. There had been far too many days where it had left him.

His feet flew, and if he had wings, he would have lifted off the ground with the effort he was putting out. Critch Starblade moved closer to his goal, trying desperately to figure out how he was going to get there in time, and just what the hell he was going to do when he arrived.

Down in the bright Engineering bay of the Maximillian, Admiral Turock T'Kill marveled at how quickly everything had been taken care of. Commander Tamak, having quickly filled in for the recently deceased Lieutenant Thomas, had pushed his team to do nothing less than their best work. And even though the stress level was high with the recent events, each and every

one of them had responded well to Tamak's low-key approach. Because of this, the Maximillian was now speeding towards its destination at a hair under warp 5. But this wasn't fast enough for the Admiral. Not nearly.

Besides all that, with nothing more that could be done until they reached Earth, it would be a good chance to see how his friend was doing, and take a deep breath. The half-human/half-Romulan had been at high alert for this entire voyage, and had found little time to actually have a conversation with anyone outside of Lyon or Blobbin, if you could even call their endless arguments conversations. He and Tamak had found a connection when they met over the ancient game of Earth 'football', a long since passed practice that had little to do with the feet and more to do with the game of Rugby. Their friendship had continued on from there. However, since this disastrous mission had begun, they had not said more than a few words to each other. Tamak, being a Vulcan, would not mind, of course, but it bothered T'Kill. One of the problems with his rank, he supposed. But he at least wanted to have the chance to speak with him before they all died, and that time seemed to be fast approaching.

He spotted Tamak, going over something on a console. His sharp eyes went over every detail, and he made no outward appearance that he had noticed T'Kill, that is except for voicing a welcome.

"Greetings, Admiral. We are working to increase the speed incrementally."

"Good work. How are things going down here?"

"Well. Lieutenant Thomas's staff are extremely capable, and they work to honor her memory in their actions."

T'Kill smirked. "Pulled that old chestnut out again, did you?" Among the Admiralty, Tamak was famous for trotting out what some would consider clichés to inspire his men. The strange part of it was

*(Continued on page 15)*



## STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN : BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER

*Written by Chris Stephenson*

### CHAPTER TWENTY : TIMING (part 1)

*(Continued from page 14)*

that even if the crew had heard it before, Tamak said it in such a way that it always achieved its desired purpose.

"So it would seem." Tamak lowered his voice slightly, not interested in having the discussion broadcast all through the department. "I assume you are not pleased with the revelations concerning Commander Starblade."

T'Kill let out a sigh. "I'd be fine if I could believe the robot. But with everything that he's done in the past few hours, I don't think I have it in me to do that anymore."

Tamak nodded. "If I may speak freely, I believe it goes deeper than that. You have never outwardly trusted Commander Starblade, and perhaps rightly so. He has worrisome tendencies, such as being headstrong, and slightly naïve. Regardless, he and Admiral Lyon are friends, and that is a strong bond. I do not believe Commander Starblade would ever purposefully damage that connection."

"And if he's being controlled..."

"As we have seen, if he's being controlled there would be no reason for it. The unidentified vessel's powers far exceed our own, and if not for Commander Starblade, we may not even still be here. It is only logical to assume, therefore, that he is operating of his own mind."

"Tamak, where Starblade is concerned, there isn't much logic."

"You are correct."

They were interrupted when a call came through from the bridge suddenly. The voice was, surprisingly, not Lyon's, but Kelvok's. It seemed that Lyon was making good on his pledge not to return to the Captain's chair. Not that

it would make a large difference one way or another at this point.

"Admiral T'Kill, we are five minutes away from Earth at current speeds."

T'Kill glanced at the ceiling briefly. "On my way." He nodded towards Tamak. "Doesn't look like we'll need that extra speed after all."

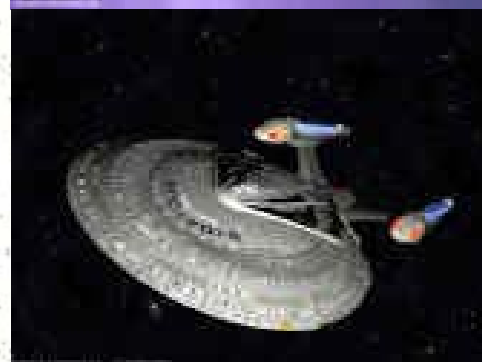
As he headed out, Tamak called out to him. "I shall continue working until otherwise ordered. It would be preferable to go into battle with all of our abilities at full strength."

"Right." T'Kill entered the turbolift, and growled at himself as it began to move. He was wishing to talk about anything but the current situation. Unfortunately, the exact opposite had happened. The turbolift moved quickly, delivering Admiral T'Kill to the bridge.

He composed his thoughts along the way, knowing there would be quite a few questions coming his way, to say nothing of how Lyon would be treated. He wondered if there was any way to hide Lyon away from the Federation Council and the Admirals that would greet the Maximillian upon her arrival. Of course, he theorized, if he had any way to do that, he would have hidden Blobbin away years ago.

He walked out of the turbolift just as Kelvok called for the view to be placed onscreen. And what a view it was. Despite this not being his home, T'Kill marveled at the beauty of the home of the Federation, always making a point to view it from his offices on the orbiting station whenever possible.

Earth sat in the sky as it always had; it's blue richness seeming to expand beyond its borders, threatening to spill out into the blackness. Surrounding the orb were the usual satellites and space stations, but none of any size as to ruin the sight.



At this point, however, the main thing that drew the eye was the multitudes of vessels surrounding the planet. Vessels from

*(Continued on page 16)*



## STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN : BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER

*Written by Chris Stephenson*

### CHAPTER TWENTY : TIMING (part 1)

*(Continued from page 15)*

every era of Starfleet, from the early class vessels to the very latest declassified ships of the line. From Oberth to Prometheus, they were all here, called together by the highest levels of Starfleet for the defense of the planet, and their very existence beyond that.

"We're being hailed, Cap...uh, sirs." Still a little unsure at who truly was in command of the Maximillian, the ensign filling in at Communications stated, and Kelvok looked at Lyon.

"I believe they'll be expecting you, Admiral."

*"Depends on how much they've heard." Blobbin muttered, as Lyon stood, and nodded at T'Kill, who took his place at the front console. Kelvok moved to the rear of the room, and stood in a sort of relaxed attention while Lyon sat again in the center seat, though he assured himself that this time it was to be only temporary, for the duration of the discussion with... whoever was contacting them. Sitting up straight, he nodded at the Ensign, and turned his full attention to the view screen.*

The face that appeared on the screen was unexpected, and Lyon showed it by leaning back smoothly. Of all the Admirals that the Federation had in this quadrant, he was surprised that she was the one that was in charge of this stage of the operation. He smirked. "Admiral Janeway, I wasn't aware you were in charge of things here."

Nonplussed, the middle-aged former Captain smiled. "Only for the moment, fortunately. The real Admirals are still arranging to pull as much of the fleet as they can."

He nodded. "ETA of the vessel is a few minutes shy of three hours. How many can we get?"

Her friendly expression turned serious. "Not as many as I'd like. As it is, we can barely get the Enterprise back in time."

Blobbin muttered an "Oh goody," Lyon continued.

"Admiral T'Kill will be assuming command of the fleet. There has been a change of plans." T'Kill stood up, startled, as Lyon rose, gesturing to the half-Romulan to take his place in the center seat. Lyon and T'Kill passed each other, T'Kill still surprised at his sudden role. But he swallowed his surprise as he settled into the chair.

Janeway kept her stern expression. "T'Kill, I sure hope you can tell me what the hell is going on over there."

"I'm not sure if any of us know any more than you do. We have an...agent on board the vessel. He's informed us..."

"I know full well what you've been informed. I do have my sources, Admiral. What I need to know, is he trustworthy?"

T'Kill took a breath, and glanced at Lyon. Staring him in the eyes for a few seconds, T'Kill brought his gaze back to Janeway. "He's going to have to be."

"Not what I wanted to hear."

Lyon interrupted. "Admiral, excuse me. Commander Starblade is a bit... unconventional, to say the least. And you know what's happened on this mission. He's been on a quest to find out his past since we activated him. And it's because of me. He has every right to turn his back on the Federation, and instead he's trying to save us."

Janeway placed a hand on her head, as though fighting back a migraine. "But is he

trustworthy?"

Lyon did not blink. "I believe so."

Janeway sat back, folding her hands in front of her. "You know, there are quite a few Admirals here that would just lock the whole lot of you up for the duration, damn the consequences." She took a breath. "Fortunately, I hold the swing vote. Ok, the android is our inside man, he's going to get us enough access to shut it down. What else?"

Blobbin didn't so much stand in his seat as he did rise. "My weapons are ready over here, but I'm going to get on the older ships to fix some screw-ups with the compatibility, and I'm also going to need a few hands."

"You've got two hours, and Captain Scott's team. What else." It was not a question as much as it was a statement.

T'Kill answered, a plan he had been working on earlier returning to his mind. "The Maximillian will be the flagship. I want every other ship between Earth and the sun. I'll explain more as we go, but I want this thing going right through an armada of Federation ships."

"And the Maximillian?"

"Flanking, we've had the most experience with the vessel. The armada wears it down; we knock it out. Every piece of information we get from Starblade, you'll get."

Janeway nodded, a slight smile returning to her face. "Sounds like a plan. Times ticking, lets get to work."



## Doctor Who: Battle By Daniel Milks

*(Continued from page 12)*

"Or so I thought," said the Doctor.

The Doctor stared at her in surprise.

"What are you doing?"

"Haven't you guessed by now, Time Lord?"

"Time Lord? Who are you? What have you done to Romana?"

Romana twisted her face into an expression of arrogance and hatred.

"There is no Romana."

Romana's voice disappeared, replaced by a deep booming tone. "WE MEET AGAIN, DOCTOR."

"The Emperor. Of course."

"YES, DOCTOR. I AM THE EMPEROR OF THE DALEKS. WE ALTERED YOUR ROMANA WHEN SHE WAS CAPTURED BY OUR FORCES LONG AGO. WE KNOW ALL SHE KNOWS."

The Doctor looked at Romana, enraged. He looked at Romana and saw no trace of the woman he knew. If he could reach the control panel and activate the plan, there was a hope for the survival of his race.

"YOUR PLAN WILL FAIL."

"THE DALEKS WILL CONQUER AND DESTROY GALLIFREY AND BECOME THE NEW LORDS OF TIME."

"Never!" screamed the Doctor.

He could reach the control panel, if only he could keep the Emperor distracted. Was there a way he could reach Romana? Or was she lost forever?

"What will you do when you are the New Time Lords?"

"WE WILL PURGE THE UNIVERSE OF THE FILTH THAT IS NOT DALEK."

"Is that all? What about art? Beauty? The miracle of life? Mysteries to be solved?"

"THOSE IDEAS ARE ONLY WEAKNESSES. THE DALEKS HAVE NO WEAKNESSES."

"What will you do when there is nothing left, aside from Daleks?"

"WE WILL CONQUER."

"But what then?"

"WE WILL MAKE THE COSMOS INTO A PARADISE FIT FOR THE DALEKS."

Was there a way he could reach the control panel and activate the temporal weapon in time? He had to risk it, even though a staser at its deadliest setting could prevent him from regenerating.

"I want to speak to Romana."

"SHE NO LONGER EXISTS," said the booming voice. Her eyes were vacant and he could see no signs of the person he knew.

Still, he had to try to reach her.

"Romana, don't you remember the time you fixed K-9 on the beach? The time we celebrated you be-

coming President? The time that I was right about piloting the TARDIS?"

"YOUR ATTEMPTS TO REACH HER WILL BE OF NO USE."

The Doctor edged slowly towards the control panel.

"YOU WILL BE EXTERMINATED."

The Doctor broke into a run.

Romana's gun fired and shot the Doctor in the back. He absorbed the blast full force. His body spasmed as he slumped to the floor.

"AS YOU CAN SEE, THE DALEKS HAVE WON."

"THE ENEMY OF THE DALEKS IS NO MORE."

The Doctor wasn't breathing.

"GALLIFREY WILL BE BECOME OUR NEW HOME-WORLD. OUR OWN WAS DESTROYED BY THE TIME LORDS. NEW SKARO WILL BRING ORDER TO THE UNIVERSE."

*This can't be the end*, he thought. He felt the world spinning, out of control, the feeling that he had in the past before he regenerated, but it wasn't the same this time. He couldn't do that now.

He began to hear voices. He saw his past fluttering ahead of him. His family – his real family – appeared in front of him. *If only things with them could have been different*, he thought.

*No. This can't happen*, he thought.

The shell of Romana was working at the control panel, lowering the transduction shields around the planet, and allowing the Dalek force into Gallifrey's sector of space.

The Doctor's awareness came back to his body. He noticed that she – no that wasn't right, he thought -- it -- had not disabled the temporal weapon yet as it was focused on opening the shields. He wondered if his own people knew what was happening. The evacuation plan was narrowly timed to the destruction of Gallifrey, since it would use the energy created by the Black Hole to allow his people to escape.

He was the Doctor. He was not going to let it end like this. He crawled to the control panel.

It turned around.

"FOOLISH DOCTOR. YOU WERE EXTERMINATED."

He was almost at the console.

It shot him again and he fell face down on the console, still. The Romana shell went back to its work of lowering the transduction barriers.

The entire Dalek fleet was almost through the shields. The Dalek host continued its work. It noticed an alert. It went through the system to determine its location. The Time Weapon had been activated.

"I think," the Doctor stammered, "that the phrase you're looking for is you've been exterminated."

"THIS CANNOT BE CORRECT. THE DALEKS WILL

*(Continued on page 19)*



# DECEMBER 2005

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
				1	2	3 <i>Help your Captain Move Day</i>
4	5	6	7	8	9	10 <i>Meeting / Christmas Party</i>
11	12	13	14	15 <i>Bill of Rights Day</i>	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24 <i>Christmas Eve</i>
25 <i>Susan Moran's Birthday</i> <small>Christmas / First Day of Chanukkah</small>	26 <i>Charlie Connor's Birthday</i>	27	28 <i>Dinner Get-together</i>	29 <i>Sidley Howard's Birthday</i>	30	31 <i>New Year's Eve</i>

SCIENCE FICTION

U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN

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## Doctor Who: Battle

### By Daniel Milks

(Continued from page 17)

SURVIVE.”

“WE WILL TAKE YOUR TARDIS AND TRAVEL IN TIME TO PREVENT THIS DISASTER.”

“No, you won’t,” said the Doctor and he struggled to take his sonic screwdriver from his pocket. “I’ve set my TARDIS to self-destruct when I press this button. Here” He didn’t have a chance. The shell of Romana lifted him up in the air and broke his hand.

The Doctor screamed in pain.

“WE WILL DESTROY YOU DOCTOR. YOU ARE THE HEATHEN TO MY RACE.”

The displays in the room showed the Dalek fleet begin to decay and fade out of all time. The planet shook with explosions.

Gallifrey was in its death throes.

The shell of Romana reached to his throat and began choking him.

The room spun around him.

*At least I’m taking the Daleks with me,* he thought.

*It’s been a good life,* he thought. A good eight lives.

\*

“Doctor?”

He thought he was hallucinating as he heard Romana’s voice. He looked into her eyes and noticed that she was back.

She held up his limp and bloodied body and was dragging him into his TARDIS.

“I set the staser to a lower setting, Doctor. Otherwise you’d have been dead. I have to stay here, there’s no telling what else the Daleks have done to me. I don’t trust myself anymore.”

She kissed him on the cheek and smiled.

“As long as you survive, the Time Lords survive,” she said.

“Romana, this isn’t the way...” He could barely speak.

Romana pushed the Doctor inside, slamming the door shut. He fell to the floor and he heard the familiar sound of his TARDIS dematerializing.

The TARDIS shook with the explosions. His planet was dying. He could feel it. Feel the disruption of time and space. His people fading out of existence.

And then he felt nothing.

\*

He awoke in the TARDIS. There was no pain. He moved his hand experimentally. He had trouble remembering where he was and what had just happened. He felt confused, renewed, energized, but sad for some reason. Well, no time to waste, he would figure out what just happened soon....

He stood up quickly.

He looked down at his clothes.

“Blimey! These won’t do at all. Too fancy.”

He opened the door to the TARDIS. It was daylight and there was a department store just across the street.

“Fantastic!” he exclaimed.

He entered the store and grabbed the clothes from of the first mannequin he saw in the window. No time to waste, he thought. For once, he would blend in with his surroundings. No more frilly shirts for him!

Just as soon as he grabbed his new wardrobe, he heard a scream from the basement.

“Never a moment’s rest eh, Doctor?” he said.

He went downstairs to investigate, opening door after door. At the end of the hall, he found some poor soul that he couldn’t help. He had died in terrible agony. The Doctor closed his eyes.

He noticed that this room was lined with mannequin after mannequin in a wide variety of poses. Very strange indeed...

“Nah, it couldn’t it be,” he mused.

One of the mannequins moved. And then another. And another.

“No rest for me eh, universe?” said the Doctor to no one in particular.

\*

One day he would grieve and acknowledge he was the Last of the Time Lords. But not today. He was back and there were monsters to fight. Wrongs to be righted. No time to stop.

For now, the tale of the war was over and a new tale had begun. A new dimension in the Doctor’s life....

Many thanks to Marie for encouragement, Russell T Davies for making it so good, and the BBC for coming to their senses for bringing it back.

Doctor Who and its wonderful world are copyright BBC and no infringement is intended. Oh, and apparently the estate of Terry Nation owns the Daleks.

So there.

*This is an experiment to see if people really do read the newsletter. If you are the first member to tell me, the interim Editor, that you saw this entry in the November newsletter you will win four dollars worth of Blobbin Bucks. Blobbin Bucks are good for Max Snacks or any merchandise from the Max Store.*



# THE MIGHTY MAX NOVEMBER 2005

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CONTINUED NEXT WEEK...

Script: Gary Russell. Art: Lee Sullivan. Colour: Alan Craddock. Lettering: Elitta Fen  
Doctor Who™ BBC. The character Doctor Who appears in the BBC/Universal co-production "Doctor Who"