



# THE MIGHTY SPOOKY MAX



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

"Reach for the Stars, and Grab the Future"

-Christa McAuliffe, 1986

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# HAPPY HALLOWEEN



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 MaX-Files

*CAPT Chris Stephenson*  
**Commanding Officer**

Howdy, as you may have read or guessed or have been told, I'm not doing the newsletter this month for the second time this year. It's nice to see what other people can do with it, and also nice to take a break from it every once in a while, though I don't intend on giving it up any time soon.

It's been a pretty good month; meeting went well, though the Tre-kordy was under attended, probably going to try it again in December or thereabouts. I went up to Spaceballs, hosted by the Yorktown in Dayton, and took home lowest score by a ship, most holes in one, and 2nd lowest individual score. It was hampered by a late announcement of it, but still went fairly well, made some contacts.

We had our recruiting drive for Serenity at the Arena Grand, Zen re-upped, we ate and then saw the movie. Made a couple bucks on the raffle, half of which goes to the JDF, and met a few people.

This month, besides our Halloween party, we have a get-together for DOOM, a birthday party at Chuck-E-Cheeses, and a few other things, should be a pretty good month.

Live wrong and slobber!

## Candidate's Platform

*CAPT Chris Stephenson*  
**Commanding Officer**

### Candidate's Platform for Captain

Greetings everyone, the following will be my platform for the 2006 election of the Maximilian.

I'll keep it short and sweet. In the past year and a half of my Captaincy we have improved communications greatly with the creation of the Max Group on the yahoo boards. We have come up with several new traditions, our meetings are productive, and morale is extremely high. The membership is doing more, seeing each other more often, and is never at a loss for events. We have plenty of money in the treasury, thanks to successful raffles and auctions.

In my second, and most probably last term, I will strive to improve relationships between the Max and other organizations, while keeping our communications high. I will oversee that all projects go as smoothly as possible. I want to start up our library project, finish at least the first 'season' of stories, and complete the digital archive, and paving the way for an easy time for future command staffs.

While it has been, at times, tiring and an immense amount of work, being Captain of the U.S.S. Maximilian has been the fulfillment of a dream, and has been very rewarding. I hope to continue being the Captain this ship deserves for another two years.

Thank you for your time.

## Halloween and Its Christian Roots

When you think of Halloween, what comes to mind? For a lot of people, Halloween has become synonymous with candy, costumes, scary stuff, witches, ghosts and pumpkins. But do you know the Christian connection to the holiday?

The true origins of Halloween lie with the ancient Celtic tribes who lived in Ireland, Scotland, Wales and Brittany. For the Celts, November 1 marked the beginning of a new year and the coming of winter. The night before the new year, they celebrated the festival of Samhain, Lord of the Dead. During this festival, Celts believed the souls of the dead—including ghosts, goblins and witches—returned to mingle with the living. In order to scare away the evil spirits, people would wear masks and light bonfires.

When the Romans conquered the Celts, they added their own touches to the Samhain festival, such as making centerpieces out of apples and nuts for Pomona, the Roman goddess of the orchards. The Romans also bobbed for apples and drank cider—traditions which may sound familiar to you. But where does the Christian aspect of the holiday come into play? In 835, Pope Gregory IV moved the celebration for all the martyrs (later all saints) from May 13 to November 1. The night before became known as All Hallow's Even or "holy evening." Eventually the name was shortened to the current Halloween. On November 2, the Church celebrates All Souls Day.

### Carving the Turnip?

Many of the customs we now associate with Halloween are also derived from ancient celebrations.

For example, the current custom of going door-to-door to collect treats actually started in Ireland hundreds of years ago. Groups of farmers would go door-to-door collecting food and materials for a village feast and bonfire. Those who gave were promised prosperity; those who did not received threats of bad luck. When an influx of Irish Catholic immigrants came to the United States in the 1800s, the custom of trick-or-treating came with them.

Does your family carve a pumpkin to place on your porch for Halloween? If so, then you can once again thank the Irish for the tradition. Actually, the custom began with a turnip. People would hollow out the turnips and place lighted candles inside to scare off the evil spirits. When the Irish came to America, they discovered the pumpkin as a larger substitute for the turnip. And so, we now carve pumpkins instead of turnips for Halloween.

## Secretary's Report

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh  
Records Officer



Hello all,

My apologies for not being around at the last meeting, but it could not be helped due to medical reasons.

Normally I would have something to say about the meeting or after-ship activity however, I will leave that up to Critch. Platforms are to be presented this coming month at the meeting, so that will keep everyone busy as we prepare for our upcoming election. Our Halloween party should be exciting; I am wondering what kind of costumes there will be at the meeting/ party. It does seem kind of strange without Robin being around, I got used to seeing her around.

Alas, another year has come and gone and now we are heading into the holiday season. Before you know it, November will be here and then Christmas will be right around the corner. Then comes the hustle and bustle as everyone first clamors about for Halloween, then Thanksgiving and then XMAS.

Our annual Xmas party is coming up soon, and believe me when I say, the prizes are going to get better and better. This is due to the fact that now that the Max has been gaining momentum both internally and externally, I am really excited about this years' party. There have been so many things that we have been able to do in this past administration...thanks Critch for doing such a bang up job on being Captain. That is despite the obvious school of grammar that he went to. Just kidding Critch!

I have had such a great time this year with everything that I just feel blessed to know so many great people. Critch has definitely been doing so many things with the Max and I am just blown away at all the activities that have been sponsored by the Max, that there is just way too many to do and it seems overwhelming when I try to guess how Critch does it.

And then of course I do something as klutzy as breaking my toe and having to get surgery to correct it. Anyway, the really cool movies for this year are coming out this holiday season and that will keep plenty of fans clamoring for more. I am looking forward to Harry Potter and seeing how much they will be cutting out.  
Happy Halloween everyone!



James Potter (Harry's Dad) by Sarah Moran



Hermione by Sarah Moran

## Candidate's Platform

*LCDR Nathan Cobaugh  
Records Officer / Chief of Security*

### Candidate's Platform for Records Officer for 2006-08

Submitted by Nathan Cobaugh

I am currently the records officer for the Maximillian and am announcing my interest in pursuing the position for the upcoming elections. As part of my campaign for the upcoming term, I would like to establish my intentions for the next two years, as candidate for the position for which I have been nominated.

Firstly, I plan on expanding the role of the records officer to include maintaining records of not just the meetings, but the newsletters as well. In this manner, the newsletters would be automatically archived not just physically, but electronically as well. The reasoning for this is to keep our website for the Maximillian updated with an E-version of our newsletters so that it may help reduce the cost of having to print so many newsletters. This would also provide our online visitors a chance to get a copy of our current newsletter and stay abreast of everything we are doing as a ship.

Second, I would also like to make sure that the meeting minutes are completed and posted online within the week following the meetings to insure that we stay current in our news.

Third, in order to facilitate a more efficient process of keeping things organized, I would also like to see the records officer maintain the calendar of events. This way, the Captain would not have to worry about having to constantly update the website. As records officer, there would be a separate part for the records officer to update, thereby allowing the Captain to focus on more important things.

Lastly, I would also like to see about possibly developing some office sup-

plies with the USS Maximillian logo/title. This would be like having pencils and or pens that we could pass out at conventions, that say USS Maximillian or possibly our website to promote our fan club.

There may be some confusion as to what has been going on with some other projects that I am involved with. Therefore, I would like everyone to know that any outside activities that I am involved in, are strictly that. The Maximillian is full of diversity. There are so many people that have different talents, and different occupations, each person contributing in his or her own way. That is what makes the Maximillian such a great group to work with.

As we near the upcoming elections, everyone running will be delivering their campaigns and their platforms for the positions for which they are running. When the actual voting does come, your votes will count towards determining the candidates who will be on the command staff for the Maximillian for the next two years. While you ponder on the deliberations for those who are running on the various positions, some may be unopposed, others opposed. Remember that we are a fan club, and not some political action group...

I would like to end my platform by saying that everyone who is running is qualified and capable of doing the duties as defined by the regulations for the Max. May the best person win!



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## NASA Powers up Space Shuttle Endeavour

*LT Jeremy Krieg*

On Tuesday Stardate 9.27.05, NASA sent electrical power surging through shuttle Endeavour signaling the end of a major overhaul and its return to normal launch processing. About 75 workers gathered around the \$1.8 billion spaceship when a red-and-white "Vehicle Powered" sign lit up inside the shuttle's hangar for the first time since August 2003. "There was certainly a big cheer that went up in that room when that sign lit up," said Tassos Abadiotakis, NASA's lead vehicle manager at Kennedy Space Center and the senior engineer in charge of preparing Endeavour for flight. "It's really a big deal when we've got the ship back together enough to power it up and start preflight testing on the vehicle." NASA generally sidelines shuttle orbiters after every eight flights for extensive inspections and modifications.

Endeavour, which was built to replace Challenger after it was lost in a 1986 launch explosion, was taken out of service in December 2003. The spaceship underwent 124 modifications and extensive refittings. Some were safety modifications ordered after the 2003 Columbia accident; others already had been planned.

Among them: A new "glass cockpit" that includes 11 full-color, flat-panel screens that display information about vehicle systems' performance. The display panels replace out-of-date cockpit instrumentation that included 32 gauges and electro-mechanical displays and four cathode ray tubes. New Global Positioning System (GPS) navigation equipment that will enable a shuttle to land -- particularly in an emergency -- at any runway in the world. Shuttle orbiters now can only land at sites equipped with Tactical Air Navigation systems, which are primarily used by the military. A new power converter system will enable Endeavour to stay at the International Space Station for nine to 12 days. The capability will play a key role in the amount of station construction

*(Continued on page 5)*

## NASA Powers up Space Shuttle Endeavour

LT Jeremy Krieg  
(Continued)

(Continued from page 4)

work NASA can complete before the shuttle fleet is retired in 2010. Technicians also inspected more than 150 miles of electrical wiring. They replaced more than 1,000 heat shielding tiles, which protect orbiters and astronauts from intense heat up to 3,000 degrees during atmospheric re-entry. Also the faulty braking system, critical to safe landings, was repaired. The ship also was rigged so a new orbital inspection boom can be installed in its payload bay before its next flight.

Final tests to Endeavour's new cockpit will be conducted during the next seven to 10 days, and then technicians will begin about 8,000 preflight tests. Endeavour will be ready to fly in about 10 to 11 months. However no mission has been scheduled at this time for the Endeavour.



## WING COMMANDER!

CAPT Charles Connor  
Communications Chief



Captain Kelvok

Thanks To Critch I was able to watch the First new season of Doctor Who. I really enjoyed the Daleks episodes, and so far they are my favorite ones. Can't wait till the next season. Hope they'll do a cybermen episode that would be cool. I think that is all.

## Security Report

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh  
Records Officer / Chief of Security

News from the desk of Security:

We are now heading into the fall season and with it will come many holidays and lots of things going on -- parties, dinners, and so on. October is here and the Halloween season will be arriving.

This looks to be a good year for science fiction, since so many good movies have come out this year. The beginning of the year looked really good as Hitch-hiker's Guide to the Galaxy came out and then Star Wars, and I just cannot keep up with it all. I am looking forward to Serenity; hopefully I will have a chance to see it.

As we come into the holiday season, the XMAS party will be  
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## Candidate's Platform

LT Babs "Overload" Magera  
Chief of Operations



### Candidate's Platform for Records Officer

This year, I have decided to run for records officer come the next elections.

I have been an active member on this ship for over two years, have obtained the rank of Lieutenant, and am currently the Chief of Operations onboard the ship. I have brought several new members onboard during that time (some of whom are even out of state!), and contribute often to the newsletter, primarily in the form of artwork. I also am heading up my own project, which is a means to get the Max on the ultimate away mission: A trip to the Star Trek Experience in Vegas for 2006!

If I become records officer, of course all the above roles will continue to thrive. But in addi-

tion, I'll be taking notes at meetings and forwarding on meeting minutes and the like, making sure they're posted to the list. I'll also help in organization of the website, making sure everything is up to date and fresh. With the aforementioned tasks, I'll also help to make sure communication among the crewmembers runs nice and smooth, which in turn will continue to make our events and get-togethers as successful as they are.

Overall, I'm a hard worker and dedicated, and I plan to prove my prowess and loyalty to the ship in that area.

Thank you for your time!

Lt. Overload Soong-Maddox

## Celestial Viewpoint

LCDR Susan Moran  
Purser / Chief of Science

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



### Candidate's Platform for Ship's Purser

It was two years ago when I first set forth my platform as candidate for Ship's Purser. I count the lack of an opposing candidate as a sign of the crew's vote of confidence in my abilities. [Or it's just that no one else wants the bother of having to count the money every month, make deposits, pay bills and process charitable requests.] Anyway, I would like to once again announce my intention to run for Purser of the U.S.S. Maximillian.

In reviewing my platform from two years ago, I see that I actually accomplished a few things. I created a spreadsheet that accurately reflects the financial standing of the ship. I have also revamped the ship's roster and keep it up to date, providing copies to pertinent personnel on an ongoing basis. The ship now has a check card which is used to purchase supplies and refreshments. This card makes it easier to keep track of expenses and limits the amount of crew reimbursements, which can be tedious to process.

Two years ago I promised to initiate some small-scale fundraising activities. I am pleased to report that the Max Snacks are not only a big hit with crew and guests, but they also generate a nice little profit. I would like to pursue other revenue generating ideas I have of doing bake sales at select events/meetings, maybe having a few 50/50 raffles or even the ever-popular car wash.

I believe that we have also increased our charitable giving under my period in office. We have made contributions to Juvenile Diabetes, the Helpline, Operation Air Conditioners (for the troops serving in the Middle East), Operation Feed and the American Red Cross. To date we have contributed \$680. That is quite impressive for a group that averages about 30 members. You should all feel very proud of our efforts. I would like to organize a ship wide participation in a few charitable walks in the future. It would be a way to contribute to a good cause and for us to demonstrate our civic mindedness to the community. By doing a group walk we can promote our club while we benefit a worthy charity.

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PHOTO BY SIDLEY HOWARD

## Celestial Viewpoint

*LCDR Susan Moran*  
Purser / Chief of Science (Continued)

Speaking of promoting our club, I have tried to revive the sale of Max Wear. We have a new flyer with some updated items, but to date the sales have been less than anticipated. Max Wear is a great way to identify ourselves when we participate in community events. [Such as the afore mentioned charity walks.]

Well to sum it up, I would like to continue as the Ship's Purser. If elected I promise to continue to try my best to serve as a financial officer who maintains good records and pursues avenues to increase revenue while helping to make the ship a viable organization in community involvement. If you've liked what I have done the past two years and would like me to continue, please vote for me in January.

## Purser's Report

*LCDR Susan Moran*  
Purser / Chief of Science

### Renewed Memberships 9/05

Single Membership – Sean Adrian (Zen)

### Membership expires in 3 months or less:

John Friendrich (10/05)  
Shane Howard (12/05)  
Brandy Jackson (11/05)  
Mykayla Jackson (11/05)  
Randy Jackson (11/05)  
Jackie Roach (10/05)  
Ryan Stump (10/05)

### Memberships renewal past due:

None

### Expenses

Max Olympic Picnic	\$ 54.92
Postage Stamps	\$ 14.80
Contribution Red Cross	\$100.00

### Misc. Income

Max Snacks	\$21.20
Recruiting Raffle – Serenity	\$ 4.00

General Fund:	\$426.38
Charity Fund	\$ 32.94
MCAE <sup>1</sup>	\$ 0.00
<b>Total Balance</b>	<b>\$459.32</b>

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

## UPCOMING EVENTS

### OCTOBER

- 23) Critch's Birthday Party
- 26) Dinner Get-together

### NOVEMBER

- 12) Meeting/Auction
- 18) Harry Potter Drive

### DECEMBER

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

### JANUARY

- 14) Meeting / Elections

## Candidates still needed for the following Ship Positions

Armory Chief  
Transporter Chief  
Counselor

Submissions to the November  
2005 edition of the Mighty  
Max  
are due on **November 1, 2005**.  
Submit to  
Critchstarblade@gmail.com  
Or 614-284-4962



## Articles of The Federation

LTJG Todd McDaniel — Communications Chief

The newsletter this month, and for the following 17 months, will see my recitation of the Articles of Federation, one Roman numeral chapter per month. This is my attempt to create a serial project. The text is taken from the Franz Joseph Star Fleet Technical Manual, pp. (or T.O.) 00:01:00 – 00:01:19. The Preamble and Purpose have been stated previously; what follows now are entire chapters, one each per month.

- LTJG Todd McDaniel

### CHAPTER I PURPOSES AND PRINCIPLES ARTICLE 1

THE PURPOSES OF THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS ARE:

1. TO MAINTAIN INTERPLANETARY PEACE AND SECURITY WITHIN THE TREATY EXPLORATION TERRITORY, AND TO THAT END: TO TAKE EFFECTIVE COLLECTIVE MEASURES FOR THE PREVENTION OF THE THREATS TO THE PEACE, THE SUPPRESSION OF ACTS OF AGGRESSION, AND TO BRING ABOUT BY PEACEFUL MEANS, EMPLOYING THE PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE AND INTRA-GALACTIC LAW, ADJUSTMENT OR SETTLEMENT OF INTERPLANETARY DISPUTES WHICH MIGHT LEAD TO A BREACH OF THE PEACE;
2. TO DEVELOP FRIENDLY RELATIONS AMONG PLANETS BASED ON RESPECT FOR THE PRINCIPLES OF EQUAL RIGHTS AND SELF DETERMINATION OF INTELLIGENT LIFE-FORMS, AND TO OTHER APPROPRIATE MEASURES TO STRENGTHEN UNIVERSAL PEACE;
3. TO ACHIEVE INTERPLANETARY COOPERATION IN SOLVING INTRA-GALACTIC PROBLEMS OF ECONOMIC, SOCIAL, CULTURAL OR HUMANITARIAN CHARACTER; IN PROMOTING AND ENCOURAGING RESPECT FOR INTELLIGENT LIFE-FORM RIGHTS; AND FOR FUNDAMENTAL FREEDOMS FOR ALL WITHOUT DISTINCTION AS TO CULTURE, SEX LIFE-FORM, OR RELIGIOUS, BELIEF; AND
4. TO BE A CENTER FOR THE CONCILIATION OF THE ACTIONS OF ALL SOCIAL SYSTEMS IN THE

ATTAINMENT OF THESE COMMON ENDS.

**ARTICLE 2**  
THE FEDERATION AND ITS MEMBERS IN PURSUIT OF THE PURPOSES STATED, SHALL ACT IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE FOLLOWING PRINCIPLES:

1. THE FEDERATION IS BASED ON THE SOVEREIGN EQUALITY OF ALL ITS MEMBERS;
2. IN ORDER TO ENSURE TO ALL OF THEM THE RIGHTS AND BENEFITS RESULTING FROM MEMBERSHIP, ALL MEMBERS SHALL FULFILL IN GOOD FAITH THE OBLIGATIONS ASSUMED BY THEM IN ACCORDANCE WITH THESE ARTICLES OF FEDERATION;
3. ALL MEMBERS SHALL SETTLE THEIR INTERPLANETARY DISPUTES BY PEACEFUL MEANS IN SUCH MANNER THAT INTRA-GALACTIC PEACE, SECURITY AND JUSTICE ARE NOT ENDANGERED;
4. IN ALL INTERPLANETARY RELATIONS, ALL MEMBERS SHALL REFRAIN FROM THE THREAT, OR USE OF, FORCE AGAINST THE TERRITORIAL INTEGRITY OR POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE OF ANY PLANETARY SOCIAL SYSTEM, OR IN ANY MANNER INCONSISTENT WITH THE PURPOSES OF THE UNITED FEDERATION;
5. ALL MEMBERS SHALL GIVE THE UNITED FEDERATION EVERY ASSISTANCE IN ANY ACTION TAKEN IN ACCORDANCE WITH THESE ARTICLES OF FEDERATION, AND SHALL REFRAIN FROM ASSISTING ANY PLANETARY SOCIAL SYSTEM AGAINST WHICH THE FEDERATION IS TAKING PREVENTIVE OR ENFORCEMENT ACTION;
6. THE UNITED FEDERATION SHALL ENSURE THAT PLANETARY SOCIAL SYSTEMS WHICH ARE NOT MEMBERS OF THE FEDERATION ACT IN ACCORDANCE WITH THESE PRINCIPLES AS NECESSARY FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF INTRA-GALACTIC PEACE AND SECURITY;
7. NOTHING WITHIN THESE ARTICLES OF FEDERATION SHALL AUTHORIZE THE FEDERATION TO INTERVENE IN MATTERS WHICH ARE ESSENTIALLY THE DOMESTIC JURISDICTION OF ANY PLANETARY SOCIAL SYSTEM, OR SHALL REQUIRE THE MEMBERS TO SUBMIT SUCH MATTERS TO SETTLEMENT UNDER THESE ARTICLES OF FEDERATION; BUT THIS PRINCIPLE SHALL NOT PREJUDICE THE APPLICATION OF ENFORCEMENT MEASURES UNDER CHAPTER VII.

## Security Report

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh  
Records Officer / Chief of Security

(Continued from page 5)

just around the corner. Since the elections are going to be coming up and the crew will be busy with everything, I would like to finalize the plans for the XMAS dinner by the end of the October meeting. The next thing that I will be starting plans for will be the anniversary dinner. Granted there is plenty of time, however, since the elections will be going on and all the events that Critch keeps planning for the crew, this would be the best time to bring it up.

Normally at this time of the year I would be plugging the horror movie marathon, and I would be posting news of it, except there has not been any announcements as of yet regarding confirmation that there will be one. Granted the Drexel usually puts one on, sadly though, there has been no news posted yet on their website. If they do manage to put a marathon on, it would be announced on [www.drexel.net](http://www.drexel.net). THE SHINING will be coming to Studio 35 on October 7th, and DEAD ALIVE will be showing there on the 21st. So if you are looking for some classic horror movies there will be at least a couple that are confirmed to be shown at Studio 35. Opening up this month will be the Drexel Gateway Theater, at 1550 N. High St. on South Campus of OSU. There will be an in-store cafe and bar much like the Arena Grand, except there will be only 8 screens. I have not heard exactly when they will be opening the location only that it will be sometime this month.

On another note, I have recently joined the SG-Command.Net group online and am a part of the SG-7 and SG-69 groups. This is mostly online and does not affect anything other than being able to keep up on the Stargate universe and the show. One of the main reasons I decided to join the local SG group is simply because I want to branch out a little in my science fiction. Plus the people are really cool and one of the guys from the SG-7 group I met at the Stargate con in Columbus and he had a cool dog headpiece. The SG-7 group and SG-69 group that worked the con, impressed me so much that I realized how much fun Stargate can be, plus it gives me something to talk about every day at work. My supervisor is a big fan of Stargate and I really enjoy having the conversations in the morning and afternoons about the Jaffa, the Goa'uld and SG-1.



# Doctor Who The final two episodes of *Dreadnought*

**DOCTOR WHO**  
**DREADNOUGHT**  
Part nine of ten

I REMEMBER I WAS... HUMAN...

YES, YES YOU WERE. STILL ARE, IF YOU LOOK HARD ENOUGH. THINK ABOUT WHAT THE CYBERMEN HAVE DONE TO YOU.

PLEASE HELP ME, BILL. HELP US DEFEAT THE CYBERMEN.

I JUST NEED A DISTRACTION.

**LEADER!**

ZZZRURK!

HOLD TIGHT, STACY. THIS COULD GET A BIT BUMPY.

TRICKY ONE, THIS OLD GIRL. MUST BE TIGHTLY LOCALISED, ALL RIGHT. DON'T LET ME DOWN, PLEASE.

BZZ DESTROY THE BZZ ROGUE CYBERMAN BZZ ELIMINATE THE BZZZ HUMANZZZZZ BZZBZZ.

BILL!

TO BE CONTINUED...

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

**DOCTOR WHO**  
**DREADNOUGHT**  
Part ten of ten

BILL... NO!

HANG ON, STACY. I'M REVERSING THE POLARITY OF THE TARDIS'S NEUTRON FLOW!

EMERGENCY BZZZ. EMERGENCY ALERT BZZZ.

HOLD TIGHT!

VWOOZZHHH

I'VE MADE THE CYBERMEN MAGNETICALLY REPELLENT TO THE TARDIS, DREADNOUGHT AND EACH OTHER. THE FORCE SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO...

"...TUG EVERYTHING APART!"

WE DID IT, STACY. THE CYBERMEN ARE DESTROYED. MAGNETICALLY DISASSEMBLED.

AND POOR BILL, HE WAS HUMAN, EVEN AT THE END.

"YES, WE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT HIM. NOW WE MUST TRY TO GET YOU HOME SAFELY."

VWORP VWORP

THE END.

A NEW DOCTOR WHO ADVENTURE STARTS NEXT WEEK.

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

## You've Been Boo'd Activity

Get everyone in a spooky spirit and start a new tradition this Halloween season! In the weeks prior to Halloween, you and your family can secretly leave goodie-filled bags on your neighbor's doorstep, with a special poem encouraging them to continue the fun!

### What you'll need:

- 2 bags of your favorite Masterfoods USA FUN SIZE® candies, such as M&M'S® Brand Milk Chocolate Candies FUN SIZE®, MILKY WAY® Brand FUN SIZE®, STARBURST® Brand Original Fruit Chews FUN SIZE® and SKITTLES® Brand Original Bite Size Candies FUN SIZE®
- Printed copy of "You've Been Boo'd" Poem, which includes instructions and an "I've Been Boo'd" sign
- Decorative basket or paper bag

### What to do:

1. Create neighborhood spirit this Halloween! During the weeks before the holiday, begin the fun by selecting a neighbor to "Boo".
2. Help your kids fill a decorative basket—or let them decorate their own paper bag—with an assortment of Masterfoods FUN SIZE® Candies.
3. Go to page 10 in this newsletter to get a print out the "You've Been Boo'd" poem, directions to let your neighbors know how to spread the "ghosting" fun, and an "I've Been Boo'd" sign for your neighbor to show that they've been boo'd. Roll up the printout and tie it up like a scroll. Add the scroll to the ghosting basket.
4. Have your kids place the basket on your neighbor's doorstep. Ring the doorbell and leave them to discover their spooky surprise.
5. Now it's your neighbors' turn to continue the trend and place a basket on another neighbors' doorstep. Watch as the fun spreads around the block!



## Candidate's Platform

CMDR CJ Biro  
Chief of Xenobiology



Greetings, fellow crewmembers of the Maximillian:

It is with great pleasure that I write out this platform for the office of first officer of the Max. I think I bring a wealth of qualifications to the table, not the least of which is command of my own ship, The USS Explorer, an IFT vessel with a long history in the Columbus area. I've also been a member of the Max for nearly 2 years, and will be over that by the time the election comes around. I've been an active participant in many Max events, and have had the opportunity to work with the Captain behind the scenes on a couple of informal occasions. I think we would compliment each other's strengths quite well, and as a team, will be able to do a lot to make things on the Max go smoothly and provide a fun, positive experience for all the members. I have a good working relation with the admiralty, and will continue to strengthen those ties as time goes by. I feel I will be an excellent person to help the Captain with the tasks of keeping the ship and it's events running smoothly, as well as creating, improving, and maintaining relationships with the other local fan organizations and businesses. I look forward with great eagerness to the opportunity to serve the Max and her crew and to help both prosper.

My plans and goals for my first term as first officer are threefold. First, I will be assuming a more proactive role in the duties of first officer as laid out in the regulations of the Maximillian, taking back many functions that the Captain has assumed over the last several years, in order to free his time up for matters more directly affecting the ship and its direction. This should have the added bonus of giving him more time for his myriad projects, plans and duties. Secondly, I intend to be an active advocate and ambassador of the Maximillian to the other science fiction groups, clubs, and organizations not only in Columbus, but also around the state. Thirdly, it is my goal to be the right hand man for the captain, as a good first officer should be, in all endeavors the captain sees fit to undertake. I believe this will make our already successful ship and crew even more so in the coming years.

I am a relative newcomer to the Maximillian, compared with some of the flag officers and crew, but in the time I've been involved with the ship, I've had a genuine desire to see the ship and crew flourish and prosper. It is because of this desire that I am running for first officer, and making the move to take a more active hand in the destiny of our group. I look forward to our upcoming events, and wish everyone the greatest success in the upcoming elections! Thank you for your time and indulgence.

## You've Been Boo'd Poem

### YOU'VE BEEN BOO'D!

This Halloween there's something new -  
This sweet surprise we call a "BOO"!  
Red & Yellow left it here  
To bring a bit of "ghostly" cheer.  
It's not a fright, it's not a scare...  
It's just a secret smile to share.

You've been "BOOED"! It's your turn now  
To pass it on...we'll tell you how.  
Choose a neighbor, friend, or anyone  
Who needs some special "spooky" fun;  
And when you've made your secret pick,  
Let Red & Yellow do the "trick"!

Put a "goody" bag beside the door;  
Include this poem, and one thing more -  
Some M&M'S®, for candy fun -  
Now Red & Yellow's "BOO" is done!  
Don't sign your name, don't leave a clue;  
'Cause that's the "magic" of a "BOO"!

Enjoy the latest, greatest way  
To celebrate the holiday.  
With Red & Yellow on your team,  
This Halloween will be a "scream"!  
It's easy and it's fun to do...  
Let's spread the joy and share a "BOO"!

Red & Yellow's  
**Bright Ideas**  
Click. Create. Celebrate!™

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

cut along dotted line



#### WHAT DO I DO NOW?

1. You have 24 hours to make a treat bag for a friend or neighbor! But, the first thing you need to do is make a copy of this activity sheet.
2. After you've made a copy of this activity sheet, cut out the decal and hang it in your window, so that everyone knows you've been "Boo'd"!
3. Now, create a treat bag of your own (be sure to include the copy of this activity sheet), and anonymously deliver it to a friend or neighbor.
4. Watch as the fun spreads and a new Halloween tradition begins!

**TIP:** You can either photocopy it or download it and print a copy from [www.brightideas.com/boo](http://www.brightideas.com/boo)



Some new toys seen at Botcon 2005 and some poor guy getting threatened by a pretty swell Shockwave costume.

# Botcon Pictures - A Convention Dedicated to Transformers Frisco, Texas September 23-25, 2005



2005 Botcon Hotel



The interior view of the hotel from my room



Frisco!



A giant Optimus Prime greets all who enter the dealers room!

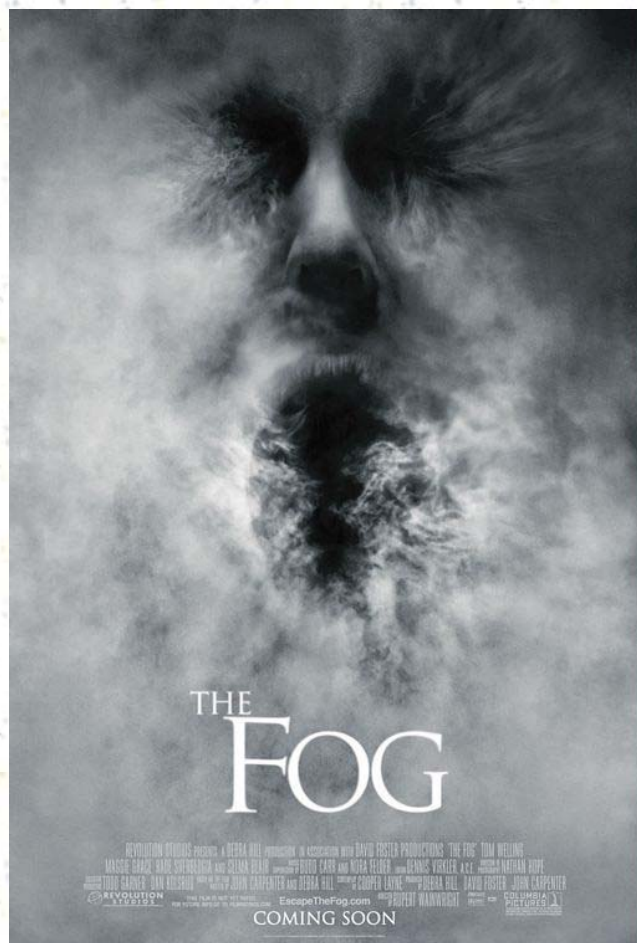
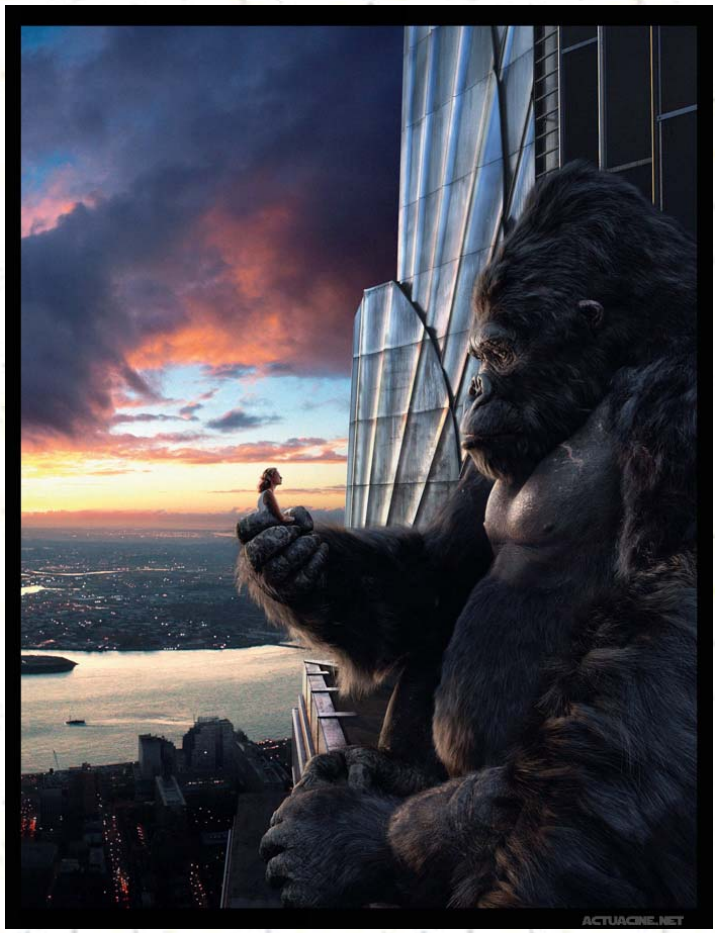
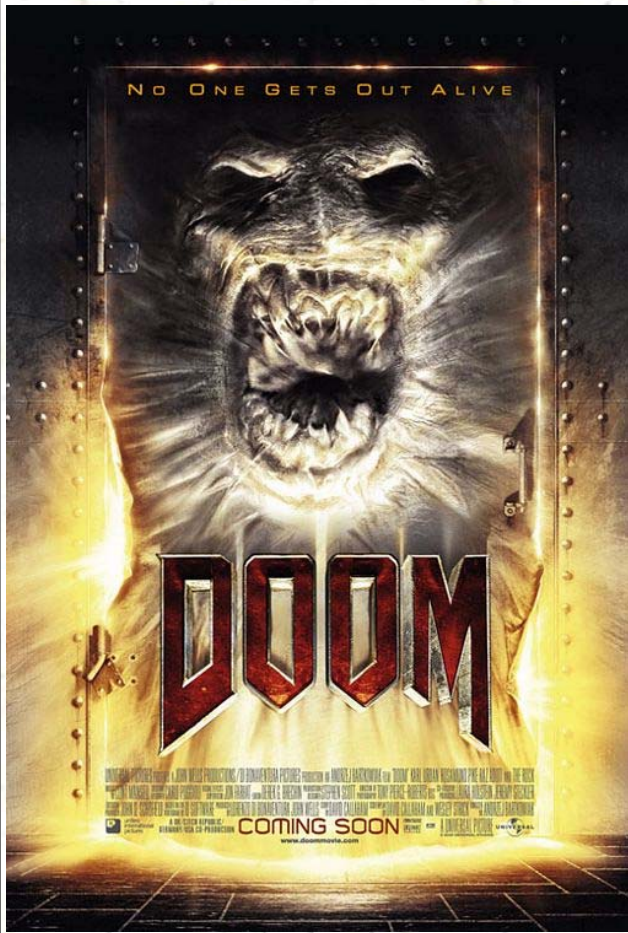


A bunch of geeks and their toys!!!!



This is the TFW2005 Transformers message board get together at Hooters on Sunday night. I am not in any of the pics because I am taking the pics...poor me. We have members from Iceland, England, Canadia, Pissburgh, and the US represented here. It was a great time with much Transformer talk, eating, drinking, and collector fun.

The hotel had a free breakfast every morning and a free drinks every night. Plus Frisco is warm and sunny and pretty swell. I must say that I enjoyed myself quite a bit and the nice gent from Britain (the guy with all the beer) told me what Smeghead really means. Its pretty bad....so you are all smegheads! - Greg



## STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN : BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER

*Written by Chris Stephenson*

### CHAPTER NINETEEN : INTENT (part 2)

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

"And the rest, as you would put it, is history."

As the world swirled back into view around Critch, he spun backwards, regaining his senses and reality after being deep in what seemed to be a dream, yet one he knew was frighteningly real. It was worse than he could have imagined, in some ways. He was responsible for the deaths of the Marconians, and for spearheading this movement against the Federation. He was therefore responsible for everything.

But Rob was not.

He shook it off as he realized what had sprung him out of the past reality. He looked towards the cylinders, far back where he had entered this area. And he saw 'Canty' standing there, his slave behind him, and he was smiling, as though Critch had accomplished something great. He continued then, just standing there, as though they were not on opposite sides of the battle.

"But there is more, as I'm sure you're aware."

Critch glanced at the Ka-Ki-Ri, worried for his welfare. "Karei..."

"Oh don't worry, not about him." 'Canty' took a step forward. "They are bred to take orders from their superiors. In some sense, deep in his subconscious, you are still his superior. Then again, you were mine, yet I feel attachment to that no longer."

"I'm crushed."

"Sure you are. But let me finish the story for you, since I so rudely interrupted. For the time after you were gone, the people rejoiced that their salvation was near. But soon, we grew impatient awaiting the great bounty of success you promised us. So, I filled the

power vacuum."

"I don't want to hear anymore." Critch was tired of this, and knowing he didn't want to hear what else he had caused.

"Too bad! You created this situation for yourself. As I was saying, I, my Ka-Ki-Ri, and a few other brave souls chose to investigate your disappearance, and when we reached where you must have crossed over..."

"The wreckage on our side was immense, as I'm sure it was in this universe. Lesser ones thought you dead, but only I kept the hope that somehow you would have survived. And eventually, it was decided to take one last shot at it, one final attempt to bring Marconia glory, and to avenge our lost generations. In this vessel, I launched, and the rest... well, as I said."

Critch narrowed his eyes, focused on his enemy. "You're a fraud. This was never about Lyon, never about the Federation."

"It's ALL about Lyon! He is a pawn, a pawn you created! By his inept actions, and by your own refusal to die when you should have honorably, millions were lost!"

"Then if it's an issue with me then deal with me! I'll go back willingly!"

"Oh, you'll go back, and willingly. But the task you set us upon so long ago must be completed, for the good of all."

"Good of all! Destroying Earth, wiping out an entire civilization... How is that possibly for the good of all?"

'Canty' chuckled to himself softly, shaking his head in disbelief. "Oh Critch, how small-minded you have become. Do you really think the power of this vessel is limited to the destruction of planets? Do you really think I'd have come all this way just for that?" Critch was silent as 'Canty' moved closer, placing his hand on panel, and whispered to Critch as the lights dimmed around them. "Do you really think I'm here for Earth?"

The world faded around them, and only Critch and 'Canty' stood alone in the darkness. Soon stars faded into view, and one became larger than the rest, filling their vision. The sun burned brightly. Suddenly the view zoomed back, and the image of the invading vessel, the lone ship in the blackness, rushed towards the sun, not letting up even as it entered the corona. Flames flickered on the front of the ship as it disappeared, seemingly entering the core. Critch could hear his doppel's voice whispering. "See now what you have started. What I will finish."

The sun began swirling with dark colors, much different than the familiar yellow and orange and brightness. Within seconds the darkness surrounded the sun, filling it. Then, silently, and terribly, the sun began to grow, doubling, tripling in size, over and over and over again until it had reached the first planet in this solar system. It easily consumed it, and within a standard minute had done the same for the rest of the planets. With a start Critch realized what system this was, and he took an involuntary step back, sickened. If he had the capability, he would have thrown up. As it was, he was rendered to a shocked state, unable to fathom anything. He simply stared at 'Canty'.

"Ah, *now* he gets it." Critch's enemy shook his head, and paced around the panels. "It's my fault, you know. I let you continue having all these great ideas, and then ruining all of them. Letting you have control, even being shunted out a few airlocks. When we both knew who would win in the end. That's why I did it, you know."

Critch tried to speak, his mouth suddenly dry. "Did... Did what?"

"Sabotaged your vessel. Put you in this universe for good. Thought letting you fight hand-to-hand with the mortals for a bit might let you gain some perspective. We both know you didn't have the control to finish the plan."

Critch steadied himself, still only able

*(Continued on page 15)*

## STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN : BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER

*Written by Chris Stephenson*

### CHAPTER NINETEEN : INTENT (part 2)

*(Continued from page 14)*

to rasp simple words. "You... You..."

"The vessel was destroyed because of me. Just as you did to the Ka-Ki-Ri, you would take pity on this universe's creatures, when they deserve nothing but destruction! You would give more honorable deaths to these...*things* than you would to your own people! Marconia demanded a sacrifice, and I gave them one, and so I shall drive a strike directly into the heart of your Federation, and glory will be to Marconia!

"And it won't end there, oh no. Every sun that exists in this sky is an affront to the glory of our home universe. It will take time, oh yes, time and an obscene number of automated vessels. But we are as Gods to these creatures, Critch. They will be unmade, and marking our victory shall be a line of Great Spires far and wide across the great expanse that we shall create!

"Who can say if it has to end there? If there is one other universe, there must be hundreds! Thousands! All ripe for the conquering! And in the end, Marconia and Marconia alone shall stand across the expanse and rule without competition or fear of oppression!

"This shall be your last chance, Critch. Whether you join me willingly or not, it makes no difference. I control powers beyond anything you can remember; rearranging your mind will be a simple task. And at last you shall call me your King, and finally I shall rule!"

Critch took another step back, his mind reeling from everything that he had just seen and heard. Faced with this decision, to allow this madman, so much worse than even his past self could ever have been, to continue on his path towards genocide on a universal scale, or to deny him, and face termination, or far worse, having his very self changed once again, Critch knew he had only one option.

He ran.

There wasn't much direction to where he was headed, but what Critch did have was speed. His patience at an end with his doppelganger, he knew he needed to get far away as fast as possible, lest he be captured again, this time with no possibility of escape. His abilities carried him over multiple walkways and catwalks, faster than likely anyone had ever moved in this vessel. Unfortunately, it did not seem to be fast enough, as he had begun to hear the quick footfalls of his adversary coming up behind him. 'Canty', it seemed, had no desire to let him escape again.

He dodged over the side of one walkway, then another, pushing himself as far as he could go, but even that wasn't enough, as the quick steps grew ever closer to his ear, until it seemed that he was just out of reach.

Taking a leap of faith, he threw himself over the side of the walkway he was running on, sending himself deeper into the bowels of the vessel. Catching an arm on a lower rail, he quickly threw himself up and over, back on solid ground once again. Taking a quick look down, he was suspended over a series of crisscrossing catwalks, descending down and deep, until he couldn't see anything lower before him. Making a quick decision, he resumed his speed, pushing himself faster, to his very limit, even as he heard the landing of his doppel behind him.

The chase moved on over the straight path. Critch thought that 'Canty' must have gotten some upgrades done in the time since he had disappeared, otherwise their abilities would have remained equal. This did nothing to alleviate his growing worry, as the running steps of his adversary had grown back to their former loudness. He knew he had only seconds left, and had to do something soon.

Thinking as quickly as he possibly could, he suddenly leaped over the side of the walkway, a lone part where there was no walkway underneath within sight. As he disappeared over the side, 'Canty' followed, unwilling to give up

the chase.

Exactly as Critch had guessed.

As he hung onto the bottom of the walkway, Critch watched his doppel fall, a look of disbelief on 'Canty's' face as he quickly fell into the blackness of the vessel. Breathing a heavy sigh of relief, Critch pulled himself up and over, and jogged, still quickly, but not nearly as fast, back to the towers where his desperate run had begun.

When he finally arrived, he found, as he expected, Karei waiting whoever would return. The Ka-Ki-Ri did not seem surprised that it was not his master, but Critch supposed he really didn't know what passed for emotions with this race. Ignoring those thoughts, Critch approached Karei anxiously.

"We don't have much time, we need to..."

Karei shook his head and cut Critch off. "I cannot go. Have already done too much."

"Karei, when he comes back... I don't know what he'll do to you!"

The creature seemed to afflict a sad tone to his voice. "I do."

Critch sighed, as there wasn't enough time to convince him again. "Come with me, help me destroy this thing, or shut it down at least. Then take me back to Marconia, take me wherever... I will face justice."

"No justice... not there. Not for Karei... Not for Starblade. Cannot shut ship down, cannot self-destruct. Master rules forbid it. Will show you way to core systems, can identify main power there. Will also find transceiver platform, can communicate with ship." The creature pointed. "Not far, will find path."

"Karei..." Critch considered asking him again for his help, but knew that he had pressed his luck already, and there was no telling how fast 'Canty' would recover. "I will go to Marconia. If there isn't justice now... there will be."

*(Continued on page 16)*

## STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN : BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER

*Written by Chris Stephenson*

### CHAPTER NINETEEN : INTENT (part 2)

*(Continued from page 15)*

Karei merely nodded. "Hurry, Master will come back."

Critch offered a hand. "Take my hand. It's how we...how humans show we mean what we say." Karei looked at it, and gently reached a massive hand forward. Critch shook both their hands, and then backed off a few paces in the direction he had been pointed towards, and silently said, "Thank you." Then he turned around, and began moving at a very fast pace, towards anything that stood out as an equivalent to an Engineering or a Communications platform. With the memories that were being processed through his mind, he knew it wouldn't be a tough task, as everything was becoming more familiar by the moment. Karei, on the other hand, remained where he was standing, watching Critch's figure disappear into the darkened areas of the vessel.

The alien was right; Critch thought to himself, a few hundred yards away, it really wasn't far. He came upon two stations parallel to each other, facing one another across a pathway only a few feet wide. They were both bathed in a reddish glow, making them easier to see against the blackness of the rest of the vessel. Looking at the two stations, he noticed one had what seemed to be schematics of the vessel, models of it spinning around slowly. Assuming it to be the engineering equivalent, he turned to the other one, which only had a blank screen. There was no time to second-guess; he just had to rely on his faded memories and instincts on how this was going to work. He sighed, assembled himself, and placed a hand on the middle of the dark panel, and thought about what he wanted.

Sleep had come to Lyon unexpectedly, as he lost himself in his past memories and deeds. His last thought before unconsciousness was yet another regret, that instead of holding it in and protecting his secrets that he should have told someone, anyone, the truth years ago. Now everyone knew, and it cer-

tainly did not bode well for the Federation, to say nothing of Lyon's career. A padd hit the floor as he began to doze, one of several that he had been reading through. His logs about the initial incident were many and varied, and it gave him some comfort to know that second-guessing his actions was not a new occurrence for the Admiral.

It was only a few minutes into his long-incoming rest when he was softly lulled awake by a soft chime, coming from his desk. As he blinked himself awake, he watched as his personal communication device opened itself up. Rousing himself, he wondered why the leaders of the Federation would be contacting him now, of all times. T'Kill and Blobbin were now in charge of this mission. All that was left for Lyon was to wait for the inevitable court martial.

Lyon sat, still in his uniform, though now extremely wrinkled, closed his eyes, and willed himself to think clearly. Then he tapped the padd to accept the communication, not concerned with anyone tapping in. Strange that it was coming from an unknown location...

Lyon thought it was even stranger when he saw who was contacting him. He stared in disbelief for a moment, before he could regain his composure.

"Starblade."

"Admiral..."

Any patience Lyon had with this situation had been greatly diminished by the most recent events. "What is it this time? Calling to gloat about how easily we were defeated? Going to brag about your next move?"

"Rob...I'm sorry."

Lyon stopped, and sat back, folding his hands in front of his chin. Was he serious, or was this just another game to him?

"You'll understand why I can't believe that."

"It's the truth. The other Marconian...he

lied to me, told me what he thought I wanted to hear...what I thought I wanted to hear. And he was wrong."

"Wrong to what? Wrong that you didn't want to hear it?"

"Wrong about what really happened. You're innocent, Rob."

He wasn't aware he was holding his breath for a few moments after Critch said his last statement, but Lyon kept his poker face. "It seems the evidence you showed this ship goes against that."

"The video was fabricated. I located the real one. I've seen it, and will show it just as I did before."

"To what end? Why should I believe this one isn't a lie as well? How do I know this 'other' isn't standing behind you, feeding you your lines? Games over, Critch. You're bankrupt."

Critch felt stung as he remembered the earlier game of the 20<sup>th</sup> century they had played just before everything had fallen apart. Back in the simpler times, mere hours before they had encountered the vessel for the first time, and all hell had broken loose. Nonetheless, he had to continue.

"I still have a few houses left. Rob, I saw what happened. There was an invasion fleet, the Marconians were sending a fleet to wipe out the Federation. They were getting ready to enter the rift to cross into our universe, and then you sent the probe in."

Lyon shook his head, unwilling to believe. "The cities..."

"I..." Critch was unsure how much to reveal, and decided at this point that even Lyon would have to wait before he revealed himself totally to the Admiral. "I saw the leader of the vessel arrange the destruction of the cities. He killed them, not you. He used you, Rob, just like he tried to use me."

*(Continued on page 17)*



## STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN : BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER

*Written by Chris Stephenson*

### CHAPTER NINETEEN : INTENT (part 2)

*(Continued from page 16)*

And then the screen changed, and before he could stop Critch, Lyon again saw the images he had tried to burn out of his memory since the first time he had seen them, only hours before. Images of death, of generations dying before his eyes. Great crystal cities falling apart in front of him, and all because of him. But this time there was something different. Lyon saw the wave leave the rift, and head toward...

Ships, many more than he had seen before. Hundreds of them, all in an attack formation. A military commander, Lyon knew a formation like that when he saw one. This was an invasion force.

The wave struck many ships, and he saw the largest one dive out of the way, allowing the devilish energy to continue on its way, to its final destination.

He heard Critch's voiceover, undoubtedly being broadcast through the ship as had been done before. Heard the apology, the explanation, all of it. That the military leader had used the power to wipe out his enemies and guarantee his ascension into the controller of his universe's fate. Heard how the first ship was sent, with a lone controller, whose memory was later erased. And a fortunate thing for the Federation it was, for he had become Critch Starblade, Operations chief of the U.S.S. Maximillian, instead of Critch Starblade, destroyer of the future.

The images ended, and Critch's face returned to the small view screen. Lyon sensed that they were alone again. Critch looked saddened, yet determined, as he spoke directly to his Admiral.

"There's something else, Rob, something I can't show them, and I'll leave whether you tell them or not up to you, but the vessel isn't heading for Earth at all."

Then the screen changed again, showing a bright sun, yellow filling the

screen and Lyon had to place a hand over his eyes for fear of being blinded. Slowly, the screen zoomed out, and the crystal vessel moved towards the sun until it was quickly enveloped in it. The screen zoomed out more, and Lyon could make out planets, and slowly he realized just where they were. Earth's solar system.

It was at this point when the sun exploded, and Lyon experienced the same shock and horror that Critch had felt when he had first seen it. Critch continued as the shockwave ebbed outward, wiping out the simulated planets. "Earth was a decoy, they knew it was the seat of power, so they'll take it out first. Then wipe out others along the line." As Critch spoke, the vessel reappeared, soaring off in another direction, and the screen returned to the android again.

"I got away from my counterpart, but I don't have much time. This ship is run off a number of redundant power cores, but there is a main one that controls the rest. It's identical to the others, but *I can find it*. When I do, I need you and the rest of the whole damn fleet to blow the hell out of it as fast as you can. Use whatever weapons you have, just do it. You were right, Rob. You were right."

"Critch, I...I don't know if I can believe all this."

"Damn it, Rob, I can't *DO* this without you! There isn't much time left, and you have one chance to do this. I'm going, with or without you. If you're not there, I'm going to die, and so will everything we've worked so hard to build, everything *everyone's* built for thousands of years. Make a good choice, and I'll contact you when I'm there. I have to go, we're out of time."

Critch looked around him nervously, and then the screen went dark. And Lyon sat alone in his chair, mulling over the new information. And then he realized this was a time for action, not for indecision.

He rose from his chair, and straightened his uniform. He then left his quarters, and gave a brief salute to the guard that had been reluctantly posted, as was the rule whenever someone was confined to their

living space. The guard instinctively saluted back, and Lyon noted a look of pride in the young security guard's face. He realized that the guard had seen Critch's latest broadcast, and realized that he was going to be allowed to leave.

The same look of pride was seen in the faces of everyone Lyon passed on the way to the bridge, and he noted that the android was able to cancel out the previous message, and restore their faith in their Admiral, that this mad quest might just be worth it after all, to defend their homes from this new invading force. It seemed everyone believed in Lyon again.

Everyone, indeed, except for Lyon himself.

Shoving his self-doubt aside for the duration, he entered the bridge. Kelvok, acting as Captain, called out to the scattered bridge crew. "Admiral on the bridge." And all eyes were on Lyon, and all were at attention. Even, grudgingly, Admiral T'Kill. Blobbin had formed his own sarcastic response, acting as though he was going to make a rude gesture, and then simply waved at Lyon.

Sighing at the expected response, Lyon muttered a "At ease," and crossed past Kelvok, as the acting Captain of the Maximillian sat back into the center seat. He approached T'Kill at his station. T'Kill, who had sat back down as soon as possible, looked uncomfortable, but still met his gaze sternly.

"Do you really think we can trust him?" They both knew whom the half-Romulan was referring to.

Lyon sighed, and crouched next to him, preferring to keep this conversation as private as possible, even with the busy, though still damaged, bridge around them. He whispered to his friend.

*(Continued on page 19)*

# NOVEMBER 2005

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12 <i>Meeting/Auction Randy Jackson's Birthday</i>
13 <i>Elaine Jackson's Birthday</i>	14	15	16	17	18 <i>Harry Potter Recruiting Drive</i>	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30 <i>Dinner Get- together</i>			

SCIENCE FICTION

**U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN**

FAN ORGANIZATION



**STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN :  
BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER**  
*Written by Chris Stephenson*  
**CHAPTER NINETEEN : INTENT (part 2)**

*(Continued from page 17)*

"I don't see where we have much choice. He did make a mistake, and he will have to face that. But there are more important things right now. We have to stop this thing, and he might be our only shot."

"And if it's a trap?"

"We're already dead, Turock, that thing could have destroyed us, but didn't. I think it was because of him. He says he can get us a shot at the core of this thing, I think we need to take him up on his offer."

"Because of what you made him? Because he may have just saved your career?"

"Because he's the last chance we have. Blobbin's weapons are good, but it's going to happen quickly. We may not have enough time without the information he can provide."

"Rob..." T'Kill sighed heavily. "If we lose Earth...We can still win..."

Lyon shook his head briskly. "It's not about Earth any more. The vessel's target is Earth's sun. It has a device that can destroy it, and create a shockwave that will destroy everything left in the system. Every planet, ship, and piece of rock will be atomized."

T'Kill paled as Lyon continued. "The vessel will survive, and move on to another one. And another. We have to stop this before it really starts. We have one chance."

"So, you've decided to ride on out like the great Lyon that you are." Blobbin's sarcastic, and rather loud, tone called out as he pudged toward the Admirals. He, of course, had heard the entire conversation, knowing that he was entitled to know whatever was going on.

Lyon took in a breath, not turning his head to face the mercury being. "I as-

sumed that there was no longer any need for me to be locked in my quarters, considering the new information."

T'Kill met his gaze again. "You're assuming a lot."

"Part of the job."

Blobbin wiggled his head, a sign of impatience for the Errsedorian. "All right, so we're buddy-buddy, whatever, are you going to sit in the chair again? Because we haven't had nearly enough catastrophes for one day, I think."

Lyon stared at the command chair, once his greatest dream. He was amazed at how easily his passion and compulsions had led him back into that seat, even breaking the confidences of trusted officers. He willed the strength for his decision to come to him.

"Blobbin, for once, I think you're right. There'll be a lot more disasters before we're done. However, it won't be me in charge of them." He turned, and looked at Blobbin, who suddenly became very afraid."

"Whoa no, you're not sitting me in there! Once was bad enough!"

Lyon chuckled. "No, I don't think so. Captain Kelvok is doing well enough. However..." He looked back at T'Kill. "He will need guidance and support. And it is past time for the Admiralty of this ship to become what I intended it to become. Advisors."

Both T'Kill and Blobbin breathed a sigh of relief, Blobbin's much more obvious. T'Kill stood slowly. "Good, then I'm going to go 'advise' Tamak to get us moving. We're going to need every second we can get before your friend gets us killed." Before Lyon could say anything, T'Kill quickly moved up, and out of the Bridge.

Blobbin smirked. "I always knew the kid would be good for something. Gets him out of my space, and I can finish tuning my weapons!" He smiled with Errsedorian

glee, and then moved back to his console, resuming his work.

Lyon stood, facing the view screen, watching the stars move toward and past him as he moved with the Maximillian through space, and feeling hope spring within him. It wasn't much, but it was something to hold on to, as the universe fell apart around him.

For Critch Starblade, it was now the moment of truth. He stared out onto the landscape of the vessel, knowing the path he would now have to take, moving so far in such a short amount of time. Not until he had studied the vessel's layout did he realize exactly how large and wide the power system was, and how far he would have to go. He would need to go from one end of the vessel to the other, in less than an hour before they arrived at their destination. Where Lyon and the Maximillian awaited him, waited for him to fulfill the promise he had given. He would have to take the journey at a full run, pushing his systems to their absolute limit, even farther than they had been when he was being pursued, and then climb several meters to reach the main core junction. Even there, he would have to access the communications relays, contact the Max, and find a way to bring this ship fully into this universe. All while not attracting the attention of his enemy, and before the vessel reached the heart of the sun, where all would be lost, and the last hope of the universe would be quenched.

Taking a last, deep breath, using the stale tasting air for fuel, he launched himself down the walkway, beginning his race against time.

**THE MIGHTY SPOOKY MAX  
OCTOBER 2005**

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

**MIGHTY  
MAX  
Adventures**

by 

**THIS MONTH:**

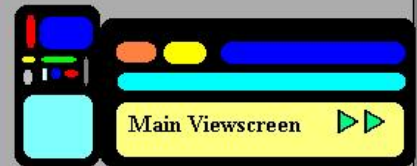
**BLOB-  
O-  
LANTERN**

Captain's log supplemental: we are currently awaiting orders for our next mission, so I am ordering the crew to enjoy some r + r until then.

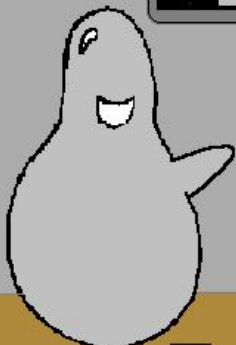


While the rest of the crew is enjoying themselves, Blobbin and I are going over some ideas for the Halloween party that the crew is looking forward to this month.

Captain's Ready Room



I got to thinking about going as a burning pumpkin!



Now I would love to see that!



How often does one get to see a pumpkin that can command a Captain?



The crew will never let me forget this one. I will never live it down.



*Hope everyone has a good Halloween! Tune in next month when another crewmember is introduced!*

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