



THE MIGHTY MAX



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

VOLUME 13, ISSUE 9

SEPTEMBER 2005

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MAXOLYMPICS 2005



Chris Stephenson—Winner—Nemesis Toss



Charles Connor—Winner—Discs of Tron



Susan Moran, Todd McDaniel, Charles Connor, and Chris Stephenson—Winners—Badminton Contest



C.J. Baio —Winner—Walk-Race



Squirrelly—Winner—Shoving



The MaX-Files

CAPT Chris Stephenson
Commanding Officer

Greetings to the crew of the Mighty Max and other readers of our newsletter.

Ended up being a pretty good summer, despite the lack of attendance of many events, and the newsletter hiccups. If you have not received a July or August Newsletter, PLEASE LET US KNOW. I take full responsibility for the mishaps that led to the lack of newsletter sending outedness, and steps have been taken to make sure this doesn't happen in the future. I have given the task of sending out the newsletters to LTJG Todd McDaniel, and I'm sure he is up to the task.

We ended the summer on a high note with the August two-fer of Maxolympics and Dinner. The Maxolympics was well-attended, and had a lot of events go smoothly. Unfortunately we weren't able to get to the long-planned four-square game, but hopefully we'll be able to squeeze that in next year. It was very hot that day, and yet we still persevered through many games, including Discs of Tron, which just about killed everyone. Good food, good games, well done to us.

The Dinner went well too, as we ate at the Wok Buffet, and raided Media Play and Waterbeds and Stuff as well. The new tradition lives on!

A note on the Hurricane disaster. Because we are somewhat of a charity organization, along with everything else we do, we are donating \$100 from the general fund to the Red Cross for Hurricane relief. In addition, I am pushing for some money from our Auction, which has been pushed to November, to go to Hurricane relief as well.

This month will be a fun month, with a movie release (Serenity), new member packets and HOPEFULLY Membership Cards, the nominations, and a round of TREKORDY, finally run by myself (The first time I've ran it for the Max, I believe!), also a dinner.

Live Wrong and Slobber!

Additional thoughts from Admiral Morris

I work for Petsmart warehouse. 7 stores in Louisiana were closed because of Katrina, 3 in Mississippi, and a store in Gulfport has half it's roof lying in the parking lot. The stores that have limited access to the Managers and associates are doing their best to care for the pets and fish. The majority of the stores affected were able to evacuate all of their small pets. Those store associates are now voluntarily caring for said pets on their own. Yes this has effected people in other places. I am glad to see we have set aside money for relief, I was going to strongly suggest it anyway, the Petsmart family is donating to the effort through their paychecks to help. One of the local schools I live by is Huy elementary, they are collecting items from now until September 13th. They are as follows: Non perishables, bottled water, baby formula, soap, diapers, blankets and pet supplies. If you would like to donate and can't drop them off call 614-365-6029. This is what I like to see, people pulling together for the common good.

Tragedy in the South

CMDR Robin Goldblum

No one ever thinks that tragedy is going to befall them, especially in this country. Tragedy is what happens to unfortunate people in far-away places with strange names and customs. The people of New Orleans never truly believed that their beautiful city, which does lay below sea level, would become a lake following a strong, slow-moving hurricane like Katrina. If they had, the people would have been clamoring for rebuilding and reinforcing of the levees keeping the sea out.

It is awful that there are so many dead and others that have lost everything and are just trying to survive now. The base elements of the human condition have been realized through looting, rape, murder and other violence against our fellow man. I have not heard any news on the status of the pets and animals of the city. I realize that most shelters do not allow in pets but I hope some shelter has been provided for them too. They deserve a chance to survive also.

One think that entered my mind is the loss of so much culture and supernatural wonders that was tied to New Orleans. It was a place where voodoo was still in practice and the old ways of the African slave has not totally been forgotten. I recently finished reading "The Witching Hour" by Anne Rice. In many of her books, the setting is in New Orleans. Yet, this book in particular was so rich in descriptions of the city that it truly brought it to life for me. After reading the book, New Orleans was added to my future vacationing list. It breaks my heart that I will never be able to see the beautiful old mansions on First Street or the great cemeteries with above ground graves. For all of you that got to see New Orleans before Katrina, consider yourselves luckily.



Secretary's Report

*LCDR Nathan Cobaugh
Records Officer*

Hey all, this past month has been quite eventful with the MaxOlympics and everything. I regret to inform the crew that I will be absent this month from the meeting and any other activities due to the fact that I broke my toe. Sadly, I have to get surgery done on the toe so it can heal correctly, so that will keep me out of commission for a few weeks.

I did take pictures of the MaxOlympics this past month, which are available for viewing on my website. I am resuming the Mighty Max Adventures. My apologies for not having anything running for a while, however, rest assured, there will be plenty more to come.

I was lucky enough to see Cirque De Soleil's Varekai in Columbus, and it was totally awesome. I have to say that their productions get better and better every time.

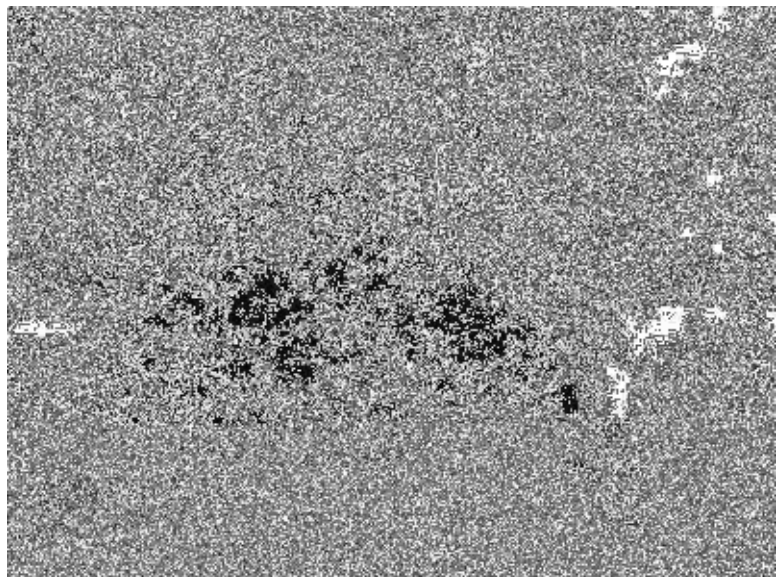
I was looking forward to the upcoming nominations for this month's meeting, unfortunately I will not be there to be a part of the nominations. I would attend the meeting, only it would be against doctor's orders and I would run the risk of aggravating it even more.

I will be asking Critch to give my report in my absence, since I will not be there. Anyhoo, I am thankful that the past two years has been full of activities both with the Max and other stuff as well. The Hathaway and the Lexington are gradually moving forward and the Hathaway will be filming their pilot before the holidays start.

Since the nominations are going to be held in this month's meeting, I have asked Critch to be my eyes and ears. Normally as Secretary I would be there to keep the records for the nominations, so Critch make sure you tape everything!

I will not be on my feet for about 3-4 weeks, and I cannot drive for 4-6 weeks. God willing I will definitely be back for October's meeting. As part of this report I would like to take a moment to remind everyone that since nominations are going to be in the past, platforms will be considered as something to prepare for in October. Start getting your campaigns together, and start considering who you want on the command staff. Once October hits, that is right before the holiday season begins and everyone gets really busy. Remember your nominations and your votes do count!

End of report...



Security Report

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh
Records Officer

As many of you know, I am working on the Starship Lexington project, which we were to start filming on already. Due to the nature of doing a fan based show where everyone has to put their own time and money into it, school and work can sometimes present a problem. Sadly, we have lost a few actors who had such issues. In order to possibly continue on our production we have now become an actual non-profit production. By doing this, we can accept donations and all proceeds are to be used strictly for operational costs to begin filming. If you can donate cash, you should be able to write it off on your taxes next year. The Lexington has done a preliminary budget, which came to around \$2-4000.

This projected budget covers Blue/ Green-screen paints or cloths and Fleet Uniforms for the cast. I am only going to take two paragraphs for the Lexington for my report so I will make this not so long winded. Anyone interested in being a part of this project should check out the website. I do not make decisions regarding casting, so I cannot promise anyone a certain role or position.

More complete info is also avail-

able on www.starshiplexington.com

I have recently been asked to be a co-producer for the show, and I am actually considering doing it. So if you have any questions feel free to ask me. This will not affect my duties directly on the ship.

I noticed that Vulkan has Connor Trinneer scheduled for next year in Cleveland. I am looking forward to that.

This past month has been really good, I have written a few more songs. One of them is going to be performed in a church. Yay! Skritweb is going to be getting an overhaul by the end of the year, I am going to be completely redoing my website so it will hopefully be a little more interactive. Providing of course that I have the time.

This past month has been busy with me moving into Gahanna, so I did not really have time to do my monthly submission regarding the Mighty Max Adventures. That is something I regret, and will be working on bringing it to you in full color! I am also posting my pictures from everything I take with my camera on my website. There is a link on my main page to Skrit's Photo Album. Pictures from the Max Olympics are on there as well.

Security Chief signing off....

Back to the Red Planet

LT Jeremy Krieg

NASA's next Mars lander, the Phoenix mission, will head for the northern arctic region of the red planet in 2007, not only ready to dig for subsurface water ice but also probe for habitats of present day life. True to its namesake, Phoenix has risen from the ashes of two unsuccessful attempts to reach Mars: The ill-fated Mars Polar Lander that was lost at the planet in 1999 and a Mars Surveyor Program lander that was cancelled and mothballed in 2000. Work on preparing Phoenix for its Earth departure has reached the half-way point. Many of the scientific instruments for Phoenix were already built, needing little or no modification for Mars duties. Still, the craft is undergoing extensive testing and technological tweaking.

Phoenix is the first in NASA's Scout class Program. This class of mission is deemed as innovative, relatively low cost, and complements major missions slated as part of the space agency's Mars exploration program. Unlike the up and running Spirit and Opportunity Mars rovers, the Phoenix is a one time, fixed lander. Once firmly sitting on the planet, the craft literally swings into action, using a robotic arm to burrow into the local landscape, as well as analyze bits of scooped up material with a number of instruments. The Phoenix Mission is operated for NASA by the Lunar and Planetary Laboratory at the University of Arizona in Tucson, in partnership with the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, Lockheed Martin, and the Canadian Space Agency. Peter Smith of the University of Arizona's Lunar and Planetary Laboratory heads the Phoenix lander effort. He outlined the goals of the \$386 million mission during the 8th International Mars Society Convention, held here August 11-14 at the University of Colorado.

"Mars is our sister planet. It's small, cold and no liquid on the surface ... however, we do see water in its frozen form," Smith reported. "The Phoenix mission was designed specifically to look at current processes on Mars...not

(Continued on page 5)

Franchise Fatigue?
Fans around the world still support Star Trek!

STAR TREK
LEXINGTON

Trek United 4 Seasons 5-7

<http://www.starshiplexington.com>

The banner features five cast members in red Starfleet uniforms against a space background with a planet. Below them are five Star Trek logo icons.

Back to the Red Planet

LT Jeremy Krieg
(Continued)

(Continued from page 4)

billions of years ago, but what's happening today." Having Phoenix targeted to a specific northern polar spot on the red planet, Smith said, "Really provides an opportunity for finding a habitable zone on Mars today...not an ancient one, but a modern one." He stressed that Phoenix will do more than look for life, and is well equipped to study the polar processes on Mars. On arrival at its exploration site in May 2008, Phoenix is designed to investigate the ice/soil boundary. "Basically, the clock is ticking once we land," Smith reported. Touching down inside the arctic circle, just before summer on Mars and at the end of spring, ice will have retreated from the area. "We're going to land on dry soil. We can start digging immediately," Smith said.

Phoenix has two prime directives. First is to probe the history of liquid water that may have existed in that area as recently as 100,000 years ago. Scientists will analyze the chemistry and mineralogy of the soil and ice using the lander's instruments. Furthermore, Phoenix will assess the habitability of the martian polar environment by tasking sophisticated chemical experiments to assess the soil's composition of life-giving elements such as carbon, nitrogen, phosphorus, and hydrogen. Phoenix will dig deep enough into the soil to analyze the soil environment, presumably protected from ultraviolet rays, and look for organic signatures and assess the potential habitability of the subsurface.

But setting the spacecraft down safely onto Mars is a bit of déjà vu all over again. When Phoenix plows through Mars' atmosphere in May 2008 and speeds toward the planet's surface, its touchdown won't rely on airbags and bouncing to full stop as has been the case for the last three NASA Mars landings. Once free of a parachute, Phoenix will depend upon an "ease on down" propulsion system that was last utilized on the failed Mars Polar Lander mission. Lockheed Martin Space Systems near Denver, Colorado the builder of both Phoenix and the lost Mars Polar Lander has been busy performing shakeout tests of the rebuilt descent propulsion hardware. For example, in a test stand, water jets have been attached where Phoenix thrusters are placed and then fired to mimic the kind of machine-gun like pulsing and vibration the lander will undergo en route to a hoped for soft touchdown.

In the descent to Mars, however, Phoenix thrust-
(Continued on page 8)

WING COMMANDER!

CAPT Charles Connor
Communications Chief

Greetings from the Shuttlebay. Well, Hurricane Katrina has hit all of us hard in some ways, no doubt we'll be feeling the effects of this disaster for years to come. well Hurricane Katrina Disaster has hit all of us hard in some way no doubt we'll be feeling the effects of this disaster for years to come. The Max's donation to the Red Cross is definitely a worthy cause in such an emergency, but I urge everyone do donate personally to either the Red Cross or other relief agencies helping with Katrina's Victims.

My trip to the Chiller Theater Expo is going on, and they have added a few more guests. One of them is Bill "Chilly Billy" Cardille Host of Chiller Theater out of channel 11 in Pittsburgh, PA. I used to watch him every Saturday night. I really miss that show. The most Notable guest at the expo is an I. Dream of Jeanie reunion. Barbara Eden, Larry Hagman and Bill Dailey have agreed to appear so I most definitely have to get their autographs and PICS if I can get them. A few Star Trek guests will be in attendance as well. Gates McFadden and Dwight Schultz to name a few. But the person I want to see is Linda Blair...Growl!

Also want to wish all the Candidates good-luck on their upcoming campaigns.

that is all



Celestial Viewpoint

*LCDR Susan Moran
Science Officer / Treasurer*

Musings from the Puddle

VADM Gregory Dunn

MUSINGS FROM THE PUDDLE

This month the persona cards continue with:

Card 20: Zen who is a Vulpes Vulpes Sapien

Card 21: Squick, Sidley's Ferengi

Thanks,

Gregory "Blobbin" Dunn

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

SPACEBALLS!

SPACEBALLS - (Turned into a Fund raiser for Hurricane Katrina victims)

DATE: Saturday, September 24th

TIME: Noon

WHERE: Magic Castle, Dayton Ohio

COST: \$8.50 (\$5 for unlimited mini-golf and \$3.50 for pizza and pop)

HOSTED BY: USS Yorktown

CONTACT: Christina Boehm, <yorktownco@prenet.com>
or <elmyktwn@infionline.net>

DIRECTIONS: (I-75 to 675 to Wilmington Rd. Exit. Turn left off the exit and you will see it about one half to a mile on the right, you have to turn right).

Here is the information I got from Chris Boehm of the USS Yorktown. Please email her or Eunice directly with questions. Their email addresses are on the bottom of this post.

Ina

Here is the info for Spaceballs. The reason why this has taken so long to be announced was the uncertainty of the availability of the facility because the miniature golf section was going to be remodeled around the date we had planned for the event. The manager was away on vacation and no one there at the Magic Castle knew for sure, if indeed, the do-over was going to begin at that time. My first officer's phone requests for a return call from

Jeff Groves, the

manager, were unable to be answered, for one reason or another (vacation, handling parties, not in, etc.). Finally, Eunice received the call to approve the

date, saying the work on the course was changed and would begin the 1st of October. With this said, here is the info:

Event: Spaceballs (Turned into a Fund raiser for Hurricane Katrina victims)

Where: Magic Castle, Dayton Ohio (I-75 to 675 to Wilmington Rd. Exit. Turn left off the exit and you will see it about one half to a mile on the right, you have to turn right).

When: Saturday, September 24th

Time: Noon

Cost: \$8:50 (\$5.00 for unlimited mini golf and \$3.50 for pizza and pop).

There will be one large one-topping pizza and a pitcher of pop for every 5 people. Weather permitting, it will be served under the pavilion, otherwise it will be served on the upper level inside. We'll probably play two games, with the pizza being served after the first game.

Please ask for pledges for playing. Not so much for how many strokes or the like, but how many people will pledge you just to play the game. If you don't want to ask for pledges, you can make your own donations if you choose.

The USS Yorktown is looking forward to hosting this fun event. See you there.

UPCOMING EVENTS

SEPTEMBER

24) Spaceballs
30) Serenity Drive

OCTOBER

8) Meeting/Halloween Party
23) Critch's Birthday Party
26) Dinner Gettogether

NOVEMBER

12) Meeting/Auction
18) Harry Potter Drive

Positions still open

Armory Chief
Transporter Chief
Counselor

Submissions to the October 2005 edition of the Mighty Max are due on **October 2, 2005**.

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



Back to the Red Planet

LT Jeremy Krieg
(Continued)

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ers will gulp and heave out hydrazine. The engines exhaust striking the landing spot in which Phoenix will conduct science "is a matter of some concern to those members of the science team.

While the most ultra-pure hydrazine is to be used, some un-combusted fuel will reach the surface. "So we are very much worried about this issue," Smith said. "We are trying to find ways that we can work with the soil and try to avoid the contamination from the hydrazine and the exhaust gases."

Shortly after landing, Phoenix will unleash its two solar panels that unfold like Chinese fans. The tip to tip spread of the solar arrays covers nearly 12 feet (4 meters), with the lander sitting roughly 4 feet (1.2 meters) above the terrain. The "deck" of the lander is 4 feet (1.2 meters) across and is loaded with science equipment. Other critical instruments are also deployed right after the lander touches down. A camera system begins snapping images of the surrounding terrain and the area in which the robotic arm will be digging. Also, gear onboard starts to sample the weather at the landing site. Presently, only a UHF antenna is on the lander, meaning all communications with the spacecraft are handled through Mars orbiters. An X band antenna was dropped, shaving off 33 pounds (15 kilograms) of weight and \$10 million in cost to the project.

A critical item on Phoenix is a nearly 8 foot (2.35-meter) long robot arm. "It's quite a strong arm," Smith noted, "but not strong enough to dig through solid ice." Like a back hoe, this appendage can use its sharp prongs and serrated blades to tear and scrape the soil. In the first few weeks of the Phoenix mission, the arm is destined to dig very rapidly, "just to see if we can find quickly the depth to ice," Smith pointed out. Samples successfully scooped up by the arm are placed into a Thermal and Evolved Gas Analyzer (TEGA) - a combination high-temperature furnace and mass spectrometer instrument that scientists will use to analyze martian ice and soil samples. Specimens are also delivered to water chambers and a microscope sta-

tion. However, before the agile robot arm is put to work, it must first unsheathe itself from a sterilized "body bag" in which it is housed during the ride to Mars. That's necessary as the arm itself will also be sterilized, precluding it from introducing tag along microbes from Earth to the surface of Mars.

Firmly planted on the martian arctic plains, Phoenix operations can confirm what NASA's Mars Odyssey orbiter discovered earlier evidence of ice-rich soil very near the surface. Discoveries made by Odyssey in 2002 include finding large amounts of subsurface water ice in the northern arctic plain. "The first thing we want to do is make sure that Mars Odyssey got it right," Smith said, "that there actually is ice under the soil." Life is believed to form very quickly after the formation of a planet, once water is stable on the surface. Given the clear evidence for a wetter Mars in the past, he added, "why couldn't life exist on Mars and even have found a niche to continue?" "I think the discovery of habitable environments even the possibility of current life on Mars by robotic missions would not only focus the human program but would give us a destination and a real purpose," Smith observed. Through one of the microscopes carried by Phoenix, that device is powerful enough to detect a lineup or colony of bacteria.

Using the TEGA, any tiny martian critters at the site will be receiving a warm reception. "I hate to say it, but we're not very nice to any microbes that might be on the surface," Smith related. If they are contained in the robot arm, delivered ice and soil specimens, they would be vaporized in TEGA ovens. The vapors from the high-heating go into a mass spectrometer to tell scientists about sample composition. However using Phoenix as a life detection package has never been a goal. "We're looking for a habitable zone. We're not necessarily trying to study what out of the thousands and thousands of possibilities might actually inhabit that zone. That's a whole different question...and requires a whole new set of instruments," stated Smith. The Phoenix lander is to dig away at Mars for about three months. As Sun-

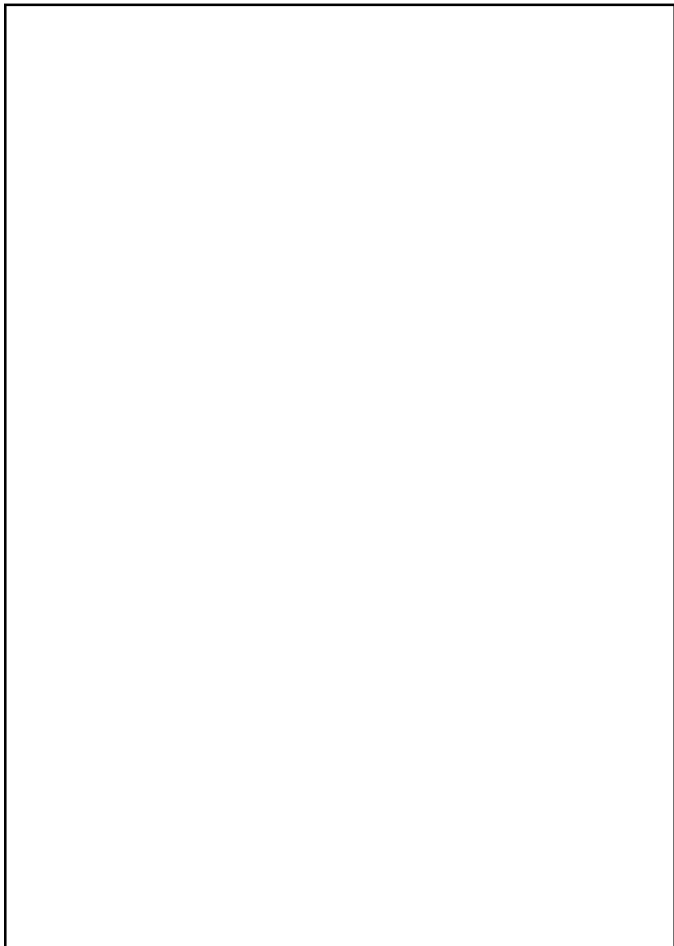
provided solar energy diminishes at the site, less battery power is available to run the craft's robotic arm. Then the lander goes into weather station mode...for maybe another two months. As the ice starts advancing off Mars' northern polar cap and moves southward, Phoenix will become entombed in several feet of solid carbon dioxide. The lander is not designed to survive being buried in solid ice for six to seven months.

"The Phoenix mission will exhibit extraordinary abilities to help pin down conditions now present on Mars," said Jim Garvin, NASA Chief Scientist in Washington, D.C. Garvin was the original Mars Scout Program Scientist and Evaluation Chairperson for NASA. "The elegance of Phoenix is its unprecedented ability to 'follow the modern water cycle' at the surface of Mars by investigating the geochemical signatures of water ice and the polar water transport story in the atmosphere," Garvin explained. Garvin said that Phoenix uniquely addresses issues that combine the sources and sinks of modern water on the red planet as ice and water vapor with the history of that planet's recent polar climate. Additionally, the lander begins the search for evidence of organic molecules by searching for some of them within the martian ice record. "To me, Phoenix recaptures the science lost with the demise of the Mars Polar Lander, while adding new dimensions relevant to future human exploration and the understanding of climate [on Mars], Garvin said.



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

The Girl with Orange Hair
Episode III: Winner Takes Mall
ENS Steve Pompa



“...Please turn off all cell phones during our feature presentation...”

The movie theater was sparse, an old lady in the front row, a young man towards the back. Four obnoxious teenagers sat behind the old lady, who shortly thereafter moved towards the other side. The Governor of the State of California entered the theatre, accompanied by his four bodyguards and his two “specials guests”. The Governor sat in one of the middle rows, with the Doctor and then Leon. The bodyguards sat in the row behind.

“Ack, and now Dak-Toor, you will witness my finest hour! Soon, my mall will encompass de entire world!” the Governor gloated.

“Oh, let me guess,” snapped the Doctor, “Nothing in ze world can stop me now!” he shouted melodramatically, shaking his fist in the air. “I’ve heard it all before. A shame really, I quite liked most of your movies, except the ones that were *intentionally* funny. Why the sudden switch to megalomania?”

“Ack, its truw, I vas de beggest moovie staar in du world. But I vant political power.”

“But you’re Governor of California!” Leon interjected.

“Yes, but I can never be President! Now I can be ruler of the Earth. MY Earth.”

“Oh yes, you mean this retail nightmare.” The Doctor replied.

“Hey, I DO work here!” Leon blustered.



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

The Girl with Orange Hair Continued

ENS Steve Pompa

(Continued from page 9)

“Anyway,” the Doctor glared at Leon, turned back to the Governor, “How did you do it, all this I mean,” the Doctor asked, waving his hand around.

“Well, Dak-Toor, being the beggest moovie staar in du world, my money allows me to indulge un my hobby of collecting military antiques. I vas able to purchase de varhouse ov de UN’s secret artifacts. I now have de zecond beggest collection the du world. Dat iz how I found out about you, Dak-Toor, und de Pharos Project!”

“You’re using Block Transfer Computations to power this mall!” the Doctor spat. “Oh, this won’t do, I HAVE to stop this.” The Doctor started to get up, but was forced down by the Governor’s bodyguards.

“You will do notzing of ze kind!”

“But how! How did you figure out the techniques of the Logopolitans?”

“I didn’t. *He* did!” stated the Governor, pointing to the entrance, where a figure walked in. A figure that looked *exactly* like the Governor, except that he was wearing a leather jacket.

“I found him in de UN storehous too, and rebuilt him in my image. I call him the Artificially Logical Bionic Battle Android Computer.”

“Doesn’t exactly roll off the tongue, does it?” the Doctor pondered.

“Dat is vhy I huv used the initials und named him... Al BeBac!”

“AL BEBAC!” grated Al BeBac in a mechanical tone.

“Terrible!” groaned Leon.

“And he controls this whole mall?” the Doctor wondered.

“Yes, und I uze him for Planet Hollywood openings! But enough of dis, de movie is ready to start. Und since you will be dezroyed after de moovie, would you like a last meal?”

Leon and the Doctor looked at each other with worried expressions.

“AL BEBAC!” grated Al BeBac.

Al BeBac returned with popcorn, nachos and cheese, soft pretzels, chocolate bars, chili dogs, and Super Large Lemonades, and then left. The Governor passed one down to the Doctor and Leon.

“Is their extra sugar for this?” Leon wondered, holding out the cup.

“Don’t get me started,” mused the Doctor.

“Quiet, both ov you, the movie is starting!” the Governor snapped.

“What, no trailers?” The Doctor seemed smug, but his smile dropped when he saw the movie’s title:

Ace VS. The Cyber Bears
IN 3D

“My mall is spreading even as ve speak. After my minions get through with your young friend, I shall take great

(Continued on page 11)

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. What follows is the Preamble.

LTJG Todd McDaniel

ARTICLES OF FEDERATION

We the intelligent life-forms of the United Federation of Planets, determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of intra-galactic war which has brought untold horror and suffering to our planetary social systems,

And to reaffirm faith in the fundamental intelligent life-form rights, in the dignity and worth of the intelligent life-form person, to the equal rights of male and female and of planetary social systems large and small,

And to establish conditions under which justice and mutual respect for the obligations arising from treaties and other sources of inter-planetary law can be maintained,

And to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom.

And to these ends,

To practice benevolent tolerance and live together in peace with one another as good neighbors,

And to unite our strength to maintain intra-galactic peace and security,

And to ensure by the acceptance of principles and the institution of methods that armed force shall not be used except in the common defense,

And to employ intra-galactic machinery for the promotion of the economic and social advancement of all intelligent life-forms,

Have resolved to combine our efforts to accomplish these aims.

Accordingly, the respective social systems, through representatives assembled on the planet Babel, who have exhibited their full powers to be in good and due form, have agreed to these articles of federation of the United Federation of Planets, and do hereby establish an inter-planetary organization to be known as the United Federation of Planets.

NEXT MONTH:
THE PURPOSE

The Girl with Orange Hair Continued

ENS Steve Pompa

(Continued from page 10)

pleasure in DEZTROYING YOU!” the Governor shouted, jumping to his feet.

“SHHH!” hissed the old lady in front.

“Down in front!” shouted the young man in back.

“Zorry,” muttered the Governor. “And now, without further ado...”

The Cyberbear Leader scanned the upper balcony. The human female had been a wily foe, causing a lot of destruction, and taking out a lot of his forces. But here was where they would make their stand. At the Get Stuffed Bear Company. Logically, the human female would eventually strike here, since this is where the Cyber Bear army is being assembled. As the Leader continued his lookout, a figure moved behind him.

“AL BEBAC!”

Ace was running through the record store, keeping low to avoid being seen. After bombing out the food court, allowing the Doctor to sneak into the Christian Book Store, she had been trying to make her way back towards the source of the Cyber Bears: The Get Stuffed Bear Company. Not an easy task. Not only did she have to contend with the Cyber Bears, but the zombified mallers as well, frantically shopping, or trying to sell her a time share or Chinese food or something. She shivered as she thought of herself under the mall’s control, buying tons of useless junk, dying her hair bright orange. At that point, Ace happened to pass by a mirror.

“I look like a bloody pumpkin!” she groaned.

A blast whizzed over her head. *Me and my big mouth*, she thought to herself as she around the corner into the dance section.

The Governor’s cell phone rang.

“Turn off that phone!” yelled the man in the back row of the theater.

The Governor answered it and listened to the Cyber Bear Leader’s report, which was also being played out on the screen to the Doctor’s dismay.

“Ack, your liddle friend is surrounded. It von’t be long now.”

“SHHH!” came from the front.

The Get Stuffed Bear Company was just in sight. Ace rounded the corner, and found the Cyber Bear Leader bearing down on her. Literally, she thought. She managed to smack the gun out of its paw, the bear’s physical strength was much greater than Ace’s, and soon she found the bear on top of her, powerful little paws around her neck.

“Ack, dis is Un-bearable!” the Governor laughed at his own bad joke.

“Honestly, I work 50 hours a week, can’t I enjoy one movie here without someone talking through it?” shouted the young man in the back.

“SHHH!” The old lady directed back towards him.

“Well,” said the Doctor, “Looks like some people aren’t affected by your mind control.

“Nonsense. It runs though the Muzak. I can control it vith dis,” he said, holding up the cell phone. “I can tell them to do whatever I vant.”

“Really?” asked the Doctor, suddenly grabbing the phone, pushing a button, and yelling, “Ace! Blow up the sound system!”

“SHHH!”

The Doctor was elbowed in the face by the Governor, the phone taken out of his hands.

Just when she thought she would pass out, Ace remembered the coin in her pocket. Half melted, but effective as she drove it home. The Leader screamed and went limp. Ace tried to catch her breath. As she lay there, a sudden thought struck her. She had to destroy the sound system. Just down the hall, piece of cake. Still a bit dizzy, she got up and turned around to find a large man in a leather jacket staring at her.

“Oi, I know you, you were in that terrible picture where you were pregnant. Rubbish, that one.”

“AL BEBAC!”

“Robot, eh? So it wasn’t good acting!”

“AL BEBAC!” Al approached slowly, arms outstretched.

Ace ran, throwing a bottle of Nitro Nine behind her.

Boom!

Al Bebac walked through unscathed.

(Continued on page 12)

The Girl with Orange Hair Continued

ENS Steve Pompa

(Continued from page 11)

Ace reached the sound control suite, but Al was right behind her, and grabbed her by her orange pigtail.

“OWW! Here, let go!” Ace cried.

“AL BEBAC!”

“Ack, the final chopter, I’m afraid, Dak-Toor!” the Governor gloated.

“You’re right, Governor. Leon, the door, NOW!”

Leon and the Doctor ran for the, the Doctor opening his umbrella, obstructing the guards just long enough to make their escape.

“FOOLS! After dem!”

The Governor turned to use his phone, and then noticed that the phone was made of rubber. He squeezed it, making a loud squeaking noise.

“Dak-Toor!” bellowed the Governor.

“That’s it! Where’s the manager!”

The Doctor was on the Governor’s phone, running for the sound suite, Leon in tow.

“Hopefully Ace doesn’t blow up the Musak before my instructions take hold. After that, it’s a matter of dismantling the Artificially Logical Bionic Battle Android Computer!”

“Oh, THAT simple, huh?” Leon asked.

The Doctor and Leon ran into the sound booth find Ace standing in front of an immobile Al Bebac.

“How did you do that?” asked the Doctor.

“With this!” Ace beamed, holding up a slender rod shaped object. Reading the side, she said, “Sonic Screwdriver. Got it in one of the shops, you know. 101 uses, the lady said.”

“You know, I’ve been looking for one of those for a very long time. I don’t know how I got by within one,” the Doctor smiled.

Epilogue

“...and the Governor of California returned home today after a visit to Ohio...”

“AL BEBAC!”

“A pretty uneventful trip for the Governor although there was one tense moment when a Governor impersonator caused a scene at a local mall the Governor was visiting and was arrested by police.”

And in an asylum in remote Ohio, a man sits alone in a room, wearing a straitjacket.

“I am thee real Gubornor. Why won’t you believe me? I’ll get you for dis, Dak-Took!”

Inside Zoe’s Secret, the Doctor and Ace were saying farewell to Leon.

“So no one remembers a thing?” asked Leon.

“Except us,” shrugged the Doctor. “Block Transfer Computations are pure math, and can be easily reversed, if you know how. Without the Logopolitans, they were very unstable, but fortunately that meant that the Governor’s reality was switched off as easily as a light. As for the people in the mall? After my “suggestions”, they think they’ve had a normal day of shopping. Except for the lunatic, of course,” the Doctor grinned devilishly at Ace.

“So, you made everyone think he’s a nutter. Well brilliant! But what about all that alien stuff he has.”

“In good hands, Ace. My friends at the UN made a deal with another private collector, Van Something. I’m sure it will be fine.”

“Are you sure its safe letting that tin man run California?” asked Ace.

“Actually, his approval rating has moved up twenty points!”

Ace just shook her head.

“Well, time we were off, right Ace?”

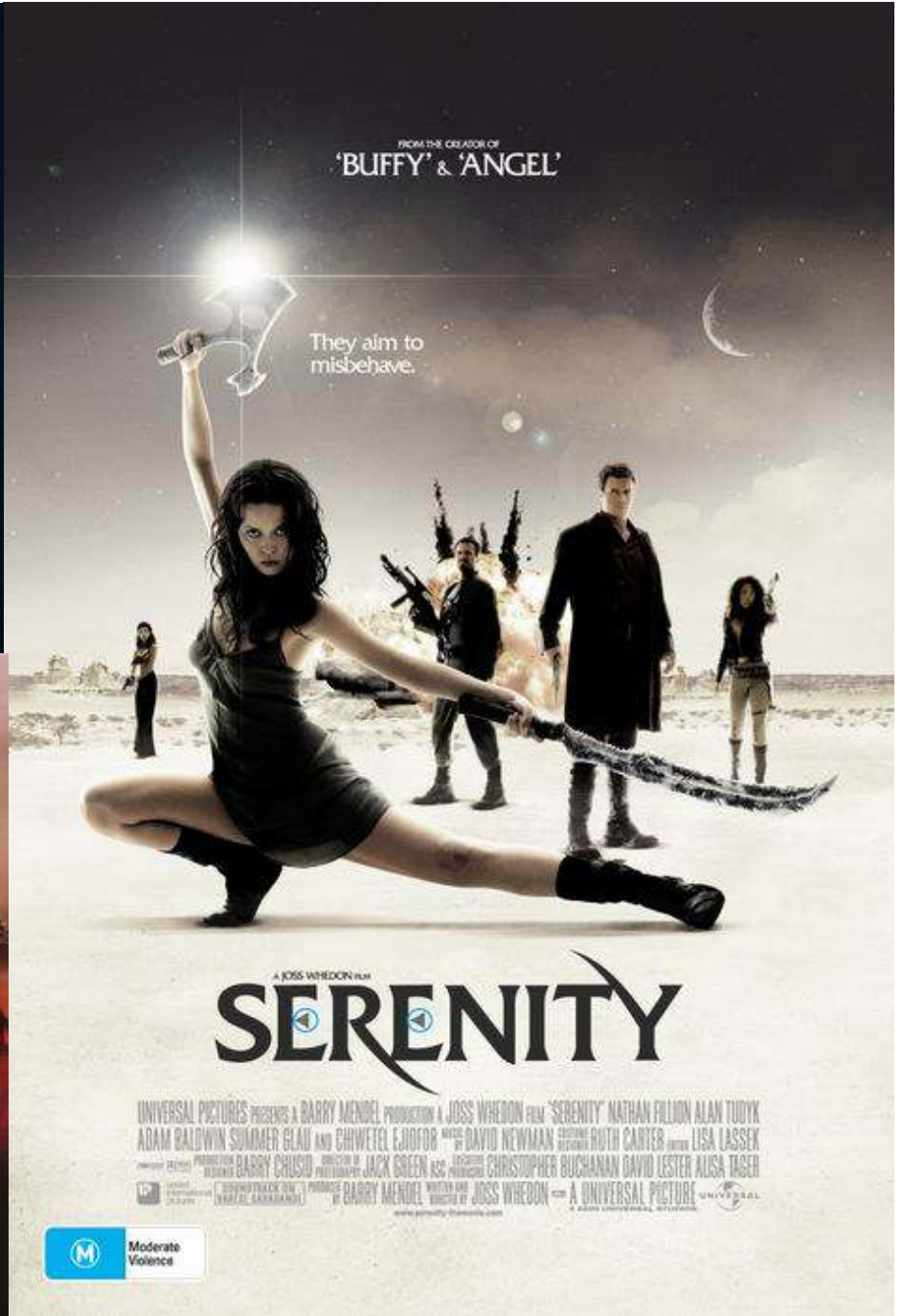
“Right!”

“And Ace, I think orange is a good look for you!”

They made their goodbyes, and as the blue box disappeared, Leon returned to his domain.

“No running in the mall!” she shouted to some kids.

He REALLY needed some coffee.



STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN : BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER

Written by Chris Stephenson
CHAPTER NINETEEN : INTENT

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

The catwalks and consoles of the alien vessel moved past the pair as they moved quickly, deeper into the central systems. They moved quickly, the strange being and the android, driving ever towards their new destination. For the creature, assisting Critch on the mission seemed to come mostly out of habit, as it was moving quite fast through the various random walkways, almost too fast for Critch to keep up, though he was at least able to keep the alien in sight.

Critch, for once, was allowing himself a small amount of hope. While he was still ambivalent about trusting anyone or anything in this strange place, he was willing to place a small amount of trust into this strange creature. At the very least, his fortunes had improved. Much better to be moving closer to more possible answers than to be trapped within a alien prison.

Critch wasn't looking forward to whatever he was about to find out. The last revelations had sent him reeling, and he really didn't want to know anymore. But another part of Critch was driving him now, some function deep within him that was forcing him to uncover the truth behind all of this, a reason why all of this was happening, and hopefully an answer for his doppelganger's misplaced fury.

It was amazing to him that he still had no idea where they were heading, as they had been moving in this pace, climbing and sometimes making perilous leaps over precariously placed machinery, for what seemed like hours, though Critch's internal chronometer, having been turned back on, showed that merely half of an hour had passed. He hoped he got his point across sufficiently, and that whatever this vessel had that passed as a universal translator persuaded his apparent ally to get him

to somewhere that would help. He supposed that the alien could be leading him into a trap, or an airlock, or some sort of annihilator, but anywhere would be better than that prison.

Judging by the rate of acceleration that the vessel had maintained since it had started to move again, Critch estimated that they would be back to full strength very soon. Too soon for the android, and he wondered if it would be too far out of their way to make a small detour and attempt to throw another wrench in the controls. He was half surprised his disappearance had not been noticed already, as he had thought that 'Canty' would have kept a close eye on his prisoner. Maybe he had too much faith in his slave, that the Ka'Ki'Ri would never disobey his orders. Then again, Critch supposed that he had some pull, that is if he really was who 'Canty' said he was.

The sheer size of this vessel, along with the length of their journey, gave Critch the idea that the different departments must be huge in area, and far apart to prevent their complete destruction if an attacker got a lucky hit. That is, if anyone could penetrate the vessel's considerable defenses. If he ever got back to the Maximillian, He was definitely going to have to see if there was a way to use that little dimensional hiding trick with Federation technology. It certainly would show the next invading party a trick or two, and make cloaking all but obsolete. All of this put Critch at some small amount of ease, as wherever the command functions were, they were bound to be far away from where they were now, buying them more time before they were discovered.

In spite of himself, and in spite of everything else, Critch found himself having a twinge of worry for his companion. What would happen if they were discovered? At least he had a chance to get away, but 'Canty's' slave, bound by forced loyalty, would undoubtedly be punished. Perhaps killed. Another life lost. Another soul on Critch's conscience.

Too many thoughts, he decided, as they pushed forward into a purplish-lit

corridor of chainlink catwalks and paths. Better to just focus on the task at hand. Better to deal with this when and if it came down to it. Critch threw off all the thoughts he considered distracting and unnecessary and focused his entire self on following his companion.

"Nearly there." Karei announced, and their pace began to slow. The purple lights seemed to brighten as they grew closer to whatever it was they were moving towards. Eventually, Critch adjusted his eyes, and focused his vision on his new surroundings.

Approaching them now were towers, tall purple towers emitting their light softly. They extended far into what would be considered the sky of this vessel, overseeing all. They were long and cylindrical, forming sharp points at their tops, almost out of sight of Critch and his companion. They were smooth, with yellow symbols of what Critch assumed to be Marconian origin appearing and disappearing all over the structure. He didn't guess at their purpose, but did admire the look of them. The three towers formed a sort-of triangle, two that were across from each other, roughly 10 yards apart, and another one in the middle, the same distance farther away.

Connecting these towers, closer to the floor which maintained it's low-tech brown grating, were panels similar to the ones seen before at various locations throughout the ship. Above these panels, spread out all over this section of the vessel, were the same flat panel screens found before. They gave off the same purplish glow as the towers, giving an eerie feel to this location.

Critch looked around him quickly, feeling as though he was being watched, or stalked. Seeing, and hearing nothing, he relaxed a small amount, as he refocused his attention on the objects in front of him.

Karei stopped as they reached the towers, and Critch took his cue to stop as well. He watched as the creature placed a hand on the closest tower.

The purple glow began to pulsate, and

(Continued on page 15)

STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN : EPISODE FIVE

Written by Chris Stephenson

STRENGTH IN DARKNESS—Prolouge

(Continued from page 14)

the black panels running between each cylinder began to light up. Off into the distance the lights grew brighter, and the panels seemed to come together, converging at a central location. Karei took it's hand off of the tower, and the pulsing slowed, but the lights on the panels remained active. Gesturing silently towards the central tower, the two began their hurried pace once again, now that it seemed that what Critch assumed to be the communications array was activated.

As they reached the central column, Critch gazed up upon it. It's width was easily double of the other towers, and he assumed that it was even taller. As though answering his internal questions, Karei waved a hand towards the tower.

"Central cortex. Controls all communications, all memory of ship."

Critch nodded. The main computer of this vessel. Undoubtedly containing the logs and history of the Marconian race, just as the Maximillian contained the histories of the worlds of the Federation. But despite his interest in the long forgotten culture of his 'people', Critch was only here to discover one thing.

The truth.

"How do I...activate it?" The panels had no words on them, in Marconian or any other language. Just pulses of light in seemingly random patterns.

"Place hand on leftmost panel. Must think of what you want to know. Cortex will do rest."

Critch moved past Karei, nodding again as he did so. "What are you going to do?"

"Watch for master. Will wake you if discovered."

If you're able to. Critch wasn't putting anything past his enemy, and still wasn't ruling out this being an elaborate trap of some sort. But he was out of options, and rapidly running out of time as well. Knowing there was nothing else he could do, he placed a hand on the console,

and thought hard. *Show me the past...Show me what this vessel was made for. Show me the truth.*

Show me everything.

As the column seemed to glow anew with a even brighter light, switching from purple to bright yellowish white, the vessel began to swim away from Critch, swirling around him, leaving him alone in a world of absolute darkness.

The lights were off in Admiral Lyon's cabin. He did not sleep, nor did he have any wish to. He preferred this, alone with his thoughts in the blackness, where he could confront them, now that he was free of any other concerns or pressures. The thoughts of what would happen when this was over, if there was any hope of their survival, did not enter into Lyon's mind. Instead, he fought the demons from his past directly, the thoughts and actions that had led him, and the Maximillian alongside, into this situation. He trusted T'Kill and Blobbin would at least give the vessel a good fight, perhaps even taking a few of his ideas into account. He did still have a few left in him.

The things that Critch had accused him of dug into his soul. Though he doubted this other 'Marconian's' version of the facts, Lyon did not doubt that some had died because of the actions he took that day. Innocents always suffer when proud men attempt to accomplish. The events that transpired on that station were motivated largely by greed, and not by Lyon himself. Starfleet had sent a number of highly respected Captains and Commanders to that starbase, with an Admiral to oversee operations, so at least it had the appearance of being something that could benefit the Federation, but at it's core Lyon had come to realize that the discoveries being made would only serve those that were paying the bills, as it was not completely a Starfleet operation.

Lyon had never looked into who was behind the funding, or who eventually benefited from the new power sources that they were looking into. He had simply began secretly recording every piece of information he could, with the intention of at least covering himself if anything were to go wrong, or if the situation presented itself, to use them for his benefit.

He didn't count on getting so ingrained with the new discoveries that were being made. What started as a simple probe to uncover new resources in the heart of subspace soon turned into a rush to breach the wall separating our universe and another, which Lyon now knew to be the Marconian universe. The entire focus of the operation had changed, and intrigued, Lyon could not help himself from delving as deeply as he could into it, almost forgetting that he was still documenting every piece of information that was being taken in.

When the wall was breached, it was done too soon, without any care for anything else but the mission. Something took control of him there, a rogue instinct, similar to the thoughts that jumped into his head when he was strategizing. Every other time, it had led him into the right direction. Every other time, it had been his secret weapon, an edge that even the most successful officers seemed to lack.

Not that time, however. Lyon had survived, along with a few others, and he had recovered the data, what little of it that made it through the destruction. And since that day he knew there would be consequences. Everything he had done since that day had been preparation. He knew now his mistake was that it had been too much in the defensive. The data suggested vessels with horrifying weapons, some of which the Federation had no answer for. He knew that they had to be ready.

He also spent time developing the Observatory, keeping it well stocked with what he thought were competent officers. None of them took well to being placed so far away from the action, especially during the strife of the Do-

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STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN : BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER

Written by Chris Stephenson
CHAPTER NINETEEN : INTENT

(Continued from page 15)

minion War, and the Borg invasions. But this did not deter Lyon from his goal of preparation.

Coming across Blobbin was a help, and he encouraged the development of the Ersedorrian weaponry, as well as helping along T'Kill's strategic abilities. Together, the three of them would be able to fight off anything, or so he thought.

Lyon closed his eyes, leaning back onto the couch, as he thought of finding Critch. He knew from the start that the android had come from the other universe, and knew of the implications of his actions, but he soldiered on nonetheless, shielding the new officer from his past, feigning ignorance and pushing him forward. When the time came, Starblade would be a valuable asset.

He cursed himself for having thought of Critch as just another weapon, instead of a capable officer and friend. It was Karma, Lyon supposed, that now they had been left in this predicament. Critch turned against them, and the Maximillian, an extension of Lyon's self if there had ever been one, was now facing an enemy created by their supposed greatest leader. He had grown complacent with the power, Lyon knew, and had buried the past too deep. And now here it was, back to challenge him with more power than it needed. Lyon knew it was nothing more than what he deserved. But so many others...

The Gorn homeworld. Archer Observatory. Captain Septaric, Lieutenant Thomas, and the others on the Maximillian dead and wounded, all caused by the actions of a stubborn man. Had he come clean with what he knew, what he had discovered, all of this may have been avoided. He knew what the vessel was capable of, the destructive capability enough to destroy a planet without lowering it's supplies. It did not take much to assume that it's current path toward Earth was no accident. The heart of the Federa-

tion, so often a target for aggressors in the past, was too tempting to pass up. Especially now, with their weakened state. Lyon knew T'Kill would have difficulty finding enough ships in working condition to organize an effective defense at this point. As it was, it was going to be cutting it close to Earth for the fight, from the tidbits that Lyon had been able to listen in on, before he had forced himself to stop reading the communications that had been coming into the Max at a rapid pace. Not being able to assist in the fight, Lyon did not want to know anymore. The worst thing he could do at this point would be to get involved again. When he had done it before, it had led to Septaric's death. And Thomas's. And scores of others. Who knew how many would pay the price next time for a fight that should not have been theirs? The simplest answer now would be to ensure that there would not be a next time.

The stars moving past illuminated Lyon as he laid his head down. Not to sleep, but merely to continue his quiet contemplation in the near-darkness. He mourned for those lost in the battle, but still allowed himself hope. He knew it was baseless, but it still was there. The future of the Federation, placed in jeopardy by Admiral Lyon himself, now was depending on two of his greatest officers, who believed that they could do anything, and Lyon had begun to believe that as well. And he would go on believing that until he saw Earth burn up beneath it's sun as the Gorn world had.

The stars flew on as Lyon continued his thoughts, well into the night...

The Assemblage was complete. The newly created being stood in the middle of the room, not yet alive, not quite dead. The others gazed upon him silently, the first of their new kind, the first of many that would be. His form was perfect, at least for what he was intended. The specifics were exact, and his creators knew that they would be well rewarded. It was a comparably simple task to assemble a body that they considered inferior. Only two of

the appendages. Such a waste. The wiring and technology cleverly hidden beneath layers and layers of detailed replicas of tissue and veins, organs pretending to carry on their functions as though the being was what he appeared to be. From the outward appearance, the new being had the appearance and even feel of a live human being, impossible to tell apart from the rest of the species. Only a metal tab on the base of the spinal column, necessary to effect whatever repairs would be needed, told the tale.

The creators had been arisen from their slumber to once again put their skills to use for the good of all Marcornia. An effort of this scale was almost unheard of, considering the size of the population. However, the need was stressed, and full scale production had begun. The first prototype had been delivered and approved, and the payment had been finalized. The most difficult part of the procedure was the transfer of consciousness, a fine art that had never been perfected, and only three-fourths of those transferred maintained their intelligence, to say nothing for their sanity.

Fearless, the one that had awoken them had not shied away from his potential destruction. Instead, he was the first to undergo the procedure. And now, in such a small amount of time, he was to be reawaken, and the experiment would be judged.

A small press to the lower back, pressing inward until the spine was touched was all it took for the creation to awake, blinking his eyes rapidly, the eyelids just one of the many changes that he would have to grow accustomed to.

He studied himself in a reflective, gazing upon his new body at all angles, and deemed the creators' work worthy of praise. The plans could continue as scheduled.

Not since the war against the Ka-Ki-Ri, the last survivors of the wrath of the Marconians, had the populace been this united. The very thought of an entire race of beings merely waiting for

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STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN : BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER

Written by Chris Stephenson
CHAPTER NINETEEN : INTENT

(Continued from page 16)

their opportunity to pillage this unspoiled universe was enough to drive them mad with fear, and it was just as easy to persuade the ruling council, a defensive minded social group that irritated him to no end, to allow a vote on his proposed idea. The council was confident that their dissenting opinion would be enough to sway the populace. They felt it was far too dangerous to press a new generation into service this early into the current one. Only in the time to come could a generation be developed and the consciousnesses transferred safely. The threat simply was not there. The vote went forward.

For every one dissenting vote, there were ten for the proposal.

Never having doubted the power of fear on any psyche, he moved his corps and navies as though it was a game, preparing them for a quick decisive strike that would solidify their place in the universes as ones that would command, and ones that would destroy. And one by one, following quickly into step, the populace was reformed into the very image of the beings they were tasked to destroy, so better to understand their enemy.

After his own recreation, with his faithful, if a bit ambitious, second in command, he announced his intentions. A large scale assault would commence, breaching the walls of the universes at their weakest point. The war would begin and end in a short time.

And so, at the allotted hour and before a transformed crowd of millions, the great warships departed their homebase at the great spire, launching as though spurred on by the cheers of the deluded masses. Unknowing that they were cheering their own destruction. Before the launch, the leader of this new armada gave a great speech, detailing why they must act, why the fight must be taken to their enemies before they would could have the

chance to invade, and how they have and would benefit from this struggle. For the one that had risked everything, including his own self, for this moment, it was his greatest achievement.

The warships joined those already in orbit around the great spire, and together they set off into the great blackness. Hundreds of ships, each capable of destroying entire civilizations, approached their destination cautiously, despite the power they contained. For the transfer process from one universe to another was very risky, and the powers that would be expelled as the warships moved within the universal corridor could cause a great disaster.

While the leader was confident in his fleet's abilities, his second-in-command was distrustful, and voiced openly his distaste for this direct assault. Surely a sneak attack at the heart of the area they were invading would be simpler, and carry far less risk.

For his arrogance, and poor judgment in questioning his leader openly, he was jettisoned through the airlock. He would survive, of course, and continue in his leader's service. This was merely his punishment, one that the leader himself had endured as he moved up in the ranking structure.

The great ships moved towards the anomaly, a electric tear in space. They had begun receiving communications and data from the other side of the universes. Data was pouring through, and recordings of the happenings on the base from the other universe were displayed throughout the ship. Even at this late time, it was essential to know thy enemy.

It appeared that they were launching a vessel of their own towards the anomaly in their universe. It was scanning for information, and even was capable of picking up some signals from the Marconians' own systems. But it was poorly constructed, and controlled by amateurs. The leader was able to pull up the very man responsible for the actions of the small vessel, and he studied the individual's features closely. The man seemed almost confident, as though he knew exactly what he was

doing, even though that was impossible for such a primitive intellect. And he would have no idea what he was about to commence.

The small vessel entered the corridor, but did so too slowly, too clumsily, and it ripped a seam through subspace. The seam unleashed power unheardof and unrivaled throughout the universes, the power of creation and destruction all rolled into one. A small amount slipped through to the other universe, and what happened there the leader of the warships could not see, as the bulk of the energy destroyed the small vessel, and tore through the corridor, aiming through space directly for the lead warship.

There were many possibilities to consider, and as the leader of the Fleet he had the responsibility to take the blow, so that the energy could not cause harm to his people. He made his decision quickly, and did not mourn the ensuing losses. He angled his ship at such a way that the power did not strike him, and instead soared slightly overhead. Even with the miss the ship was effected. Sparks flew as the power shut off, and only their machine-like physiology kept them alive with the lack of any life-support. The power instead moved towards the weaker ships of the fleet, gaining in size and intensity the longer it survived in the universe.

They never had a chance, and barely saw it coming. The power wave, white and terrible, ripped through the ships, overloading all sensors and systems, killing all within seconds. And it grew, taking the power of the ships and added to it's own, changing it's trajectory, moving faster now towards where the ships had launched from. Towards the seat of power of the Marconian people, the Great Spire.

His fleet decimated, the great leader could only watch through his monitors as the wave struck the

(Continued on page 19)

OCTOBER 2005

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8 <i>Meeting/Party</i>
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21 Doom Release	22
23/30 <i>23—Captain's Party</i>	24/31	25	26 <i>Dinner Getto- gether</i>	27	28	29

SCIENCE FICTION

U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN

FAN ORGANIZATION



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

(Continued from page 17)

Great Spire dead on, breaking it loose from the lesser spires by the sheer force of impact. The Spire floated in space, and then, it's walls breached, it simply imploded from the sudden pressures consumed it, as it had never been designed to withstand such an impact. Hundreds of millions of Marconians had resided within the Spire's walls. Now gone, wiped out in the blink of an eye, by a destructive force caused by, in the leader's estimates, an unwitting fool. He, of course, ignored his own role in these events.

The destruction was also massive to the surrounding lesser spires, where the working drones and older generations lived, those that were either unwilling to transfer their consciousness or incompatible with the new hardware. They too suffered much damage, and several older generations perished in the fires and the chaos.

The leader faced immediate accusations from his shipmates, why they could not have been sacrificed instead of the Spire, why the ship moved out of the way instead of doing it's duty. The leader calmly explained his position on the matters, that his actions were for the good of all of Marconia, not just the ruling classes. That he himself had been activated and worked his way to prominence over his class of upbringing, and that the ruling monarchy deserved what they had just received.

And then he annihilated everyone else on the vessel, set the self-destruct, and threw himself out of an airlock.

Shutting himself down, he was later found amongst the wreckage of the vessel, and it was assumed that it had merely been a defensive measure. No recordings or tracking information would ever be found of what truly happened, save what the leader had kept for himself, edited over the weeks that he had been floating in space, of course.

Upon his return to the Spires, he and his militaristic movement quickly placed the blame for the Great Spire's destruction solely at the feet of this other universe. Using sophisticated weaponry, he explained, they had struck first, with enough power to destroy the entire chain of Spires. Only a heroic act of attempted self-sacrifice saved as much as possible. They were no longer fit to be slaves, as the Ka-Ki-Ri had become. No, these insects would be squashed. But a direct assault no longer would work, their devices would see the Marconian fleet coming, and finish them just as easily as they had before. No, this time a different tact would be taken.

With the populace now united even more than before, a special vessel was constructed, taking advantage of the differences between the universes. The leader's second tried to talk him out of flying the specialized ship himself, tried to reason with him that there was no need for him to sacrifice himself, that others could do the job, they were willing to follow him unto termination itself. The leader paid no heed, and the ship lifted off, again to the cheering of Marconians everywhere, cheering for their hero, their savior.

And even his second joined in the chants and the merriment, as Critch Starblade, leader of the Marconian Military sect, controller of the Spires for the remainder of his lifespan, left the newly constructed Great Spire, and towards his destiny.

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

**CHAPTER NINETEEN IS TOO BIG
FOR ONE MONTH OF THE MIGHTY
MAX!**

**READ IT ONLINE AT MAXIMIL-
LIAN.ORG OR COME BACK IN OC-
TOBER!**



**THE MIGHTY MAX
SEPTEMBER 2005**

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**MIGHTY
MAX
Adventures**

by **3kurt**

THIS MONTH:

**WHISKERS
ON KITTENS**

ALL HANDS, CAPTAIN CRITCH REGRETS TO
INFORM YOU THAT OUR DOCTOR IS LEAVING
FOR STARFLEET MEDICAL. PLEASE BE SURE TO
LET HER KNOW SHE WILL BE MISSED.



Thank you Captain, it has been a
pleasure serving with you!



BIO LAB 1

We will all miss you Robin! May the wind be at your back! Godspeed!



**ONE
OF OUR
MEMBERS
JUST BEGAN
A NEW
JOURNEY IN
HER CAREER.
THIS EDITION
IS DEDICATED
TO ROBIN.
Good luck with
everything!**