



THE MIGHTY MAX



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

"Reach for the Stars, and Grab the Future"

-Christa McAuliffe, 1986

VOLUME 14, ISSUE 8

AUGUST 2006

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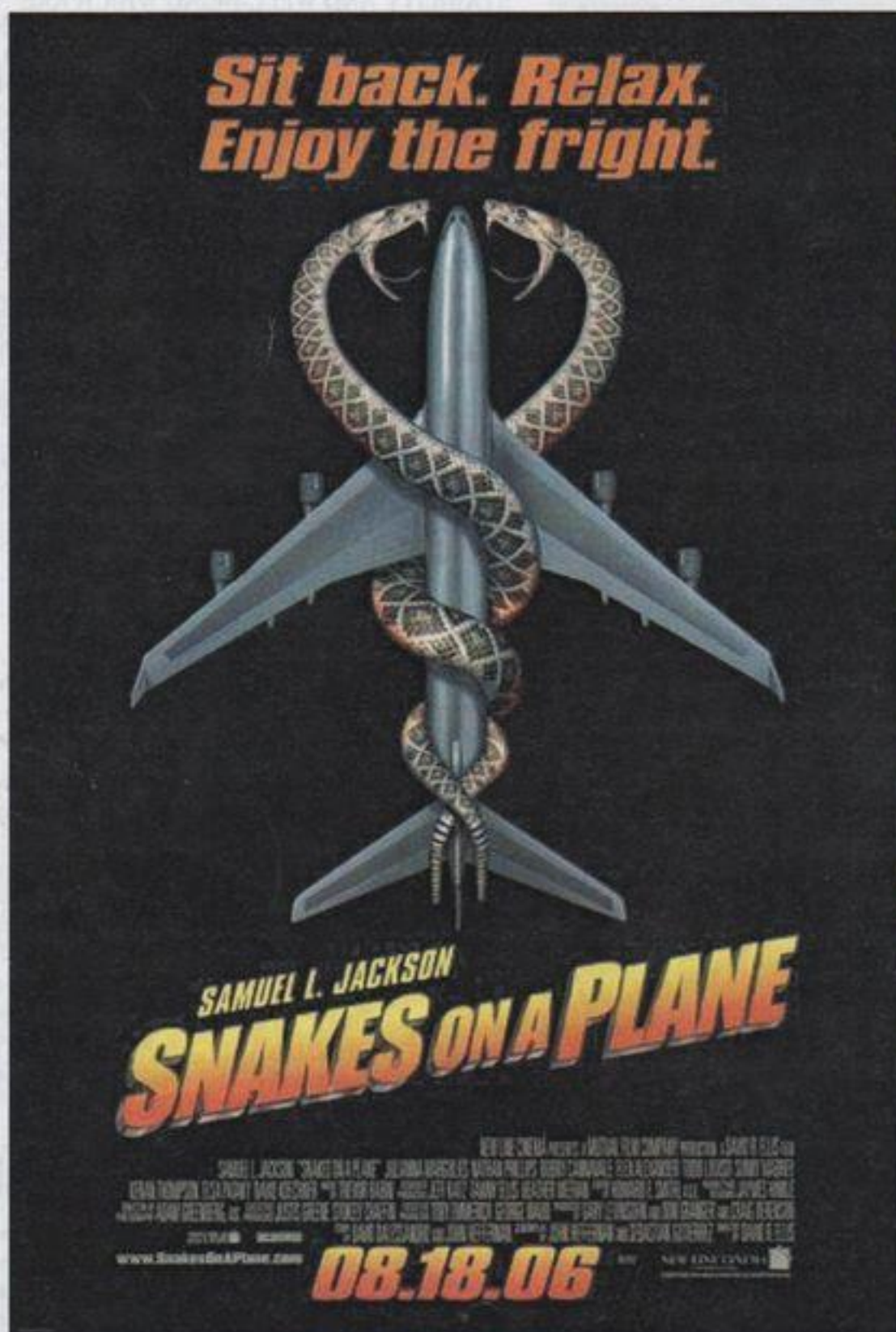
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**POSSIBLE "SURPRISE" ENDINGS TO THE NEW SAMUEL L. JACKSON FILM
SNAKES ON A PLANE. BY MARC KEINATH AND KYLE NUSKE More on page 8**



**Snakes on a
Kindergarten
Class** See story on
page 9.

The MaX-Files

CAPT Chris Stephenson
Commanding Officer

Greetings! Welcome to another month of the Mighty Max. This month was a lot of good and a little bad.

First of all, the first draft is done for Beyond the Final Frontier after over six years of production. A quick polish will be done this month, and the final version should be available next month. Next month's newsletter will be fairly large, as the final chapter will be in it, as well as a behind the scenes bit of making it, and also of course our Vegas wrap-up and 40th anniversary coverage, so keep a look out for that. Submissions will be due by September 1st!

This month we went to Kings Island, and had a great time, great enough that some are even going back at some point before the end of the season! This month, though, sadly saw the end of Trek Putt, only seven people showed up this year. Thanks to CJ and Lisa for coming out, and Charles for showing up at every Trek Putt we've had, all 7. But all good things come to an end. There is a chance, if we win Spaceballs next month that we can bring a version of it back, but we'll see how that goes.

August is VEGAS! For those of us not going to Vegas, there is the Columbus 20th anniversary, which should be a lot of fun, as we defend our wins on the Bounty Ball court. Also other plans are forthcoming.

All right, see you all here next month for the Vegas issue, and the Beyond the Final Frontier wrap-up.



Articles of Federation: Chapter IX

LTJG Todd McDaniel
Chief of Communications

CHAPTER IX INTERPLANETARY ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL CO-OPERATION

ARTICLE 55

WITH A VIEW TO CREATING CONDITIONS OF STABILITY AND WELL-BEING WHICH ARE NECESSARY FOR PEACEFUL RELATIONS AMONG PLANETARY SOCIAL SYSTEMS BASED ON RESPECT FOR THE PRINCIPALS OF EQUAL RIGHTS AND SELF-DETERMINATION OF ALL INTELLIGENT LIFE-FORMS, THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS SHALL PROMOTE:

- A) HIGHER STANDARDS OF LIVING, FULL EMPLOYMENT, AND CONDITIONS OF ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL PROGRESS AND DEVELOPMENT;
- B) SOLUTIONS OF INTERPLANETARY ECONOMIC, SOCIAL, HEALTH AND RELATED PROBLEMS; AND INTERPLANETARY CULTURAL AND EDUCATIONAL COOPERATION; AND
- C) UNIVERSAL RESPECT FOR ANY OBSERVANCE OF, INTELLIGENT LIFE-FORM RIGHTS AND FUNDAMENTAL FREEDOMS FOR ALL WITHOUT DISTINCTION AS TO CULTURE, SEX, LANGUAGE, OR RELIGION;

ARTICLE 56

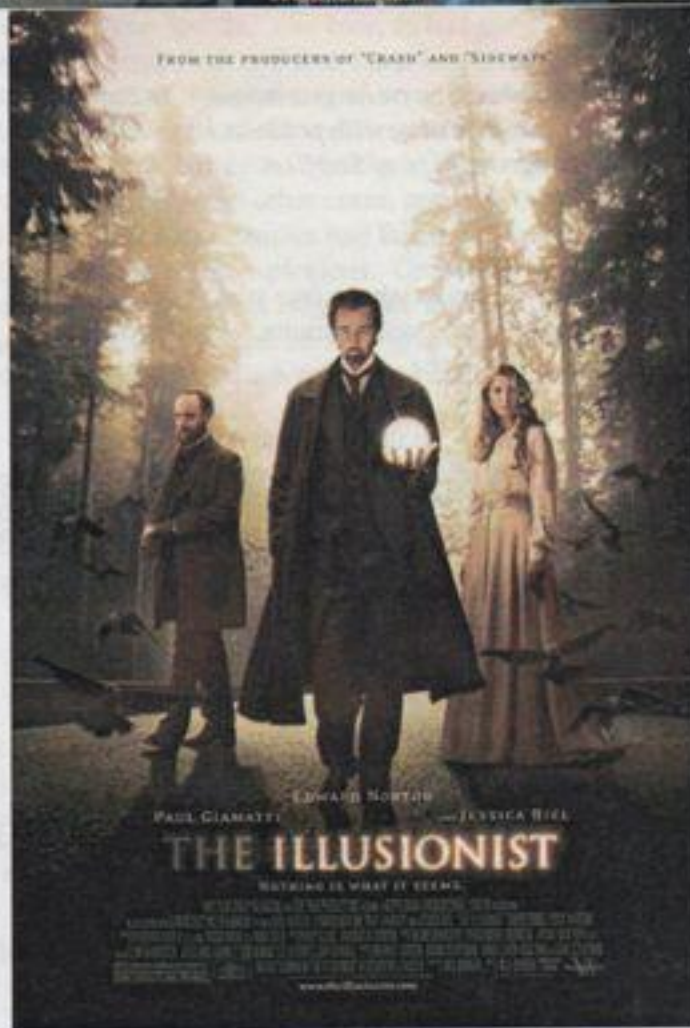
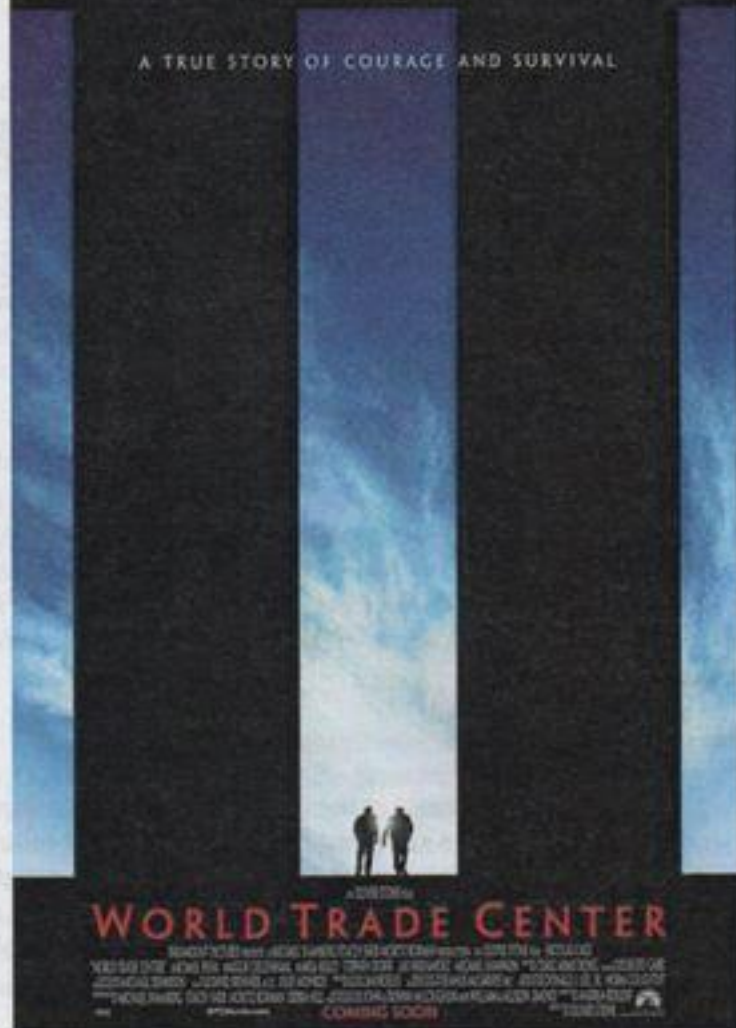
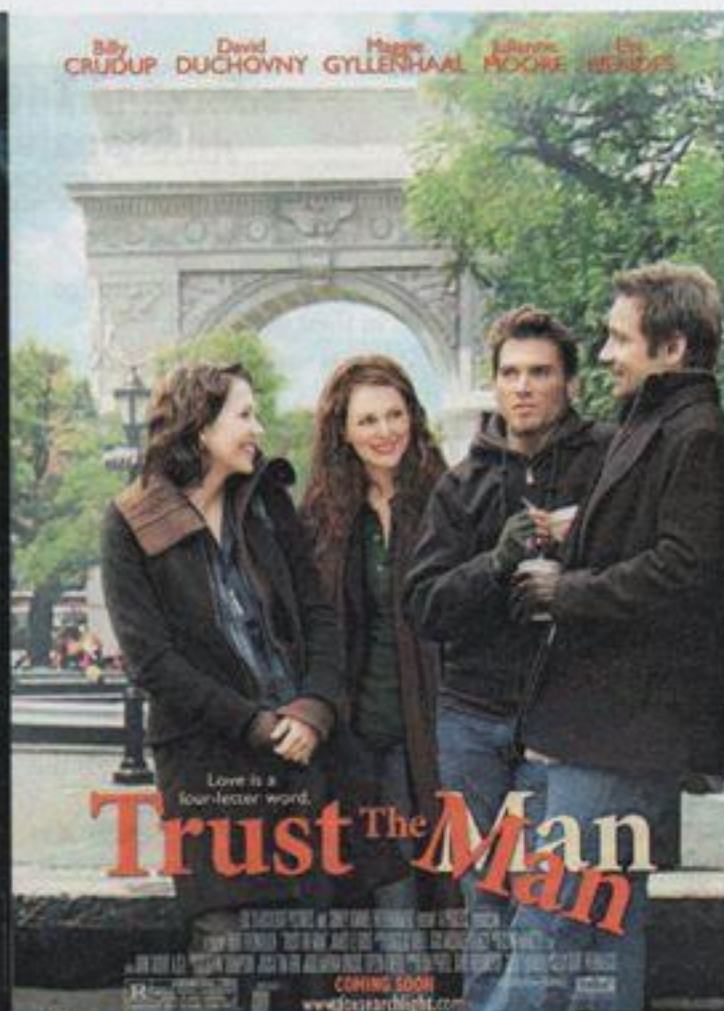
ALL MEMBERS PLEDGE THEMSELVES TO TAKE JOINT AND SEPARATE ACTION IN COOPERATION WITH THE UNITED FEDERATION FOR THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE PURPOSES AND GOALS SET FORTH IN ARTICLE 55;

ARTICLE 57

1, THE VARIOUS SPECIALIZED AGENCIES, ESTABLISHED BY INTERPLANETARY AGREEMENT AND HAVING WIDE INTERPLANETARY RESPONSIBILITIES AS DEFINED IN THEIR BASIC INSTRUMENTS IN ECONOMIC, SOCIAL, CULTURAL, EDUCATIONAL, HEALTH AND RELATED FIELDS, SHALL BE BROUGHT INTO RELATIONSHIP WITH THE UNITED FEDERATION IN ACCORDANCE WITH ARTICLE 63;

2. SUCH AGENCIES THUS BROUGHT INTO RELATIONSHIP WITH THE UNITED FEDERATION ARE

(Continued on page 3)



Beyond The Final Frontier Chapater 23: Death

CAPT Chris Stephenson

(Continued from page 10)

gether, and began to meditate, as the remainder of the bridge crew prepared to meet their ends in their own ways.

The turbolift doors did not open quickly as they had been designed to do once Lyon had arrived at his destination. Instead, they opened about a quarter of the way, stopped for a beat, and then slowly opened completely. Lyon stepped into the deck, and surveyed the damage.

All around him, there was chaos. Holes and tears were ripped into the walls, stretching completely throughout the hallway. Bodies, some burned horribly, lay strewn about. Lyon began walking slowly, not taking his eyes off the scene, not allowing himself relief from the disturbing sight. This was part of his penance, he must witness this. As he walked forward steadily, images of his life came to him, as they had been since he had left his quarters. He allowed them to stay in the back of his mind, while keeping his focus on the task.

His parents watched him as he graduated from Starfleet Academy, their faces beaming with pride as he took his first steps as a full-fledged officer of Starfleet.

He passed by a crewman whose face was so mangled that Lyon could not tell who he was anymore. Another face lost, forgotten in a needless war.

The argument had lasted for hours, and she had finally left, fed up with the endless discussion. She would be back, but only to repack her belongings. She was right to suspect him, he supposed. He was already married, only not to a woman, but to his ship.

Even though he had not entered his destination, had not even approached the doors, he began to feel nauseous, as the radiation had leaked out into the entire bay by this time. It didn't matter. As long as he could stay conscious to complete his mission, nothing would matter.

Proud of his officer, Lyon shook the young half-Romulan's hand with a grin. Turock T'Kill had been the finest officer Lyon had under his command, and he was the only man that he could even consider to become the next Captain of the U.S.S. Maximilian.

The doors to the well-lighted armory opened as though nothing was wrong, but even as he entered, Lyon knew that was not the case. There was a green haze in the air, and he was feeling sicker and weaker by the moment. He knew he had to end this quickly.

He still didn't know what had happened to strand him here, in 20th century Earth, in this place, but he wasn't complaining. With a cold drink and friendly conversation, he realized that for the first time in a very long time, he felt at ease with his surroundings. He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes, and fell asleep easily.

He moved as quickly as his body would allow to the main console. Assessing their damage, he was pleased that most of the damage was superficial, despite its effect on closing off control to the bridge and surrounding systems. The plan would work. Tapping a panel quickly, he watched as a small bay door opened across the room. It would be a tight fit, but he could do it. He moved his hand again, and noted that he now saw two images of a hand in front of him. He shook it off, willing his body, and this ship as well, to stay together for just one more minute.

Lyon wept as though he had all the time in the world. Everything else fell away as he cursed his surroundings, the night, the day, and life itself. It felt to him as though there would be no tomorrow, and he could not bring himself to care. His only son was gone forever.

The torpedo sat silently in the cramped tube, not hinting at its immense power. Lyon squeezed himself between the ceiling and the torpedo, wishing that he had actually stuck to a diet once in his life. Sucking in a breath, which only served to make him woozier, he rolled over, facing the inner control console on

(Continued on page 13)

Beyond The Final Frontier Chapater 23: Death

CAPT Chris Stephenson

(Continued from page 12)

the ceiling. He overrode the console, and pulled the panel off, revealing charred, bright green wiring. Frowning, but focused, he pulled a frayed wire down, and unhinged it, pulling it apart.

Lyon looked down at the academy, allowing himself to feel again like a parent, as he watched the android, now Lieutenant Starblade, teach a group of cadets about a transporter's function and form. Lyon had been a major role in the android's upbringing, concise as it was, and hoped that one day they would be able to work together, perhaps even on the Maximillian itself.

It was incredibly difficult to work now. He felt the temperature rising steadily, everything was fuzzy, and it was painful to move. He swallowed, sweating profusely, and continued to pull down wires, searching for the connection that must be there somewhere...

Lyon laughed at Blobbin, and called him a twit for what must've been the tenth time that day. On this small planet, they had taken a break from the conference, and it had resulted in a painful spray of milk from Lyon's nose as Blobbin cracked a joke. It was nice to get away from Starfleet, even if it was only for a few hours.

There were two wires; Lyon swore there were, both pulsing green, both waiting for the connection to each other. The bypass must have worked, and all that was left was for them to be held together. Lyon started at the wires, and begged the air for the strength for one last motion.

Lyon stared out upon the promenade, so immensely proud of his officers. New Captain Septaric. Commander Krag-nar. Lieutenant Commander Kelvok. Lieutenant Commander Tamak. Lieutenant Commander Starblade. Lieutenant Amy Armstrong Thomas. And his friends, moving towards him. Admirals T'Kill and Blobbin. No matter his past, no matter what lay before them, he knew that with the strength of his ship, the mighty Maximillian, they would best

any challenge.

The connection was made.

A bright green light flashed on Kelvok's panel, and he awoke from his meditation, unable to hold back from being visibly startled. Unaware that he was completely out of the meditative state, Tamak started. "Captain..."

Kelvok jumped to his feet. "FIRE!"

The torpedo bay opened. From out of it soared a single blue orb of energy and power. The torpedo soared through space, out of the bowels of the *Maximillian*, and through the stars. It made a lazy turn, and began to sink. Faster and faster it dove straight down now, approaching its target, homing in.

With an incredible blast, it struck the central power core of the vessel at vast speeds. The core, as had the others when struck, instantly imploded, and then burst into a wave of flame that spread upward and downward along the connecting pillars, setting off other explosions and fires along the tunnels. This one was different, however. The central power source of the vessel was connected to all other cores, and now they were being overloaded. The redundancies had failed, and soon all over the vessel there were massive explosions. Great flames shot into space high and far, and it was not long before the incredible artificial intelligence that the ship had been programmed with went completely offline, killed as though putting a bullet through its brain.

With nothing left to command the great vessel, lights flickered, consoles powered off and on, resetting themselves over and over, and massive overloads took place throughout the infrastructure. More explosions happened, and portions of the ship were annihilated in the blasts.

The bridge crew watched, aghast and not able to even celebrate as the ship began to list, and slowly veered off towards the left of the viewscreen. Ensign Merlomo glanced at his screens, and did some quick calculations. "Captain! The vessel is going to miss entering the sun's photosphere! No impact vector!"

Hope had been lost, and now restored, as the crew finally burst into long held in cheers, and some broke down crying at the

(Continued on page 16)

SEPTEMBER 2006

| Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri | Sat |
|-----|-----|--------------------------------|-----|-----|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| | | | | | 1 <i>Robin Goldblum's Birthday</i> | 2 <i>Rachael Biro's Birthday</i> |
| 3 | 4 | 5 <i>CJ Biro's Birthday</i> | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 <i>Max Meeting</i> |
| 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 <i>Columbus Meeting</i> |
| 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 <i>Spaceballs</i> |
| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |

SCIENCE FICTION

U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN

FAN ORGANIZATION



Security Report

LCDR Nathan Cabaugh
Chief of Security

Greetings! I will not be around to attend the meeting this month, and I have been really busy as of late with work and music. Due to the busy-ness of my schedule with work, I have not been able to work on this month's edition of the Mighty Max Adventures, so I completed a Stargate comic for this month. My hours are changing around a bit as of late, which makes it difficult to maintain any normalcy. Thankfully, that only affects my time on my website and the comic.

Fortunately, I now have a weekly opportunity to utilize my musical skills, and my manager at work is doing his best to have me play background music at the store. Since I am getting more hours at work, I am going to at least alternate comic strips between the Stargate universe and the MMA. Hopefully, once the school year starts up again, I can get back to my normal routine with the MMA.

Just a quick commentary on this month's comic, the images are straight off of the 10th season episode that aired just recently, *The Pegasus Project*. I hope that any Stargate fans out there will enjoy it and get a kick out of it; after all it was just a spontaneous decision to do that.

And before I forget, since fall is coming up here really soon, the Drexel as usual will be having their annual horror movie marathon which is more likely to happen in October, but it could be towards the end of September. It is still in the planning stages, no date set yet. If interested, and you want to find out more you can visit www.drexel.net and visit the forum.

Have a good summer and stay cool!

*[Editors Note: There was no Stargate comic included in the submission I received. I even went to the Skrit's website to see if I could find it, but I had no luck. Sorry Skrit but I'm working against a deadline and need to put this newsletter to bed, because then I get to go to bed *smile*]*



UPCOMING EVENTS

AUGUST

- 12) Max Meeting
- 17-20) VEGAS!
- 19) USS Columbus
- 30th Anniversary

SEPTEMBER

- 9) Max Meeting
- 23) Spaceballs @ Rollandia Golf and Magic Castle Fun Center

OCTOBER

- 14) Max Meeting

Candidates still needed for the following Ship Positions

Armory Chief
Transporter Chief
Counselor

Submissions to the September 2006 edition of the Mighty Max are due on **September 1, 2006**. Submit to Critchstarblade@gmail.com Or 614-284-4962

Photo Credit: Kings Island photos in this issue are courtesy of Squirrelly

Beyond The Final Frontier Chapter 23: Death

CAPT Chris Stephenson

(Continued from page 13)

reality of how close they had come to witnessing first hand the destruction of everything they knew. Kelvok sank into his seat, allowing one emotion to wash over him.

Relief.

Despite the immense blasts, all was silent in space. The yellow flames reflected off of the cold skin of Admiral Robert Lyon's body, which after being pulled out by the vacuum caused by the open torpedo bay door, was now floating throughout the wreckage, moving towards the sun, to disappear in a painless blaze of glory.

The destruction continued on the vessel. The last cores had erupted, and now there was massive energy feedback occurring all over. Columns were disappearing in immense fireballs, and much of the ship seemed to resemble many species version of hell. Near the impact point of the central core, all was rubble, but still relatively undamaged, the catwalks and consoles holding together. All there was was metal and tubing and wires sparking.

And suddenly, a hand.

The hand reached out of the large pile of rubble, and grasped a piece of metal, shoving it out of the way, freeing another hand. Slowly, the two hands worked together, freeing the rest of the body. And the body stood on unsteady feet, bleeding, broken, but not finished. Not yet.

Critch Starblade was still alive.

One leg was smashed, the circuitry exposed. Useless. He did not worry about that. He pulled himself free of the wreckage, tumbling down the pile as he did so. Not taking the precious time to look around him, he hobbled towards the console, which was sparking, but still lit up. He had no idea if it was still working, but he was completely out of other ideas.

Even as he heard an explosion, easily the largest he had ever heard, behind him, he placed a hand on the console. He felt the shockwave, felt the heat burn his uniform and cause the synthetic skin on his back to blister and peel. He thought as hard as he ever had thought, concentrated on one thing, and then yelled to the stars.

"Critch to Maximillian...GET ME THE HELL OUT OF HERE!"

Another explosion, as big as the first, not as close though. He turned, and watched the vessel burn around him. He had no idea if the Maximillian had heard his call, he didn't even know if they were still there. But it was all he could do. He watched a wave of flame spread, tall as the Max itself, and wider than two of the Sovereigns put together. He closed his eyes as it reached him, and felt a very particular feeling, yet familiar.

Was this death?

"We've got him, sir."

With those words, another cheer went up from the bridge crew. The transmission had reached the Maximillian successfully, and Critch Starblade was safe. Kelvok nodded. "Good work."

He watched as the vessel tore itself apart. It had broke into three parallel pieces, moving alongside each other, and each were now completely engulfed in flame. Kelvok had ordered full shields, though he knew that was impossible, but he was working to try to raise them as high as possible. If the vessel was going to go up as he thought it would, he did not want this ship lost at the moment of their greatest triumph.

Unexpectedly, a turbolift door opened. Kelvok turned, and almost lost his composure at the sight of Critch, a hole torn in his face, his leg damaged, his uniform in tatters. There were assorted gasps from the bridge crew, as Critch nodded at Kelvok. "Don't worry, it's worse than it looks."

"Commander..."

"I need to see this, Kelvok."

Kelvok was about to say something, but then just simply nodded. He turned back to his work, as Critch watched the screen intently.

From the middle piece of the vessel, there was a bright flash, and a blue column of light erupted. Other columns began to appear on the other pieces, and then there was a

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Beyond The Final Frontier Chapter 23: Death

CAPT Chris Stephenson

(Continued from page 16)

much larger light, spreading from the center of the first piece and moving outward. It was immense energy, the remainder of the power of the vessel. It moved quickly, vaporizing the defenseless pieces, and then there was another explosion, greater than the last, sending the *Maximilian* end over end. The shockwaves buffeted the ship, causing hull failures and scars, tearing great holes through every necessary portion of the ship. The bridge crew were tossed around, some flying through the air, landing painfully on sensitive equipment.

Then, as quickly as it started...it ended. The shockwaves moved on, becoming less and less powerful with each passing moment, and then they disappeared completely, all energy expended. The debris fields were massive, dwarfing even what was left of the Borg attack at Wolf 359, encircling the sun and the surrounding areas.

Critch blinked, and groaned from new pains attacking his body. Still alive. He slowly moved to his feet, as slow as possible. Kelvok, who offered his hand, helped him. Together they stood, and looked out upon the stars and the sun itself, and the pieces of vessel that now were falling into the sun. They breathed silently as more and more officers regained their composure.

It was over. After a period of days that were the most dangerous and stressful in the Federation's history, it was all over. The vessel was gone. It was true victory.

There was cheering on all decks where there were survivors. The mood was switched in an instant. To the sound of cheers Turock T'Kill awoke, his head pounding. Before he remembered what had happened, he thought he had a hangover. When he saw Blobbin hovering over him, he recoiled. "What the hell's going on?"

Blobbin looked slightly different, a bit paler than Turock had ever seen him. "I don't think you want to know."

On the bridge, Critch allowed himself a smile. A sort of giddiness filled him that can only be felt by those that have had a brush with death. Grinning now, he looked around him. Glancing from side to side, his grin disappeared as quickly as it arrived. A sinking feeling enveloped him. He turned to Kelvok.

"Where's Rob?"

Star Trek Actors to Film 40th Anniversary Gift to Trek Fans – Star Trek: Of Gods and Men

(Continued from page 3)

JG Hertzler (*Deep Space Nine*) and **Tim Russ** (*Voyager*), who will also direct. The same team that created the hit "Roddenberry on Patrol," currently in release on DVD and also directed by Russ is producing the webisode.

Several of the actors involved in the project offered their comments on participating in *Star Trek: Of Gods and Men*.

"I'm very excited about the script," enthused **Nichelle Nichols**. "And I'm looking forward to re-creating Uhura in a time line that feels good to me. I think the fans will enjoy it immensely!"

"The original series was in danger of being cancelled after the second season, and the fans came through," said **Walter Koenig**. "Once again—after 40 years --with the support and enthusiasm of the fans -- *Star Trek* will have another life on the Internet -- and I'm very pleased to be part of it."

"I'm looking forward to working with a lot of fine actors," exclaimed **Tim Russ**. "It's a nostalgia-based *Trek* project -- and I think the fans will really get a kick out of it. We've never seen this kind of *Trek* story before."

"After I read the script, I definitely wanted to participate," said **Garrett Wang**. "The character I'm playing is completely opposite from my *Voyager* character -- and it's always more challenging for an actor to play a bad guy. It will be fun to have an edge, to keep it truthful."

The mini-series was written by producer **Sky Douglas Conway**, and *Deep Space Nine* freelance storywriters **Jack Trevino** and **Ethan H. Calk**. Director of photography is **Doug Knapp**. In addition, many artists in the field of makeup and lighting will join them for what is sure to be a history-making event.

And it's not at all about money. What makes *Star Trek: Of Gods and Men* special is that all these creative talents have united because of a common vision. They all believe in a series that was created by a visionary named Gene Roddenberry and the philosophy that it promoted -- that all individuals are created equal and that one day all the peoples of the Earth will unite to live, work and play in harmony.

Star Trek: Of Gods and Men is produced in association with **James Cawley** of "New Voyages" will be shot in part on the "New Voyages" set in New York state, and will also include locations in Los Angeles. A Christmas 2006 release is anticipated. For more information, visit *Star Trek: Of Gods and Men*.

THE MIGHTY MAX AUGUST 2006

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Newsletter Submissions Due September 1st

[HTTP://GROUPS.YAHOO.COM/GROUPS/MAX74997](http://groups.yahoo.com/groups/max74997)
[HTTP://WWW.MAXIMILLIAN.ORG](http://www.maximillian.org)

Happy August Birthday: Sarah
Moran and John Chubb

DOCTOR WHO DESCENDANCE Part four of ten

THE DOCTOR AND STACY
HAVE BECOME EMBROILED
IN A BATTLE BETWEEN
RIVAL MARTIAN HOUSES.

THE DOCTOR'S SIDE
APPEARS TO HAVE LOST.

OW, OW,
OW! THAT
HURT.

TUSTOKK
TOOK THE BRUNT OF
THE BLAST. HE SHIELDED
ME.

HIS
SACRIFICE WILL
NOT BE IN VAIN. LORD
ARTIX WILL BE
STOPPED.

ERR.
SSARD, OLD MAN,
I HATE TO TELL YOU
THIS, BUT...

I'M AFRAID
THAT ARTIX'S ATTACK
WAS A RUSE. THEY GOT
WHAT THEY REALLY
WANTED. IZAXYRL
IS GONE!

TO BE CONTINUED...

Articles of Federation: Chapter IX

LTJG Todd McDaniel
Chief of Communications

(Continued from page 2)

HEREINAFTER REFERRED TO AS SPECIALIZED AGENCIES;

ARTICLE 58

THE UNITED FEDERATION SHALL MAKE RECOMMENDATIONS FOR THE COORDINATION OF THE POLICIES AND ACTIVITIES OF THE SPECIALIZED AGENCIES;

ARTICLE 59

THE UNITED FEDERATION SHALL, WHERE APPROPRIATE, INITIATE NEGOTIATIONS AMONG ITS MEMBERS CONCERNED FOR THE CREATION OF ANY NEW SPECIALIZED AGENCIES REQUIRED FOR ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE PURPOSES SET FORTH IN ARTICLE 55;

ARTICLE 60

RESPONSIBILITY FOR DISCHARGE OF THE FUNCTIONS OF THE UNITED FEDERATION AS SET FORTH IN THIS CHAPTER SHALL BEVESTED IN THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY AND, UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY, IN THE ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL COUNCIL WHICH SHALL HAVE FOR THIS PURPOSE THE POWERS SET FORTH IN CHAPTER X.

Star Trek Actors to Film 40th Anniversary Gift to Trek Fans – Star Trek: Of Gods and Men

Principal Photography Begins Today in New York State

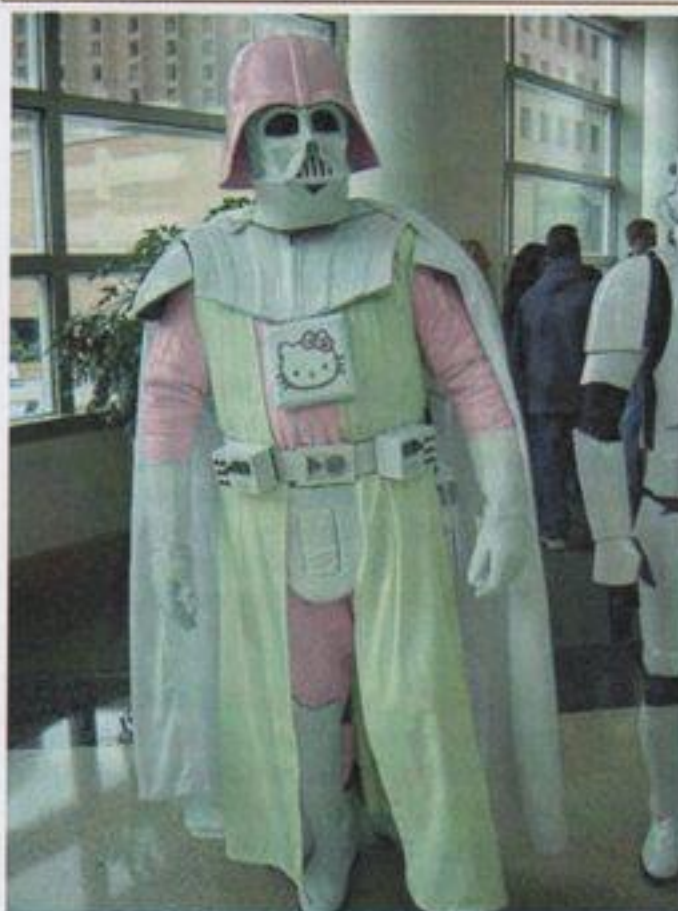
(Los Angeles, Calif. -- July 12, 2006) *Star Trek*, the acclaimed television series that spawned four additional series and 10 motion pictures, will be honored for its 40-year history with the filming of an all-new three-part mini-series webisode entitled *Star Trek: Of Gods and Men*. The mini-series, a gift to *Star Trek*'s loyal fans featuring many *Trek* alumni, will be released exclusively on the Internet as downloads, each 30 minutes in length.

Star Trek: Of Gods and Men stars **Nichelle Nichols**, **Walter Koenig** and **Grace Lee Whitney** (Uhura, Chekov and Rand of the original series) along with **Alan Ruck** (Captain John Harriman of the 7th feature film, *Star Trek Generations*). Joining them are **Garrett Wang** (Voyager), **Chase Masterson** (Deep Space Nine), **Gary Graham** and **Crystal Allen** (Enterprise),

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Hello Vador

CMDR CJ Biro
First Officer / Chief of Xenobiology



And Stormtrooper Kitty



Thanks CJ, I just love to include Hello Kitty items in the newsletter because it drives Critch crazy.

Chris, these items were legitimate submission from CJ. — Susan

Metting Minutes

LT Babs Magera
Records Officer / Chief of Operations

announcer-type voice

Meeting called to order after eatage! Today we have our meeting at the MCL Cafeteria where the old people run rampant and Isa and Lisa come in a pack of two with Lee. Today we have our usual gang of crazies plus me and Dabit!:)

So without further adieu, WELCOME TO THE USS MAXIMILLIAN JULY MEETING!!!!

Critch is the Captain. Here's his report. Website has been updated with pics from Marcon, Dover, Maxolympics (yay goes the Matt!) Updates to the story, "Beyond the Final Frontier", though the current chapter is truncated. Full-length novel of the story will be on sale in September. WILL CRITCH DYE HIS HAIR and die from it? Stay tuned. ...also something about pee, but we won't go there.

Then there's first officer, CJ The Horta. And he says thus: Positions of Armory chief, transporter chief, and counselor need to be filled. Went over explanation of how to apply for a new position.

Now, hold onto your seats, kiddies, and dim the lights because now it's.....OVERLOAD TIME!!! *HUGE STANDING OVATION AND LASER LIGHT SHOW!!! *Okay HUGE stuff!!! I MET BRENT SPINER AT MOTORCITY COMICON AND HE LIKED ME! *EXPLODEIOEO*!!!!!! *gathers self with a dustpan and reforms* I sold art at Anthrocon in Pittsburgh, and I got in the local paper there when they spotlighted me! Prior to that though I had to miss the Maxolympics because of bronchitis. Sick droid. But I'm mostly better though. Vegas roster has shrunk a little bit as far as Max attendance, but we're still going! And new guests are Brannon Braga. Now, Matt and Nathan want to smoke crackflowers out of my head. I just might let them this time.

Also, I saw Cars 5 times now. VERY good movie!

Woot! Treasurycat called TPurr! General funds are \$700! Lots of renewals and memberships! Robin renewed and Noodle, Jackie, and Ryan and other people returned. So we rock! Catnip all around! We also sold our anthology book to a Dr. Who fan. The raffle wasn't too successful.....but you live and learn and stuff.

But we had a good display! :D Maybe having less items though may be a good thing. Also discussed newsletter

deadline (FIRST OF THE MONTH, SLACKMONKIES!)

WE FINALLY HAVE AN ADMIRAL OMG MATT!!!!

praises and has funfun Oh, he's happy to be wit' his PEEPS yo! He has to sell his Trek stuff.

And the fact that Overload doesn't Yahoo him makes him sad. But he has 3 dogs and one of them is Big Ben. And that was the end. But I MISS him!! Bowling leagues are dead, and his singling sucks.

Engineering is Squirrelly: Max site is moving to a new server, hopefully one with at doesn't have a mariachi band. He's stalking me and taking pictures. God forbid he goes to car shows and Comic cons with me and....AH! HE DOES!!! KILLITKILLITKILLIT!! *whaps with broom*

And now it's time for Wing Commander time! Charlie went to Motor city comic con too! And he and CJ took side roads to get there! But he went to Romulus and then the con...and once there he met Julie Newmar, who made him as happy as me with Spiner! And she got him to put his arm around her. Also, the Space Ghost voice actor is crazy. He met a bunch of other people as well! And he came back alive! And here he is! Red White and Boom was cool except for the rain. But that cleared up and we all had a blast! Charlie may not be able to make Kings Island, but time will tell.

Communications (Todd): Went to Gaelic event for his Scot society, and got sideswiped by another car. As a result there was some minor damage to his car, but Todd himself is okay. He is thinking of getting another car.

Nathan! Security! Xmas party will be at the Mifflin church. Flag ceremony anyone? Maybe. Max theme song is finally done, and boy does it sound jiffy! Horror movie marathon is coming up, and Nathan wishes to have more ship participation involved. Matt makes sound effects as Nathan talks about stuff. Nice touch! Skrit also has new Mighty Max events lined up too, like a 3 part series with a running gag. The Lexington has a director but they still need one. Filming will start in Mid-August. Lookit the Lexington site for more details. Also, he's got a Christian CD in the works.

Guests:

Isa (Columbus): Columbus meeting next week, and on July 22, there will be a COSi trip in full costume...same week as trekputt.

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Beyond The Final Frontier

Chapter 23: Death

CAPT Chris Stephenson

Kelvok looked at Tamak with the same stern and unyielding expression he always used, but beneath the collected exterior was a torment of repressed emotion that threatened to overwhelm the Vulcan. The same could be said of Tamak himself, busy trying to hurriedly fix the problem in the armory. They kept their emotional side in check, as much as for each other as for anyone else, so that they may weather this crisis. Tamak glanced upwards. "Captain, I have exhausted all avenues. It is not possible to reconfigure the controls to a functional state with the amount of time we have available to us."

Kelvok simply looked back at him. "And there is no time to do it manually?"

"It would not be possible at any stage. To enter the weapons bay would be comparable to suicide with the amount of radiation that has been released. Whoever went in would likely succumb to the effects before they could complete the wiring process."

Kelvok nodded. "You will keep trying."

"Yes, Captain. Until I cannot." Until death, the unspoken words hanging in the air. Tamak turned back to his console, and Kelvok swiveled around in his chair, waiting, even hoping, for a solution to present itself. As the great Vulcans had always said, there are always possibilities.

He stared at the viewscreen, at least the portions of it that were still functional. Behind the flickering, he saw the vessel approaching the sun. More and more of it now was close enough to feel the full effects of the heat, and while the shielding had been restored, the forward portions of the ship were glowing bright red now. If Commander Starblade was still alive, he thought, he might not be for very much longer.

The vessel, now unmanned, continued its leisurely pace towards its destination, its powerful weaponry armed and ready to fire once it reached its exact coordinates, now mere minutes away. Behind it soared the *Maximillian*, at least what was left of it, with no way of preventing the vessel's forward progress, and no way of destroying it.

Nervously, almost unconsciously, Kelvok targeted the power core that Critch had referred to. Although he had not even the power to ram the saucer into it, it

comforted him somewhat that if there was any change, he had made it that much easier to complete their mission.

The two ships, remaining locked in their continuous dance that had begun days before, continued on to a horrible future, only minutes away.

After the disastrous explosions and attacks that the ship had weathered, all was quiet in the hallways. There were few crewmembers left alive, and those that were left were gathered in their assigned positions. With only minutes left to live, the few not on duty or too scared to be on duty were hiding in their quarters, clutching tightly to what was left of their lives.

The sound of footfalls echoed throughout the hall. The military grade boots landed heavily on the carpet as their occupant marched purposefully. Despite the great need, he did not move quickly, but still made progress. Heavy things weighed upon his mind, and that was what was driving him onward.

Admiral Robert Lyon, in his full dress uniform, had left his quarters with a single goal in mind. His head was up, and he was filled with a sense of duty, and finally, honor. He hadn't felt honor in many years. All reflection was gone; all that was left was service.

He passed many doors, and he marveled at the fact that he still knew the names of everyone that lived in the rooms. Names of crewmembers that he had never met, but because they were on the *Maximillian*, on his ship, he had made it a point to know who was serving, who he would have to count on to save his life. He just never would have guessed that the one person that he couldn't count on was himself.

That was in the past now. At this late hour, he had moved onward from that thought. A new idea had been placed in his head as though by divine intervention, and he would make good on this idea, despite how little time was left.

He continued to move, undaunted and unafraid, and fully expecting to be unchallenged. Everyone else had his or her part to play. The bridge crew doing their part, the many crewmembers doing theirs. At long last,

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Skritisms

LCDR Nathan Cabaugh
Chief of Security

Movie Reviews:

A Scanner Darkly

Premise: A somewhat futuristic society that tackles the war on drugs through agents called scanners. Based on Philip K. Dick's novel. Keanu Reeves and Robert Downey, Jr., and Winona Ryder portray characters that borderline on paranoia, especially Robert Downey, Jr.

Plot: Bob (Reeves) is a scanner who reveals throughout the movie how scanners operate and how they see. As the movie goes on, it explores the depth of the war on drugs in a near future setting.

Bottom Line: The movie is animated throughout. Visually it can get a little distracting due to the style that was used. The story is done well enough, however, there is so much profanity that is used that it detracts from the experience. Decent movie if you can get past the profanity. Honestly, I think George Carlin uses fewer expletives on an HBO special than this movie uses in the entire film.



Lady In The Water

Premise: The water people used to get along with the land people until they moved further inland. Now the land people no longer know who the water people are.

Plot: A maintenance worker in an apartment complex (Paul Giamatti) struggles to learn the identity of the lady in the water who desperately needs his help.

Bottom Line: Being an M. Night Shyamalan film this movie is entertaining enough and does in fact keep your attention the entire time. Even though the premise of the movie is a little hard to digest at first, there is enough humor to make it digestible until before you realize it, you want to stay for the ending. The movie is enjoyable and I would recommend if you like Shyamalan's previous movies. The movie is not quite as memorable as some of the previous films he has done, but it is sooo much better than the movies you see on the SciFi channel.



Musings from the Puddle

VADM Gregory Dunn
Inspector General

WooHoo!!!! The last card! After just over 2 years of the Maximillian Phase I trading cards appearing in the newsletter we have finally reached the end.

The last card is just your standard checklist card. It lists every card in the set plus all the promo cards and chase cards.

Also, this month 3 lucky people will get the final chase card, Cardboard Tube Samurai.....good luck!

Blobbin

Metting Minutes

LT Babs Magera
Records Officer / Chief of Operations

(Continued from page 4)

Old business:

Marcon: raffle recap, skit "Day in the Life of Max" rocked though we didn't win. HP Ohio won however. :) In short, Marcon was fun!

Maxolympics: Hours of badminton and bountyball, and Matt and the Columbus folks attended! Gladiatorial battle led to a showdown between Critch and Ralph. Critch won. All 3 admirals were there! Overload wasn't there due to mechanical failure of the immune system...P

Red White and Boom: YAYYY CHARLIE GAVE ME KINGS ISLAND TICKIES!! And the event rocked! Fireworks were bright! And fun! And many of us attended!

Boy Scouts: Critch, Isa and Terry showed up and had fun! And Terry needs a home. And Klingons showed up on Wednesday. And Critch was a pimp in the rain. And I've gotta stop sounding like a happy puppy on speed!

Events:

Next week (July 15) KINGS ISLAND!!! Meeting at McDonald's at 9 am in the morning...and then then 1 am at the Eiffel Tower. Oh. And then BURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRP. And Boomerang Bay rocks! But Critch has no ass. LOOKIT THE MAN WITH NO ASS!!!*grumble* make fun of MY rollercoaster phobia will ya....

Trekputt: July 22! Critch pwned Isa. Isa would kick his ass but he kinda um....yeah. No ass. It's at noon at Galaxy games. And YOU can win a BIT at Skee-ball!

Cosi: First Saturday in September. \$15 admission! Yay Cosi! Oh, and that's at noon. And according to Skrit, Darth Vader lives in Columbus and shows his light saber to girls. *snrk*

Future meeting locations: MCL Cafeteria at 5 pm in August. Whetstone is in September. The rest is TBA, yo. Eat cookies.

New business:

Boy Scouts: New troops need to raise money for camping supplies. At Trekputt 7 money will be raised for this purpose.

New banner is going to be erected (snrk). Still going to have Star Trek, but will have sci fi elements as well (Star

Wars, Stargate, Farscape, etc.) Further discussion will take place next meeting!

Marcon: Greg has a HUGE plan for Marcon. And we're going to try and build a TARDIS (phone booth!) And Greg wants a room all to ourselves! Skrit wants to show movies, Overload wants to hold Datapalooza, and we can have panels! Mini Max Con domination!!! We will go to every Marcon meeting to try and make this happen. Also we're planning Max badge ribbons, and a suite for a room party.

Lisa's re-TARDIS note: We need wood. We must find cheap wood. Just so ya know. Cos she wants to build the TARDIS...at least the front of it.

Doodah parade: Max float idea!!!! And if Overload attends, she wins a Double Doo Dah award! Rock!

Promotions:

Lisa is now a Lieutenant JG!! Wh00tneess!!!!!! She keeps track of points and is cool like that!

And now there is random art and we. are. OUTTA-HERE!!!!!!

Okay, roll credits!



**POSSIBLE "SURPRISE" ENDINGS
TO THE NEW SAMUEL L.
JACKSON FILM SNAKES ON A
PLANE. BY MARC KEINATH AND KYLE NUSKE**

Scenario One

Samuel L. Jackson discovers a new superbreed of snake, developed by the United States military, on board the plane. Quickly realizing that this snake could destroy the world, and knowing he would rather die than risk bringing this monster to the mainland, he decides to crash the plane into an offshore nitroglycerin plant.

Scenario Two

After single-handedly killing all snakes on board and landing the plane, Jackson steps onto the tarmac and removes his trench coat only to reveal that he is, in fact, made entirely out of snakes.

Scenario Three

While on the bus ride home from the airport, Jackson notices the bus driver seems nervous. The driver informs him that if the bus goes slower than 55 mph, snakes will drop from the ceiling. Samuel looks directly at the camera and says, "Here we go again!"

Scenario Four

As the plane is landing, Samuel Jackson is battling the last snake on the plane: a giant anaconda named Nancy. When he is about to let Nancy live by trapping her in a large duffel bag, he notices his father's wristwatch around her neck. Realizing that this is the snake that killed the man who raised him, Sam entangles Nancy's tail in the landing gear, simultaneously puréeing the beast and attaining the vengeance he has sought since age 13.

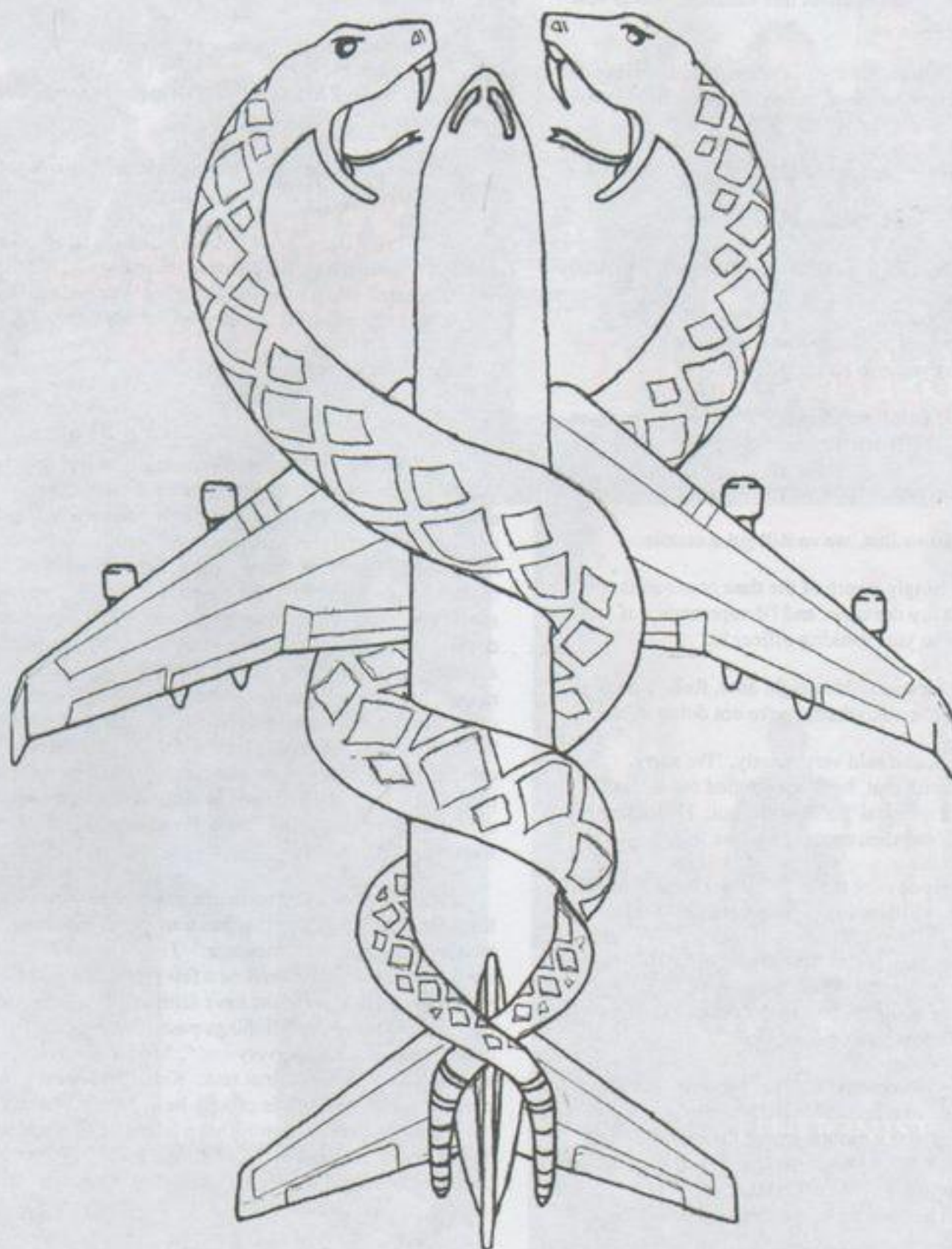
Scenario Five

All the snakes on the plane have been killed, and the only thing left to do is land the plane. That is, of course, until an Arabic man strapped with C4 explosives says he is going to crash the plane into the Golden Gate Bridge. Knowing he would rather die than risk bringing this monster to the mainland, Samuel L. Jackson decides to crash the plane into an offshore nitroglycerin plant. Unfortunately, the resulting explosion from the plane, terrorist, and nitroglycerin combo creates a tidal wave that destroys San Francisco. The Golden Gate Bridge stands, however, and is renamed the



Snakes on a Kindergarten Class (From Snakes on a Blog)

A few days ago our friend Matt sent in a picture of his Kindergarten class holding up drawings they had made of the teaser poster, and, despite some controversy in the comments, we all found it cute. So cute, in fact, that Matt sent in a second picture of his class, as well as the coloring book pattern he made for his kids (it's big so you can print it out and use it for your kids, too):



Beyond The Final Frontier

Chapter 23: Death

CAPT Chris Stephenson

(Continued from page 5)

it was time for Admiral Lyon to do his. He had thought he was fulfilling his tasks before, but now he could see that he was only helping to bring about this situation, which now had to be rectified.

His head held high, his confidence restored, he rounded the corner, and was surprised to see two other figures standing in his path, blocking the hall.

Admiral Blobbin, and Admiral T'Kill.

He stopped as well. "Admirals."

Blobbin pudged forward slightly. "Out for a doomsday stroll?"

Lyon smirked. "I should ask you the same thing. Shouldn't you two be on the bridge?"

T'Kill moved past him, placing himself between Lyon and Blobbin. "You're not doing it, Rob."

"This isn't open to debate, we're out of options."

"You don't know that, we've still got a couple..."

Lyon, increasingly aware of the time constraints, cut him off. "I've made my decision, and I'd appreciate it if you keep track of who your ranking officer is."

"Stars don't mean anything right now, Rob. I don't give a damn if you have a hundred, you're not doing it."

Lyon nodded, and said very quietly, "I'm sorry, Turock." And with that, he calmly pulled out a small phaser and shot Admiral T'Kill in the gut. He looked at Lyon, shocked, and then crumpled to the floor.

As Lyon stepped over the unconscious form, Blobbin whistled. "Shoot him again. I want to remember that."

"Just set to stun. He'd never have let me...He's too good of a friend, far better than I deserve after all this." Lyon paused. "You're going to have to get out of the way too, Blobbin. You know you can't stop me."

The Errsedorian chuckled. "Phh, we don't even know if that thing works on me. And this'd be a real stupid time to find out." There was a minute where the two Admirals stared each other down. Then, to Lyon's surprise, Blobbin saluted Lyon seriously for the first time in his life. He had a serious look on his face as he did this, and he did not

change color. Lyon didn't even think Blobbin could make a serious face. Then, slowly, as though he really wasn't even moving, Blobbin pudged to the side. He spoke quietly. "Is the word given, Admiral?"

Lyon smiled sadly. "The word is given."

Blobbin nodded his head. "If this means a promotion, I'll hunt you down."

Admiral Lyon saluted his strange friend. "Thank you, Blobbin."

"Don't screw it up." As Blobbin watched, Lyon continued down the hallway, his purpose returning. At the far end, he disappeared into a turbolift. Blobbin watched the doors closed, and sighed, sadly, turning to T'Kill's body.

"Just you and me now."

Even with the restored shielding, the heat from the sun was taking its toll on the vessel. The front left corner had entered the star's corona, and was now completely bright red, from temperatures reaching over a million degrees Fahrenheit. The bridge crew simply sat now, all hope draining, all avenues pursued, and found lacking. The vessel would enter the sun, do whatever it was that it was going to do, and destroy it. The *Maximillian* would be destroyed, along with the Earth, the Moon, and any other planet within range. Somehow the vessel would survive, and move on. Knowing its weak spot gave no comfort to Kelvok, knowing he was facing his final moments. He theorized that other ships on other worlds may yet have a chance for stopping it, if it could be arranged in time without the vessel reconfiguring and repairing itself. He glanced back to the fearful looking ensign.

"Please send a coded subspace message to Vulcan. Inform them of everything that has transpired, including Commander Starblade's last message." The ensign nodded, shaking a bit. Kelvok rose, walked a few steps, and laid a hand on his shoulder. "We must have faith that this is as it should be, Ensign Merlomo. All things pass. We must do our duty, however, until the very end." Merlomo nodded, and moved to complete his final task. Kelvok returned to his chair, realizing that this is exactly how Admiral Clemson at the Archer Observatory must have felt as he first laid eyes on the vessel. Defeated, dejected, and totally without hope of seeing another day. He sat back, folded his hands to-

(Continued on page 12)