

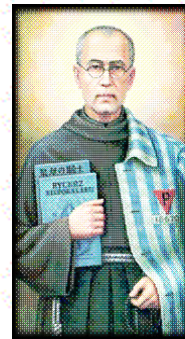


THE MIGHTY MAX

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

"Reach for the Stars, and Grab the Future"

-Christa McAuliffe, 1986



VOLUME 14, ISSUE 2

FEBRUARY 2006

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

In Remembrance

We remember those who have given their lives in the cause of exploration and discovery.



This is NASA's official portrait of the crew of STS 51-L (*Challenger*), taken in November 1985. In the back row (l-r) are mission specialist Ellison S. Onizuka, teacher Sharon Christa McAuliffe, payload specialist Greg Jarvis and mission specialist Judy Resnik. In the front row (l-r.) are pilot Mike Smith, mission commander Dick Scobee, and mission specialist Ron McNair.



Astronauts for the first Apollo Mission (L-R)
Virgil I. Grissom, Edward H. White and Roger B. Chaffee



This is the official crew photo from Mission STS-107 on the Space Shuttle Columbia. From left to right are Mission Specialist David Brown, Commander Rick Husband, Mission Specialist Laurel Clark, Mission Specialist Kalpana Chawla, Mission Specialist Michael Anderson, Pilot William McCool, and Israeli Payload Specialist Ilan Ramon.

The MaX-Files

CAPT Chris Stephenson
Commanding Officer

Greetings Max people. Things are relatively back to normal here with Susan once again doing the newsletter, leaving me with enough free time that theoretically I should be able to do a update to the website again one of these days, or at least get it organized enough so that more members can submit and update the site more often. Also to finish the novel that is ever in progress.

We had our successful election in January, ending up with a new command staff for the 2006-2008 period. While I will continue to be Captain and Susan continues at treasurer, we will be joined by C.J. Biro (Not Baio) as our first officer, and Babs as our Records officer/second officer. Both have their own projects and ideas for the ship, and will do well for us.

We also had our dinner at MCL, just a few of us, and we will be continuing our monthly dinners throughout the year. This month will take us back to the Spaghetti Warehouse.

Not much else to report this month, if there is anything you'll see it at the meeting and in the list.

See you soon!
Critch

Space Trivia

LCDR Susan Moran
Purser / Chief of Science

Questions:

1. Which Apollo crew was the first to transmit color television from the Moon?
2. Who was called the fuehrer of the launch pad?
3. Who were the first astronauts to do a space-walk from the Shuttle?
4. The first three Russian manned spacecraft were named Vostok, Voskhod & Soyuz. What do these names mean in English?
5. Who was the last person to fly solo around the Moon in the 20th century?

1. Apollo 12 Astronauts Alan Bean and Pete Conrad, November 1969.
2. Guenter Wendt, who exerted strict control of the White Room positioned adjacent to the spacecraft hatch on the launch pad.
3. Story Musgrave and Donald H. (Don) Peterson (STS-6, April 1983).
4. Vostok = east; Voskhod = sunrise; Soyuz = union.
5. Ron Evans, Apollo 17, December 1972.

Answers:

January Meeting Minutes

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh
Records Officer

Meeting called to order at 1720

Guests: Ralph and Kathy and Marcus from the Columbus

Officer Reports:

Captain: Website updates, newsletter highlights, CJ arrives

Records/ Security: Starship Lexington and Hathaway updates, Skritweb, Sci-fi movie marathon in spring, preplanning for anniversary dinner.

Treasury: Mars updates, treasury highlights from newsletter.

Department Heads:

Ops: Vegas confirmed, Critch has a couple spaces available, convention highlights from www.creationent.com for Aug. 16-22

Chief Engineering: Further CONFusion (convention), computer down.

Medical: Xmas and New Years highlights.

Communications: Todd calculates his persona's age.

Xeno: Furry New Years Eve party highlights, and updates for FX studio trip.

John Chubb arrives at 1800.

Guest Report: Columbus meeting at Karl Rd library and bizarre food?

Marcus: Horta delicacies. Xmas card.

Admiralty:

Blobbin: No cards, Marcon updates, memberships, regulations changed that all Honorary members (former Captains) must attend one ship function per year.(sic) [must participate in one ship activity per year, i.e., attend a meeting or event, submit a news article, etc.]

Old Business:

New Years Eve Party: Squirrelly, Lisa, Babs, Critch all kicked in the New Year at the Max party.

Marcon: pre-bag party, possible skit?

Raffle Re-draw: new winner is Megan after previous winner could not be reached.

New Business:

Conventions: Vulkan Apr. 7-9, Camp Dover (www.campdover.com) Apr. 28-30, the Max will attempt to go on the 29th.

Dinner get-togethers: This month MCL, next month Tumbleweeds, and Olive Garden the following month. Dates TBA on website.

TrekBowl: AMF lanes, date TBA on website.

Election results: only contested position Records goes to Babs.

Articles of The Federation

LTJG Todd McDaniel
Communications Chief

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

LTJG Todd McDaniel

CHAPTER IV THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY

ARTICLE 9 COMPOSITION

THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY SHALL CONSIST OF ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS. EACH MEMBER SHALL BE ENTITLED TO HAVE NOT MORE THAN FIVE (5) REPRESENTATIVES IN THIS BODY;

FUNCTIONS AND POWERS ARTICLE 10

THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY MAY DISCUSS ANY QUESTIONS ON ANY MATTERS WITHIN THE SCOPE OF THESE ARTICLES OF FEDERATION OR RELATING TO THE POWERS AND FUNCTIONS OF ANY AGENCIES PROVIDED FOR IN THESE ARTICLES OF FEDERATION AND, EXCEPT AS PROVIDED IN ARTICLE 12, MAY MAKE RECOMMENDATIONS TO THE MEMBERS AND THE FEDERATION COUNCIL OR BOTH OF ANY SUCH QUESTIONS OR MATTERS;

ARTICLE 11

- 1 THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY MAY CONSIDER THE GENERAL, PRINCIPLES OF COOPERATION IN MAINTAINING INTERPLANETARY PEACE AND SECURITY, INCLUDING DISARMAMENT AND THE REGULATIONS OF ARMAMENTS, AND MAY MAKE RECOMMENDATIONS WITH REGARD TO SUCH PRINCIPLES TO THE MEMBERS OF THE FEDERATION COUNCIL OR TO BOTH;
- 2 THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY MAY DISCUSS ANY QUESTIONS RELATIVE TO THE MAINTENANCE OF INTRA-GALACTIC PEACE AND SECURITY PUT TO IT BY ANY MEMBER OR THE FEDERATION COUNCIL, OR A NON-MEMBER PLANETARY SOCIAL SYSTEM IN ACCORDANCE WITH ARTICLE 25 PARAGRAPH 2 AND, EXCEPT AS PROVIDED IN

ARTICLE 12, MAY MAKE RECOMMENDATIONS WITH REGARD TO ANY SUCH QUESTIONS TO THE MEMBERS, THE FEDERATION COUNCIL, OR THE PLEADING PLANETARY SOCIAL SYSTEM, OR TO ALL OF THEM. ANY SUCH QUESTION ON WHICH ACTION IS NECESSARY SHALL BE REFERRED TO THE FEDERATION COUNCIL BY THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY EITHER BEFORE OR AFTER DISCUSSION;

- 3 THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY MAY CALL SITUATIONS WHICH ARE LIKELY TO ENDANGER THE INTERPLANETARY AND INTRA-GALACTIC PEACE AND SECURITY TO THE ATTENTION OF THE FEDERATION COUNCIL;
- 4 THE POWERS OF THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY AS SET FORTH IN THE ARTICLE SHALL NOT LIMIT THE SCOPE OF ARTICLE 10;

ARTICLE 12

1. WHERE THE FEDERATION COUNCIL IS EXECUTING THE FUNCTIONS ASSIGNED TO IT UNDER THESE ARTICLES OF FEDERATION WITH RESPECT TO ANY DISPUTED OR SITUATION, THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY SHALL MAKE NO RECOMMENDATIONS WITH REGARD TO THAT DISPUTE OR SITUATION UNLESS SO REQUESTED BY THE FEDERATION COUNCIL;
2. THE SUPREME-SECRETARIAT, WITH THE CONSENT OF THE FEDERATION COUNCIL, SHALL NOTIFY THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY AT EACH SESSION OF ANY MATTERS RELATING TO THE MAINTENANCE OF INTERPLANETARY PEACE AND SECURITY WHICH ARE UNDER DISCUSSION IN THE FEDERATION COUNCIL, AND SHALL NOTIFY THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY, OR THE MEMBERS IF THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY IS NOT IN SESSION, IMMEDIATELY WHEN THE FEDERATION COUNCIL COMPLETES ITS DELIBERATIONS ON ANY SUCH MATTERS;

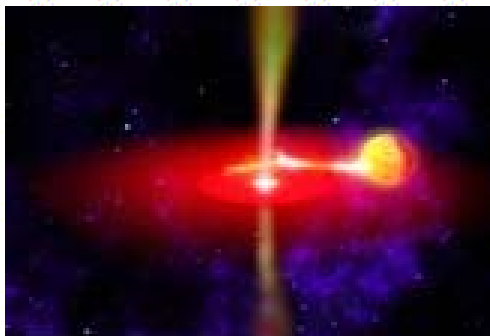
ARTICLE 13

1. THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY SHALL INITIATE STUDIES AND MAKE RECOMMENDATIONS FOR THE PURPOSE OF:
 - A) PROMOTING INTERPLANETARY COOPERATION IN POLITICAL FIELDS AND ENCOURAGING THE PROGRESSIVE DEVELOPMENT OF INTERPLANETARY LAW AND ITS

(Continued on page 8)

Black Hole Puts Dent In Space-time

LCDR Jeremy Krieg



On Stardate 1.24.06 scientist announced that a spinning black hole in the constellation Scorpius has created a stable dent in the fabric of space-time.

The dent is the sort of thing predicted by Albert Einstein's theory of general relativity. It affects the movement of matter falling into the black hole. The space-time-dent is invisible, but scientists deduced its existence after detecting two X-ray frequencies from the black hole that were identical to emissions noted nine years ago. The finding will allow scientists to calculate the black hole's spin, a crucial measurement necessary for describing the object's behavior.

Black holes form when very massive stars run out of fuel and their cores implode into a point of infinite density and their outer layers are blown away in a powerful supernova explosion. Within a theoretical boundary called the event horizon, the black hole's gravity is so strong that nothing, including light, can escape.

The X-ray frequencies detected by the team of researchers came from outside the event horizon of GRO J1655-40, a black hole located roughly 10,000 light-years from Earth. It is about seven times more massive than the Sun and siphoning gas from a nearby companion star. GRO J1655-40 undergoes short periods of intense X-ray emissions, followed by longer periods of comparative quiet. Scientists think this blinking pattern of X-ray activity is related to how matter accumulates around the black hole.

Gas siphoned from the companion star builds up steadily in an accretion disk around the black hole and this process continues for several years. While the accumulation is taking place; the black hole consumes very little gas from the disk. Every few years, however, something scientists aren't sure what triggers a sudden binge fest on the part of the black hole, causing it to guzzle down most of matter in the disk within a period of only a few months. Black holes emit millions of times more X-rays during these periods of increased activity than when they're quiet.

In recent years, NASA's Rossi X-ray Timing Explorer has caught GRO J1655-40 binging twice, once in 1996 and again in 2005. Among the X-ray frequencies observed in 1996 was one at 450 Hz and one at 300 Hz. These two frequencies were observed again later in 2005. This was surprising because when it comes to X-ray emissions, black holes are not known for stability. X-rays are emitted from particles of su-

perheated gas as they swirl into a black hole and rub against each other. However, the luminosity and the frequency at which the X-rays flicker varies from moment to moment because the rate at which the black hole consumes the gas is not constant. Therefore, detecting two stable frequencies nine years apart strongly suggests they are not caused by fluctuations in the black hole's gas consumption, but by something else. Because it's very hard to get gas to behave the same way twice, it argues strongly that these frequencies are being anchored by the black hole's mass and spin, fundamental properties of the black hole itself. Since the black hole is so massive and spinning so fast, it warps space-time around it.

While devising his general theory of relativity, Einstein combined the three dimensions of space and the one dimension of time into a single useful concept he called space-time. Space-time can be thought of as an elastic sheet that bends under the weight of objects placed upon it. The more massive the object, the more space-time bends. If the massive object is also spinning, it causes space-time to not only bend but to twist as well. Scientists call this effect "frame dragging." Twisted space-time will cause gas falling into a black hole to move in certain ways. The phenomenon can be roughly compared to the movement of a needle on a record player: as the needle moves along an etched groove on a record, it produces a sound, the exact nature of which is determined by physical deformations in the groove itself. Similarly, the black hole has created stable deformations in the fabric of spacetime that affects matter moving around it. Gas swirling around the black hole acts like the record needle, but instead of producing specific sounds, it produces certain frequencies of X-ray light.

Scientists think that gas particles moving in warped space-time near the black hole excerpts two types of motions, each giving rise to a unique frequency. One motion is the orbital motion of the gas as it goes around the black hole. This produces the 450 Hz frequency. The lower 300 Hz frequency is caused by the gas wobbling slightly due to the space-time deformations. If space-time were not curved, we'd probably just see one peak.

Scientists think that all spinning black holes emit two stable frequencies, and that the frequencies are closely tied to the black hole's mass and spin. GRO J1655-40's mass had already been calculated based on observations of the companion star's orbit. The missing piece of information was the black hole's spin rate. The new frequency findings will help resolve this problem. Scientist can now begin to determine the spin and thus, for the first time, more completely describe the black hole.

The findings were announced earlier this month at a meeting of the American Astronomical Society.

Beyond The Final Frontier Frequencies

CAPT Chris Stephenson

The Crystal shaped vessel moved smoothly between the rows of ships lined up to prevent its passage. It went so gracefully that it was hard to tell if it had changed its course, simply going about it's way as though the blockade simply did not exist. Matching every movement with one of it's own, the *U.S.S. Maximillian* trailed the vessel.

Admiral T'Kill watched as the panels lit up in front of him, each one asking for either permission to fire upon the vessel, or simply for further instructions. As Captain Kelvok guided the ship, T'Kill glanced over at Admiral Lyon. Lyon looked back at him, a small pleading look on his face. T'Kill took his meaning, and held back his instincts to strike at the vessel, to do what damage they could before it reached it's horrible destination. Instead, he tapped his console softly, and spoke.

"Defensive formation Omega Epsilon." He ended his statement, and sat back in his chair.

Forty-eight ships of the Federation formed a loose orb around the vessel; all equaling it's velocity. It was as though a sphere flowed through space now, a sphere made up of the most technologically advanced ships known to the galaxy, and at it's core, a wholly unknown vessel of unimaginable power. To an outside observer, it could be considered a thing of beauty. To the thousands of beings of all species on the Federation ships, it was a terrible necessity. They all feared the coming battle, and the vessel's destructive abilities.

To Admiral T'Kill, the fear did not matter. All that resounded in his head was what had to be done, and the unlikelihood of their success, what with all that still lay ahead. He looked back at Lyon, whose face still had a pleading quality in it now, however it seemed to now be directed at the vessel, and at the friend that lay within it.

The climb was unending, and even to an android it seemed to be more than could be withstood. The battle within Critch's head raged on, whether to simply stop and drop back below, to a hard ground that could no longer be seen, and find some other way to finish this, or to continue the climb higher, even though from the sight of the stars above and the edges of the vessel's height, it seemed as if he had only just begun.

He put his head down, sighed, but still Critch climbed. The lights of the tower, built for unknown reasons but obviously for important ones related to the inner workings of the Marconian vessel, irritated his eyes as they slowly moved past his vision. The handholds that at first looked so promising were grating into his synthetic flesh, and as the minutes slowly ticked on he simply could not will himself to move upward any

faster. The only thing that comforted him was that there was no signs of battle around the vessel, and therefore the *Maximillian* was doing their part on holding off the rest of the Federation from a likely fatal mistake. Starting the final battle now would be premature from what Critch had in mind. Though there was still worry. There was no sign of anything else other than this vessel in the area. Where there was hope, there was also hesitation.

His climb slowed, and he looked upward, and saw the far off lights of stars that could one day be snuffed out just as easily as Earth's sun was about to be. The hoped for motivation did not come, and it was still difficult at best to continue the climb. Though his android abilities should not have allowed it, his all-too-human thoughts made him act and feel as though his muscles were ready to give out, and he finally stopped, gasping for breath, looking one final time at the blackness above. A simple ray of light caught his eye, and he looked at a strange bit of greyness. He soon noted another grey blotch, out of place in the black depths, and another. And then, as he slowly realized what the blotches were, he saw the one thing in the universe that could still give him hope.

The Starship *Maximillian* appeared, soaring just over the top of the vessel, and with his enhanced vision, in full view of Critch. He saw the lights of the Max, and imagined he could see the people within. His friends, waiting on him to accomplish his mission. How dare he let them down.

He began to move again, the imagined pain in his arms and legs forgotten. He climbed with speed even he never would have thought he was capable of. Easily doubling his earlier best, the android no longer thought about failure or falling, only reaching his destination. The thoughts of his fellow shipmates were all that was on his mind as the steep ascent continued, and it was all he could see, until, minutes later, as though as out of a dream, he reached the summit of this dark mountain. The tower stalled out onto a flat plane, perfectly round, and stable. Critch was able to pull up his tired body onto the surface, and stood up, glancing above him, noticing that after about a ten yard gap, the tower simply began again, with no noticeable supports or structures, just another impossibly long climb up to whatever level it reached.

It didn't matter at all to Critch, as he gazed across a bridge that moved back and forth, as of under it's own will, to a large ring of what appeared to be the same catwalks that he had spent so much time on this vessel clambering over. Coming out from that ring, slowly extending, retracting, and rotating around, was another series of bridges, and at the end of the bridges was a

(Continued on page 12)

Celestial Viewpoint

LCDR Susan Moran
Purser / Chief of Science

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



Science Fiction in the News: Robotic Space Spiders To Crawl Sub-Orbital Web

Space 'spiders', small robots able to crawl along mesh webbing, will be tested during a joint mission with the Japanese Aerospace Exploration Agency, the European Space Agency and the Vienna University of Technology. The Furoshiki satellite is scheduled to launch on January 18, 2006.

The first part of the mission involves the deployment of three small satellites, which will stretch out a triangular net with a side length of about twenty meters. The mother ship is positioned at the center of the net; onboard cameras will confirm that the web remains steady and untangled. Next, two small spider bots, RobySpace Junior 1 and 2, will climb out of the mother satellite and crawl along the net towards the daughter satellites. The robots are able to cling to both sides of the mesh net to keep from floating off into space. Micro-gravity tests aboard planes have verified that the technique works.



A variety of uses for space spiders have been imagined by engineers:

Vast solar panels could be built to beam solar energy back to Earth (one square kilometer of panel could generate a billion watts of electricity).

Large communications satellites and other structures could be built by ground control on an initial lattice structure.

(Continued on page 17)

A Day Of Remembrance

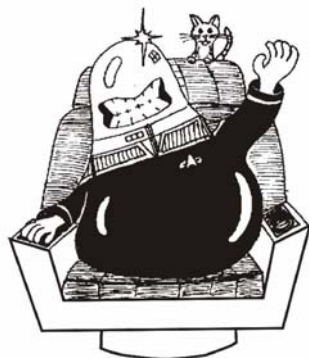
As astronauts set forth to discover the wonders of the solar system and share the benefits of their endeavors, they do so understanding that in every act of exploration there is inherent risk. NASA research pilots, scientists, engineers and support personnel also accept this risk as a part of their service to our country.

The last Thursday in January has been set aside as A Day of Remembrance at NASA to honor the *Apollo 1*, *Challenger* and *Columbia* crews, and all other who have given their lives in the cause of exploration and discovery.

The date was selected to recall all three anniversaries of the crew tragedies, which all fall within the same calendar week. The *Apollo 1* spacecraft fire occurred on January 27, 1967; the *Challenger* launch explosion on January 28, 1986; and *Columbia's* explosion on February 1, 2003.



Image above: This patch honors the astronauts lost on Apollo 1 in 1967, on Challenger in 1986, and on Columbia in 2003. The Latin phrase "Ad Astra per Aspera -- Semper Exploro" means "to the stars through difficulty -- always explore."



Movie Reviews

LCDR Susan Moran
Purser / Chief of Sciece



The Story:

Captain John Smith (Colin Farrell) arrives in disgrace on the shores of the New World, but he is pardoned and soon rises to lead the English settlers of what will eventually be Jamestown, Virginia. Sent to trade with a local chief, Powhatan, he falls in love with his daughter, Pocahontas (Q'orianka Kilcher). He follows his duty,

rather than his heart, and returns to Jamestown, whose starving citizens would not have survived the harsh winter without Pocahontas's help. Powhatan (Wes Studi) mounts an attack to force the settlers to leave, but Pocahontas warns Smith, leading to her banishment and her new life with the Europeans. Eventually, Smith is called away to mount his own expeditions, leaving Pocahontas behind with a heavy heart. She finds a new suitor, a gentleman farmer who wants to marry her, but she still pines for Smith. Her fame spreads far beyond the New World, back to England, where she is summoned to meet the king and queen.

The Review:

Terrence Malick is a very sensual director, one who can capture nature so well that you feel you are in the film, not just watching it. But his films often have a way of losing focus, of throwing out the plot for yet another beautiful but pointless shot of the landscape. His sympathies are clearly with the "naturals," as the Europeans call the Native Americans. The Englishmen, part from Smith, for the most part, are dirty, cruel and petty and the less time the film spends with them, the better. This is definitely an art film, not the action adventure you might hope for. As Pocahontas, Kilcher radiates beauty and innocence and it's easy to see why John Smith would be mesmerized by her. The chemistry between Farrell and Kilcher is marred by the lack of any real meaningful interaction between them, nothing is shown other than longing looks and playful, platonic embraces for the first hour and a half. After Smith has left, her scenes of grief are heartfelt but again since they took so long on the relationship of her and Smith the rest of the film is rushed to try and tell the story in the remaining hour. Christian Bale, who only shows up in the last third of the film, is wonderfully restrained and melancholy as the widower who woos her after his own loss.

The Bottom Line:

Definitely not Disney's Pocahontas, which may not have been historically accurate, but at least it was entertaining.



The Story:

In this sequel, we take up where we last left off, with kick-ass vampiress Selene (Kate Beckinsale) and newly formed vampire-werewolf hybrid Michael (Scott Speedman) on the run after offing all the baddies in the original Underworld. And now, because of their shenanigans, there's a new psycho in

town: Marcus (Tony Curran), the very first vampire (he's got wings and everything), who wakes up from his slumber to wreak havoc. His plan is to release his captive twin brother, who is the very first werewolf and the reason the war started in the first place, so the twosome can come up with a new breed of blood-hungry monsters and take over humanity. Mankind's only hope is Selene and Michael, who set out to stop Marcus so they can, in turn, become the future of vampires and werewolves everywhere.

The Review:

The film's original concept--a sort of Romeo and Juliet between vampires and werewolves--is indeed intriguing. Intrigue deepens when Adrian Tanis, official Historian of the Covens, reveals the identity of the first true Immortal: neither Marcus nor Viktor, as was believed, but Alexander Corvinus, father to Marcus and his twin brother, William. Corvinus, like an omnipresent god on the fringes, has been tracking everyone's movements and cleaning up after their wars, intent on keeping his descendants confined to the shadows of human society. Alexander Corvinus is played by veteran British thesp Derek Jacobi. As the film unfolds, the web of lies spun by Marcus and Viktor in their battle for supremacy are revealed. And as with any true action flick, this one is full of non-stop fighting between the opposing forces. The final battle is quite entertaining even though it is visually graphic.

The Bottom Line:

A war between vampires and werewolves was sort of cool once. But twice? As a lover of vampire genre, I say yes.



Articles of The Federation

LTJG Todd McDaniel
Communications Chief

(Continued from page 3)

CODIFICATIONS;

- B) PROMOTING INTERPLANETARY COOPERATION IN THE ECONOMIC, SOCIAL, CULTURAL, EDUCATIONAL AND HEALTH FIELDS, AND ASSISTING IN THE REALIZATION OF INTELLIGENT LIFE-FORM RIGHTS AND FUNDAMENTAL FREEDOMS FOR ALL WITHOUT DISTINCTION AS TO CULTURE, SEX LANGUAGE, OR RELIGION;
2. THE FURTHER RESPONSIBILITIES, FUNCTIONS, AND POWERS OF THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY WITH RESPECT TO MATTERS MENTIONED IN PARAGRAPH 1(B) ABOVE ARE SET FORTH IN CHAPTERS IX AND X;

ARTICLE 14

SUBJECT TO THE PROVISIONS OF ARTICLE: 12, THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY MAY RECOMMEND MEASURES FOR THE PEACEFUL ADJUSTMENT OF ANY SITUATION, REGARDLESS OF ORIGIN, WHICH IT DEEMS LIKELY TO IMPAIR THE GENERAL WELFARE OR FRIENDLY RELATIONS AMONG THE PLANETS, INCLUDING SITUATIONS RESULTING FROM VIOLATIONS OF THE PROVISIONS OF THESE ARTICLES OF FEDERATION SETTING FORTH THE PURPOSES AND PRINCIPLES OF THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS;

ARTICLE 15

1. THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY SHALL RECEIVE AND CONSIDER REGULAR AND SPECIAL REPORTS FROM THE FEDERATION COUNCIL; WHICH REPORTS SHALL INCLUDE AN ACCOUNT OF THE MEASURES THAT THE FEDERATION COUNCIL HAS DECIDED UPON OR TAKEN TO MAINTAIN INTERPLANETARY PEACE AND SECURITY;
2. THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY SHALL RECEIVE AND CONSIDER REPORTS FROM OTHER AGENCIES OF THE UNITED FEDERATION ON AGREED UPON REGULAR PERIODS OR REPORTING;

ARTICLE 16

THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY SHALL PERFORM SUCH FUNCTIONS OF INTRA-GALACTIC TRUSTEESHIP AS ARE ASSIGNED TO IT UNDER CHAPTERS XII AND XIII, INCLUDING THE APPROVAL OF THE TRUSTEESHIP AGREEMENTS FOR AREAS WHICH ARE NOT DESIGNATED AS STRATEGIC;

ARTICLE 17

1. THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY SHALL CONSIDER AND APPROVE THE BUDGET OF THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS;
2. THE EXPENSES OF THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS SHALL BE BORNE BY THE MEMBERS AS APPORTIONED BY THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY;
3. THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY SHALL CONSIDER AND APPROVE ANY FINANCIAL AND BUDGETARY ARRANGEMENTS WITH SPECIALIZED AGENCIES REFERRED TO IN ARTICLE 57 AND SHALL EXAMINE THE ADMINISTRATIVE BUDGETS OF SUCH SPECIALIZED AGENCIES WITH A VIEW TO MAKING RECOMMENDATIONS TO THE AGENCIES CONCERNED;
4. ALL BUDGETS OF, AND EXPENSES OF THE FEDERATION SHALL BE MADE AND PAID IN COMMON INTERPLANETARY CREDIT. THE COMMON INTERPLANETARY CREDIT SHALL BE THE OFFICIAL MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE WITHIN THE UNITED FEDERATION TREATY EXPLORATION TERRITORY;

VOTING

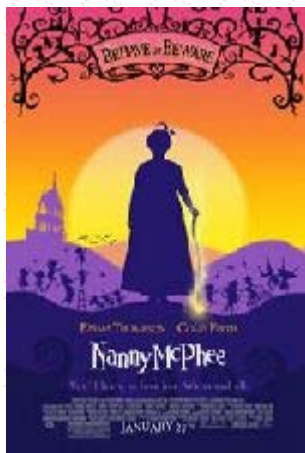
ARTICLE 18

1. EACH MEMBER OF THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY SHALL HAVE ONE VOTE;
2. DECISIONS FOR THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY ON IMPORTANT QUESTIONS SHALL BE MADE ON A TWO-THIRDS (2/3) MAJORITY VOTE OF THE MEMBERS PRESENT AND VOTING. THESE QUESTIONS SHALL INCLUDE: RECOMMENDATIONS WITH RESPECT TO THE MAINTENANCE OF INTERPLANETARY PEACE AND SECURITY; THE ELECTION OF NON-PERMANENT MEMBERS TO THE FEDERATION COUNCIL; THE ELECTION OF MEMBERS OF THE TRUSTEESHIP COUNCIL IN ACCORDANCE WITH PARAGRAPH 1(C) OF ARTICLE 86; THE ADMISSION OF NEW MEMBERS TO THE FEDERATION; THE SUSPENSION OF THE RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES OF MEMBERSHIP; THE EXPULSION OF MEMBER; QUESTIONS RELATING TO THE OPERATION OF THE TRUSTEESHIP SYSTEM; AND BUDGETARY QUESTIONS;
3. DECISIONS ON OTHER QUESTIONS INCLUDING THE DETERMINATION OF ADDITIONAL CATEGORIES OF QUESTIONS TO BE DECIDED BY A

(Continued on page 10)

Movie Reviews

LCDR Susan Moran
Purser / Chief of Secience



The Story:

Nanny McPhee captures a lot of the same magic as Poppins --but without songs about spoonfuls of sugar and flying kites. McPhee starts with some very naughty children--seven of them in fact, who, led by the oldest boy Simon (Thomas Sangster), have managed to drive away 17 previous nannies. You see, the children recently lost their beloved

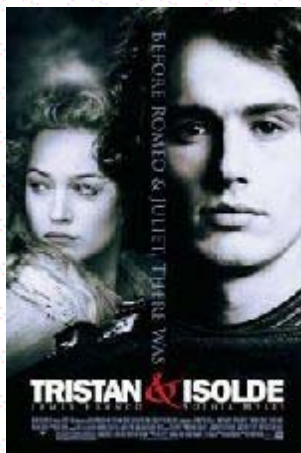
mother, so they take great offense to being looked after by a nanny. Their father, Mr. Brown (Colin Firth), a nice enough fellow, is at wits end, coupled by the fact his rich Aunt Adelaide (Angela Lansbury) is pressuring him to marry again--or she'll cut him off. If there was ever a need for Nanny McPhee (Emma Thompson), this is it. She arrives, warts and all, and the children soon notice that their vile behavior now leads swiftly and magically to rather startling consequences.

The Review:

Leave it to Emma Thompson to throw vanity to the wind and give one of her more appealing performances in a long while. Nanny McPhee is a woman of few words, conveying her point by either staring one directly in the eye or planting her magical cane squarely on the ground. And boy, is she ugly--unless, of course, you start obeying her five simple rules. Then her appearance mysteriously changes. Not only is Thompson brilliant on screen, she has lent her significant talents behind the scenes as well by writing Nanny McPhee. Based on the Nurse Matilda books by Christianna Brand, the actress crafts an engaging, witty, and, yes, even a little dark fable, which is only enhanced by solid direction from Kirk Jones (Waking Ned Devine). The kids are also entirely adorable, even when they are throwing food around or calling each other "bum!" The standout is Sangster (Love Actually) as the ringleader. Lansbury, who makes her first feature film appearance in two decades, is deliciously over the top as the domineering Adelaide, while Firth, as the hapless widower, and Kelly MacDonald (HBO's *The Girl in the Café*), as the Brown's sweet scullery maid, add that loving touch.

The Bottom Line:

This isn't your ordinary Mary Poppins, but more a magical nanny story for the Harry Potter generation. There are times the film lapses into silliness--usually when dealing with tricking the adults--but there are more moments of pure imagination and touching sentiments. Nanny McPhee is just a lot of fun for the whole family.



The Story:

In the beginning of the Dark Ages, the warlords of England are brutally kept in line by the Irish King Donnchadh (David O'Hara). Tristan (James Franco) has grown up hating the Irish for killing his family and has made a strong allegiance to father figure Lord Marke (Rufus Sewell), while Isolde (Sophia Myles), Donnchadh's daughter, has

grown up under her father's thumb. After a fierce battle that leaves Tristan near death, he washes up on Irish soil and is nursed secretly back to health by Isolde, who tells him she's someone else. The two fall madly in love, but Tristan must return to England before he's discovered. Meanwhile, Donnchadh decides to stage a tournament between all the champions of England, with his daughter as the prize. Tristan ends up winning the princess' hand for Lord Marke but is horrified to find out she's his own true love. Tristan and Isolde now must suppress their love for the sake of peace and the future of England. But despite their best efforts to stay apart, the lovers are driven inexorably together.

The Review:

As the Celtic myth of Tristan and Isolde predates the Arthurian legend, as well as Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, you can easily see how those two more famous stories were possibly formed. Tristan & Isolde is a classic story of forbidden passion, set against political upheaval, as well as a tale about a tragic love triangle. Despite the fact that Franco and Myles look lovely, rolling around on the ground in romantic trysts and gazing forlornly at one another, you don't necessarily feel any heat between them. We understand he's a tortured soul, torn between duty and love, with his eyes perpetually half-filled with tears. But couldn't he have shown a little more passion? The luminous Myles is better at showing her burning desire, but she, too, is left many times sad and weepy. Only Sewell, who is usually delegated to playing bad guys, shows any kind of raw emotion as he first falls genuinely in love with his bride--and then is betrayed by her and the only son he ever knew. He'd probably make a great King Arthur.

The Bottom Line:

Tristan & Isolde strives to be the good old-fashioned medieval kind of romance that stirs the soul. But due to the somewhat lackluster performances from the doomed young lovers, the film doesn't quite hit the mark. Maybe Tristan & Isolde is not as compelling or romantic as it could be, but it was entertaining and I would recommend it, if you like this genre.

Articles of The Federation

LTJG Todd McDaniel
Communications Chief

(Continued from page 8)

TWO-THIRDS (2/3) MAJORITY, SHALL BE MAKE BY A MAJORITY VOTE OF THE MEMBERS PRESENT AND VOTING;

ARTICLE 19

A MEMBER OF THE UNITED FEDERATION WHICH IS IN ARREARS IN THE PAYMENT OF ITS FINANCIAL OBLIGATIONS TO THE FEDERATION SHALL HAVE NO VOTE IN THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY IF THE AMOUNT IT IS IN ARREARS EQUALS OR EXCEEDS THE AMOUNT OF THE CONTRIBUTIONS DUE FROM IT FOR THE PRECEDING TWO ACCOUNTING PERIODS. THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY MAY, NEVERTHELESS, PERMIT SUCH A MEMBER TO VOTE IF IT IS SATISFIED THAT THE FAILURE TO PAY IS DUE TO CONDITIONS BEYOND THE CONTROL OF THE MEMBER.

PROCEDURE

ARTICLE 20

THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY SHALL MEET IN REGULAR PERIODIC SESSIONS AND IN SUCH SPECIAL SESSIONS AS OCCASION MAY REQUIRE SPECIAL SESSIONS SHALL BE CONVOKED BY THE SUPREME-SECRETARIAT AT THE REQUESTS OF THE FEDERATION COUNCIL OR OF A MAJORITY OF THE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED FEDERATION;

ARTICLE 21

THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY SHALL ADOPT ITS OWN RULES OF PROCEDURE. IT SHALL ELECT ITS PRESIDENT FOR EACH SESSION;

ARTICLE 22

THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY MAY ESTABLISH SUCH SUBSIDIARY AGENCIES AS IT DEEMS NECESSARY FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF ITS FUNCTIONS.



Handout photo released Friday 13 January 2006 by the Alaska Volcano Observatory showing the eruption of Augustine Volcano in Alaska

as it erupts ash and steam Thursday 12 January 2006. The volcano is located on an uninhabited island in Alaska's Cook Inlet, 171 miles Southwest of Anchorage, and last erupted in 1986.

Study Confirms '10th Planet' Indeed Larger than Pluto

By Robert Roy Britt
Senior Science Writer / Space.com



An object discovered earlier this year and considered by some to be our solar system's 10th planet is indeed larger than Pluto, a new study confirms.

The object, catalogued as 2003 UB313, is by many accounts a planet. It is round and orbits the Sun. But because several other objects meet those criteria and also approach Pluto's size, astronomers have been wrangling for months over how to define the word "planet." It is not known if or when the International Astronomical Union, which rules on such things, will issue a decision. Members of an advisory board weighing the issue can't even agree on the parameters of a definition.

Meanwhile, 2003 UB313 is now known to be about 1,860 miles (3,000 kilometers) in diameter, give or take 190 miles (300 kilometers). Pluto is 1,430 miles (2,300 kilometers) wide. The object's size was initially calculated based on an estimate of how much sunlight it reflects. But astronomers don't know exactly what its surface is made of, so they could not be sure how reflective it is.

The new study, led by Frank Bertoldi from the University of Bonn, relies on new observation of 2003 UB313's thermal emission. The calculations are based on the object's size and its surface temperature, which can be estimated based on the object's distance from the Sun.

The results are detailed in the Feb. 2 issue of the journal *Nature*. "Since UB313 is decidedly larger than Pluto," Bertoldi said, "it is now increasingly hard to justify calling Pluto a planet if UB313 is not also given this status."

But 2003 UB313 is much farther away. Its elongated orbit takes it far out into the icy Kuiper Belt, twice as far from the Sun as Pluto. Many astronomers now say Pluto is a Kuiper Belt Object and should never have been called a planet.

So if 2003 UB313 is termed a planet, as some suggest, then a handful of other good-sized, round worlds known to exist—and perhaps hundreds yet to be found in the Kuiper Belt—would also have to be called planets. Among the other candidates: Sedna, which is about three-fourths as large as Pluto, 2004 DW and Quaoar.

One suggestion is to call the outer worlds "dwarf planets." Scott Sheppard of the Carnegie Institute of Washington takes this view: "Whichever way you care to count them, with the discovery and measurement of the size of 2003 UB313 there are no longer nine major planets in the solar system,"

Security Report

*LCDR Nathan Cobaugh
Chief of Security*

Security Report:

Hello all! Hope everyone has a good Valentines Day! Not much going on here in the security area, just a brief update on the regulations from Blobbin in the past month, and that is the Honorary members (former Captains) are required to attend at least one ship function per 12 months if I wrote that down correctly. (sic) [must participate in one ship activity per year, i.e., attend a meeting or event, submit a news article, etc.] I do not know if Blobbin will have that in his report but I figured I may as well include it here just in case.

Blobbin and T'Purr (Susan) went to a Columbus Blue Jackets game with me for my birthday. My wife Sandie and I had a couple of extra tickets and we had a lot of fun. The Blue Jackets played really well against the NY Rangers. Awesome game and the Jackets won 4-3 if I recall. It was even more fun having Blobbin as a back-seat driver.

I got a whole bunch of art stuff for my birthday as well and some cartooning supplies. I guess this was a hint to keep drawing. Maybe this should help increase the quality of my comic strips, now that I am not working as much. I am currently working at Lifeway up at Polaris, which is only part time. Great job, I love working there.

Due to some unforeseen circumstances, mainly real life, the productions I am working on are running a bit on the slow side, which gives me more time to work on music. I am gradually getting to the point where I can utilize some equipment to do some music recording mainly for the purpose of putting an album/ compilation together. More details on my upcoming CD as they come available will be posted in my reports and on my website.

The Mighty Max Adventures for this month is actually last month's edition. For those of you who visit my website, I should have the next edition completed by mid February and posted there. One of the characters that has been recently drawn and is in post-production so as to get the next edition out is Databit. I will eventually start taking story ideas for the Mighty Max Adventures at the meetings given that the Mighty Max Adventures is for the Maximillian anyways. This way I can start getting the ship involved with the production of these comics so as to represent the Max more efficiently and the characters with the personas accurately. Any members who have established a persona and would like to be included in the MMA, please make sure that the Max has all pertinent info regarding your character and such. Also for any interested members, please let me know at the meetings.

Soon to arrive at the Drexel theaters will be the upcoming much anticipated Sci-fi movie marathon come springtime or even early spring. Right now no info has been posted yet on the marathon but when it does it is at the following site: (www.drexel.net). I do not know who all might be interested in attending the sci-fi marathon, last year's horror marathon was only 16 hours long, so it could be just as short or it could be a full 24 hours. I myself have yet to miss a marathon, but I will most likely be there. I will do my best to determine if enough crewmembers are interested in attending to make it an away mission. And before I forget, ideas for locations and the flag ceremony for the anniversary dinner will be taken at the next meeting. There are a couple of ideas that are floating around and they will be assessed at the February meeting. Any ideas at all for possible venues should be tabled by March. This is to insure that any reservations that may need to be made are completed by then. The ceremonies will be utilizing musical scores, so, if there are any suggestions you wish to make for the ceremonies please do so by the March meeting. Security signing off.....

Little Bloo

*LT Babs Magera
Chief of Operations*



Beyond The Final Frontier Frequencies

CAPT Chris Stephenson

(Continued from page 5)

large column of yellow light, surrounded by panels and operating stations. At once Critch realized he had reached his destination, the controlling power source of this vessel. He sighed, almost giddy. "At least something's going right today." He muttered to himself, as he quickly ran across the first bridge, hoping that the rightmost control panel was exactly what he thought it was, a communications station. He had a call to make.

As the *Maximillian* soared overhead of the crystal vessel, Lyon simply stared at the viewscreen, watching the views of the various Federation ships in the background, silently willing them not to break formation and fire before their time. Any mistake now would cost them their lives, not to mention the lives of every soul within the range of the destructive wave caused by the elimination of Sol. He hoped they all knew that, certainly everyone on this ship did.

He spared a glance toward the vessel every time it came into view, and he willed the message to come through. It was all up to Lieutenant Commander Starblade now, mounting his unknown mission to make the vessel vulnerable. Lyon had no idea what the task was that Critch was undertaking, only that it was perilous, and there was a small chance that they never would hear from him. From the infrequent looks that T'Kill was throwing, Lyon knew that they would have to make a move soon. It may be the wrong decision, but if Starblade failed, there would be no other choice.

He didn't believe in such things, but Lyon began to will Starblade to contact them, to live through whatever adversity he was experiencing, and to somehow make it back to them. If none of them were to survive this, which was what Lyon half expected, than at least let them have the opportunity to stop the devious plan from becoming reality.

Minutes passed. T'Kill cleared his throat, and glanced back at Kelvok. Kelvok merely nodded back, affirming the readiness of his ship. T'Kill reached out a finger towards his communications panel then, giving an apologetic look at Lyon as he prepared to contact the fleet.

An instant before he tapped the panel that would send the signal off to start the attack, there was a high-pitched squeal that echoed throughout the ship. The vast screech caused most of the ship's personnel to cover their ears and grimace, T'Kill among them. As he tried to maintain his composure, he feared this to be a new weapon, and from the looks of things, a fairly effective one. Trying to block it out from his senses, he went to complete the order, but once again, just as he was about to hit the panel, he was interrupted. The screeching sound stopped as suddenly as it started, and was replaced by a lone voice.

"Hello? Maximillian? Maximillian, this is Starblade, do you read? Are you there?"

T'Kill gave a relieved sigh as he looked at Lyon. It was his show now, as far as he was concerned. Knowing this, Lyon stood. "We're here, Commander. Are you at the destination."

There was a moment of silence, and a bit of static before Critch could answer. "More or less. This is the main power station, and I think I can rig this thing to change the frequency. Don't get too close. This place is bigger than it looks."

"Understood, Commander." Without a word, T'Kill began issuing orders to the Fleet to expand their perimeter. As the ships began to spread further out, Starblade continued.

"Bear with me here, Admiral, I'm going to have to be a bit creative. You'll know when this thing's able to be hit."

Blobbin spoke up, his usual touch of whimsy evident. "Any where in particular we should hit this thing?"

Critch seemed to think for a moment before he answered. "I'll try to send some kind of signal over once I'm ready to go, I..." There was another large squealing sound, bringing another round of squinting and ear covering, and then silence. Lyon glanced back at the communications center, and the ensign shook his head. He looked back up at the viewscreen.

"Commander Starblade? Commander Starblade?" No response. The signal had been cut off at its source, for no apparent reason. Lyon turned around. "Leave that channel open, we need to get back in contact with him!"

T'Kill began giving orders to the Fleet again. Lyon glanced over to him, concern in his eyes. T'Kill merely glanced back down at the panel, speaking as he did. "I'm telling them to prepare to fire the torpedoes. Very little time left, Rob."

Lyon nodded. If he knew anything else, he surely knew that.

The signal had been cut off sharply, but not as sharp as the end of the pole that had pierced Critch's hand. The pole had gone through the synthetic flesh and machinery, and through the communications console as well, sending sparks down onto the catwalk floor. Not feeling pain, just anxiousness and a twinge of annoyance, Critch looked up at the source of the interruption. There stood his doppelganger, looking now as unlike the android as he ever had. Where the calm looking individual once stood, now stood a picture of seething rage. 'Canty' looked at Critch with nothing but hate now, as he began to spit out his anger.

"You *dare* come here, challenge me, turn my slave against me, and now attempt sabotage against YOUR VESSEL? The Vessel of Marconia? The Vessel of your people?"

Critch just looked at him with pity on his face. "If my people would destroy an entire universe in the name of con-

(Continued on page 14)



Beyond The Final Frontier Frequencies

CAPT Chris Stephenson

(Continued from page 12)

quest and revenge, then they aren't my people any longer."

'Canty' looked back, incredulous. "Who do you think you are?"

Critch slowly removed the pole from the console, and slid it out of his hand. Looking at the hole, he opened and closed his hand, satisfied that he had lost no major functionality. Then he looked back at his enemy, and he finally, after years of wondering, he knew.

"I'm Lieutenant Commander Critch Starblade, Operations Chief, of the Federation starship *Maximillian*. You're trespassing in my universe. This is your last chance to turn around and go home, or face the consequences."

'Canty' shook his head slowly, unbelieving in what he was hearing. "You... You truly are a fool. I had hoped that I could still bring you back to Marconia, and restore your mind." He pulled another pole off of a railing, causing a short gap, and spun it a few times, brandishing it as a weapon even as Critch raised his as though it was a samurai sword, into a loose approximation of a salute. "Instead, 'Lieutenant Commander Critch Starblade', I will simply destroy you and everything you have ever known." With that statement, he lunged at the android. Critch reacted quickly, and came at his doppel, and the poles hit each other loud enough to sound with a resounding clash, and a solitary spark leaped off of the collision, falling through the small holes of the catwalk, and down through the bowels of the vessel.

As the fleet circled the vessel, T'Kill's hand neared the panel again, and while Lyon was giving him a look of pleading patience, the Romulan just shook his head sadly. "We're out of time, Rob. I'm sorry." With that his finger tapped the panel a few times, and the orders were sent.

As one, forty-eight Federation ships received a simple order: Launch the Errsedorian torpedoes, and remotely detonate them when they are close enough to the vessel to cause sub-space damage. This, unfortunately, was the backup plan should Starblade fail, which at this point looked very likely. Forty-eight ships of various constructions all executed these orders immediately, and each began a barrage with everything they had. As the *Maximillian*, *Sovereign*, *Asgard* and other ships put some distance between themselves and the vessel, the brilliant blue lights soared toward their destination.

As they entered empty space, well past the Federation ships but close to the vessel, one or two actually seemingly occupying the same space as the vessel, the ships began to execute the remote detonation sequences. One by one, as though linked, the torpedoes began to explode in space. The effect to the ships was minimal, as most were far enough away to not have any damage done to them. The explosions rocked even the closest ships only for a second. But the vessel, even in its current form, felt the attacks keenly. The shockwaves from the blasts carried their power through subspace, and the damage, though small when compared to the overall size of the vessel,

still could be considered quite destructive. Several panels, stations, and various constructions were caught in the waves of wind and sound, ripping them from their positions and throwing them across the vessel. The flying debris destroyed one redundant power core, even though there were a hundred more where that came from. The deadly hail rained down upon the vessel savagely and without mercy, as those sending it were truly fighting for their lives.

Still, as the explosions grew in number, the fight continued for the two foes at the station surrounding the main power core. They parried each other's blows at impossible speeds, striking in every direction. It was fierce, yet almost poetic; as the two were identical in almost every way, save for the clothing and their existence itself. They fought in the same style, and even the grunts that were let out when a single blow made it through the considerable defense were nigh identical. The battle seemed it would go on forever.

Critch was ready for this battle for end, as he decided to try a different approach from his hard-wired battle plans. Instead of parrying a blow, he ducked out of its way, delivering a well-timed thrust that caught his opponent off guard. 'Canty' moved backwards, narrowly avoiding being run through with the pole, as Critch pressed his advantage, swinging left, then right, then slashing downwards, keeping 'Canty' backing up, towards the railing on the south side of the core controls, and moving Critch towards his real destination: A panel where he could change the operating frequency of the vessel!

As he approached the railing, 'Canty' decided to make an unexpected move of his own, dodging backwards one more time, and jumped on the railing, his feet balancing precariously yet gracefully on the smooth pole. Then he jumped, flipping as he did so, twisting in the air until he landed directly behind Critch, and then, as the android turned around, he kicked him in the chest with all the force he could muster, sending Critch back several feet. Staring his enemy in the eye, 'Canty' advanced.

The barrage was ongoing, but neither of them noticed the destruction occurring all around them. The *Enterprise* fired another barrage of torpedoes, it's 6th, and one found its way to a junction point far above them before it's detonation sequence was activated. As Critch and 'Canty's' two poles came together hard, pressing together, each trying to break the other one's cleanly, the torpedo exploded, and the shockwave tore a gash into the mass of tubing and equipment. The tear was large enough that the junction point was suddenly unable to sustain it's own mass, and the artificial gravity asserted its hold upon it. It was not massive, but it was still fairly large, around the size of a standard shuttlecraft. And it was heading straight down towards the two combatants.

The fight was so desperate, the emotions so high, that neither combatant noticed the falling debris until it was almost too late. Only the shadow of the approaching machinery alerted Critch to the impending disaster. Unfortunately, it was an unneeded distraction, as 'Canty' took advantage of Critch's lack of attention to land a blow with the metal pole across his

(Continued on page 15)

Beyond The Final Frontier Frequencies

CAPT Chris Stephenson

(Continued from page 14)

face. Critch's head snapped back with the blow, a red cut appearing on his cheek. As the shadow grew larger, Critch quickly threw his fist backhanded, upper cutting the android, sending him back. Critch then threw himself backwards, narrowly missing being hit as the first of the tons of debris struck the ground.

He landed on his back, and quickly rose to his feet again, deftly dodging a few loose bits of machinery that were still falling from above. As his eyes went back to his enemy, he saw him, stranded on the other side of the machinery, pacing back and forth, trying to ascertain a path to Critch in order to continue the battle. In the meantime, he merely stared at his double, his anger overriding his common sense, as Critch glanced to his right, to the control console. Once 'Canty' saw what Critch had noticed, he snarled at him. "Don't!"

Critch smirked, and placed his hand on the console. As 'Canty' yelled uselessly in anger, Critch thought as hard as he could, commanding the vessel to change its frequencies, to match this universe's.

There began a small rumbling, which grew in size and sound until it seemed to shake the entire vessel. As Critch struggled to keep his footing, 'Canty' stared at him in disbelief. "You fool... You have no idea what you've just done." And then he started to laugh, loudly and horrifyingly, as a white ripple effect began to spread throughout the vessel. Beginning at the very edges of Critch's sight, it expanded and drew nearer him, coming at them with incredible speed. Before either of them reacted the light overtook them, but not with any force or weight. It merely passed through them, the same way it had passed through the rest of the ship. From the viewpoint of the android on the vessel nothing had changed, as they silently watched the fast moving light speed off to the other side of the vessel, out of their sight.

From outside the vessel, however, things were very different.

Admiral T'Kill stood slowly as he watched a light wave spread across space. He, as the rest of the bridge crew, stood amazed at what they were seeing. As the light moved, behind it slowly came into view a light brown construction, haphazardly formed, as though out of many different types of metals and materials. The light continued to move quickly, cutting an impressive swath of space. And everywhere the light moved, it left more of the construction behind it. Slowly they came to realize what exactly was happening, as the light passed over the crystal vessel, and then moved back again, covering already revealed ground.

Lyon tried to find words for what he was seeing, but all that made it out was a weak, "My... God..." The light slowly faded out, and what was left was a horrifying spectacle. The crystal shape was merely a figurehead for the vessel, as the actual ship was easily a hundred times larger than any of the

Federation ships, including the *Maximillian*. None of them could believe their eyes as the vessel revealed itself.

Too late did T'Kill glance at his panel, and notice the position of the *Sovereign* starship itself, namesake for his ship's class, and one of the few flagships. He pounded his panel, yelling as he did so, "*Sovereign*, Back off! BACK OFF!" It was too late as he said it, he knew, as the final sections of the vessel faded in, and completely encompassed the *Sovereign*, and within a moment, it faded from the *Maximillian*'s sensors.

Critch saw the *Sovereign* appear, hidden by the frequencies that separated the universes until now. It faded into existence just as the vessel itself had appeared to the Federation, however one thing was different, and very wrong. As it faded in, half of it, a nacelle and several sections appeared on one side of a thick column. The other half appeared, bisected, cleanly on the other half. In the middle there appeared an instantaneous column of fire as the column seared directly through Engineering and many vital portions of the ship. Critch closed his eyes and turned away as explosions engulfed the ship in flame, utterly destroying all aboard. A combined crew of over eight hundred people perished without reason or purpose, as 'Canty' stood triumphant, looking at Critch with a fire in his eyes.

"You see, Critch! You see what you have done? What you have caused?"

Critch looked at his hand, the hole cleanly tore through it, and formed it into a fist. Turning back towards 'Canty', he gave a defiant look.

"Not me. I did what I had to do to save my people. *You* are responsible, and you're going to pay."

'Canty' smiled. "Am I now?" He suddenly gave a savage yell, and leaped cleanly over a slightly smaller clump of destroyed machinery, resuming the battle.

The sweating ensign called out from his station at the back of the bridge fearfully. "Captain, multiple power sources appearing on sensors! And several weapons platforms... can't get a lock on the configurations... all over the place!" Kelvok nodded, calm as the eye of a hurricane, and glanced at T'Kill.

"Admiral, I would assume this would mean that we can begin?"

Blobbin smiled. "Batten down the hatches, Cap'n!" As T'Kill tapped his console again, sending his voice out to the entire fleet.

"T'Kill to Joint Task Force Alpha. Errsedorian shielding and weaponry to maximum levels. Target as many power sources as you can. Fire at will."



MARCH 2006

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3 <i>Daniel Milks' Birthday</i>	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11 <i>Meeting</i>
12	13	14	15	16	17	18 <i>Catherine Biro's Birthday</i>
19	20	21	22	23	24	25 <i>Clarence Bradley's Birthday</i>
26	27	28 <i>Get together— Tumbleweeds</i>	29	30	31	

SCIENCE FICTION

U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN

FAN ORGANIZATION



Celestial Viewpoint

LCDR Susan Moran
Purser / Chief of Science (Continued)

(Continued from page 6)

Space spiders could build shields to protect existing satellites from orbiting space junk.

Science fiction writers imagined space spiders and their uses a quarter-century ago. In 1978, Arthur C. Clarke wrote about a spider used to test the cables of a space elevator in *The Fountains of Paradise*. Spinnerettes were used to handle and dispense continuous pseudo one-dimensional diamond crystal in building the cables.

Author Charles Sheffield also wrote about a machine he called a Spider in his 1979 novel *The Web Between the Worlds*; these devices were able to extrude cable in a manner similar to the way real spiders spin their webs.

Purser's Report

LCDR Susan Moran
Purser / Chief of Science



Renewed Memberships 1/05

Family Membership – Mike & Erica Stanley
Family Membership—CJ, Catherine, Danielle & Rachel Biro
Single Membership—Paula Dunn
Family Membership—Susan & Sarah Moran

Membership expires in 3 months or less:

Jeremy Krieg (4/06)
Babs Magera (3/06)
Daniel Milks (3/06)
Steve Pompa (4-06)
Cora Rawlings (3/06)
Richard Watson (2/06)
Squirrelly Wilmoth (4/06)

Memberships renewal past due:

Shane Howard (12/05)

Expenses

Postage—Newsletters Dec.	\$13.55
Max Snacks	\$ 30.24
Postage—Newsletters Jan.	\$12.18

Misc. Income

Max Snacks	\$17.60
General Fund:	\$623.96
Charity Fund	\$259.19
MCAE ¹	\$ 46.00
Total Balance	\$929.15

¹Max Committee for Anniversary/Christmas Events

UPCOMING EVENTS

FEBRUARY

11) Meeting
22) Get-together @
Olive Garden

MARCH

11) Meeting
29) Get-together @
Tumbleweeds

APRIL

8) Meeting
22) Trek Bowl IV

**Candidates still
needed for the
following
Ship Positions**
Armory Chief
Transporter Chief
Counselor

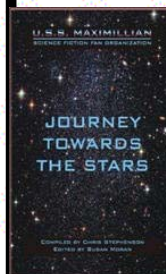
Submissions to the March
2006 edition of the Mighty
Max

are due on **March 1, 2006.**

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

Visit the Website

While you are there
you can get infor-
mation about us,
look at photos, read
stories and even
buy original
merchandise like
our Anthology.



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

THE MIGHTY MAX FEBRUARY 2006

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Newsletter Submissions Due March 1st

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Happy February Birthday:
Greg Dunn and Steve Pompa

