

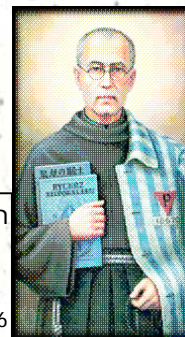


# THE MIGHTY MAX

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

"Reach for the Stars, and Grab the Future"

-Christa McAuliffe, 1986



VOLUME 14, ISSUE 1

JANUARY 2006

## HAPPY NEW YEAR MAXIMILLIAN!

# 2006

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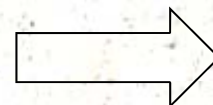
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INSIDE:

ARTICLES, NEW YEARS/CHRISTMAS PICS  
A LOOK AHEAD, BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER  
AND MORE! FOLLOW THE BOUNCING ARROW!



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## The MaX-Files

*CAPT Chris Stephenson  
Commanding Officer*

Welcome to this side of the new year! It's your ever-lovin' Cap'n here, doing the newsletter one last time. That's right, for the foreseeable future, since LCDR Moran is doing such a fantastic job with the newsletter duties, I'm dropping back, one less thing to involve myself with as I busy myself with many things, including more ideas for this year, the 14th year of the Maximillian!

By the time you read this (Unless you're reading this at the meeting, in which case, PUT IT DOWN, I'M TALKING!), we'll have a new command staff ready to go. Pending the outcome of the vote, myself and LCDR Moran remain in our current positions, and we look forward to serving you for another two years. We welcome in our new (pending) first officer C.J., who has a big task in hand. Keeping me in line. As well as some other ideas that I'm sure he has. Our Records Officer/Secretary position is up for grabs, of course, but I'm sure whoever ends up with it will do a tremendous job, as they have in their other endeavors.

This month was a good month for the Max, as we had our terrific Christmas party, attended the Columbus party, and at the end of it finished off one of our greatest years ever with the New Years Party at the Fortress of Critchitude. Together with Babs, Squirrelly, Lisa, and John, we rang in the New Year to the sights of Monopoly, Star Wars fan films, and then Dick Clark randomly kissing some girl on tv. Very fun times.

This year sees, of course, the election, many events, and more projects to undertake, which I will go into later on in the newsletter. Eventually the website will be opened up for more people to update, and there'll be movie drives, raffles...

And of course, VEGAS!

So, Live long and Prosper in 2006!  
Cap'n Critch



## December Meeting Minutes

*LCDR Nathan Cobaugh  
Records Officer*

Meeting called to order at 1715 hours

Guests: Ralph and Kathy from the Columbus.

Officer Reports:

Captain: website, newsletter highlights.

Treasury: see newsletter reports, science report, raffle wrap-up.

Department Heads:

Vegas Report: Babs talks about Vegas details, transportation costs, lodging, etc.

Nathan arrives with food @ 1745 hours. Meeting paused to bring in food.

Babs finishes report on Vegas. Aug. 17-20, 2006 Planned dates.

Records/Security: New position at Lifeway, round of applause for Sandie for cooking, USS Hathaway and Lexington status reports, Mighty Max Adventures comic, Stargate news, and Marcon. Blanket drive to be concluded in January. Bring a blanket and 4 raffle tix will be allocated to each person at the Anniversary party.

Engineering: computer delay on ID cards, will be in California in January.

Shuttle Ops/Wing Commander: passes out calendars. talks about pictures in calendar, Philly cheese steak.

Critch interrupts momentarily when the spud-trooper is brought out.

Admiralty: Elaine talks about family, Brandy's blanket drive. Babs impersonates Matt.

Blobbin: Aeon Flux card since no submissions completed for this month's trading cards. Marcon group rate.

Brief discussion of Soylent Purple.

Guest Announcements: Ralph and Kathy discuss the Columbus and the next meeting next Saturday. Going to Noodles after their meeting, proceeds from the dinner to be split to charities.

Brandy to raise 500 blankets.

Critch move: successful... new address in newsletter, new car, Elton John, Harry Potter.

Marcon: Still planning, table as usual.

Elections: Process explained per regulations, absentee ballots for members in good standing.

Temporary name change to USS COLUMMILLIAN or COLUMBAMILLIAN?

Ferengi gift exchange: Pix will be available on website pending submission from members who had cameras.

XMAS PARTY RAFFLE: SUCESS!!

End of meeting 2100 hours. (roughly)

**Vegas Prices**

*LT Babs Bunny  
Operations Chief*

Here's a list of all the confirmed prices as far as our trip to Vegas goes:

Hotel (Hilton): \$105/night with the con rate  
 Star Trek Experience: \$31.99 (basic rate, bridge photo is, I think \$15.00 extra)  
 Airfare: \$325 and up (according to Expedia though prices may go down).  
 Con Admission: \$429 for the Captain's Chair deal, though Admission will probably be \$60 at the most.

Other costs are spending money, gambling, and food.

Reference sites:

<http://www.creationent.com>

<http://www.startrekexp.com>



**Secretary's Report**

*LCDR Nathan Cobaugh  
Secretary/Records Officer*

Greetings and Happy New Year to everyone! This past year has been quite a year. The Mighty Max Adventures are doing well and they are going to get better and better thanks to the input that I have been receiving from various sources. This year looks to be an even better year than last year given that there are so many activities that the Max members are involved in. Though it is the beginning of the year and the Max will be entering into another fun filled and exciting time, the next couple of months will require plenty of planning for the year.

As we are planning our events for the rest of the year, ideas will be welcome for the Anniversary dinner which is coming up in May.

As head of the committee for the Anniversary dinner, I would like to return to a bit of tradition for the Max where we actually have a full blown ceremony which will be open to discussion in the next couple meetings.

On a personal note, I will be working on my music and art a lot more and based on the current success of the MMA, I am hoping to start up another online comic strip and developing another web site to showcase my

musical talents. More updates will be available on Skritweb and of course in the newsletters on this.

Coming up in the spring is an event that I always look forward to and that is the Scifi movie marathon that the Drexel puts on. I do not know if anyone will be interested, but I will be asking any and all crew members if they might want to volunteer to help the staff at the Drexel with the marathon.

We did help out one year and fun was had by all. These marathons are always prone to sell out and one way to guarantee that you can get in is to help volunteer, or even if no one wants to volunteer to help I would like to see if any crew-members would at least like to attend it with me so that maybe we could do it as an away mission.

Hope to see you all at the meetings and those of you who are going to be attending the January meeting, do not forget to vote!

Security signing off.....



## Security Report

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh  
Records Officer

The Christmas party went quite well. Ralph and Kathy were there from the Columbus and so was Nefaria. HE DOES EXIST! Plenty of prizes were handed out and the raffle did very well. Results from the raffle will be determined by the Treasury. The theme for the raffle was the Chronicles of Narnia. The grand prize was a Happy Tree Friends DVD. Much fun was had by all, and the food was great as usual. Many thanks were given by the crew to the chef, Sandie. Pictures from the dinner will be available on the website by the time this goes to print.

I will be starting up a short story that will be submitted on a monthly basis called *Ammon*, this is my first attempt really at writing a story so I am hoping it turns out okay. Obviously, it will be Trek related and you can find the first installment in this month's newsletter. I do not want to spoil the story and give anything away, however, I am hoping that everyone will enjoy it.

Lately, things have been hectic with schedules and finding time to keep up on the Mighty Max Adventures, especially this past month when I barely got the panel done for the December issue. I am particularly proud of the December 2005 edition of the Mighty Max Adventures. Mostly because I am attempting to start bringing in the whole crew character by character throughout the upcoming editions. Planning will commence for the anniversary dinner in January. If you have any ideas on locations, or helping out with planning, be sure to attend the January and February meetings. Any suggestions can be made to me as I am in charge of the MCAE, the Max Committee for Christmas and Anniversary Events. I would like to possibly have some kind of theme for our anniversary dinner as this will be our 14th anniversary. The anniversary will be May 13th, 2006.

As usual for the Max's birthday, there will be a flag ceremony and such, so all those of you who have a uniform are encouraged to sign up for the color guard. There will be a sign up sheet at the meetings for those who wish to be involved with the Anniversary dinner. Details as to locations and or suggestions will be taken at that time.

Filming will be starting in January for the Lexington and the Hathaway productions. The USS Hathaway is now currently listed on the the Wikipedia website. For those of you who like to see the CGI stills that will be used in the productions be sure to check out the websites.

[www.starshiplexington.com](http://www.starshiplexington.com) and [www.usshathaway.com](http://www.usshathaway.com).

HAPPY NEW YEAR

## Celestial Viewpoint

LCDR Susan Moran  
Purser / Chief of Science



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

### NASA's twin rovers celebrate extended mission on Mars

Their mission, if they survived the 300 million-mile journey and unprecedented landing, was supposed to last 90 days. Mission way accomplished.

Two years, several miles and many dust storms since NASA's twin rovers bounced onto the surface of Mars, Spirit is taking the high road through the hills and Opportunity is following the low road across the plains. A team of **Ohio State University** computer mapping specialists has charted every move of NASA's darlings since the rovers landed on opposite sides of the planet three weeks apart in January 2004.

The six-wheeled rovers, which are solar-powered and equipped with a suite of high-tech cameras, tools and sensors, have discovered signs of water, new rock types, meteorite impacts and volcanism. Every discovery seems to raise or dash hopes that the planet harbors (or once harbored) life. Certainly none has been found, although a rover would notice only if a Martian tapped it on the shoulder and asked to have a picture taken.

A specific search for life will come on later missions. There is now the feeling that the rovers could be zipping around when the next generation of rover arrives in 2010. "That's a possibility," Rongxing Li, who leads the OSU team, said with a mostly straight face. They have been lucky that broad dust storms that sometimes whirl across Mars have missed them. Also, the normal dust that gets kicked up and coats the solar panels has been blown off by periodic dust devils.

Scientists will meet this month to plan for the rovers' activity well into 2006. "We don't know when they're going to die — today or two years from now," Steve Squyres, the Cornell University scientist who heads the mission's science team, said. "We are planning as if they're immortal and operating as if each day is our last." Keeping the mission going is relatively cheap compared with the \$820 million cost of getting to Mars and operating for a few months. NASA is funding the mission through September and might continue further. The extension has cost an additional \$80 million. "Mars keeps throwing new stuff at us," Squyres said. "The cost is tiny."

And besides with the flood of data and images the rovers send back, NASA is enjoying the public-relations benefits attached to a project that only knows success.

## Movie Reviews

LCDR Susan Moran  
Science Officer / Purser



### The Story:

Who wouldn't want to discover a magical world inside their own closet? Lewis tapped into this childlike wonderment when he wrote *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* in 1950; his first of seven adventures into Narnia, and the movie picks it right up. It starts with the four Pevensie siblings—Peter (William Moseley), Susan (Anna Popplewell), Edmund (Skandar Keynes) and little

Lucy (Georgie Henley)—who are sent from war-torn London to stay in a country home during WWII. Once there, the children stumble upon the enchanted wardrobe that leads them to Narnia, a fairytale realm of mythical proportions. But Narnia has fallen under the icy curse of the evil White Witch (Tilda Swinton)—and only the two sons of Adam and two daughters of Eve can break the spell. Now, with Narnia's rightful leader—the wise and mystical lion Aslan (voiced by Liam Neeson)—by their side, the four children find strength to defeat the witch and lead Narnia into a brand new era. [Cue the sound of trumpets].

### The Review:

After searching long and hard, the casting directors for *Narnia* found the perfect unknowns to play the four Pevensie children. The sweet-faced Henley has just the right amount of innocence and bravado as Lucy, the first to discover Narnia, who then has to convince her brothers and sister it's real. In turn, as the mean-spirited, jealous Edmund—who just wants a little respect—Keynes scowls and pouts like a pro. The rest of the *Narnia* children may be a little stiff but will gain seasoning the more *Narnia* sequels they do, much like the *Harry Potter* trio we've grown accustomed to. Of the adults, the always unusual Swinton (Constantine) is one scary broad, adequately chewing it up as the malevolent sorceress, as well as striking a very formidable pose, dressed in highly elaborate costumes. And Liam Neeson adds a nice, calming touch as the voice of the wise Aslan.

### The Bottom Line:

*The Chronicles of Narnia* does indeed capture a certain wondrous, fantastical imagination inspired by C.S. Lewis' literary classics.



### The Story:

Based on the best-selling novel by Arthur Golden, *Geisha* guides us into this fascinating Japanese sub-culture. Set in the late 1920s, the story begins with 9-year-old Chiyo (Suzuka Ohgo) being forced to leave her family and work in a geisha house. Although strikingly beautiful with slate blue eyes, Chiyo has no interest in the lifestyle, especially since she is cruelly treated by the jealous geisha Hatsumomo (Gong Li). But that changes after she meets

and falls for the good-hearted Chairman (Ken Watanabe). After he shows her kindness, she decides becoming a geisha will be her ticket to being with him. Under the tutelage of mentor Mameha (Michelle Yeoh), Chiyo blossoms into the legendary geisha Sayuri (Ziyi Zhang), who captivates the most powerful of men. Still, she secretly hopes the man who once showed her compassion will come and take her away. Sweeping unrequited love? You bet!

### The Review:

There's been some flack over the fact Chinese actresses Gong Li, Michelle Yeoh and Ziyi Zhang are playing *Geisha*'s core characters—speaking English with Japanese accents, no less. But it's quite obvious from the start that these three stunning women are absolutely the best choices. Gong (*Raise the Red Lantern*) is deliciously wicked as the green-eyed Hatsumomo, who simplyresents the life she's chosen and takes it out on those around her. Yeoh plays Mameha as a wise and motherly figure, similar to the role she portrayed in *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*. It's Ziyi, though, who once again transfixes us as the determined Sayuri. Having to learn English for the role, the language barrier does seem at times to hinder that fierceness in the actress that we've come to love in films such as *Crouching Tiger* and *House of Flying Daggers*. But there's an unparalleled grace to this young actress, and she makes *Geisha* her own. With these three strong turns, you don't need any men—but it should be noted that Watanabe (*The Last Samurai*) does a fine job as the dashing romantic lead.

### The Bottom Line:

An epic romantic period piece with deeply felt performances, beautiful costumes and exquisitely framed sets, *Memoirs* pretty much defines the phrase "Oscar contender." Still, *Geisha* may be tagged by some as boring Oscar fare à la *The English Patient*.

### PURSER'S REPORT

*LCDR Susan Moran  
Purser / Chief of Science*

Renewed Memberships 12/05

Single Membership – John Friedrich (Nefaria)



Membership expires in 3 months of less:

|                               |                       |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Catherine Brio (2/06)         | Daniel Milks (3/06)   |
| CJ Brio (2/06)                | Sarah Moran (2/06)    |
| Danielle Brio (2/06)          | Susan Moran (2/06)    |
| Rachel Brio (2/06)            | Cora Rowlings (3/06)  |
| Paula Dunn (2/06)             | Richard Watson (2/06) |
| Juliette Magera (Babs) (3/06) |                       |

Memberships renewal past due:

Shane Howard (12/05)

Expenses

None

Misc. Income

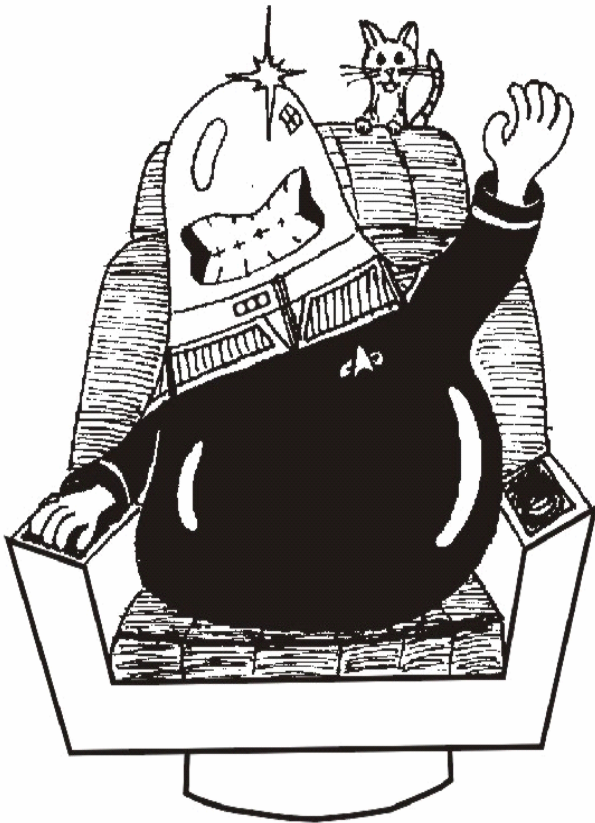
MCAE Raffle \$ 36.00

|                |          |
|----------------|----------|
| General Fund:  | \$607.33 |
| Charity Fund:  | \$259.19 |
| MCAE I:        | \$ 46.00 |
| Total Balance: | \$912.52 |

IMax Committee for Anniversary/Christmas Events

### Musings from the Puddle

*VADM Gregory "Blobbin" Dunn  
Inspector General*



Hello all!

Well, due to time restraints and getting ready for the election, I was not able to get the cards out his month sorry.

I have 4 more cards lined up and then the set will be complete! I should have them in next month no problem.

Have fun and see ya soon.

Blobbin

## Greg's Best Movies of 2005

VADM Gregory Dunn  
Inspector General

I saw 33 movies this year and rated them on a scale of 1 - 10 Gregs with 10 being the best. After reviewing each movie after my initial rating, I then gave it a new competitive rating based on the other movies in the same category. Once that was complete, I averaged the 2 ratings and came up with the final rating.

Here they are:

Runner Up 2: Star Wars III  
Runner Up 1: Harry Potter 4

Third Best of 2005: Batman Begins  
Second Best of 2005: The Aristocrats  
Best Movie of 2005: Kingdom of Heaven

Now go see these movies!

The worst movies of 2005:

2nd worst: The Dukes of Hazzard  
The Worst: War of the Worlds

Don't see these movies.

Greg

## Critch's Best Movies of 2005

CAPT Chris Stephenson  
Cap'n

### Top 10 Movies

1. Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire
2. King Kong
3. Serenity
4. Zathura
5. Wallace and Gromit
6. Batman Begins
7. Episode 3
8. Final Fantasy VII: Advent Children
9. The 40-Year-Old Virgin
10. Sin City

### Bottom 3

1. The Brothers Grimm
2. The Ring 2
3. War of the Worlds

### Best Scene

Final Fantasy 7: Advent Children - Heroes vs. Bahamut

### Best Music

King Kong - James Newton Howard

### Best Acting

Ian McDiarmid as Palpatine.

## UPCOMING EVENTS

### JANUARY

- 14) Meeting / Elections
- 25) Dinner Gettogether

### FEBRUARY

- 11) Meeting

### MARCH

- 11) Meeting

### APRIL

- 8) Meeting
- TBA Zoo Trip

## Candidates still needed for the following Ship Positions

Armory Chief  
Transporter Chief  
Counselor

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

## VISIT THE WEBSITE

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

Pictures  
Links  
Stories  
Information

GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO

## Articles of The Federation

LTJG Todd McDaniel  
Communications Chief

The newsletter this month, and for the following 16 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 III AGENCIES

#### ARTICLE 7

1. THERE ARE ESTABLISHED AS THE PRINCIPAL AGENCIES OF THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS: A SUPREME ASSEMBLY, A FEDERATION COUNCIL, AN ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL COUNCIL, A TRUSTEESHIP COUNCIL, AN INTERPLANETARY SUPREME COURT OF JUSTICE, A STAR FLEET COMBINED PEACE-KEEPING FORCE, AND A SECRETARIAT.
2. SUCH SUBSIDIARY AGENCIES AS MAY BE DEEMED NECESSARY FROM TIME TO TIME MAY BE ESTABLISHED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THESE ARTICLES OF FEDERATION,

#### ARTICLE 8

1. THE UNITED FEDERATION SHALL PLACE NO RESTRICTIONS ON THE ELIGIBILITY OF MALE AND FEMALE LIFEFORMS OF ANY MEMBER PLANETARY SOCIAL SYSTEM TO PARTICIPATE IN ANY CAPACITY UNDER CONDITIONS OF EQUALITY IN ITS PRINCIPAL AND SUBSIDIARY AGENCIES.

## Star Trek Book Preview

Scifipulse.net

While there may be no new televised Star Trek to look forward to on the horizon this year, there are still going to be plenty of new adventures featuring favorite characters from all the series to look forward to in the pages of the novels. 2006 will see the celebration of Star Trek's 40th anniversary, the conclusion of the popular *Starfleet Corps of Engineers* series, which will be reborn under a slightly different title, and a whole host of original new stories that span the Star Trek universe. Let's take a look at what the first two months of the New Year will be bringing to book stores and online retailers.

#### January Releases

Now available is the third mass-market paperback installment of the critically acclaimed *Star Trek: Titan* series, *Orion's Hounds* by Christopher L. Bennett.

*Orion's Hounds* harkens back to "Encounter at Farpoint" when the USS Titan ventures beyond the outermost reaches of known space and the telepaths in the crew, including Diplomatic Officer Deanna Troi, are overwhelmed by an alien cry of distress which leads the crew to a scene of shocking carnage: a civilization of interstellar 'whalers' is preying upon a familiar species of sentient spaceborne giants

Appalled but reluctant to rush to judgement, Captain William Riker and his crew investigate and discover a cosmic spawning-ground in a region of active star formation; the perfect ecosystem for a bewildering array of diverse but similarly vast lifeforms. While attempting to negotiate an end to the exploitation and victimization of these creatures, Riker's crew inadvertently hands them the means to defeat their hunters' purpose...only to learn that things are not quite what they seem.

Available for download from eBook retailers in January is the 59th title in the *Starfleet Corps of Engineers* series, *Blackout* by Phaedra M. Weldon. As the title implies in *Blackout* it's the S.C.E. to the rescue when a Federation world suffers a planet-wide power loss.

While Commander Gomez and her crack team of engineers work to help keep the planet from falling into chaos, the ship's linguist, Bart Faulwell, is given the assignment to find the Asarion linguist named Jewlan who triggered the blackout with what appears to be a weapon in an archaeological dig.

The Asarion people have a unique biology that causes random shifts from male to female. Faulwell's friendship with Jewlan, and her crush on him, is a minor diversion, at first, especially given the struggles Faulwell is having with his own relationship. But when Jewlan becomes Jolen, Faulwell finds himself with more than one difficult decision, especially when the power outage worsens and threatens to destroy not only Asario, but the da Vinci as well!

#### February Releases

David Stern presents the all new Enterprise novel *Rosetta*, a story set during the series fourth season that focuses on Hoshi Sato and the development of the Universal Translator. *Rosetta* is a mass-market paperback.

While traveling through uncharted space Captain Jonathan Archer and the crew of the Enterprise find their way forward blocked by a mysterious alien vessel, piloted by a race they will soon come to know as the Antianna. Unable to decipher the alien ship's transmissions and unwilling to risk a battle, Enterprise is forced to change its planned course and finds itself in a region of space controlled by the Thelasian Trading Confederacy. The Thelasian leader, Governor Maxim Sen, is in fact in the middle of organizing a war against the Antianna, to eliminate the threat they pose to the Confederacy's trading routes.

Archer suspects Sen has other motives as well. He also suspects that there is a reason for the Antianna's seemingly hostile posture. But with the assembled races of an entire sector against him, he needs more than just suspicions. He needs facts. And only one woman can give them to him: Ensign Hoshi Sato. If she can translate the Antianna language, peace may just be possible. If not, war, a devastating sector-wide war, will soon result.

Also available toward the end of the month is the hardback title *Missing in Action*. The second in the newest *Star Trek: New Frontier* trilogy by fan favorite Peter David, *Missing in Action* immediately follows the dramatic events of the previous *New Frontier* novel *After the Fall* (now available in paperback).

(Continued on page 11)



## Original Series Manga Debuts

Arune Singh—Comicbookresources.com

Submitted by Nathan Cabaugh

Tokyopop's recent announcement of a new "Star Trek" manga, set during the time line of the original series (referred to as "TOS" by fans) featuring Captain Kirk & Spock, raised the eyebrows of many fans, who hadn't quite expected a new comic book to commemorate the franchise's 40th anniversary. With all television and movie projects on hold, "Star Trek" has seen better days, but writer Joshua Ortega is hoping to remind fans just why they fell in love with the adventures of the starship Enterprise (and all those other ships too). CBR News spoke with Ortega, who revealed that his involvement with Trek arose out of pursuing a different project.

"I had been talking to Jeremy Ross, the Editorial Director at Tokyopop, about doing some writing for them for about a year. Originally, we had talked about doing a set of new stories set within the world of my novel '(Frequencies)'. Spin-off stories, essentially, that would flesh out the futuristic setting. That may still be a possibility at some point in the future, but we decided that we'd try for a different project first.

"Jeremy suggested that I talk to Senior Editor Aaron Suhr, who was heading the 'Star Trek' project for them. Aaron and I hit it off immediately, I sent him a few pitches, and he really liked what I came up with."

Ortega was attracted to this project for one simple reason-- the chance to be involved with one of his favorite television series of all time. "Outside of the original 'Twilight Zone,' I don't think there's a show that's had more impact on me than the original Trek series. It was so groundbreaking, in so many ways...even in the late '70s when I first saw them on reruns and video!"

Ask anyone over 20 about Star Trek and chances are they'll know the names Kirk, Spock and McCoy, the "three musketeers" of the "TOS" and favorites of Ortega. "While I love the entire cast of the original series, it's always been about Kirk, Spock, and McCoy for me. Those

three form one of the greatest trios in all of literature or film. Their dynamic, their personality differences, the way each one's strengths compliment or comedically clash against the other's...just great stuff.

"Can you tell which characters are the focus of my story? (Laughs)"

Lest you worry that Ortega's love for Trek will get in the way of making the book accessible, the scribe is quick to point out that his "Star Trek" is meant for fans of adventure, sci-fi and those who might just be curious. "At least with my story, I think anyone who enjoys space or SF stories will be able to pick it up and enjoy it. At the same time, between the research I did for the story and my fondness for the Original Series, I think hardcore fans are really gonna dig the story. It's called 'Anything But Alone,' and I did my best with it to evoke the feel of a classic Trek or SF story from the '60s. Wild technology, interesting characters, and of course, a good moral and philosophical dilemma."

Paramount has been open to Ortega's vision of the "TOS," while also making sure continuity is respected, and while "TOS" was the shortest of the Trek series, it is easily the favorite of Ortega. "It's the original! While I have enjoyed later incarnations of Trek, the Original Series really stands out for me, and a lot of that comes down, once again, to the characters of Kirk, Spock, and McCoy. That era also has a freshness to it that just can't be beat, and an excellent sense of humor that was present in almost every episode."

With the cancellation of "Star Trek: Enterprise" earlier this year, many have speculated that the Trek franchise is outdated and not "sexy" enough to rival sci-fi such as "Star Wars," "Battlestar Galactica" and "Firefly," but Ortega has his own thoughts. "Since I've had the chance to work on both 'Star Trek' and 'Star Wars' this year, it's given me the chance to look at both franchises and compare

their similarities and their differences...what's worked, and what hasn't.

"'Star Wars' has obviously been more successful in recent years, and I think that's due to a few different factors. One major factor is that 'Star Wars' went away for a while before coming back to the mainstream. While there were still books, comics, and games, 'Star Wars' kind of disappeared for a while when it came to TV or film. Anticipation was built up, and people got hyped again.

"Same thing happened with the 'Star Trek' movies. The Original Series had ended its run a decade earlier, so when the first movie came out, there was a huge amount of anticipation, and that energy carried the franchise through multiple films and a number of successful series...arguably, it carried it through *too* many series and films.

"Look for a lull in television and film, then a very successful return of 'Star Trek' somewhere down the line.

"Another factor worth mentioning is that 'Star Trek' is science fiction, whereas 'Star Wars' is more space opera, and much more fantastic and mythical. SF isn't doing as well in general these days...superheroes are huge, fantasy is huge, and though they are similar to SF, they are much more mythical and epic in their scope.

"In that sense, Trek's future suc-

## Manga Continued

"In that sense, Trek's future success could be tied into a 'mythicizing' of the franchise, or it could just coincide with the inevitable resurgence of science fiction in the mainstream."

By now you're probably wondering who the artist is on "Star Trek" and well...keep wondering. "I believe Tokyopop is still keeping that info under wraps, but expect some announcements soon..." teases Ortega.

With his name about to be known by Trek fans all over the world, and with "(Frequencies)" still selling briskly, it might be fair to wonder if Ortega is being typecast as a fantasy/sci-fi writer...but then again, you might not know Ortega. "It's definitely something that I've thought about, and it's one of the reasons I've waited to release the sequel to '(Frequencies)'."

"My background is in journalism, I've written a novel, I'm now working on multiple comic/graphic novel projects, I've written two screenplays this year, and I'm in talks with a few different video game companies about writing for that medium as well.

"In those various media, I've worked on SF, fantasy, horror, superheroes, space opera, and a real-world thriller. So I think I've already branched out quite a bit-in both genre and media-to the point that it'd be pretty tough to typecast me these days."

So in the end, if you're curious about "Star Trek" or just a fan of Joshua Ortega's writing, such as his popular Top Cow series "[Necromancer](#)," then the scribe has a few words for you. "As long as they enjoy some combination of Star Trek, science fiction, and/or comics, readers are in for a real treat with this project...the 'Star Trek: The Original Series' graphic novel is going to make for some excellent reading."

## The Year Behind...And in front

CAPT Chris Stephenson  
Captain of Captains

As we go into 2006, and start planning for the year and all that entails, it probably wouldn't be a bad idea to look back on what happened, and then look forward.

2005 was the 2nd year in the Captaincy for myself, and my command staff, and we started off well, as new stories were being written, newsletters were being put out at a good clip. We were roleplaying then, and were going on monthly trips to local eateries such as Tumbleweeds and such. Through the first few months we went several places, including the Zoo, a movie gettogether, and started planning for some of our biggest months ever.

May came around, and was absolutely huge, almost killing your poor Captain. We released our anthology, "Journey Beyond the Stars", available to purchase through the Max Store, or online. About 400 pages of stories and classic Maximillian stuff pulled from our vast library. Also that month we had the premiere of our behind the scenes film, "Behind the Trek". Not to mention it was our lucky 13th anniversary. We also took in a showing of the Enterprise Finale, and got applause from hundreds of people there, and of course, practiced and finished off the Cardboard Tube Trilogy at MARCON!

The Summer moved on with Trek Putt VI, various movie drives and our raffle, and planning begun in earnest for this year's big Vegas Trip. There were trips to Kings Island and various cons, and all seemed well. Except for the one big thing. First Officer Robin Goldblum left the state, heading off to fulfill her dream of vetting in PA. Though she is still very much a part of this ship, and was a hell of a first officer, she is missed.

A series of hurricanes hit the Gulf Coast and Florida and places, and the Maximillian answered the call with donations to the Red Cross. We had our auction, raising over \$500 in total with the help of Doctor Who Columbus and other groups and stores, including Starbase Columbus.

Members helped each other move, major things have happened in all of our lives, and the Maximillian is more successful than ever. As we hit 2006, and the first second term of a Captain since ADM Morris begins, I plan on staying the course, maintaining traditional trips and events, as well as planning some new things that have been on the drawing board ever since the days of Admiral Lyon. My plans include: A new, updated story bible, current to this year. Opening a Maximillian library with donated books and movies from Maximillian crew, for sharing with it's members. Finishing another anthology and more short stories, and the novel "Beyond the Final Frontier", in production in one form or another for the past 6 years. (Only 2 or 3 more chapters left in the first of 2 drafts!) I will keep my perfect attendance string at meetings going, and keep us going strong, and I know my command staff will stand with me.

Here we come, 2006!

## CONVENTION INFORMATION

CAPT Chris Stephenson  
Compiling Captain

VULKON—[www.vulkon.com](http://www.vulkon.com)—April 7-9—Tucker, Mayweather, Hoshi, and more!

CAMP DOVER PEACE CONFERENCE — [www.campdover.com](http://www.campdover.com) — April 28-30  
FINAL CAMP DOVER EVER — The Max will be caravanning up on April 29th.  
Please Purchase your Banquet Tickets (Full Dress) by February 1, 2006. Cost—\$25

MARCON — [www.marcon.org](http://www.marcon.org) — May 26-28—Feb. Deadline for Masquerade submissions!

ORIGINS — [www.originsgames.com](http://www.originsgames.com) — June 29—July 2

VEGAS CREATION CON — [www.creationent.com](http://www.creationent.com) — August 17-August 19

## Books Continued

When Captain Mackenzie Calhoun and the crew of the U.S.S. Excalibur find themselves catapulted headlong into another universe, far from the New Thallonian Protectorate and Sector 221-G, they find themselves in a place where an ancient war rages between two powerful alien races. But Calhoun has no intention of staying here for very long and, adopting the time-honored philosophy of "the enemy of my enemy is my friend," takes it upon himself to somehow, by any means necessary, persuade one side or the other to help him and his crew get back home.

Meanwhile, the shadow of war has fallen over the New Thallonian Protectorate, and an embattled Si Cwan faces growing treachery as he attempts to maintain his tenuous hold on power. With Starfleet and the Federation declaring Sector 221-G temporarily off-limits, Admiral Elizabeth Shelby and Captain Kat Mueller decide to take matters into their own hands by ignoring orders and trying to find some way of aiding the Excalibur. But they never count on the most unexpected of allies; an old friend whose shifting loyalties are about to be put to the ultimate test even as a growing cataclysm looms.

The 60th *Starfleet Corps of Engineers* eBook title, *The Cleanup* by Robert T. Jeschonek will be available for download in February.

## Beyond The Final Frontier TIMING

CAPT Chris Stephenson

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

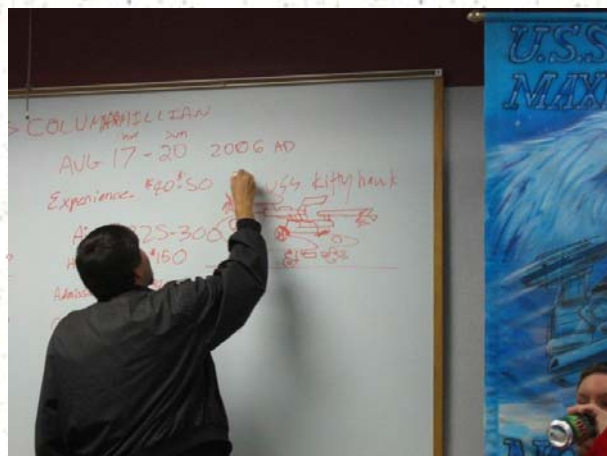
The beauty was not lost on Critch as he moved his legs, pumping them as fast as he could, propelling his body through the spaces. He did not let it distract him, indeed nothing could at this juncture. Only by reaching his destination and accomplishing his goal, and through it providing some sort of restitution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

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

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

Critch ran on, through the reds and yellows, and past many large cores. He still could not see his destination in the distance, and it worried him. His internal chronometer told him he had roughly a few hours left before the vessel reached it's destination, and he was still pressed to the absolute limit to reach

(Continued on page 12)



## Beyond The Final Frontier

*(Continued from page 11)*

even the corridor he would have to climb before his time was up. He was also worried about the Maximillian's ability to reach Earth in that allotted time, as he had no idea how damaged they were. But he trusted in his shipmates, if they even would be his shipmates again. He believed Tamak could get the engines online, if anyone could, and he would rather have Admiral Lyon at the helm than any other Captain alive. Hope remained alive, and he welcomed it's presence. There had been far too many days where it had left him.

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

Down in the bright Engineering bay of the Maximillian, Admiral Turock T'Kill marveled at how quickly everything had been taken care of. Commander Tamak, having quickly filled in for the recently deceased Lieutenant Thomas, had pushed his team to do nothing less than their best work. And even though the stress level was high with the recent events, each and every one of them had responded well to Tamak's low-key approach. Because of this, the Maximillian was now speeding towards it's destination at a hair under warp 5. But this wasn't fast enough for the Admiral. Not nearly.

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

T'Kill. One of the problems with his rank, he supposed. But he at least wanted to have the chance to speak with him before they all died, and that time seemed to be fast approaching.

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

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

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

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

T'Kill smirked. "Pulled that old chestnut out again, did you?" Among the Admiralty, Tamak was famous for trotting out what some would consider clichés to inspire his men. The strange part of it was that even if the crew had heard it before, Tamak said it in such a way that it always achieved its desired purpose.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You are correct."

They were interrupted when a call came through from the bridge suddenly. The voice was, surprisingly, not Lyon's, but Kelvok's. It seemed that Lyon was making good on his pledge not to return to the Captain's chair. Not that it would make a large difference one way or another at this point.

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

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

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

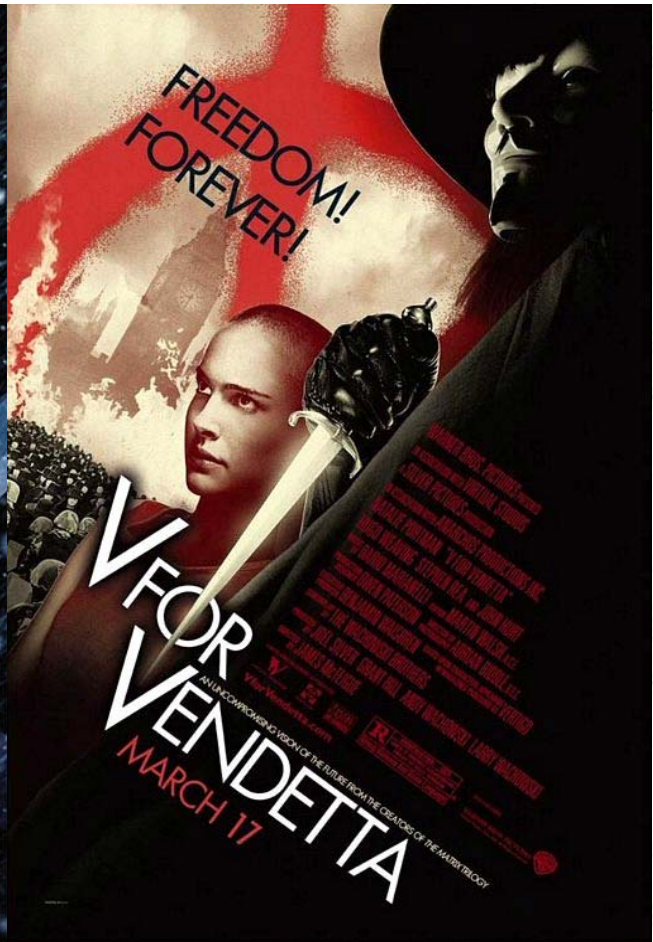
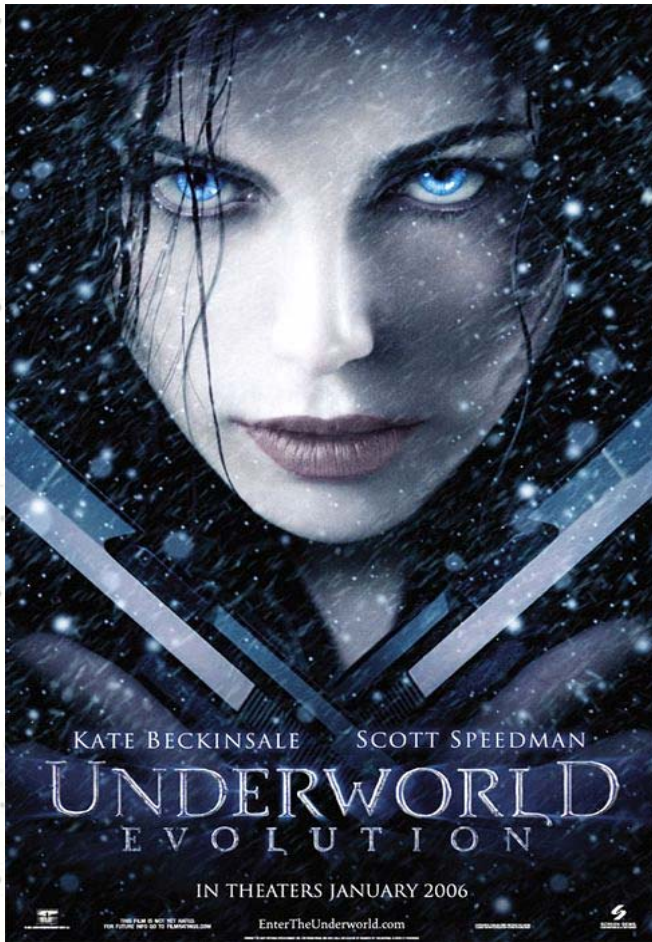
"Right." T'Kill entered the turbolift, and growled at himself as it began to move. He was wishing to talk about anything but the current situation. Unfortunately, the exact opposite had happened. The turbolift moved quickly, delivering Admiral T'Kill to the bridge.

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

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

Earth sat in the sky as it always had, it's blue richness seeming to expand beyond it's borders, threatening to spill out into the blackness. Surrounding the orb were the usual

*(Continued on page 14)*

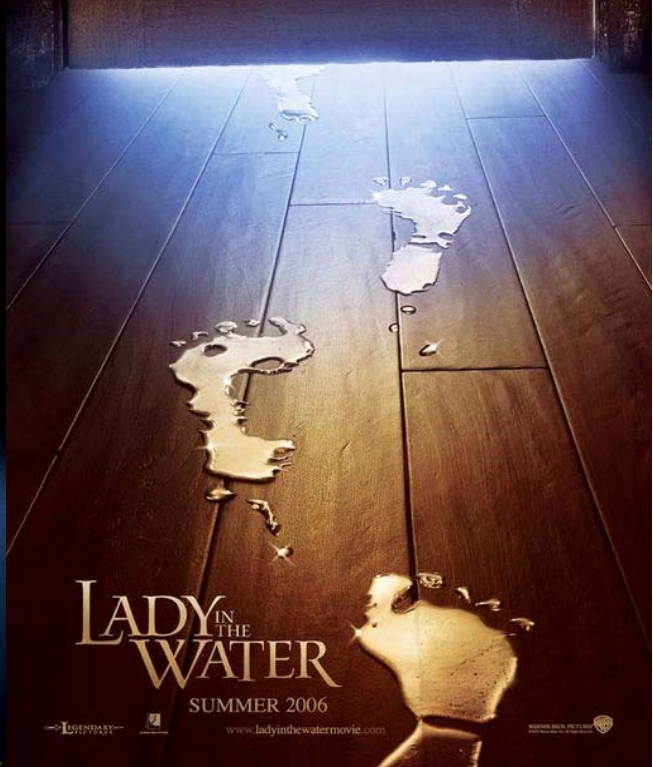


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**M. NIGHT SHYAMALAN**



## Beyond The Final Frontier

*(Continued from page 12)*

satellites and space stations, but none of any size as to ruin the sight.

At this point, however, the main thing that drew the eye was the multitudes of vessels surrounding the planet. Vessels from every era of Starfleet, from the early class vessels to the very latest declassified ships of the line. From Oberth to Prometheus, they were all here, called together by the highest levels of Starfleet for the defense of the planet, and their very existence beyond that.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Blobbin muttered a "Oh goody." As Lyon continued.

"Admiral T'Kill will be assuming command of the fleet. There has been a change of plans." T'Kill stood up, startled, as Lyon rose, gesturing to the half-Romulan to take his place in the center seat. Lyon and T'Kill

passed each other, T'Kill still surprised at his sudden role. But he swallowed his surprise as he settled into the chair.

Janeway kept her stern expression.

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

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

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

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

"He's going to have to be."

"Not what I wanted to hear."

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

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

Lyon did not blink. "I believe so."

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

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

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

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

"And the Maximillian?"

"Flanking, we've had the most experience

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

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

Blobbin began to pudge to the transporter bay almost before the viewscreen switched back to the view of the ships, and T'Kill took his place at the Operations console. Very little time left, and so much yet to do...

There was a clock moving inside of Lieutenant Commander Critch Starblade's head. It was counting down, but like a well-crafted time bomb, there was no way of knowing when the countdown would be completed. All he knew was that with every step he took, and every moment that passed by, another opportunity was lost. With every second, a chance to turn the tide was gone forever, and what he and the Maximillian had to work with lessened somewhat. He pushed himself harder, towards his unseen destination, and the countdown continued.

"Aye, laddie, it'll be a stretch, but it'll hold for as long as you're asking it to." Captain Montgomery Scott looked over the plans for the quick rigging of the shielding and weapon systems for the various systems, and quickly judged it. Even with the crash course he had to undertake in Errsedorian engineering, to say nothing of the massive amount of learning he had done since his reawakening in the 24<sup>th</sup> century, he was still able to accurately understand what the devices would do, and how the power would move through the systems without shorting out the rest of the ship.

"Spiffy! How long?" Blobbin peered at the designs, proud of his

*(Continued on page 15)*

## Beyond The Final Frontier

*(Continued from page 14)*

quick work.

“Oh...I dinna think it'll take too long. Four hours should do the trick.”

“Great, 'cept for the part where we only have two. That'll get it done.”

Scott sighed. “Two it'll have to be, then.”

“Look at it this way, you don't have a green-blooded freak breathing down your neck to get this done, and I've got at least twelve other ships to work this out in!”

Scott chuckled a bit. “I know what that's like, Admiral. We'll get a move on, and fight the...whatever it happens to be.”

“Fantabulous.” Blobbin gave a rare respectful salute, and then moved quickly away, onto this next task, while the graying engineer shook his head. Just when he had finally gotten over the strangeness of Changelings and the rest of the races of this century, now there's things like *this* running around as Admirals! ‘Scotty’ got to work then, putting his feelings behind him as he dove into the task at hand, knowing full well that his reputation as a ‘miracle worker’ was on the line, to say nothing of what else was at stake here.

At last, Critch could at least see his destination. It was still far off, just at the very reaches of his enhanced vision, but at least it was there, which was comforting. A massive tower, soaring straight up into the top of the vessel. Critch didn't waste a single cycle worrying about what he would do when he reached it. There was no time for worry. He would figure it out when he reached it. All there was to do now was to watch and listen for his enemy's presence, as he had to have recovered from the fall by now. Indeed, with the vessel being so close to arriving at Earth, and beyond that Earth's sun, Critch knew that there had to be some processes that were too precious for automation. His doppel would make sure that the mission would be completed before coming after the android, and Critch held onto that hope for all that it was worth, knowing that those few seconds would be most important, if it wasn't already too late. Putting his head down, he continued his run, blocking everything else out but the sounds around him, concentrating on moving just a little bit faster with every motion of his body.

Lyon shook his head, too busy pouring over the reports coming in from the Starfleet ships moving into position to pay much attention to what Turock T'Kill was saying.

“We've done all we can, Turock. Blobbin is finishing up on the *Columbus*, and then will be back here for the duration.”

T'Kill could not hide his aggravation. “I didn't ask what the puddle was doing. I was telling you that a little notice might have made this go a little bit more smoothly.”

Admiral Lyon sighed. “Up until about an hour ago, Admiral, you were pushing me towards a court-martial. Now you're upset because I chose you to lead the fleet. Would you have preferred I chose...”

“It's not about that!” T'Kill forgot where he was, and his voice carried over to the rest of the bridge. However, with the preparations in full swing, there was little attention paid. T'Kill composed himself. “You do this every time, Rob! Making your decisions and to hell with what other people think about it!”

“Part of my character.” Lyon gazed at a padd an Ensign had just handed to him, and nodded at it. “I'm impulsive. Frankly, I'm not sure why you've put up with it for so long.”

T'Kill breathed softly. “And why I'll continue to put up with it. But damn it, Rob, why now, of all times, to sit me in the hot seat?”

“Technically, Kelvok is in the hot seat here, at least. You'll be too busy with the rest of the fleet.”

“You know what I mean.”

“Right. Turock, you've proved yourself capable a hundred times over of leading a fight like this, God knows that you've got the Max out of tough situations before. It's big, yeah, but space is a big place. Time to stretch your arms, earn those stars you're so proud of.

“If this adventure has proved nothing, Turock, it's proved that I'm getting too old for this. Trying to hold on to things I should have let go of years ago. You don't have that prob-

lem. I just faced this test and failed. Now it's your turn.”

T'Kill chuckled, shaking his head. “So all this is a test, huh. My own personal Kobayshi Maru?”

Lyon smiled. “Just don't screw up. Lot more than just a few civilian ships on the line here.”

Turock just stared straight ahead at the formations of dozens of ships moved together, blocking off the path from Earth to Sol.

The tower was even more massive than Critch had realized, as he finally slowed to a stop. There was no breath to catch for the android, and his mind immediately shifted to discovering a path up it. He quickly came to the conclusion that the endless rows of etchings and designs would work as footholds and handholds. There was no time for any fear to enter the equation, as time was up. Out of the corner of his eye he could see, far off beyond the vessel's hull, the shining star that they had come to destroy. And nearer still, the planet that the Federation called home. It looked peaceful, as if there was no great last stand being planned, but there was not a moment to dwell on these implications. Instead, the decision was made. He began to climb.

“All ships in position, Admiral.” Blobbin announced to the bridge, his jovial face masking the nervousness they all felt, even he, though a quick change by him attempted to lighten the mood, as small butterfly shapes seemed to dance literally inside his stomach. Turock ignored this, and muttered to himself, as the ship settled behind Earth's small moon, overlooking the cities of the grey planetoid. “If nothing else, this is going to look damn impressive.”

As the android climbed faster than time and safety allowed, and as the ships of the Federation drew together, the Marconian vessel, the pride of their

*(Continued on page 17)*

# FEBRUARY 2006

| Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri | Sat           |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|---------------|
|     |     |     | 1   | 2   | 3   | 4             |
| 5   | 6   | 7   | 8   | 9   | 10  | 11<br>MEETING |
| 12  | 13  | 14  | 15  | 16  | 17  | 18            |
| 19  | 20  | 21  | 22  | 23  | 24  | 25            |
| 26  | 27  | 28  |     |     |     |               |

SCIENCE FICTION

**U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN**

FAN ORGANIZATION





## Beyond The Final Frontier

(Continued from page 15)

entire fleet, moved towards the planet Earth. As the members of the various crews held their collective breath, the vessel moved past the blue planet, not moving anywhere near it's atmosphere, not making any threatening overtures it's way at all. Instead, just as the mission had said, the vessel soared through the blackness, moving ever closer to it's true goal, Sol.

The Vessel did not hesitate nor slow, as if it was unexpected any challenge to it's mission. From out of the light of the sun several shapes came to life, running lights first, and then full power and spectacle was brought to bear as a total of forty-seven Federation ships, with names as honorable and famous as *Enterprise*, *Columbus* and *Bozeman*, moved out of the yellow, presenting a clear blockade to the alien invader's designs on destruction of all that they knew.

If the Vessel, or anything inside of it, felt threatened, it did not show it. The rate of speed did not change perceptively, and as one, the forty-seven ships called for red alert as it passed Earth's moon, directly on course, and exactly as predicted.

As it passed, the one ship unaccounted for emerged from the moon's shadow. The *U.S.S. Maximillian* matched the speed and velocity of it's enemy and followed closely behind, all weapons targeting the vessel, shields to maximum. Forty-eight ships, Forty-eight commanders now waited for the order, as the vessel moved within firing range.

Admiral Turock T'Kill looked at Admiral Lyon, looked at the bridge crew of the *Maximillian*, and waited for the next move, a move that he suspected may not come at all.

And time, as always, was nearly gone.



**THE MIGHTY MAX  
JANUARY 2006**

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