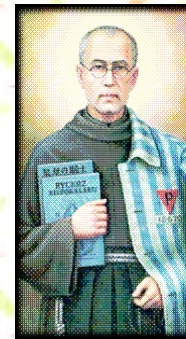




# THE MIGHTY MAX



U.S.S. Maximillian (NCC-74997)

Science-Fiction Fan Organization

"Reach for the Stars, and Grab the Future"

-Christa McAuliffe, 1986

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Mail Services  
LTJG Todd  
McDaniel



## It's A Bum Rap For Teen Vandals

Police in Austria have caught two teenagers who wrecked their school by studying photocopies of their bums. More on page 17.

# Presenting the Command Staff for 2006-2008



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.

**Cryonics Founders Cremated**— Two founders of the cryonics movement - whose members are frozen after death - have been cremated after a freezer mishap. See full story on page 20.

**Moose Lands In Front Seat of Car**- A 500-pound moose crashed through the windshield of a car and ended up sitting in the passenger seat with its head sticking through the glass. Photos and full story page 15.

**The MaX-Files**

*CAPT Chris Stephenson  
Commanding Officer*

Greetings Maximillians, welcome to another month of the continuing adventures of the Mighty Max. Not too much to report in the last month, other than the fact that we swore in our command staff officially. Things are going well thus far, though all we really did this month was a dinner, but things are ramping up for a big April - May season, with Trek Bowl, Dover, Anniversary, and Marcon to deal with, and of course Trek Putt and Vegas later on in the summer. We're getting ready for Marcon with submissions for the Masquerade (Due NOW if you haven't put them in yet.) Also trying to finish BTFF before then so we can have some more books at the table. So lots of things to work on.

Till next time, Make mine MAX!  
Captain Chris Stephenson



**Space Trivia**  
*LCDR Susan Moran  
Purser / Chief of Science*

**Questions:**

1. Who was the first astronaut to become a teacher?
2. Who was the first astronaut to address the United Nations?
3. Who was the first astronaut to fly in space?
4. Who was the first astronaut to resign from NASA?
5. Who was the first astronaut to fly in space twice?
6. Who was the first astronaut to be removed from a flight because of an injury? (He never flew again.)
7. What is the only elective course that Jim Lovell took while attending Anapolis?
8. What was the first experiment suggested by a high school student to fly aboard the shuttle?
9. Who was the only Mercury astronaut to walk on the moon?
10. Who was the last person to fly in space alone?
11. Where does the sky end and space begin?

- Answers:**
1. Neil Armstrong, U. of Cincinnati
  2. John Glenn
  3. Alan Shepard
  4. John Glenn
  5. Gus Grissom
  6. Scott Carpenter, motor bike accident
  7. German
  8. Insects: honey bees, moths, house flies
  9. Alan Shepard
  10. Ron Evans, Apollo 17 pilot on Cooper's Mercury flight
  11. 50 miles

**February Meeting Minutes**

*LT Babs Magera  
Records Officer / Chief of Operations*

Meeting called to order, and guests are introduced: Ralph and Kathy from the Columbus, and Vice Admiral from USS Hood (Starfleet International). Swearing in was postponed due to absence of future First officer CJ. Other areas of the meeting commenced instead...after much stalling.:

Captain (Critch): Mentioned the website (<http://www.maximillian.org>), and various aspects of such.

Treasurer (Susan): Rundown of accounts and how much money the ship had raised, and mentioned renewals of various members, and who needs to renew. Mentioned various charities that the money is being donated to (such as the Air Conditioner project for overseas soldiers.) Also mentioned the dedication of the newsletter to the late crews of Challenger and Columbia. While the report was going on, CJ magically appeared!

Now that the crew was complete, the swearing in started! Admirals Matt and Blobbin initiated Critch, CJ, Overload, and Susan.

The incoming and outgoing officers gathered in the center of the room for swearing in and swearing out. Departing officers were given Staff Service Award certificates. Capt. Critch and First Officer CJ, with some difficulty, completed their oaths of office, but not without much hilarity! Charlie was then given a certificate for flying the shuttles properly. :)

That said...

First officer report (CJ):

Open positions were discussed: Armory chief, Counselor, and Transporter chief

Records Officer (Overload): Discussed the guest updates to the Vegas Con and discussed alternatives to the con as Creation kinda sucks. Also discussed FC trip and recent moving into the Records Officer position (Oh, the typing...THE TYPIING!)

Admiralty:

Elaine - Grandson had ailment and had to go to the hospital for a 105 degree fever. Also announced Senior Mime position at her Church. (Cool! Mimes!)

Greg - Said HI! And pointed to paper. And didn't know what he was talking about. And then reported on lack of cards (Bad Blobbin!), made shoddy excuses (Bad BAD Blobbin!). But there may be a chance of talking about cards next month. Maybe. Lob money at Blobbin, he likes that. Talked about regulations...or lack thereof.

Matt - Congratulated new officers. And talked about calendars and mailing them out. (????!!) Typed 'Con fab' Cos

*(Continued on page 4)*

## 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 V THE FEDERATION COUNCIL**

#### **ARTICLE 23 COMPOSITION**

1. THE FEDERATION COUNCIL SHALL CONSIST OF ELEVEN (11) MEMBERS OF THE UNITED FEDERATION. THE UNITED NATIONS OF EARTH, THE PLANETARY CONFEDERATION OF 40 ERIDANI, THE UNITED PLANETS OF 61 CYGNI, THE STAR EMPIRE OF EPSILON INDII, AND THE ALPHA CENTAURI CONCORDIUM OF PLANETS SHALL BE PERMANENT MEMBERS OF THE FEDERATION COUNCIL, DUE REGARD BEING ESPECIALLY PAID, IN THE FIRST INSTANCE, TO THE CONTRIBUTION OF THE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED FEDERATION TO THE MAINTENANCE OF INTERPLANETARY PEACE AND SECURITY AND TO THE OTHER PURPOSES OF THE FEDERATION, AND ALSO TO EQUITABLE GEO-GALACTIC DISTRIBUTION;

2. THE NON-PERMANENT MEMBERS OF THE FEDERATION COUNCIL, SHALL BE ELECTED FOR A TERM OF TWO-PERIODS. IN THE FIRST ELECTION OF NON-PERMANENT MEMBERS, HOWEVER, THERE (3) SHALL BE ELECTED FOR A TERM OF ONE (1) SESSION PERIOD. A RETIRING MEMBER SHALL NOT BE ELIGIBLE FOR IMMEDIATE RE-ELECTION;

#### **FUNCTIONS AND POWERS ARTICLE 24**

1. IN ORDER TO ASSURE PROMPT AND EFFECTIVE ACTION BY THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS, ITS MEMBERS CONFER ON THE FEDERATION COUNCIL PRIMARY RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF INTERPLANETARY PEACE AND SECURITY, AND AGREE THAT IN CARRYING OUT ITS DUTIES UNDER THIS RESPONSIBILITY THE FEDERATION COUNCIL ACTS ON THEIR BEHALF;

2. IN DISCHARGING THESE DUTIES THE FEDERATION COUNCIL SHALL ACT IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE PURPOSES AND PRINCIPLES OF THE UNITED FEDERATION THE SPECIFIC POWERS GRANTED TO THE FEDERATION COUNCIL, FOR THE DISCHARGE OF THESE DUTIES ARE LAID DOWN IN CHAPTERS, VI, VII, VIII, AND XII.

3. THE FEDERATION COUNCIL SHALL SUBMIT REGULAR AND WHEN NECESSARY, SPECIAL REPORTS TO THE SUPREME ASSEMBLY FOR ITS CONSIDERATION;

#### **ARTICLE 25**

THE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED FEDERATION AGREE TO ACCEPT AND CARRY OUT THE DECISIONS OF THE FEDERATION COUNCIL IN ACCORDANCE WITH THESE ARTICLES OF FEDERATION;

#### **ARTICLE 26**

IN ORDER TO PROMOTE THE ESTABLISHMENT AND MAINTENANCE OF INTERPLANETARY PEACE AND SECURITY WITH THE LEAST DIVERSION OF THE FEDERATION'S LIFE-FORMS, AND ECONOMIC RESOURCES FOR ARMAMENTS, THE FEDERATION COUNCIL SHALL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR FORMULATING, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF STAR FLEET HEADQUARTERS STAFF REFERRED TO IN ARTICLE 47, PLANS TO BE SUBMITTED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED FEDERATION FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A SYSTEM FOR THE REGULATION OF ARMAMENTS;

#### **ARTICLE 27 VOTING**

1. EACH MEMBER OF THE FEDERATION COUNCIL SHALL HAVE ONE (1) VOTE

2. decisions of the federation council, on procedural matters shall be made by an affirmative vote of seven (7) members;

3. DECISIONS OF THE FEDERATION COUNCIL, ON ALL OTHER MATTERS SHALL BE MADE ON AFFIRMATIVE VOTE OF SEVEN (7) MEMBERS

*(Continued on page 13)*

## February Meeting Minutes

*LT Babs Magera*  
**Records Officer / Chief of Operations**

*(Continued from page 2)*

Blobbin told me to. Promised to maybe show up at meetings!:) Yay! And pizzowned Critch over sports stuff. Critch congratulated Charlie on calendars. Cos they were cool.

Then I killed Matt. Cos he dragged Databit around. And Databit bit Matt. And Matt got rabies. Overload for TEH WIN!!!

Department heads:

Security (Skrit): Talked about regulations that aren't there yet. Also gave tabs on sci-fi marathon at the Drexel. But there are no updates, so he will keep looking. Skrit is looking for characters/ideas for the Mighty Max strip. Critch wanted an exploding newsletter. (Ka-BOOM!!!) Skrit is getting a new computer for music and art, and is looking to compose a theme for the Max and a CD of his music.

Helmsman (Jeremy): No report

Communications (Todd): Talked about "Articles of Federation" in newsletter. Submitted next chapter to Susan.

Wing Commander (Charlie): Gave himself a magically created award (There's a lot of magic here. it makes the ship go round, like chunky soup!) Visited Robin in PA, and Robin took him to Northlands and showed him other attractions like Bodyworks (made of real bodies!) Talked about the joys of stopping in a Pittsburgh bus stop, and announced his letter from Robin. And then he picked his brain.

Engineering (Squirrelly): Working on cards, got new hard drive.

Nefaria: No report. But he's visiting out of town.

Guests:

Critch discussed Food Drive that Columbus is doing and then....

Ralph (Columbus): Talked about Food drive and a smaller group run by Indian organization that needs help. Also can donate blankets, other necessities.

Announced ship's counselor of the Columbus, Elizabeth!

Kathy: Announced Talaxian cook off and discussed entry fees, and proceeds go to treasury and charity.

Both discussed Columbus history.

Vice Admiral: No report

Old Business:

Marcon coming! RUN!!! Discussed discount membership from the Max and Columbus and the cheque was cashed. Talked about table location, and setup.

Masquerade - still discussing ideas (Skrit had idea of fandom soup sketch, Critch wanted to dress like a banana. Greg says this is because he wants someone to peel him. MarKAAAAAHHHHN!!!!)

Dover coming! Last one! Caravan of Max people. Overload will kill everyone who mentioned her serving as a hood ornament. Death to you all! Ship shall now fly upside down. Uniforms/action wear preferred. Discussed prices and dates (last weekend in April)

Dinner gettogethers..this month: Olive Garden (161) on 2/22/06 (Woo!). Discussed reservations and who's going. March: Tumbleweeds, April: Spaghetti Warehouse Trek Bowl 4: We have flyer done by Lisa. Discussed how bad Ralph bowls. Event will be on April 22.

FYI: Trek putt will be in July/August.

New Business:

Oscar party: Event downtown at Studio 35 for free! (First Sunday of March)

Anniversary party: Locations discussed..maybe holding party somewhere else other than library? Vote will be taken. Skrit's wife will cook.

It is discovered that Matt likes to put Critch's stuff in his clothes. o.O

Fundraiser brainstorm: Where to donate: Food drive, Vegas, MS walk at Crew Stadium, Cancer walk, JDF walk. How to donate: raffles, the Ever-present Car Wash idea (Matt in a Speedo!), Bake Sale, Casino night (discussed games, tax regulations), Garage Sale? Skrit brought up church activities.

THE...END!!!!!!

\*end credits\*

After Meeting activity:

Voted on....Friendly's!

## Van Furrries

*LT Babs Magera*  
**Chief of Operations**



This is a recent commission I did for my friend Heyblicher, of him as a Ringtail, palling around with his friend Rusty Fox. (As for the van in the background, that's a real van, owned by some furrries in Russia!)

## Beyond The Final Frontier Battle, Part One

CAPT Chris Stephenson

Hellfire seemed to rain down upon the immense vessel as the ships of the Federation began their attack. Forty-eight ships of various sizes and shapes began their attacks, the larger ships of *Sovereign* and *Galaxy* classes remaining steady, unleashing their immense payload down to their chosen targets, the multiple redundant power cores. The smaller ships, such as the *Akira*, *Defiant*, even a *Prometheus* class ship, began close attack runs, hitting and running with their considerable power. They bobbed and weaved through the canyons of the rust-colored canyons of the mountainous vessel, seemingly constructed with no regard of sleekness or design, instead only for its destructive power. It made sense, since this vessel was never to be seen.

The ships of the Federation never moved from their battle plan, having seen the folly of moving even a step out of line with what had happened to the *Sovereign*. They moved in perfect harmony with each other as they executed the first step, bombarding the power cores with every kind of weapon they had at their commands. Not only the beefed-up Errsedorian Torpedoes, even though they were the most powerful of the lot, but also Quantum torpedoes, Photon torpedoes, and full phasers, striking with precision and even grace as the most skilled weapons operators in the fleet took the opportunity to prove their abilities, and showed why they deserved their positions.

For a few moments, T'Kill dared to hope that there would be no opposition, that the vessel was caught completely flat-footed by its reappearance and did not have their weapons ready. Indeed, it was a full minute before the vessel counterattacked the defenders. The Federation ships had complete control of the situation for that minute, striking with impunity.

"Seems a bit easy." Blobbin thought aloud.

"We caught them off guard. Critch is doing his job." Lyon had a soft smile as he said this. T'Kill wasn't convinced.

"Hopefully he'll keep it up." The Romulan glanced at his panels, making a quick decision to not change the plan layout to take advantage of the ship's apparent ignorance of the attack.

It was a good decision. A moment later, the whole of the crystal-shaped maidenhead began to glow bright white, just as large cylinders rose up from the vessel's surface. Inside the vessel, where a smaller but just as dire battle waged, the cylinders moved upward and into position, changing the layout slightly. The two combatants did not notice the motion and grinding sounds.

As the cylinders reached their peak, blue streaks of electricity began to surround them, as though they were

overloading with immense power. Within an instant, the light on the crystal brightened even more, and then erupted with white beams, expertly targeted by the vessel's central systems. The beams hit their marks quickly, striking five Federation ships, sending them reeling. The Errsedorian shielding protected them from complete destruction, but they certainly were not without damage.

The *Maximillian* was not one of the ships targeted, but T'Kill treated the attack as grimly as if it had been. "Report!"

"*Columbus, Asgard, Enterprise, Explorer II, Lorange* hit!"

"All heavy cruisers." Blobbin observed.

Sending a message to the fleet to boost power to shields, T'Kill glanced at the Vessel on the view screen. "What's happening with those cylinders?"

The electricity streaming over the cylinders had only intensified, each one almost completely covered by an entanglement of blue. Just as it had reached a peak, the electricity disappeared. It was only a single breath before they began firing yellow bursts of energy into space. The yellow shots moved in tandem, and then suddenly veering off into seemingly random directions. They picked up speed, and then each one reached their destinations: A smaller vessel.

The *Prometheus* was hit first, taking minimal damage. The *Akira* was not so fortunate, having taken the electrical energy directly to their warp core. As it exploded quickly, its flaming saucer flying and crashing on the surface of the vessel, the *Black Elk* dove and spun out of the way, almost crashing itself before its Captain corrected the course herself, moving the vessel as though it were a smaller shuttle, flying between two cylinders before regaining its place in the sky, and resuming its attack.

While the crystal seemed to take a moment to recharge, as its light was slowly returning, the cylinders needed no such time, as after the initial burst, it began to maintain a steady stream of yellow pulses, each one dodging through the blackness to strike at another Federation ship. While they were not as powerful as the light beams, they were certainly damaging enough.

T'Kill hollered harshly to his fleet through his console. "ATTACK GROUPS CHARLIE AND DELTA, FOCUS ON THE CANNONS!" Even as he watched a blue bolt strike the vessel, and a large yellow explosion erupting from the now useless power core, he realized

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## DVD Review

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh  
Chief of Security



This month I thought I would do a review of a DVD set that came out recently which was part of an anniversary gift for Sandie and I. I must say it is well worth every cent. The Wallace and Gromit Collector's Set features the new movie, *The Curse of the Were-Rabbit* and a second DVD with a collection of the original shorts that launched Wallace & Gromit into Hollywood.

The same group that brought us *Chicken Run* brought Wallace & Gromit to life long before, Aardman, created a full-length feature film featuring the lovable duo. Starting off with the movie review, I must say this is a great family film and is extremely full of humor and fun for everyone. The bonus material includes how to construct the bunnies that they made for the movie, so for anyone who likes clay-mation this will be a real treat!

Deleted scenes are available with commentary, another short "Stagefright" is also on the disc, and DVD-Rom features that enable access to a print studio, activities, interactive games and much more goodies. *The Curse of the Were-Rabbit* is just

like it sounds. Instead of a were-wolf, this movie features a were-rabbit and how things can go wrong.

The second DVD showcases the earlier works of Aardman, especially the three major shorts: *A Grand Day Out*, *The Wrong Trousers*, and *A Close Shave*. *A Grand Day Out* is about an adventure to the moon to get cheese, WHY? Because the moon is made of cheese!

*The Wrong Trousers* is a story about a gift to Gromit, which is robotic trousers to take Gromit out for a walk, then a diabolical penguin puts them to use in a criminal fashion. Of course this won an Academy award for Best Animated Short.

*A Close Shave* won an Academy award as well. The story here is about some sheep that get used for nefarious purposes with a guard dog that has a serious "attitude" whose owner falls head over heels for Wallace.

Extra materials include *Cracking Contraptions*, a collection of mini-shorts with various devices that Wallace has invented to make a simple task of doing something more complicated than necessary. Everything from the Socco-matic a machine that kicks soccer balls like a baseball machine to a vacuum cleaner that eats cheese. Yes, you heard that right! Even if you never really got into claymation, Wallace & Gromit will tickle your funny bone to no end. This is one DVD set that will last forever. Definitely a collection that everyone will enjoy!



Presenting Skrit with a certificate for his years of dedicated service. Thanks Nathan!



Commissioner Matt congratulating Nathan while Babs, Chris and Greg look on.



Swearing in the Capitan and First Officer. And look we actually got a photo when they weren't laughing!



Greg looking through the regs to find out just where does it say that we actually give out this award. {Hi Charlie }



Ralph and Kathy from the Columbus



LCDR Jeremy Krieg, Helmsmen



Babs, Nefaria and Squirrelley



Elaine and her grandson, EJ



The Admirals, Greg and Matt, congratulating Chris on a successful first term as Captain of the Max

## Beyond The Final Frontier Battle, Part One

CAPT Chris Stephenson

(Continued from page 5)

the folly of his statement. Taking two groups away from the main attack, even if they were smaller ships, would lessen their already slim chance of being lucky enough to strike the central core of the vessel, and winning the battle. But it could not be helped; they needed to stay alive to even have that chance.

The *Black Elk* and *Prometheus* took control of their respective battle groups; beginning separate attack runs on the large number of cannons. For the sheer size of the vessel, it didn't have much in the way of shielding, and the first runs were successful. Group Charlie consisted of five ships, Delta of four, and they both dodged the initial firing of the cannons by diving close to the surface. Using their torpedoes, they launched a bombing run on their respective targets. The results were impressive, as four cannons were instantly vaporized. One escaped destruction, and fired upon Charlie group, but the shots did not find their targets, moving around in space until they fizzled out.

The second attack runs were more spread out, and neither group could count on the support of the other to draw away fire. Five full cannons were destroyed, but one grouping of shots focused upon one ship, the *Doohan*. The energy cascade spread through the ship too fast for it to recover, and the resulting flames were too bright to withstand.

Another ship lost, but none of the Admirals, least of which T'Kill, could focus on that right now. He did not order a casualty report of his fleet, knowing each Captain could take care of that on his own. Instead he forged ahead, for while the fight was not anywhere near complete, it was certainly not lost, as he watched another two torpedoes find their mark, resulting in two more power cores being eradicated.

The *Maximillian* itself was making itself one of the most important parts of the battle. Not just as the command base for three of the leaders of the Federation, but also as an immensely powerful ship. Since an actual Errsedorian made the *Maximillian* a second home during the crisis, it followed that the latest improvements to the torpedoes and shielding were found there. Thus, its torpedoes, though technically the same as those on other ships, had been tweaked until the last possible second, and they hit with more power and accuracy. The shielding too was beefed up considerably, though as yet the *Maximillian* had not taken any damage in this battle. Yet.

It was fortunate for the advanced shielding, as the white light of the crystal reached its highest peak, and then expanded into beams. Many of the beams struck a ship for a second time, and the *Asgard* was one of them. Losing power rapidly, it hung in space limply, as its crew worked unsuccessfully to restore controls to anywhere on the ship.

The *Enterprise* was struck for its first time, but it escaped with only minor damage. So too was the *Maximillian* hit. The ship shook with the blast, but only briefly, as it continued its fire upon the vessel.

Lyon watched the ships fire and be fired upon from his vantage point, saw the damage wrought by what he still maintained was his poor decisions years before, and inwardly cursed himself. T'Kill watched as well, but instead saw the fight tactically. They had lost another heavy cruiser with the *Asgard*, and a *Capital*-class at that. They could ill afford another blow. He tapped his panel, and called again to the fleet.

"Prepare to launch star fighters. All star fighter squadrons, launch on my command. Target: That damn crystal." At the very least, he thought, this wouldn't distract from the overall goal of destroying the cores.

One of the largest battles to happen within the Federation in its history was happening right outside the hull of the massive vessel, but for the two androids continuing their struggle within, it might as well have been a thousand light-years away. Critch Starblade had met the hard blow of his doppel's strike by easily swatting it downward, and punching him in the face once, twice, three times, with as much force as he could pull from within himself. This did have the effect of driving 'Canty' backwards, but only for a moment, as the android regained his stride, and pushed onward with the attack.

As 'Canty' punished Critch with blows from the metal bar, the vessel shook, as the first shots from the Federation fleet struck. If they had been paying attention, they could have seen the shots coming, the blue and red fire raining down from the heavens, and watched as they hit their targets perfectly. Through the translucent hull images of ships and torpedoes and destruction moved at a rapid pace, but the only thing that alerted the two combatants to the beginning of the battle was the far off destruction of the first power core.

Critch hoped for luck to arrive soon, as he had an idea on how many redundant cores there were. Other than the impressive weaponry and the sheer size, the unbelievable number of power cores was the defense against an attacking army. And just one was all that was needed to keep the vessel running at full capacity.

Not helping Critch's concentration was the fact that 'Canty' had begun to talk again. Although he was able to block out the noise and power through to parry the blows and return some of his own, his enemy continued talking,

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## Beyond The Final Frontier Battle, Part One

CAPT Chris Stephenson

(Continued from page 8)

uncaring of the lack of attention that Critch was paying to his words.

Every strike, every move that the Marconian made was punctuated by slightly raising his voice, betraying the otherwise unnoticeable effort that was being put forth by the two. The deadly dance continued through the rumble of the fire and destruction around them as 'Canty' began to speak to Critch again.

"Don't grieve for this ship, Starblade. The same nanites that flow through your circuits move through this ship. The cores will be repaired with time to spare before it reaches its next destination."

Critch spun around, with the intent of striking 'Canty' in the back. Sensing the move coming, the dopple quickly reached behind him to block, and moved to face him.

"I was thinking, it's a bit outside the path, but since we've started with Lyon and this Federation anyway, we should go ahead and finish the job. What sun should we eradicate next, hmm?" He moved to take the offensive, with each word said now striking hard at Critch's head, only just blocked by the weapon. "Andoria? Vulcan? Perhaps the Klingons?" Critch yelled, finally fighting back, but his weapon met with 'Canty's', and they pressed against each other, each pushing for a brief advantage, the only kind that seemed to exist, as the vessel shook hard from the destruction of a group of cannons. 'Canty' smirked at Critch, as they pressed against each other's metal bar. "You see, it really doesn't matter, Critch. No matter what order, no matter what you do, this universe is going to die and there's nothing you can do about it."

Another large explosion, a nearby core, yet not near enough for Critch's taste, sent 'Canty' backwards just far enough for Critch to press the attack. Even as he did so, though, he realized that this was a distraction. If this fight continued for much longer there would be no chance for the *Maximillian* to be told of the correct target, and all of this would be for naught. Instead, Critch quickly moved back, and then jumped over the railing, far as he could, landing barely on the edge of a moving platform, continuing a slow circular spin around the central power core, connecting the main portions of the vessel to it. The walkway, along with five others, moved clockwise to Critch's position. If there was a purpose to these walkways, Critch did not see any. For the time being, however, he was grateful for their presence.

There was a far off growl, and with his enhanced vision Critch could see 'Canty' look for him, and find him. As quick as he had made the first jump, Critch made a second, and a third, leaping across a broad section of empty space to land precariously on another platform. As he continued to leap around, he attempted to land closer and closer each time to

another communications panel, this one at the end of an adjoining walkway. 'Canty', for his part, was gaining ground with every leap, knowing this ship far better than his counterpart.

Jump after jump was made, and Critch drew closer and closer to his destination. He made the final leap, landing safely in the center of the lower, stationary walkway that connected the auxiliary panel to the central unit. As he drew to his feet and took a step toward the purplish glowing monolith that stood at the end of the walkway, on the other side from the core, he heard a small grunt, of his adversary making his own jump.

Still clutching his own weapon, Critch met 'Canty's' chest with the iron pole, the sheer momentum sent the struck Marconian backwards, landing on his back. He jumped to his feet, but too slowly as Critch decided to take advantage of the situation, hoping that the *Maximillian* would forgive his indulgence. Before 'Canty' could steady himself, Critch struck him across the face with the pole, leaving a slight red gash. Again and again Critch swung, hitting true with every lunge, and his enemy was forced backwards further, as the torpedoes and phaser bolts intensified, and a squadron of Federation star fighters rushed overhead.

The star fighters had launched from the *Maximillian* as quickly as possible, but because of the damage that had been sustained, the main group had been joined with a second formation from the *Columbus*, being flown by the *Capital*-class ship's chief engineer, the Klingon Kohan. Himself a transfer from the Max, he knew many of those he was flying with, and although undoubtedly some considered it strange that an engineer was taking the place of a Wing Commander, Kohan paid it no mind. The *Columbus* was in good hands as it was, and here was a war to fight. And since Kragnar was maintaining security on his own ship, someone had to represent the empire's honor in this battle. And today, of all days, was a good day to die.

With a massive battle cry he took command of the small fleet of star fighters, forming them into one cohesive attack wing. They could not attack the crystal formation dead-on; for fear that the next light beam to come out would simply incinerate them, rendering their flight pointless. Instead they had to cycle around and come at it from behind, somewhat of a sneak attack that Kohan hoped would catch whatever was running the vessel off guard. This, unfortunately, was not without its dangers. To avoid the firing of the cannons, they had to stick as close as they could to the underside of the vessel. This also involved dodging the unceasing attacks from the Federation ships, unable to let up on their barrage for an instant due to the pressing time.

Moving mere meters below the cavernous outcroppings that made up the construction, they dodged around cannons, not even bothering to fire their small but considerable weap-

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## Beyond The Final Frontier Battle, Part One

CAPT Chris Stephenson

(Continued from page 10)

onyr. Kohan left them for the bigger ships. They had one objective to accomplish, and it was coming up fast. Even now, though they were only at about midship, they could see the protrusion of the crystal figurehead where the ship rounded off. It rose to a point at both top and bottom, and Kohan growled knowing that this particular part of the vessel was the demon that had destroyed so much. Even the Gorn needed vengeance, to say nothing of his lost Klingon brothers and sisters, and his fellow officers on both the *Maximillian* and *Columbus*.

As the small star fighters rushed under the uneven surface, a previously unseen cannon came up out of the hull of the vessel. It reached it's firing position only a second after they had moved past it, and fired a yellow bolt into space. Kohan radioed a message out to make his people aware of it, but by that time it was already too late. The yellow bolt soared downwards, and then quickly moved back towards the vessel, and directly into the rear fighter. The bolt was so powerful, and the fighter so small, that the energy completely eradicated the fighter as it passed through it, and then impacted on the surface of the vessel itself.

Kohan cursed silently as he pushed his thrusters to their maximum levels, signaling his men to do the same. As he did this, he noticed two more cannons lower themselves into position. Checking his scanners, he noticed he was about fifteen seconds outside of a firing solution on the crystal. Lowering his head, he concentrated all his thought on accomplishing his mission, no matter what the cost. A death such as this would be honor enough.

Another bolt rushed from a cannon, passing through and destroying another two ships directly behind Kohan. They had been covering his attack run, and they had done their jobs well. They would be rewarded in Sto'vo'Kor, he thought, as he cast an eye upon the ship's clock. Five more seconds... Four... Three...

As one last bolt came from the nearest cannon to Kohan's star fighter, the clock reached zero, and the fighter's phaser banks and torpedo bays came to life. Automatically, from Kohan's instructions, all power in the fighter was concentrated on the destruction of its target. Full phasers and every modified torpedo that the fighter had was fired, all hitting various points on the crystal formation both from the rear and the front as the fighter moved past it, outrunning the now confused bolt of energy. The energy bolt was automatically set to home in on the nearest heat signature, which until a moment before was the star fighter. But now with the sudden array of explosions, it had to make a decision, even with it's limited A.I. It chose, stopping only momentarily in mid-flight to adjust its internal directions, and then it flew quickly into the right side of the crystal.

This last powerful blast was more than enough to finish

the job that Kohan had set out to do. The explosions began to ripple through the crystal, starting at the center and moving up and out, along the sections, ripping apart the object shard by shard. There was a tremendous concussion wave as the pieces of crystal flew apart, and a large yellow mass of fire burning impossibly in the center of it all.

As Kohan flew back towards the *Maximillian* and *Columbus*, and the rest of the battle, a small piece of crystal flew out from the wreckage and struck the star fighter, sending it tumbling end over end. Within an instant, all controls and systems fell offline, and the tiny ship fell towards the still rapidly moving vessel. Kohan kept his eyes open all the way down watching, waiting for his death to arrive, waiting for his arrival into the land he had long dreamed of.

The vessel moved on, but Kohan's ship did not hit the surface. Instead, it moved out of striking distance just before the star fighter impacted, leaving the Klingon moving through space, with no power, and no way to slow himself down.

"Yes!" The destruction of the figurehead on the vessel was met with several fist-pumps and general celebration on the bridge of the *Maximillian*. There was a mild applause, and T'Kill waved his hands downward, enjoying the first bit of joviality since this whole affair began. "Settle down, everyone."

The ensign working the communications console called out to Kelvok suddenly. "Captain, we are receiving signal from the lead star fighter. It is disabled, but life support is holding."

Kelvok acknowledged him by turning his head slightly. "Tell them we'll pick him up after this affair is complete." He allowed himself the thought that they would survive past this, as he turned back to the matter at hand. "All batteries continue firing, continue firing at the..."

"Uh...Uh..." Blobbin interrupted, gesturing at the view screen. One by one they looked at the screen, their moods changing from hope to horror as they watched.

The crystal figurehead of the vessel had shattered in the enormous explosion, and the shards drifted off into space along with various pieces of scrap. However, the construction underneath the crystal was still quite intact. It formed brown scaffolding, and revealed in the exposed center were two identical cylindrical cannons, both long and skinny. They moved independently of each other, each able to move left to right as they glided on invisible tracks up and down. The two tracks were spaced mere feet apart, arranged side by side in the center of the exposed wreckage. They seemed to form the power source for the powerful beam weapon.

"What the hell is that?" Lyon wondered aloud.

"I don't want to find out." Turock signaled the fleet. "All ships, concentrate all fire on..."

"Too late!" Blobbin called out, as the gliding cannons began to fire.

# APRIL 2006

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8 <i>Meeting</i>
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16 <i>Babs Magera's Birthday</i>	17	18	19	20 <i>Mitsuricon 20—23</i>	21	22 <i>Trek Bowl IV</i>
23	24	25	26 <i>Get together— Spaghetti Ware- house</i>	27	28	29
	30					

SCIENCE FICTION

# U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN

FAN ORGANIZATION



## Articles of The Federation

*LTJG Todd McDaniel*  
**Communications Chief**

*(Continued from page 3)*

INCLUDING THE CONCURRING VOTES OF THE PERMANENT MEMBERS, PROVIDED THAT, IN DECISIONS UNDER CHAPTER VI, AND UNDER PARAGRAPH 3 OF ARTICLE 52, A PARTY TO THE DISPUTE SHALL REFRAIN FROM VOTING;

### PROCEDURE ARTICLE 28

1. THE FEDERATION COUNCIL SHALL BE SO ORGANIZED AS TO BE ABLE TO FUNCTION CONTINUOUSLY. EACH MEMBER OF THE FEDERATION COUNCIL SHALL, FOR THIS PURPOSE, BE REPRESENTED AT ALL TIMES AT THE SEAT OF THE FEDERATION;

2. THE FEDERATION COUNCIL SHALL HOLD PERIODIC MEETINGS AT WHICH EACH OF ITS MEMBERS MAY, IF IT SO DESIRES, BE REPRESENTED BY A MEMBER OF ITS GOVERNMENT OR BY SOME OTHER SPECIALLY DESIGNATED REPRESENTATIVE;

3. THE FEDERATION COUNCIL MAY HOLD MEETINGS AT SUCH PLACES OTHER THAN THE SEAT OF THE FEDERATION AS IN ITS JUDGMENT WILL FACILITATE ITS WORK;

### ARTICLE 29

THE FEDERATION COUNCIL MAY ESTABLISH SUCH SUBSIDIARY AGENCIES AS IT DEEMS NECESSARY FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF ITS FUNCTIONS;

### ARTICLE 30

THE FEDERATION COUNCIL SHALL ADOPT ITS OWN RULES OF PROCEDURE, INCLUDING THE METHOD OF SELECTING ITS GOVERNOR;

### ARTICLE 31

ANY MEMBER OF THE UNITED FEDERATION WHICH IS NOT A MEMBER OF THE FEDERATION COUNCIL, MAY PARTICIPATE, WITHOUT VOTE IN THE DISCUSSION OF ANY QUESTION BROUGHT BEFORE THE FEDERATION COUNCIL WHENEVER THE LATTER CONSIDERS THAT THE INTERESTS OF THE MEMBER ARE SPECIFICALLY AFFECTED;

### ARTICLE 32

ANY MEMBER OF THE UNITED FEDERATION WHICH

IS NOT A MEMBER OF THE FEDERATION COUNCIL OR ANY PLANETARY SOCIAL SYSTEM WHICH IS NOT A MEMBER OF THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS, IF IT IS A PARTY TO A DISPUTE UNDER CONSIDERATION BY THE FEDERATION COUNCIL, SHALL BE INVITED TO PARTICIPATE, WITHOUT VOTE, IN THE DISCUSSION RELATING TO THE DISPUTE. THE FEDERATION COUNCIL SHALL LAY DOWN THE CONDITIONS AS IT DEEMS JUST FOR THE PARTICIPATION OF A PLANETARY SOCIAL SYSTEM WHICH IS NOT A MEMBER OF THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS.

## UPCOMING EVENTS

### MARCH

- 11) Meeting
- 29) Get-together @  
Tumbleweeds

### APRIL

- 8) Meeting
- 22) Trek Bowl IV
- 26) Get-together @ Spaghetti  
Warehouse

### MAY

- 13) Meeting

## Candidates still needed for the following Ship Positions

Armory Chief  
Transporter Chief  
Counselor

Submissions to the April 2006  
edition of the Mighty Max  
are due on **April 1, 2006.**

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

**THE MIGHTY MAX  
MARCH 2006**

Captain Chris Stephenson  
1450 King Avenue, Apt. 23  
Columbus, Ohio, 43212  
Phone: 614-284-4962  
Email: [critchstarblade@gmail.com](mailto:critchstarblade@gmail.com)  
Newsletter Submissions Due April 1st

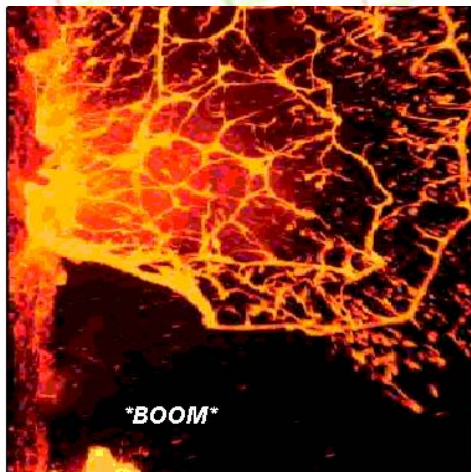
[HTTP://GROUPS.YAHOO.COM/GROUPS/MAX74997](http://groups.yahoo.com/groups/max74997)  
[HTTP://WWW.MAXIMILLIAN.ORG](http://www.maximillian.org)

Happy March Birthday:  
Clarence Bradley, Catherine Biro  
and Daniel Milks

**MIGHTY  
MAX  
Adventures**

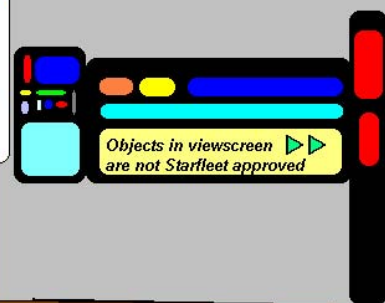
by **Skrit**

**THIS MONTH:  
Critch's  
Dilemma...**



**\*BOOM\***

Oh my!  
Did we  
blow up a  
planet?  
Did I  
miss a  
meeting?



Objects in viewscreen  
are not Starfleet approved

No, you didn't Databit. Captain Critch said that he wanted to see some planet explosions, so he had me call up some stuff on the viewscreen.



Viewscreen not to be used for entertainment purposes.

Have you gone completely crazy, Critch?



I am not crazy! I merely asked Skrit to include some more explosions in here. It isn't like Blobbin will mind. He isn't going to demote me.



Don't be so sure about that!

**HAVE A HAPPY  
ST. PATRICK'S  
DAY!**

**TUNE IN NEXT  
MONTH FOR  
ANOTHER  
EXCITING  
ADVENTURE!**

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