



# 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 10

OCTOBER 2006

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Battlestar Galactica : 10pm Friday nights on Sci-Fi

## The MaX-Files

*CAPT Chris Stephenson*  
**Commanding Officer**

Another month, another newsletter. Our billionth in a row!

This month has seen a few things, our meeting at Starbase of course, and the recreation of our monthly dinners thanks to Todd. Spaceballs and the Ren Fest. One of the things we went over at our meeting was that we are actually going to make a movie based on the fictional Star Trek: Maximillian. Blobbin, Databit, Critch, and everyone else will be in it, and the treatment and plans are being drawn up as we speak. Hopefully, we'll be able to start shooting in the spring, and have it done...someday. It's going to be a long process that's going to take commitment and time, but if we put this together, we'll have done something legendary, something far beyond what most clubs only dream of.

More immediately, it's October, and that means Halloween. There's our party, of course, which will have passed by the time you read this, but there's also the U.S.S. Columbus's party. I'll be moving this month as well, a bit north, and 2/4 of the Maximillian's command staff will live very close to each other. Also: Another dinner, and the horror movie marathon.

In this newsletter, I'm restarting "Strength in Darkness", and hopefully getting back on the writing wagon so I can get caught up to current continuity. Beyond the Final Frontier is still being edited, so another month for that.

See ya!

## Surprises from the Edge of the Solar System

*CMDR C.J. Biro*  
**First Officer**

Almost every day, the great antennas of NASA's Deep Space Network turn to a blank patch of sky in the constellation Ophiuchus. Pointing at nothing, or so it seems, they invariably pick up a signal, faint but full of intelligence. The source is beyond Neptune, beyond Pluto, on the verge of the stars themselves.

It's Voyager 1. The spacecraft left Earth in 1977 on a mission to visit Jupiter and Saturn. Almost 30 years later, with the gas giants long ago seen and done, Voyager 1 is still going and encountering some strange things.

"We've entered a totally new region of space," says Ed Stone, Voyager project scientist and the former director of JPL. "And the spacecraft is beaming back surprising new information."

Before we reveal the surprises, let us discuss exactly where  
*(Continued on page 5)*

## Security Report

*CMDR Nathan Cobaugh*  
**Security Chief**

Well, it is October finally, which means that we are getting close to the end of another year. The time just seems to fly by so quickly and Skritweb has been neglected. I have been working so many hours lately at the store and barely have enough time to spare. Holiday seasons are always the worst time of the year especially when you work retail. I am gradually working on revamping Skritweb and streamlining it, thanks of course to the input that I have been getting. Also, mostly because there are some broken links here and there that I need to work on, and the updates that I so desperately need to do.

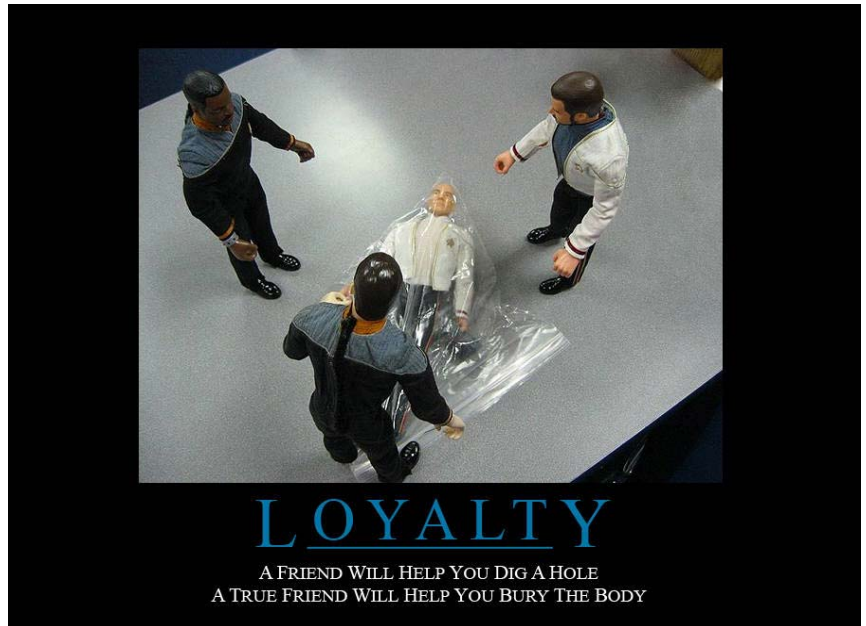
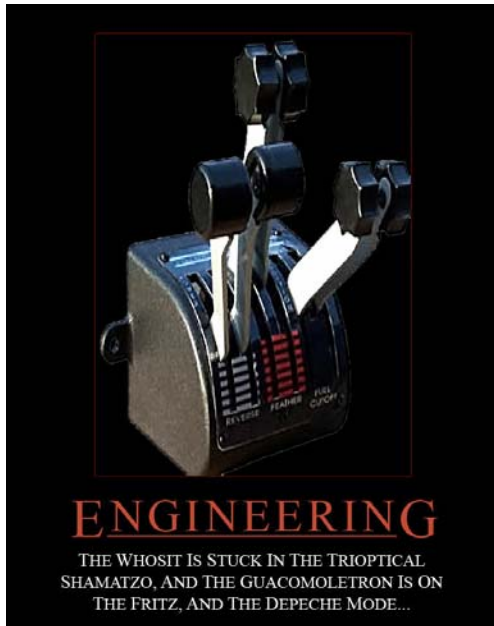
Moving on to the Mighty Max comic; I wanted to do something that was kind of Halloween-ish so for this month, I opted to do the Stargate parody/comic. Rest assured that the MMA will be back in full force in November. As usual I always take story ideas and/or suggestions for the MMA at the meetings, after all, without the crew of the Maximillian this comic would not be around. Of course, I will be attending the horror marathon at the Drexel Grandview and my report next month will include highlights. The marathon is the weekend of the 22nd and for those who might be interested in attending there might be some tix left either at any of the Drexel theaters or The Laughing Ogre.

Since the holiday season is fast approaching, so will the Max's Xmas dinner. Anyone who likes to listen to holiday music, specifically the old classics that you hear on the radio every year, I have finally recorded enough tracks for a CD. The music that I use is public domain, so for anyone who might want a CD that is a member feel free to ask and you can get an early release of my new CD. By the month of December, I hope to have jewel cases with inserts/sleeves, etc. These are recordings that I have nipped to death. Since I have not had a whole lot of time to play with audio tweaking, and sound editing, I chose to do straight recordings from my keyboards. Which means that I would spend an hour or two every other night, playing the same song over and over until I was satisfied with the recording.

For those of you interested in obtaining a CD, please let me know by the November meeting. On the off chance that anyone wants to support my music shop, feel free to make a donation or a purchase.

Moving on, I look forward to the Max's Halloween party/meeting. Happy Halloween!

Help your Captain Move for his birthday!  
 OCTOBER 21, 2006 (Tentative)  
 Contact Critch at [critchstarblade@gmail.com](mailto:critchstarblade@gmail.com)  
 Or 614-284-4962



POSTERS BY LISA!

## September Meeting Minutes

*LT Overload Soong-Maddox  
Chief of Operations—Records Officer*

Live from outside Starbase Columbus, it's SATURDAY NIIIIIGHT!

Well....the monthly Max meeting anyway, commemorating the 40th anniversary of Star Trek! We have realized two things: One: This is the first time we have had a meeting at Starbase. Two: Zen.

Captain Critch's report then begins. The website now has pictures, videos, and all the stories! Soon will be a newsletter archive. So yeah. This is gonna be a big site. And Nathan is Calculon oh NOES! Critch did the newsletter and includes the Magical Mystery Tour, and inspiration Star Trek parody posters of how cool we are! Charlie leers about his Troi figure more than he really should, and MORE!!!! There are stories, and art, and stuffs!

Also, Critch says there is no nose picking during the meeting. Could have told us earlier. :P Charlie is still fantasizing about the Troi doll. I worry about her.

Critch then discussed the finale of his story, "Beyond the Final Frontier". the tale first debut in the January 2000 issue of the newsletter, and ended in the September 2006 issue. Needless to say, that was a nice healthy run!

Once again, the First officer takes the form of Overload, and BOY do I have first officer stuff to say! The roles we needed were filled last meeting, and Nathan is stupid, and resembles an S! (His words! No doubt!) But now we have new roles. Well, leftover ones. Now we need a medical officer and a transportation chief. But since everyone at the meeting had a position, they couldn't be filled just yet. No worries! We have new members among us, and there are still others that

aren't labeled yet! We'll get you yet, you here me, non labeled members??? \*shakes fist in determination\*

And always, whenever First Officer Overload comes along, so does Records Officer Overload! Twice the fun and insanity!! (Droid, stop rolling your eyes!) Talked about Vegas, what we did, BJ Skwirl (Okay okay Spinner. You people are sticklers.), Databit's Vegas capers, and future plans for trips, including Vegas: the Sequel!!! Ideas have been narrowed down to Toronto and the San Diego Comic Con. Voting between those two locales will take place at...you got it! The October meeting!

The Treasury kitty is being played by Critch. Treasury is doing good at \$900 - 1000. T'Purr doesn't like to put anything in the newsletter. Critch said stabby stab and everyone has re-upped! Go Max! Also in T'Purr land, science news states that the Shuttle Atlantis went up today on Star Trek's Anniversary! Does it GET any more special than this?? I think not.

No Admiralty and that makes me sad. I miss Matt!! But Ralph's silver marker exploded and made blobbin shapes. Does that count? Elaine was here earlier but she didn't attend the meeting.

Guests:

Cathy (Columbus): Hosting a Mystery party in November like last year (Most likely Chicago Caper), and their next meeting is next week at the Karl Rd. Library!  
Blaze (Zen's roommate), Joe Manning, Ralph, BJ, and Melinda made cameo appearances as well.

Officer reports:

*(Continued on page 5)*

## September Meeting Minutes Continued!

*(Continued from page 4)*

Wing Commander Charlie forced his wings into COSi with Critch, Lisa, Squirrelly, and me! The Star Wars exhibit was great!!! As was the ocean exhibit and the moon! And he got to land a space shuttle. Afterwards was dinner at City BBQ.

Armoury John (He said I could call him that!) doesn't have much to report! He came from Vegas and has his life going just ducky!!

Security, starring Skrit! Horror movie marathon is being housed by the Drexel on Oct 21 - 22. (Oh Horrors!!) The Lexington is.....in transition. But one of the production folks said they can help us film the movie! So now we can plan movie stuff! Everyone get your crayons!! As a result, Critch, Overload, Charlie, and John Chubb have formed the new movie committee! We'll be meeting after the October meeting to get things in gear!

Skrit also gave more updates on the Star Wars exhibits upcoming dates in other cities, and a Cartoon Network exhibit coming to COSi. And speaking of cartoons, there are more cartoons from Skrit in the newsletter! Read THAT!

Engineering! Squirrelly found his nuts in Las Vegas. Blah blah yada yada. He likes the cookie. It was hot and Bits and hot, and we saw circuses. (????????????!!!) And uh, then we went to play with gadgets in the ocean. (And you know, eventually Squirrelly will have a report that will make sense...but for now, well, Flip Wilson comes to mind when I say, "What you see is what you get." ;))

So now there's Lisa with the counselor report! She's NOT the first officer! I should know. That was ME...sorta. :) But it's her first, officer report though! She's still looking for TARDIS plans. And she has become Databit's official tailor! :D Databit gives her two squeaks up. John then propositioned Lisa, and Databit did too, and Darth Vader did at the COSi exhibit. She gets lovins! And next week she's taking up skydiving. Lisa is now crazier than Squirrelly!

And then ZEN!!! THE ESTRANGED MORALE OFFICER! He hereby wishes it to be known that he likes his name is Q. He was in the purple room of holding. He was gone. GONE!!!! Work was evil, and he got a new job with Commercial Movers. This new job makes him works weekends. But it's random, so he may show up someday again!! He also takes commissions that he can put into the newsletter. And he stole Squirrelly's nuts. Again.

Also, Bill (new member) found a BB pulse rifle!

*(Continued on page 6)*

## Surprises from the Edge of the Solar System Continued!

*(Continued from page 3)*

Voyager 1 is: Our entire solar system-planets and all-sits inside a gargantuan bubble of gas about four times wider than the orbit of Neptune. The sun is responsible. It blows the bubble by means of the solar wind. Astronomers call the bubble itself "the heliosphere" and its outer membrane "the heliosheath."



A simulated heliosheath in your kitchen sink. Image credit: Tony Phillips.

Voyager 1 is about 10 billion miles from Earth, inside the heliosheath.

"You can simulate the heliosheath in your kitchen sink," says Stone.

"Turn on the faucet so that a thin stream of water pours into the sink. Look down into the basin. Where the stream hits bottom, that's the sun. From there, water flows outward in a thin, perfectly radial sheet. That's the solar wind. As the water (or solar wind) expands, it gets thinner and thinner, and it can't push as hard. Abruptly, a sluggish, turbulent ring forms. That ring is the heliosheath."

"The heliosheath is important to humans," continues Stone. "It helps protect us from galactic cosmic rays." Galactic cosmic rays are subatomic particles accelerated to nearly light speed by supernovas and black holes. Astronauts out in space are exposed to the particles-and that's not a good thing. Cosmic rays can penetrate flesh and damage DNA. Fortunately, the heliosheath deflects many cosmic rays before they ever reach the inner solar system. "Magnetic turbulence in the heliosheath scatters the particles harmlessly away."

Note: We have many shields against cosmic rays from the thin walls of spaceships to massive planetary atmospheres. But the heliosheath is our first line of defense, and that makes it special.

Because of its role as Solar System Protector, "we need to learn as much as we can about the heliosheath," says Stone. "Voyager 1 is giving us our first look inside."

And now for the surprises:

Magnetic Potholes: Every now and then, Voyager 1 sails through a "magnetic pothole" where the magnetic field of the heliosheath almost vanishes, dropping from a typical value of 0.1 nanoTesla (nT) to 0.01 nT or less.

There are also "magnetic speed bumps" where the field strength jumps to twice normal, from 0.1 nT to 0.2 nT. These speed bumps and potholes are an unexpected form of turbu-

*(Continued on page 8)*

## September Meeting Minutes Continued!

*(Continued from page 5)*

Now, earlier today Channel Four was out here, so we're going to be on the news!! And Critch burped....

....AND HE VOMITED OLD NEWS!  
The library committee is underway, but I kinda forgot to bring it today. Go me. >.<

The homefront committee will start taking membership card pics again, and we can get a 10% discount at Starbase with them!!

Later in the month is Spaceballs (PuttPutt tournament in Dayton) and we're caravanning there! Watch the Max list for further details on where to park, but we're planning to meet up at 10:30 am on Saturday 9/24 (Westpoint Plaza).

New business:

\*deep breath and...\* VULKON IS COMING TO COLUMBUS!!!!!! And the Max is aiming to be staff!!

Next month is the Whetstone Library for the meeting at 5 pm.

Future permanent meeting place was offered by Bill (Bill's Bricks and Toys!) Voting for it will take place next month.

In November Critch will be taking a month off because he's moving!

Random stuff:

Zen has pants!

Hallowe'en party is next month complete with contest!

Marcon meeting is next Sunday at the Northwest Library at 1-2 pm! Let's get Marcon a media guest! Like Brent Spiner only not. Critch thinks Brent Spiner shouldn't come to Columbus too much because of the diseases and parasites he has.

Finally, a great big thank you for BJ and Melinda for letting us have our meeting!!!

CUT! That's a wrap!

## Pursers Report

*LCDR Susan Moran  
Pursur / Chief of Science*

### New Memberships 8/06

Single Membership—  
WilliamRyder

### Renewed Memberships 9/06

Single Membership—Sean Adrian (Zen)

Single Membership—Nathan Cough (Skrit) (2yrs)

Single Membership—Lisa Lombardi

Single Membership—Todd McDaniel

Single Membership—John Chubb

### Memberships expire in 3 months or less:

John Friedrich (10/06)

Brandy Jackson (11/06)

Mykayla Jackson (11/06)

Randy Jackson (11/06)

Tyesha Jackson (11/06)

Elijah Johnson (11/06)

Kevin Johnson(11/06)

Elizabeth Sartori (11/06)

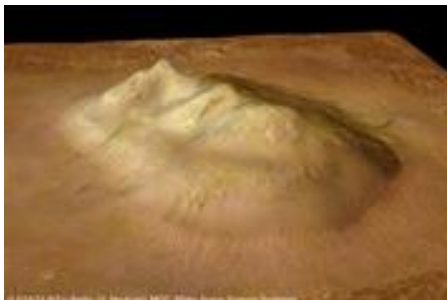
General Fund: \$637.57

Charity Fund: \$259.19

MCAE<sup>1</sup>: \$46.00

**Total Balance: \$942.76**

For decades, photos of what appeared to be a huge, face-shaped rock formation on Mars fueled theories of intelligent life on the Red Planet. "People automatically thought, 'My goodness, it's a face. There must be intelligent life on Mars. Maybe the Martians built this huge monument to indicate that there is intelligent life and we should come and visit,'" McKay said.



This image provided by the European Space Agency shows a perspective view of the so-called 'Face on Mars' located in the Cydonia region

## UPCOMING EVENTS

### OCTOBER

20—Camelot Meeting

21—Columbus Meeting

21—Move the Captain (Tent.)

23—Critch turns 27

### NOVEMBER

11—Meeting

18—Columbus Meeting

### DECEMBER

9—Holiday Party

15—Camelot Meeting

16—Columbus Meeting

31—New Years Eve Party

**Candidates still needed for the following Ship Positions**  
Medical Officer  
Transporter Chief

Submissions to the November 2006 edition of the Mighty Max are due on **November 1, 2006**.  
Submit to  
Critchstarblade@gmail.com



### Beyond The Gates

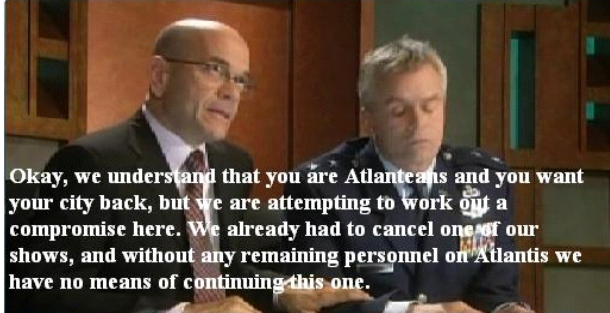
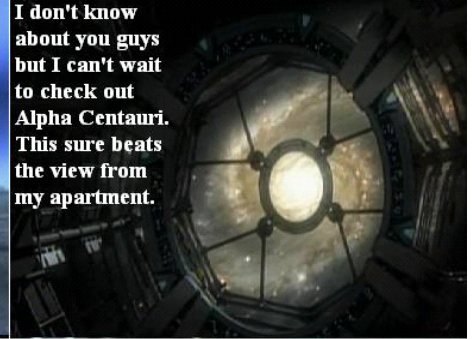
(Way, way, beyond the gates of the SG universe.)

Caution: Gate travel may increase your chances of being killed by a Goa'uld, Wraith, and/or Ori followers

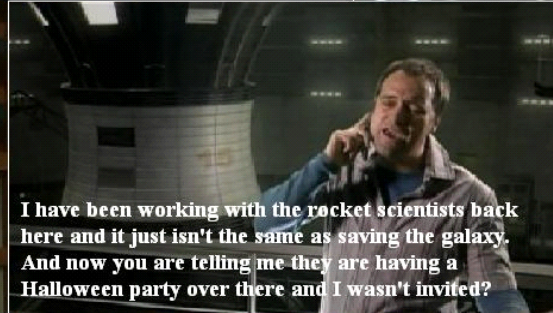
Captain's log: we are currently heading towards the galactic bridge that has been conceived by Dr. McKay. The first transport will be tested shortly. Gen. O'Neill will be en route immediately after we confirm the bridge is stable for transport.



I don't know about you guys but I can't wait to check out Alpha Centauri. This sure beats the view from my apartment.



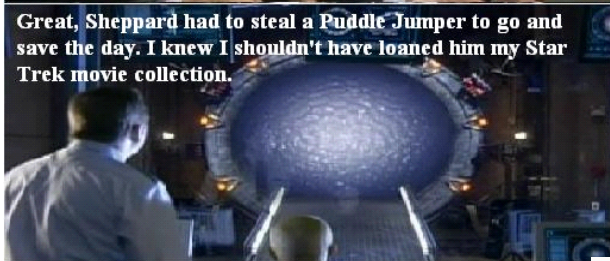
Okay, we understand that you are Atlanteans and you want your city back, but we are attempting to work out a compromise here. We already had to cancel one of our shows, and without any remaining personnel on Atlantis we have no means of continuing this one.



I have been working with the rocket scientists back here and it just isn't the same as saving the galaxy. And now you are telling me they are having a Halloween party over there and I wasn't invited?



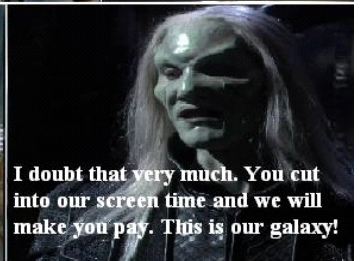
The Replicators decided to crash the party over here, they were offended that we invited the Wraith and not them.



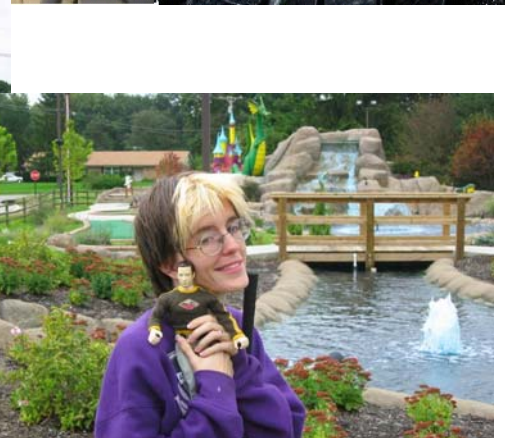
Great, Sheppard had to steal a Puddle Jumper to go and save the day. I knew I shouldn't have loaned him my Star Trek movie collection.



We are the Replicators. Your attempts to thwart us have failed. We now control the city of Atlantis. Resistance is futile.



I doubt that very much. You cut into our screen time and we will make you pay. This is our galaxy!



SPACEBALLS 2006 — WE WON BEST SHIP—BEST PLAYER (CRITCH) - LONGEST DRIVE—AND MOST DRIVE

## Surprises from the Edge of the Solar System

lence. What role do they play in scattering cosmic rays? "This is under investigation," says Stone.

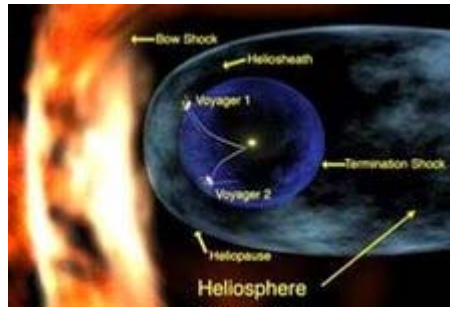
**Sluggish solar wind:** The solar wind in the heliosheath is slower than anyone expected. "The solar wind is supposed to slow down out there, just as the water in your sink slowed down to make the 'sluggish ring,'" says Stone, "but not this slow." Before Voyager 1 arrived, computer models predicted a wind speed of 200,000 to 300,000 mph. Voyager 1 measured only about 34,000 mph. "This means our computer models need to be refined."

**Anomalous Cosmic Rays:** "This one takes a little explaining," he says. "While the heliosheath protects us from deep-space cosmic rays, at the same time it is busy producing some cosmic rays of its own. A shock wave at the inner boundary of the heliosheath imparts energy to subatomic particles which zip, cosmic-ray-like, into the inner solar system. "We call them 'anomalous cosmic rays.' They're not as dangerous as galactic cosmic rays because they are not so energetic."

Researchers expected Voyager 1 to encounter the greatest number of anomalous cosmic rays at the inner boundary of the heliosheath "because that's where we thought anomalous cosmic rays were produced." Surprise: Voyager crossed the boundary in August 2005 and there was no spike in cosmic rays. Only now, 300 million miles later, is the intensity beginning to grow.

"This is really puzzling," says Stone. "Where are these anomalous cosmic rays coming from?"

Voyager 1 may find the source--and who knows what else?--as it continues its journey. The heliosheath is 3 to 4 billion miles in thickness, and Voyager 1 will be inside it for another 10 years or so. That's a lot of new territory to explore and plenty of time for more surprises.



## Mr. Universe

Ronald D. Moore for the New York Times.  
Submitted by LT Todd McDaniel

FOUR decades ago, when the starship Enterprise first settled into orbit around Planet M-113 on Sept. 8, 1966, I was 2 years old. I could not have known it at the time, but "Star Trek" would literally change my life.

To say that any television show has changed one's life is to invite both mockery and pity for a poor, shuttered geek who must surely have been denied direct sunlight and the attention of women for the better part of his days. But in lieu of offering documentary proof that I do not, in fact, still reside in my parents' basement, let me simply tell you how "Star Trek" informed the way I look at the world.

"Star Trek" is often reduced to kitsch: Kirk's paunch, Spock's pointy ears, green-skinned alien girls. But it was more than escapism and rubber-suited aliens. It was a morality play, with Capt. James T. Kirk as a futuristic John F. Kennedy piloting a warp-driven PT-109 through the far reaches of the galaxy.

Kirk, for me, embodied an American idea: His mission was to explore the final frontier, not to conquer it. He was moral without moralizing. Week after week, he confronted the specters of intolerance and injustice, and week after week found a way to defeat them without ever becoming them. Jim Kirk may have beat up his share of bad guys, but you could never imagine him torturing them.

A favorite quote: "We're human beings, with the blood of a million savage years on our hands. But we can stop it. We can admit that we're killers, but we

# MY



# CAPTAIN

won't kill today." Kirk clearly understood humanity's many flaws, yet never lost faith in our ability to rise above the muck and reach for the stars.

"Star Trek" painted a noble, heroic vision of the future, and that vision became my lodestar.

As I grew into adolescence, the show provided a handy reference against which to judge the questions that my young mind began to ask: What is the obligation of a free society toward the less fortunate? Does an "advanced" culture have the right to spread its ideas among more "primitive" ones? What does it mean to be human, and at what point do we lose our humanity to our technology?

And as I grew into an adult, and my political views took shape, I treasured "Star Trek" as a dream of what my country could one day become — a liberal and tolerant society, unafraid to live by its ideals in a dangerous universe, and secure in the knowledge that its greatness derived from the strength of its ideas rather than the power of its phasers.

In my 20's, through a combination of luck and determination, I fulfilled my childhood dream — I became a writer for "Star Trek."

(Continued on page 9)

## Mr. Universe Continued!

Ronald D. Moore for the New York Times.  
Submitted by LT Todd McDaniel

(Continued from page 8)

For 10 years, I helped propel the latter-day incarnations of "Trek" into new territory while keeping alive the set of moral principles I'd taken to heart. As I plotted the adventures of the Enterprise-D and the travails of the space station Deep Space 9, I gradually became interested in pushing the boundaries of "Star Trek," and began to let Captains Picard and Sisko find the shades of gray in a universe Kirk sometimes saw only in black and white.

Science fiction on film and television has, over the past four decades, moved decisively away from the optimism of "Star Trek." "Blade Runner," "Alien" and "The Matrix" posit much darker, dystopian futures; even the "Star Wars" movies posit the rise of a galactic empire founded on "the dark side." Social and commercial explanations abound for this shift, but my theory is that "Star Trek" set the gold standard for the idealistic vision of tomorrow and no one has successfully challenged it.

Nowadays, it may appear that I've turned a blind eye to my lodestar as the crew of the battlestar Galactica behave in ways that would've been unthinkable in the "Star Trek" universe that Gene Roddenberry created. But "Battlestar Galactica" remains very much informed by the lessons I learned from that slightly paunchy man in the gold pajama top on the good ship Enterprise.

My characters may not have all the answers (sometimes they're not even aware of the questions) but they contain kernels of both good and evil in their hearts and continue to struggle for salvation and redemption against the darker angels of their natures. Their defeats are many, their victories few, but somehow, some way, they never give up the dream of finding a better tomorrow.

And, thanks to a 40-year-old television show, neither do I.

Ronald D. Moore is the writer of "Battlestar Galactica."

## WING COMMANDER!

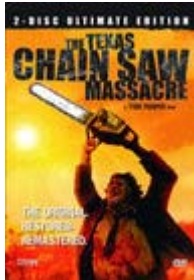
Submitted by Charles Connor  
WING COMMANDER

Greetings. October has come and Fall is here. Gee, where has the time went. I got my first look at the remastered Star Trek TOS. It's not bad, but I guess I was expecting more. Halloween weekend I'm going to see Robin. We'll be heading off to NJ to the Chiller Theater Expo. Woowoo!

Capt Charles Connor Wing Commander

## Movie Review

CMDR Nathan Cobaugh  
Security Chief

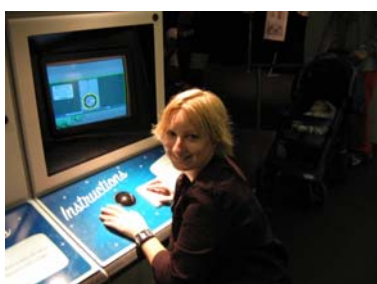


Since this is the month of October and all horror movies usually come out around this time, I thought I would do an article/review of an American icon that everyone has heard of at least once around Halloween.

It all started 22 years ago when Tobe Hooper created and directed The Texas Chainsaw Massacre. Released in 1974, it started a chain reaction in American cinema that would spark the genre of horror movies to a whole new level. After being banned in many areas, it took many years before TTCM became a cult classic. Originally inspired by the life of Ed Gein, TTCM shocked movie-goers at the time since it was the suburban and outlying cities that showcased more shocking stories. The wide open plains used to be portrayed as more of a peaceful and laid back environment and Tobe Hooper turned that completely around with TTCM. After a few sequels that went belly up at the box office, Michael Bay turned to Tobe Hooper again to restimulate the classic into the 21st century by doing a 2003 remake.

The 2003 remake was not as gritty as the original and the previous sequels were more comedic in nature and were not taken very well due to the lack of either budget or just not enough drama/terror. Overall the 2003 remake was as good as TTCM can get when you get all the digital and Hollywood stuff involved. The only good thing about the 2003 version is the DVD which has the original uncut scenes on it. The dual disc set is worth the investment because you get to see a lot of bonus footage and some cool interesting background of TTCM's history and origins.

Now 22 years later after the original release of TTCM, Tobe Hooper, who also directed the classic Poltergeist movie, teamed up with Michael Bay again to release the prequel, TTCM: The Beginning. The main cast of the Hewitt family from the '03 version are reprising their roles, especially R. Lee Emery (Mail Call/ Full Metal Jacket). Horror fans will not be disappointed in this new chapter in the TTCM series.





## Battlestar Galactica: An editorial by John Chubb

Cmdr John Chubb  
Chief of Armory

*(Please note: The following article does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the U.S.S. Maximillian or it's members. It might, but you don't know. Bwahahaha. -Ed.)*

Battlestar Galactica.

A name that meant so much to so many people. To some it was a tale of hope, faith and family. Also about people banding together to overcome the odds in a fight for survival against an oppressive enemy that wanted nothing more than the total annihilation of the human race.

Now the name seems synonymous with tragedy. At least in the eyes of fans that fought for years to have the series revived. Myself being one of them.

Why? Well that's a long story. I'll try to keep it as brief as possible.

It started years ago when series star Richard Hatch (Capt. Apollo) went from town to town promoting a concept trailer for a Galactica revival called 'The Second Coming'. Hatch got the idea to revive Galactica from a Star Trek convention he visited, and was surprised at all the people that recognized him from a show that only lasted one year.

It may have only lasted one year, but it had so much potential. Potential that could still have been explored. Plus the show had been kept alive for years due to home video and syndication during the UHF boom of the 1980's.

To that end Hatch sought to spearhead a revival. A revival that would entail the adventures of the Galactica 20 yahrens later with a new generation working alongside the old warriors who have taken up leadership roles in the Colonial society. Different approaches to this were taken from Maximum Press comics coming across Earth and settling, to Hatch penning a series of new Continuation novels, to the Second Coming trailer itself which had the Colonial Fleet stopping to colonize a planet after believing that they had eluded their Cylon pursuers, only to find they have returned, and evolved, after a civil war on the Cylon homeworld.

Hatch wasn't the only one looking to do a revival. Series creator Glen Larson sought to do a Galactica film, alongside producer Todd Moyer (Wing Commander, Barb Wire), but there was some uncertainty to Larson's project as it would not have featured the Galactica, but rather the Pegasus as it comes across another Battlestar named the 'Atlantis'. There was also concern to the selection of Todd Moyer as a producer,

especially after the movies Wing Commander and Barb Wire....didn't inspire much confidence on the Larson front.

Also Hatch had come down to the level of the fans. He listened to us and tried to incorporate our input into his concept. Larson....seemingly couldn't have bothered.

The only thing their concepts had in common was that they would have eliminated the failed 'Galactica 1980' from series cannon. 'Galactica 1980' was an attempt by ABC to revive Galactica to where Galactica found Earth but during a present day setting. Due to corporate mismanagement, and cheesy scripts written for the 7:00 p.m. time slot it was on, this show did not endear to many fans. The only episode that did endear to fans was the last Galactica 1980 episode 'The Return of Starbuck' which guest starred Dirk Benedict (Lt. Starbuck).

Universal also seemed to be stonewalling as it didn't seem that Hatch's efforts were going anywhere. Then along came Bryan Singer and Tom DeSanto, who brought about the successful X-Men movie. They worked with Fox and Universal in hopes of bringing about a continuation of the original series as fans wanted.

Unfortunately there was lack of information from that camp that brought about fan skepticism. Hatch also mentioned that he was uncertain that they would have honored the original series. Eventually Hatch threw his support behind Singer/DeSanto to keep the fans unified, as Hatch was considered to be the key figure in the revival effort.

Then 9/11 happened and things became hairy. Production was delayed and it was crossing into Singer's schedule for X-Men 2. Singer had to bow out of directorial duties leaving DeSanto to keep the production going. He screened several directors and sought to keep Singer on as an Executive Producer, but then Fox bowed out two weeks before filming was to begin.

DeSanto still endeavored to keep the production going. He contacted the Sci-Fi channel who expressed interest and DeSanto thought he had a life line. It would turn out that he didn't, as he found out secondhand from a friend that his production was not what Universal was going to support.

DeSanto found out that Universal was going to promote a re-imagining spearheaded by Ron Moore (who De-

*(Continued on page 13)*

# NOVEMBER 2006

| Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu                | Fri                                       | Sat                                       |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|--------------------|---|---|
|     |     |     | 1   | 2                  | 3   | 4   |
| 5   | 6   | 7   | 8   | 9                  | 10  | 11<br><i>Meeting</i>                      |
| 12  | 13  | 14  | 15  | 16                 | 17<br><i>Camelot Meeting</i>              | 18<br>Columbus Meeting                    |
| 19  | 20  | 21  | 22  | 23<br>Thanksgiving | 24<br>Mid-Ohio-Comic-Con<br>Starbase Indy | 25<br>Mid-Ohio-Comic-Con<br>Starbase Indy |
| 26  | 27  | 28  | 29  | 30                 | December 1                                | December 2                                |

SCIENCE FICTION

# U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN

FAN ORGANIZATION





## Battlestar Galactica: An editorial by John Chubb Continued!

*Cmdr John Chubb  
Chief of Armory*

*(Continued from page 10)*

Santo wanted as a showrunner for his project) and David Eick. Like Hatch, Larson and DeSanto, Moore was going to do away with Galactica 1980 from continuity. But Moore was going to take the process one drastic step further.

He was going to do away with the Original Battlestar Galactica from continuity, take the name and premise, then do his own thing altogether. His own thing involved scrapping the mythology of the old show. Taking the names of characters and making them call signs out of 'Top Gun', changing genders of the characters that were supposed to be Starbuck and Boomer. Having the Cylons created by humans instead of having them be a machine race created by a race of reptiles, I could go on forever but I'd go off tangent if I did.

DeSanto's name was kept with this production as he was still contractually obligated to the project, but he was no longer in charge. Moore and Eick were. When details about what Moore was going to do were leaked out compared to DeSanto's (DeSanto was going to do a 25 years later story), fans were outraged.

They spoke out only to be met with deaf ears from the studio...and sick jokes from supposed fans. Not to mention disdain from reviewers. One such 'joke' was a prequel poll which indicated that Universal might have been interested in making Sci-Fi's mini series into a prequel. Fans said they would be interested in that as a prequel would have honored the original, and worked with it in some way, that fans had fought for-and it would have left the door open for a continuation.

It turns out the studio never had any inclination to do that. It was a sick joke from fans who would "do anything to support our boy" and that those that fought for a continuation "deserved to be screwed". They also found their shenanigans against the 'old show' fans to be "quite entertaining" as they boasted about how smart they were to fool the 'stupid fans of their stupid show' implying that 'smart' fans were fans of Moore's efforts.

Another 'joke' that happened was an event known as 'the Clone Wars' where a fan was cloning internet handles under the name 'Milton James' looking to generate a 'fake' audience in support of Moore's efforts. It is also believed that 'Milton James' organized the 'prequel poll' joke as well.

There were other 'internet trolls' that frequented the boards hoping to undermine the fans' efforts. One that popped into my mind was one who operated under the name 'SWClonekiller' who wanted to bring about the end of 'the evil clone' and the fans that supported it whom he referred to as 'old f\*cks'. All for the glory of the 'Star Wars' franchise.

With fans like this who needs enemies huh?

But it didn't stop there, as media reviewers took the side of the trolls in support of Moore. Some reviewers tried to encourage fans to 'give it a chance' as did some trolls that tried to browbeat the message into continuationist fans's heads.

One reviewer confronted continuationists on all fronts trying to tell the fans how 'small and insignificant' they were in their fight for a continuation compared to the supposed 'bigger audience' that lied with the re-imagining. Another 'reviewer' called continuationist fans that rallied under the banner of Colonial Fan Force 'clueless morons' for their efforts and then threw his support solely behind Moore as he considered Moore's work superior compared to the original Galactica.

Reviewers were in no hurry to label the original as a 'campy cheesefest'. Some of these reviewers were from acclaimed magazines like TV Guide. And Time Magazine (a magazine that named Adolf Hitler man of the year in 1938) also seemed to praise Moore's efforts, among others.

And Moore's response? Well he promoted his show as a hearty meal compared to the 'popcorn' that the original series was, and original series fans were told "the popcorn is in a different aisle", callously

dismissing the original in favor of his own work. Katee Sackhoff, whom Moore had as a female Starbuck, basically told fans "I'm Starbuck, deal with it." A move that made her enemies fast.

At the end of the day the show fans fought for was getting spat on in all directions in favor of something completely different, yet used the name. And the fans of that show were screwed over and disrespected at every turn unless they thought Moore was some great innovator. They busted their asses trying to get the studios to bring back the show they wanted only to get treated like crap unless the fans supported their agenda.

When you, and what you fought for, gets trashed and spat on like this and replaced by something at the expense of what you fought for how can those that do the trashing be seen as anything BUT the villains in this story? The 'villains' that trashed the noble 'heroes' that fought for what they believed in?

To say that I'm upset is an understatement. Not only because of the screw job that took place, but also my perception of fans had also changed.

I had figured "sure we fans would have our differences at times, but when the chips were down that we would rally to each other's side and support one another if we believed in their cause. If we didn't we'd just not show support." When the clone wars and disrespect came at us in full force, well that changed my views as to how I saw fans. What once was an idealistic view had become very....jaded.

Does that make me a 'clueless moron'? I don't think so. Just someone who found his perceptions

*(Continued on page 14)*

## Battlestar Galactica: An editorial by John Chubb Continued!

*Cmdr John Chubb  
Chief of Armory*

*(Continued from page 13)*

changed, and in my opinion, not in a good way.

And what happened to Glen Larson and Tom DeSanto? I'll get to that later. Right now the question I want to ask is 'What happened to Richard Hatch'?

Well, he took a role as freedom fighter 'Tom Zarek' on the re-imagining, and now throws his support behind Moore. As an actor myself I can see him taking a role in order to pay the bills, especially since he spear-headed his 'Second Coming' revival effort with his own money. On the other hand....

If you had ever gone to a wrestling show, and there was a wrestler that was about to leave for another promotion for more money, the fans would chant "You sold out!!! You sold out!!!". I think the emotion that fans feel in this chant is directed towards Mr. Hatch at this point. And I will admit to feeling that way a little myself.

What started as a simple revival movement turned into one of the biggest screw jobs in Sci-Fi history, if not the history of Hollywood. A screw job where a producer who was going to give fans what they wanted and made it successful was tossed aside in favor of one who wanted to do what he alone wanted, where fans were attacked by clone handles and reviewers that wanted to show fans who was boss, and where the media was looking to promote a show at the expense of what fans fought for.

Now don't go thinking that I believe that all the fans of the re-imagined Galactica are a bunch of a\*\*holes like 'Milton James', 'SWClonekiller', or like some Hollywood reviewers who will remain namless(due to wishing to avoid a defamation lawsuit) were. There are a few good souls in what continuationists refer to as the GINO (Galactica In Name Only) fandom. But they seem to be few and far in between in a fandom that seems to reward the a\*\*hole and the egotist at the expense of hard working fans that wanted to see their show revived and respected.

And the good souls? Well what I have to

say next might offend some of them but I think it needs to be said. A lot of them may not know of 'Milton James's' antics, or if they do know they look the other way and continue to watch Moore's show not realizing that they are helping to bury the show that many fans fought for, and wanted to see brought back and continued-the Original Battlestar Galactica. Right or wrong that's how I feel at times.

Some of these souls say that "Yes, there can be a second Galactica." "Yes, the Original can be brought back." as do some continuationists. But Universal has little to no wish to listen as they seem to think having two Galacticas would confuse the audience. Personally I think fans are smarter than that.

There is a 'Classic Battlestar Galactica' comic coming out from Dynamite comics. But that seems to be as far as Universal is willing to go right now. And that may be as far as they're willing to go period.

And notice earlier I said 'continuationist' to describe fans of the old. Some have called such fans 'purists' which I consider to be an inaccurate term. When I think of what a 'purist' is I think of the hate group on the series 'Alien Nation' that couldn't seem to accept any change of any kind. Continuation fans knew that there would be changes. They didn't want it to be 1978 again, or see disco revived, as some had accused continuation fans of being.

There had to be change. But change into what was the question? And for what reason? Is it to honor a franchise or one's own ego?

This is not the first time this story has been told by fans, and it probably won't be the last. Whether it will be told in a popular media format remains to be seen. I myself have no wish to tell this story again, and I hope this article will be the last time I do so as I don't want to relive these memories and feelings again. And I don't want to take others along this dark dreary road again as well. I can only

hope that they remember this article the next time they think about what Galactica means to so many people.

So where does that leave Galactica fans? Well the fans of the re-imagining (GINO) series have got a third year. But where does that leave the continuationists?

Well, they are on their own.

Since the studio has apparently taken fan requests on deaf ears (with the exception of the Dynamite Comics deal) continuation fans had to take matters into their own hands in order to keep the Galactica they love alive.

Some fan fiction is out there on websites like <http://www.galacticafanfic.com>. There is also a fan film site called [bat-tlestarfanfilms.com](http://battlestarfanfilms.com) which can be located at <http://www.battlestarfanfilms.com>, which hosts a lot of fan made productions like the Battlestar Callisto adventures. Russell Sanders, known as the 'Two Brained Cylon', is creating an audio series called 'The Exodus' series which makes use of materials from all the Galactica series (including those apparently discarded from Moore's show) and that can be reached through <http://www.FanAudio.com>. And the Colonial Fan Force site is located at <http://www.colonialfanforce.org>.

There are other fan films discussed. One that is said to be coming out this year is a fan film called 'Battlestar Galactica:The 14th Colony'. There is also one where the Galactica would team up with the Enterprise from Star Trek in a production called 'Journey's Fate'. Trailers have

*(Continued on page 15)*

## Battlestar Galactica: An editorial by John Chubb Continued!

*(Continued from page 14)*

been posted for both these productions on the Colonial Fleets website <http://www.colonialfleets.com>. Other information, as well as research into other productions, can be reached through the Cylon Alliance at <http://www.cylon.org> where alliance member Commander Taggart does an occasional podcast called Radio IFB. Incidentally, yours truly is a proud member of the alliance. Also I will be picking up the 'Classic Battlestar Galactica' comic when it comes out.

It should also be noted that Tom DeSanto has not given up on trying to do a Galactica project either. It has been indicated that Glen Larson has acquired the movie rights to do a Battlestar Galactica movie thanks to a separation of rights claim filed years ago when Hatch began his efforts, and there is discussion that he is looking to work with DeSanto.

But there is skepticism on whether Larson can deliver, as he has made wild promises about movies he wants to do in the past. Also Larson may want DeSanto to do the failed 'Pegasus' story, which DeSanto has seemingly admitted to not being interested in, and that some fans have admitted to not being interested in either. So that's up in the air.

But for right now the time for bickering is past. There are fans that are looking to do what the studio seems unwilling to do, keep the show they fought for alive, and hope that it will return in all its glory.

Hope, faith and family. What the ORIGINAL Galactica was all about. And yet it is that Galactica that has to fight to stay alive.

## Pictures from Starbase Columbus Star Trek 40th Anniversary!



## Star Trek: Maximillian Strength In Darkness

### Season 1—Episode Five

*Written by Chris Stephenson — Past stories available at [www.maximillian.org](http://www.maximillian.org)*

*The following story takes place in the year 2381, four years after the events in BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER. Captain Kelvok of the Maximillian, along with his crew, has uncovered a strange new form of life, a plant creature that nearly takes over his ship. The creatures make their way to a isolated planet where they begin to multiply quickly. Kelvok's first officer, Tamak, acting unlike himself, damages the Maximillian, inadvertently killing one officer before control is returned to the Captain. It is quickly decided that the only way to eradicate this creatures completely is to destroy the planet before they can find a way off world.*

*Following these events, Captain Kelvok steps down from the Captaincy rather than face a long and damaging series of questions. He has strongly recommended that LCDR Critch Starblade take control of the ship. Admiral Blobbin is optimistic, but Admiral T'Kill has his reservations, remembering only too well what happened four short years ago...*

#### PROLOUGE

As it was night on the United Star Ship *Maximillian*, at least what could be considered to be night on a ship surrounded by endless darkness, silence overpowered everything. The strange quiet extended through the empty halls, through the darkened sickbay, to the Engineering bay where only a sparse night shift worked. It had been decided long before that even on a ship of this size, keeping the traditions of the homeworlds of the Federation was very important. Hence, a lightened shift, allowing most members of the crew to have a work shift, an off shift, and most importantly, a sleep shift.

Almost all the members of the Maximillian, from the Horta Xenobiologist Nirathi to Zen, the Vulpes Sapien chief of morale required a long period of rest of some sort. The main exceptions were the two Soong-based androids, though they slept at times in search of dreams, locked away in their strangely developed neural nets.

One other android of another type had recently drifted off into a period of recharge and relaxation, a period that had been too long in coming. For Critch Starblade, the past few months had been more tiring than almost any time he could remember in his history. After the incidents with Captain Kelvok and the now dead planet Cirrus Theta, most of the bridge crew of the *Maximillian* had been debriefed extensively. At times, there were rumors that none of them would be left in the fleet to serve on the Max. The death of a once-thriving planet, caused by a desperate action in order to save the rest of the galaxy from an unstoppable race of strange plant-creatures, demanded answers, especially from the few survivors, many of which had pledged their lives to destroying their planet's murderers.

It was an extreme act of self-sacrifice that led Captain Kelvok to choose not to maintain his Captaincy. While he maintained his rank, he accepted the blame for what had happened and accepted a new role, that of Wing Commander on board the very ship he once captained. In his place, Lieutenant Commander Starblade was promoted up the line, however that was not accomplished without putting Critch through a barrage of questions and challenges, some of which were ongoing. Admiral T'Kill, who held the *Maximillian* as his flagship, was keeping a very close eye on the android. Despite the loyal service since the events with the Marconian invasion, save for a brief stint as a Communications officer on the now lost *Asgard* (*Destroyed during the Dominion War at the Battle of Rathanar. Source: "A Time to Be Born"*) and a brainwashing session at the hands of a corrupt Captain on the *Lynx*, T'Kill still seemed to not fully trust the decisions of the unique android, and only grudgingly accepted that he could become Captain, if only because of the urgings of Kelvok, and fellow Admiral Blobbin.

However, it didn't mean he had to make it easy on Starblade...

As the night moved slowly past, Critch fell deeper and deeper into his recharge cycle. He really only needed to rest for a few hours every couple of weeks. However, he preferred to take his rest period seriously, with several hours every night. He had not yet thought that the raising of his rank may not afford him such opportunities. There was a sudden loud beeping throughout his quarters, serving as an alarm clock for the exhausted android. Sighing, he lifted an arm, and tapped a small panel above his head. Never one for protocol, he simply rasped out a sleepy "What?"

"Critch, you're needed on the bridge, we've received a distress signal and..."

Commander Jaydin was cut off. Critch sighed as he closed his eyes and began to drift back off. "So tell the Captain, I'm off shift." He spoke, ending the discussion, quietly switching off the communicator. What was she thinking? He had no authority in these matters, just being a glorified pilot and all. It was like she thought he was...

He jolted upwards in bed, remembering everything suddenly, and groaned to himself.

"Oh yeah...I'm the Captain."

## 1

Captain Critch Starblade exited the turbolift slowly, unaccustomed to the response that he received with his new position. It seemed that the crew worked a little faster when he was around, and Critch couldn't figure out if it was because they were eager to

*(Continued on page 17)*

## Star Trek: Maximillian Strength In Darkness

### Season 1—Episode Five

*Written by Chris Stephenson — Past stories available at [www.maximillian.org](http://www.maximillian.org)*

*(Continued from page 16)*

impress him, or just wanted to show him what they could do. Regardless, it kept his ship running smoothly, and that was just the way he wanted it.

He had to let that sink in. His ship. The *Maximillian* was under his control. It was something he had rarely even allowed himself to dream about, yet here it was. And all the responsibility that goes with it. Including, he sighed to himself as he strode forward onto the bridge, getting awoken from his desperately needed re-charge time.

“*Captain.*” It was just a simple greeting, but it still came as a bit of a jolt to Critch as he realized that his Xenobiologist had noticed him. Nirathi was a Horta, one of the first in the Federation to serve on a starship, but you certainly couldn’t notice that by his actions. Despite the lack of arms, legs, or even standard communication tools, Nirathi was very successful at his position. A series of prototype telepathic enhancers had been added to the standard ‘babelfish’ universal translators, and so far they had worked fairly well. Nirathi was able to communicate with the crew without speaking, but could understand anything they could say without problems. Other devices had been arranged and developed so that he could do his work, and he had achieved success very quickly.

Critch nodded at him. “Howdy.” And then stopped at the short ramp to the main section of the bridge, where his chair sat, and his command staff busily worked the ship. He stopped, taking it all in, and gazed around at his staff. He had hand-picked his command crew from the finest of the *Maximillian*, as well as a few other ships throughout the fleet. He firmly believed that this was the finest crew on any ship, and looked forward to proving it. If he could stay awake, that is. He stifled a yawn as he appraised his people, many of them not realizing that he had arrived.

Jaydin Aleya, his Bajoran First Officer, who also served as Chief of Medical, a dual role that taxed her time. One of his closest friends on the Max, having seen him at his worst, and at his best. She was his first choice for the position, and as far as he was concerned, the only choice. He

knew that she would have to leave someday, as she also happened to be a very important figure on her home planet.

*(Home Again)* For now, though, he was happy having her by his side.

Skrit, his second officer, and a unique energy being that had intertwined itself with the ship’s former doctor Nathan Alexander several years before, now headed up the Security department, like most of the officers pulling double duty on the ship, and had proved himself capable on uncountable occasions.

His Science Officer, T’Purr Meowran, rounded out his command crew, serving as his third. Her Caitian history gave her a distinctive feline appearance that she shared with only her daughter on this ship, but she never let that stand in her way, and Critch didn’t let it stand in his way of giving her the permanent job once he moved into the center seat.

One of the more talked about members of the crew was Overload, the last known intelligent Soong android. Together with her companion Databit, a perfect replica of the *Enterprise*’s Data, only in an action-figure sized form, they had quickly replaced Critch in the Operations department. Despite Critch’s initial misgivings, *(A Great Adventure)* things had worked out well with the pair, developing into a unique friendship. Surprisingly, Critch had also developed a rapport with Databit, who despite his incredible insatiable curiosity, also was a deep thinker, and they had had many conversations about their differing outlooks on life.

His Chief Engineer was similarly unique, the Squirrel-like being who had taken on the name Squirrelly. His true origins were mysterious, despite his recent explanation of his self over the airwaves of the Federation. *(Forms of Life)* His need for secrecy had led him to come up with a false history, and he was happy to just leave it at that. Critch understood his needs, but knew the time would come at some point that the whole story would have to be told.

Rounding out his bridge staff was his chief of Shuttle Operations, Kelvok himself. He had dropped back into the familiar position after his Captaincy, and Critch was glad to have him on board. Not just

for the experience that he brought with him, but also that Kelvok seemed to serve as a buffer between Critch and Admiral Turock T’Kill, who since the events had spent more time on the ship than he had since before the android had joined the *Maximillian*, something that Critch knew was because of his supposed untrustworthiness.

Critch himself had been through trying times, not just with the happenings with the plant-creatures, which were even now rumored to be popping up on unpopulated worlds outside of Federation space, despite their apparent destruction that had inadvertently lead to Critch becoming captain in the first place. *(A Great Adventure, Needs of the Many)* Before that, when his Marconian doppel had invaded this universe under the guise of bringing the now-deceased Admiral Robert Lyon to some sort of justice *(Beyond the Final Frontier)*. Critch had discovered his true heritage, of a great and terrible conqueror in his home universe, the universe of the Marconians, where all life but their own had been wiped out or enslaved. His memories lost and then regained, Critch denied with every fiber of his being his former life, defeating his twin, but had told no one of what he had found out, only a lie that he had created; that he had discovered that he was to be a spy, to enter the Federation’s good graces and pave the way for the eventual takeover of the worlds of the galaxy. But all that he had accomplished, trying endlessly to prove that he was more than he was meant to be, seemed to mean nothing in certain people’s eyes.

*Better get on with it.* Critch thought to himself, as he said aloud, “What’s going on?” His voice startled most of his bridge crew, and alerted them to his presence. Overload craned her head around even as she continued punching in commands on her console, and gave her

*(Continued on page 18)*



## Star Trek: Maximillian Strength In Darkness Season 1—Episode Five

Written by Chris Stephenson — Past stories available at [www.maximillian.org](http://www.maximillian.org)

*(Continued from page 17)*

standard greeting to him of “Droid!”

Jaydin turned to him, a padd in her hand. “We intercepted a distress signal, Captain.” She smiled as she added his newfound rank. It was something she enjoyed teasing him about. “The signal cut off after just a moment, but we do have the coordinates.”

T’Purr faced the main deck. “It seems to be a Gorn cruiser, at least from the codes they were transmitting on, and the slurred speech.” She shook her head as Critch sat in his chair, adjusting it to his liking.

“Not like the Gorn to send out distress signals...or any signals at all for that matter.”

“Agreed. There has been little seen of them since the destruction of their homeworld.” Databit spoke from his perch on the Operations console. His voice carried throughout the bridge, thanks to a special enhancement that had been placed specially for his use.

“Thanks for reminding me about that... What’s the problem? Why aren’t we there yet?” Critch was eager to bring this to a close, and resume his recharge.

“The problem, is that it’s coming from the other side of the Romulan Neutral Zone.” Skrit added.

Critch frowned. “I thought the Romulans had more important things to worry about right now.”

Skrit nodded. “You’d think so, but the zone has become a battleground for insurgents, criminals, you know, bad people.” Skrit grinned, but Critch just closed his

eyes, not wishing to get drawn into a joking match.

Kelvok cleared his throat, drawing attention. “We should tread lightly, Captain. Our earlier run-in with the Romulans may not have been an isolated incident.” (*Home Again...again.*)

“And I’d agree. Last thing we need on my first cruise is a interstellar disaster.”

“But we can’t just leave those people there!” Overload cried, adamantly. After a moment, Databit stood up straighter. “I agree.”

“We don’t even know if there is anyone there!” Critch sat back in his chair, quickly annoyed with the situation. He sighed heavily. “But...we have to make sure.” He muttered something about regulations that was too quiet for anyone to hear. He nodded towards Jaydin’s seat, and she took the hint and sat down as he gave the order. “Lieutenant Overload, Warp 8 to the last known location of the signal.” He knew he was going to regret this. Shaking his head, he gave a command.

“Lets go.”

*Captain’s Log, Captain Starblade reporting.*

*After a somewhat rude awakening, the command staff is now fully awake and on duty, and ready to investigate this unexpected signal.*

*This is my first mission as Captain of the Maximillian, and one thing is clear.*

*I really have to my comm. System deactivated.*

Fifteen painstaking minutes had passed since the signal had been received, and the *Maximillian* had just arrived at the predetermined coordinates. Quickly dripping out of warp, the ship moved to it’s slowest speed. Overload announced their arrival in her usual cheerful manner, as Critch studied the readouts on the arm of his command chair. “T’Purr...”

“On it.” The Science Officer moved quickly to her screens, scanning them with quick eyes. “That’s strange...There’s nothing here! Only some subspace static!”

“Static, Commander?” Kelvok didn’t like where this was heading.

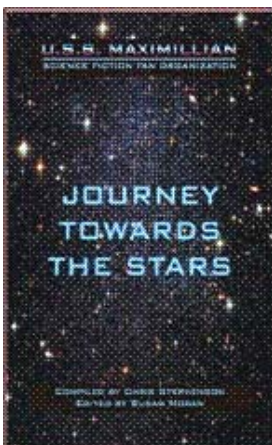
T’Purr nodded. “Yes, from four distinct areas, all around us.”

Critch nodded. “I don’t like this. Filter out the static, and put it on-screen.”

The screen lightened for a moment, and then the blackness of this area of space was quickly filled by four distinct green blobs, fading into view. It only took Critch a moment to realize what they were becoming, as he noticed the static fall away from the sensors. He quickly stood, thinking up orders as fast as his reflexes could go. But the first words out of his mouth moved no-one to do anything.

“Ah. Crap.”

The shapes came into focus, and all viewers could see what they truly were. Skrit shouted at the screen. “Captain! Four Romulan Warbirds decloaking!”



## Continued NEXT MONTH!

Star Trek: Maximillian—Beyond The Final Frontier  
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Charles, Critch, Babs, and Squirrelly celebrate the Moon at Cosi.