

# THE MIGHTY MAX

JANUARY 2009



## IN REMEMBRANCE OF MANNY MEDINA

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This month's issue of the Mighty Max is dedicated to the memory of Manny Medina, who passed away in December. For those that didn't know him, Manny served as a member of the Maximillian several years ago as First Officer, and at another time as treasurer. He also served on the U.S.S. Columbus. While it had been a few years since he was a member, he will be remembered as a man of great spirit, and for better or for worse you always knew where you stood with him.

R.I.P. Manny Medina, Former Commander of the U.S.S. Maximillian. Also Known as Kragnar of the Klingon Septaric family as his persona on board the Max.

### FIRST OFFICER REPORT

CMDR LISA LOMBARDI, FIRST OFFICER



Welcome to 2009, everybody.

We're entering the new year on a sober note. The loss of Manny, though I never had the honor of knowing him, as well as Majel Barrett so recently, have put a damper on the holiday spirit for many of us. I hope that this issue serves as a fitting tribute from our small corner of fandom,

and that we can work through the sadness together in true Max family fashion.

Looking back, 2008 was a tough time for a lot of people, emotionally, financially, and health-wise. I hope that everyone did what they could to help each other out, and that those affected find the next year more enjoyable. Within the Max, we had an extremely active year, and saw a lot of members come out of the woodwork to take part in some very fun events. A sign, hopefully, that things are on the rise for people and that the tough times can be made a little easier by sharing time with friends instead of struggling alone.

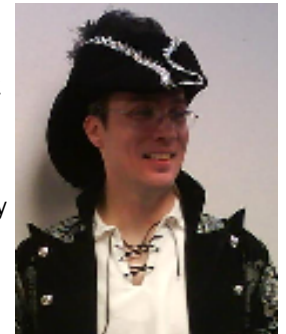
Although some events suffered in participation, we still had a great many things to do, and a wide variety of options to meet everyone's wishes. Those things we did well, we did VERY well. Highlights for me, of course, include Marcon, Dragon\*Con, the Halloween party, the 24 Hour Movie Marathon, and the Christmas party. So many people showed up for those, so many people worked to make them smashing events, and they were great fun for everyone involved. The meetings, dinners, movies, and everything else that punctuated the year also kept me going from day to day.

My time is practically marked by Max events rather than weeks and months. I look forward to each get-together and treasure the memories and mementos from them. I know 2009 is going to be more of the same incredible journey and I am glad each of you are there to share it with me. Here's to the next year!

That's it for this month! First Officer out.

### FROM THE COMMAND CHAIR

CPT CJ BIRO, COMMANDING OFFICER



2008 has come and gone, and we are now taking the first steps into 2009. So much of science fiction is about the bright futures, the perfect societies, and the trouble free universes. As much as we would like to live in those worlds now, we do not. The world we live in is considerably less than perfect, though, we can do our part to help make our world more like the ones we read about and love.

In 2009, I plan to focus ship efforts on community service and charity. In these difficult economic times, many more people than ever need a helping hand, and I would like us to be there to provide some of those hands. Each and every crewmember should make it a goal to provide help in some way to someone else, at least once a month. Time, money, work, donation, materials, clothing, whatever you can spare.

We are starting the food drive early this year, so be sure to bring your foodstuffs, and or cash to the meetings, where they'll be collected up and given to those in need. Let's start making 2009 a better year than 2008 by actively working to make it better for those around us. I know I can count on you all to make it so.

Captain Out.

The U.S.S. Maximillian website family!

<http://www.maximillian.org>

For the latest Maximillian media and information!

<http://maxwriters.pbwiki.com>

The newest version of the Maximillian writers bible!

**SECURITY REPORT**

CMDR NATHAN COBAUGH, SECURITY OFFICER

As part of a tribute to Manny, I wanted to share a moment from a trip to Indy for a convention. At the time I remember that we were en route to get something to eat. Ellen, my sister-in-law was in the vehicle and we were talking about burgers and fries, and how a 'big burger' sounded good. Somehow one of us came up with the catch phrase 'big ol' burger' and we just went on with it from there

and drove Ellen crazy. Another moment that I recall was that Chase Masterson was at the con and after hours, we all went to the hotel pub and had some good times as Chase Masterson was there having a good time as well. Suffice it to say, I distinctly remember Indy quite well with fond memories. It was one of those times that was totally priceless as Chase Masterson the rest of the

Max got along very well. Somewhere probably buried in my garage is a group photo of everyone posing with Chase. These are the moments that I can remember when Manny and everyone on the Max was together.



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**"OF DOLLARS AND CENTS"**

CMDR ERICA STANLEY, SHIP'S PURSER



Happy New Year, everyone! Here are the totals after the December meeting. The expenses to report at this time are for the get well cards for Manny and Tim that

were signed at the December meeting.

Total Balance: \$806.58  
General Fund: \$763.04  
Charity Fund: \$43.54  
Expenses: \$5.10

Renewed Memberships

Belle Bushman  
Craig Bushman  
Kristen Bushman  
Nathan Cobaugh  
Brandy Jackson  
Randy Jackson

Nicole Reiter

Memberships Due within 3 months

Catherine Biro-February  
CJ Biro-February  
Danielle Biro-February  
Rachael Biro-February  
Paula Dunn-February  
Isa Gunther-January  
Susan Moran-February  
Erica Stanley-January  
Mike Stanley-January

Memberships Past Due

(2008 unless noted)  
Lee Highfield-November  
Richard Summer-December

January Birthdays

Jamie "Squirrely" Wilmoth -11th  
Natalie Ryan-12th  
Nathan Cobaugh-16th  
Danielle Biro-20th

February Birthdays

Steve Pompa-8th  
Greg Dunn-20th





## MEETING MINUTES

LCDR BABS MAGERA, RECORDS OFFICER / CHIEF OF OPERATIONS

Okay well, it's now December, which means it's time for...the USS Maximillian Christmas party!!! And Kitty is staring over my shoulder reading everything I type. But anyway, after we eat and party, we begin the meeting!

So after we introduce each other, Captain CJ begins his report: The first year of Captaincy has been well, and membership is up. This year also had the largest away mission ever!!! Marcon and the resulting skit was very successful as well! Kudos go to Melody for launching the bowling league. That said, 2008 rocked, here's to 2009!!

First officer Lisa states that the open positions is librarian and charity coordinator. Also, of our members, Tim, is in the hospital due to a stroke, so by all means feel free to visit him at DODD Rehab, Rm 4113. Next month's newsletter will be done by Critch so email your submissions to maxsubmissions@gmail.com as always.

Moving on we have OVERLOAD! (that's me!:D) Let's see. My engagement upgrade has been working just fine, causing a homing device to sound off, which attracted a nearby Zen. After arrival, he decided to stay with me for a few days before taking a shuttlecraft back to his homeworld. On another note, I recently saw Bolt. WOW cute movie!!!! I think I'll go see

it. Like, a few more times. :D

Erica now gives her Treasury report. No new memberships, and the total fund is \$761.68! There are people due up in 3 months, so pay up and renew when you're up! There are a few folks past due as well. You know who you are, so pay up if you want to stay on the ship!

Department heads:  
 \*Critch says Ralph wants to assemble a model of our new Luna class ship but needs materials. price-wise would be about \$20-30 for the plastics alone. On top of that would be costs for paint, glue, parts, etc. There will be a new story in the newsletter about the launch, in addition to a cake at the next meeting. The wiki for the Max is also coming along.  
 \*Steve wants to start a weekend Dungeons & Dragons campaign.  
 \*Susan states that Project AC has been completed.  
 \*Security Skrit says he'll be celebrating his 10 year anniversary on the Max (ending max adventures story, starting new one)

Admiralty:  
 \*Elaine brought her family and grandchildren! Yay!  
 \*KITTY! He says that he's back to work but not as much due to production cuts and has been reflecting on his attendance on the ship for over 10 years!  
 \*Bobbins says HI! And is amazed that the ship's been around for awhile

and is happy with it. Nyeh.  
 \*Asgard is having their meeting next week at the Southeast Library, complete with Christmas party and gift exchange!

Old business:  
 \*Marcon is around the corner. If you want in on the group membership (\$30/person), get your money to Greg by Dec.

31st. However, if you want to work Operations and work during the con, you can get in for free. Regarding the Masquerade, ideas are still needed for the skit, so if you have an idea, get it to CJ or Lisa.

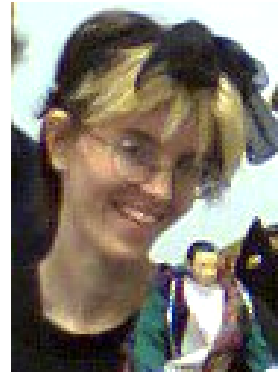
\*If you want to hit Dragon\*CO, there is room space available. So go hit that!!

\*TV Night includes Heroes, Venture Brothers, and we're always taking new ideas. Currently hosted at Lisa and Liz's, it starts roughly at 8:30.

\*January meeting is the official launch of the new Max ship.

\*Movie marathon had 16 people and was a success! Here's to the next one!

New Business:  
 \*Melody has the end of the year Bowling League results, which is \$2/week for your dues, and is every Sunday at 7. Trophies were presented, with 3rd place winner being tied between Steve and Melody herself. 2nd place



You know who you are, so pay up if you want to stay on the ship!



## DARK MATTER, STILL ELUSIVE, GAINS VISIBILITY IN NEW RESEARCH

LT TODD MCDANIEL, COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER  
ARTICLE BY DENNIS OVERBYE

Sometimes, defying its wont, science makes the cosmos look a little simpler. Recently it seems as if astronomers have been sprung from a long nightmare. Last month a consortium of astronomers announced that an analysis of some 130,000 galaxies showed that the universe, at least in large scales, is structured pretty much the way it looks.

That might sound unremarkable, but it didn't have to come out that way.

"It was not a mad idea that galaxies don't trace the matter," said Dr. Licia Verde, an astronomer at Rutgers and Princeton Universities, who was the lead author of a paper submitted last month to the journal *Monthly Notices of Royal Astronomical Society*.

The reason is something called dark matter.

For centuries people have found meaning—or thought they did—in the sky, in the forms of the constellations, the sudden careering in comets, the stately dance of the planets, the filagree of galaxies, spanning space as far as the telescope can see, like an old jeweled fishing net cast across the void.

But what if all this is just an illusion? Suppose the real universe is something we can't see and all the glittering chains of galaxies are no more substantial, no more reliable guides to physical reality, than greasepaint on the face of a clown?

That was the humiliating

prospect that astronomers faced in the 1980's, as they grudgingly came to accept that decades of astronomical observations were telling them that most of the universe was invisible. They could deduce that dark matter was there by its gravitational effect on the things they could see. If Newton's laws of gravity held over cosmic distances, huge amounts of it were needed to provide the gravitational glue to keep clusters of galaxies from flying apart, and to keep the stars swirling around in galaxies at high speed.

Cosmologists concluded that it was in fact dark matter, slowly congealing under its own weight into vast clouds that provided the scaffolding for stars and galaxies. And it was dark matter that would determine the fate of the universe: if there were enough of it, gravity would eventually reverse the expansion of the universe and cause a "big crunch". If not, the universe would expand forever.

Most gallingly, astronomers didn't even know whether the dark matter was distributed the way stars and galaxies are. They had no clue to the whereabouts of most of the universe.

Luminous matter, the story went, is like snow on the mountains or foam on waves, but there could, in theory, be whole mountain ranges not quite high enough to be whitecapped, hiding in the darkness.

Noting that dark matter heavily outweighed the visible galaxies, four astronomers

analyzed the results of an earlier galaxy mapping project, in 1980. There was no reason the ratio of dark to light matter should be the same everywhere "and there may well exist massive systems that emit essentially no light" read the report in the *Astrophysical Journal*, written by Marc Davis, John Huchra, David Latham and John Tonry, all then at the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics.

Or as Dr. Vera C. Rubin, an astronomer at the Carnegie Institute of Washington and a pioneer of dark matter research, said a year later; "We know very little about the universe. I personally don't believe it's uniform and the same everywhere. That's like saying the earth is flat." The new results suggest that the universe, as mysterious as it essentially is, may not be entirely perverse. As Einstein one said, "The Lord God is subtle, but malicious he is not." But it was a close call.

"In principle galaxies could bear no resemblance to the underlying dark matter distribution," explained Dr. Verde, who performed the analysis with Dr. Alan F. Heavens of the University of Edinburgh. "We were right to be worried," Dr. Heavens said.

The notion that the luminous universe might only be greasepaint was born of the quest for beauty. In the 1980's astronomical surveys showed that galaxies were not distributed more or less uniformly around the sky, as had been thought, but were concentrated in sheets and clusters and long looping chains separated by huge,

**"We are placing a large bet," Dr. Mountain said, "using our credibility as collateral, that we as a community know what we are doing."**

black, presumably empty spaces millions of light-years across. But the gravitational pull from such striking disparities in the distribution of mass would tug the galaxies to and fro violently, distorting the orderly expansion of the universe, if the most fashionable cosmological theories were right. Those theories held that the density of matter and energy in the universe was just high enough so that the gravitational attraction between the contents of the cosmos would eventually just balance the energy of their outward rush. As a result, space on the largest scales would show no geometrical warp: it would be "flat" in cosmological jargon. Whatever wayward velocities the galaxies had, however, was relatively modest. Rather than give up the mathematically beautiful notion of a high density universe, some theorists suggested that astronomers might have to give up an equally beautiful and seemingly bedrock notion, namely that the universe is what we see when we look up at the sky. If the voids were just an illusion, and were not empty just dark, cosmologists reasoned, there would be no gravitational fields tugging at the galaxies, which

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**DARK MATTER CONTINUED**

LT TODD MCDANIEL, COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER  
 ARTICLE BY DENNIS OVERBYE

*(Continued from page 5)*

would explain why their so-called peculiar velocities were so low. They could keep their beautiful universe. As the primordial clouds of dark matter grow and congeal, so this theory went, ordinary matter sinks to the center and lights up. But vast stretches of dark matter outside the center would go unflagged by visible galaxies, like mountains not quite high enough to attract snow, or reefs unmarked by buoys.

Figuring out exactly why galaxies would have formed in this pattern was another matter that engaged theorists' imagination. Dr. Martin Rees, a cosmologist at Cambridge University and the astronomer royal of England, said that he could imagine that galaxy formation could be catalyzed or impeded by some environmental event. Fierce radiation from the first quasars, for example, could ionize the protogalactic gas over large swaths of space, affecting its ability to collapse and light up. In the 1990's, though, evidence began to mount, from the COBE satellite, which studied faint radio emanations from the Big Bang itself, and from other studies, that the destiny of matter was less than a third of the magical critical value needed for a perfectly "flat" universe. In that case the clusters do not have the gravitational oomph to cause trouble and the lack of high velocities is not a problem. Luckily, theorists could still have a flat, beautiful universe because the gap in the matter density was made up by the so-called dark energy that astronomers have recently discovered seems to be accelerating the

expansion of the universe. But is no longer a universe in balance; if the dark energy continues to prevail, astronomers say, the cosmos will blow apart, chilling all life. In recent years, therefore, dark matter has surrendered some of its cachet to dark energy, but the identity of dark matter is just as mysterious as it ever was. Some of it may be ordinary matter, like rocks and dead stars. But most of it must be more exotic stuff—perhaps elementary particles left over from the Big Bang—according to a study published last week in the journal *Nature* by Dr. Robert Rood of the University of Virginia, and his colleagues. They measured the abundance of a rare form of helium in the Milky Way to determine the amount of "normal" matter produced in the Big Bang.

Nevertheless, the relationship between the light and the dark, once raised, continued to haunt astronomers. "It was perfectly reasonable if galaxies didn't cluster the same way as mass," said Dr. Heavens, adding, "the genie was out of the bottle."

He and Dr. Verde set out to measure the degree, technically known as bias, to which the distributions of luminous and dark matter were mismatched, using statistical techniques she had developed for her Ph.D. dissertation under his supervision.

For a database, they turned to a catalog of the relative distances and positions on the sky of 130,000 galaxies that had been compiled by an international consortium of astronomers known as the 2-

Degree Field Galaxy Redshift Survey, or 2dF for short, using the 13-foot-diameter Anglo-Australian Telescope near Coonabarabran, Australia.

By the time it is finished, the survey, which takes its name from the field of view of the telescope, should have mapped 250,000 galaxies out to a distance of around 500 million light years. As Dr. Verde explained, she and Dr. Heavens used statistics to analyze the shapes of the galaxy clusters in the sky. According to gravity theory, and computer simulations, she said, dark matter, which only interacts gravitationally, should start out in rounded lumps and then gradually shape itself into filaments and sheets as these lumps collapse along their shortest axes first.

"The signature of gravity is filaments," Dr. Verde said. "If there is biasing you get a distribution that is not sheets and filaments—you get a different pattern."

The results, she and Dr. Heavens said, were clearly consistent with a filamentary structure, "like web, not round hills and mountains."

"You would have to come up with a theory quite mad to get this pattern with biasing," Dr. Verde said. "Taken together, these measurements argue powerfully that the 2dFGRS galaxies do indeed trace the mass on large scales," she and 29 co-authors concluded in the recent paper. The mountains are where the snow is. The universe is where the light is. Dr. Rees added:

"2dF shows that things hang together. It could have not been that way. There is no evidence for enormous somethings with no galaxies associated with them."

At least in the present universe.

"Five billion years ago we would have gotten a different answer," said Dr. Heavens, explaining that galaxies probably did form in concentrations at the centers of dark matter clouds but gradually spread into the hinterlands over cosmic history to reflect more accurately the overall distribution of matter, the as yet unknown cosmic stuff.

On average, galaxies today trace mass, and the astronomy of the invisible is thus also the astronomy of the visible. Of course it was by following the light that astronomers were led into the darkness. Like the proverbial drunk looking under the streetlight for his keys, they never had any choice where to look for the universe. "Thirty years ago we thought the universe was all stars. Now stars are just the tip of the iceberg," said Dr. Michael Turner, a cosmologist at the University of Chicago. "There was a worry that the light in the sky was not faithfully tracing the distribution of matter. Large surveys went out looking for clumps of matter that didn't correspond to light.

"That story is now starting to come to an end."

Now if someone would just do something about that dark energy...

**May 2009**

**The Luna launches...**

The U.S.S. Maximilian  
 17th Anniversary Party  
 is coming!

**MEETING MINUTES**

LCDR BABS MAGERA, RECORDS OFFICER / CHIEF OF OPERATIONS

(Continued from page 4)

went to AI, and 1st place went to Critch!

\*This month's newsletters feature Twilight, but also pics from Starbase Indy!

\*If you want to go see "the Day the earth Stood Still" with Will at the iMax, talk to Will after the meeting.

\*This month's monthly dinner is cancelled due to the holidays.

\*From January to June, bring in donations and food for Operation feed. In 2009, we want to make this the biggest contribution to this charity, ever!

\*Fishnet Mafia is having a

Rocky party at Marcon, run by Cora and Melody. Melody will also be raffling off a Marcon pass as well and will have raffle tickets in February. The drawing will be in May.

And that closes the meetings! Now, it's on with the gift exchange! :)



**OPEN WIDE . . .**  
CPT MIKE STANLEY, CMO

Greetings! Hopefully everyone reading this has had a good holiday season and is well on their way to having a great new year. This month's topic is about an ailment that has, unfortunately, hit one of our own and was a continuing factor in the life of my maternal grandmother for the better part of twenty years before she passed away. It is my hope that this will provide a better understanding of what the condition is all about, and possibly share some information about prevention as well. The following is from the "Stroke 101" fact sheet, published by the National Stroke Association.

**Stroke 101**

Stroke is a **brain attack**, cutting off vital blood flow and oxygen to the brain.

In the U.S., Stroke is the third leading cause of death, killing 160,000 people each year, and the leading cause of adult disability.

Approximately 780,000 strokes will occur this year; however 500,000 of those strokes can be prevented.

Stroke can happen to anyone at any time, regardless of race, sex or age.

**Types of Stroke:**

o **Ischemic stroke** occurs when arteries are blocked by blood clots or by the gradual buildup of plaque and other fatty deposits. Almost 85 percent of all strokes are ischemic.

o **Hemorrhagic stroke** occurs when a blood vessel in the brain breaks leaking blood into the brain. Hemorrhagic strokes account for about fifteen percent of all strokes, yet are responsible for more than thirty percent of all stroke deaths.

Two million brain cells die every minute during stroke, increasing risk of permanent brain damage, disability or death. Recognizing symptoms and acting

fast to get medical attention can save a life and limit disabilities.

**Recognizing Symptoms**

Few Americans know the symptoms of stroke. Learning them - and acting FAST when they occur - could save your life or the life of a loved one.

**Common stroke symptoms include:**

Sudden numbness or weakness of the face, arm or leg - especially on one side of the body

Sudden confusion, trouble speaking or understanding

Sudden trouble seeing in one or both eyes

Sudden trouble walking, dizziness, loss of balance or coordination

Sudden severe headache with no known cause

(Continued on page 8)





**OPEN WIDE . . .CONTINUED**

**This simple test will help you detect stroke symptoms and Act F.A.S.T.:**

**F = FACE** Ask the person to smile. Does one side of the face droop?

**A = ARM** Ask the person to raise both arms. Does one arm drift downward?

**S = SPEECH** Ask the person to repeat a simple sentence. Does the speech sound slurred or strange?

**T = TIME** If you observe any of these signs, it's time to call 9-1-1 or get to the nearest stroke center or hospital.

**Reducing Stroke Risk**

Everyone has some stroke risk. A few stroke risk factors are beyond your control, such as being over age 55, being a male, being an African-American, having diabetes, and having a family history of stroke. If you have one of these risk factors, it is even more important that you learn about the lifestyle and medical changes you can make to prevent a stroke.

**Medical stroke risk factors include:**

Previous stroke, previous episode of transient ischemic attack (TIA) or mini stroke, high cholesterol, high blood pressure, heart disease, atrial fibrillation and carotid artery

disease. These medical risk factors can be controlled. Talk with your doctor about what will work best for you.

**Lifestyle stroke risk factors include:**

Smoking, being overweight and drinking too much alcohol. You can control these lifestyle risk factors by quitting smoking, exercising regularly, watching what and how much you eat and limiting alcohol consumption.

**National Stroke Association's Stroke Prevention Guidelines**

**1. Know your blood pressure.** If it is elevated, work with your doctor to keep it under control. High blood pressure is a leading cause of stroke. Have your blood pressure checked at least once each year – more often if you have a history of high blood pressure.

**2. Find out if you have atrial fibrillation (AF).** If you have AF, work with your doctor to manage it. Atrial fibrillation can cause blood to collect in the chambers of your heart. This blood can form clots and cause a stroke. Your doctor can detect AF by carefully checking your pulse.

**3. If you smoke, stop.** Smoking doubles the risk for stroke. If you stop smoking today, your risk for stroke will begin to

decrease.

**4. If you drink alcohol, do so in moderation.** Having one drink each day may lower your risk for stroke (provided that there is no other medical reason you should avoid alcohol). Remember that alcohol is a drug - it can interact with other drugs you are taking, and alcohol is harmful if taken in large doses. If you don't drink, don't start.

**5. Know your cholesterol number.** If it is high, work with your doctor to control it. Lowering your cholesterol may reduce your risk for stroke. High cholesterol can also indirectly increase stroke risk by putting you at greater risk of heart disease - an important stroke risk factor. Often times, high cholesterol can be controlled with diet and exercise; some individuals may require medication.

**6. Control your diabetes.** If you are diabetic, follow your doctor's recommendations carefully. Having diabetes puts you at an

increased risk for stroke. Your doctor can prescribe a nutrition program, lifestyle changes and medicine that can help control your diabetes.

**7. Include exercise in the activities you enjoy in your daily routine.** A brisk walk, swim or other exercise activity for as little as 30 minutes a day can improve your health in many ways, and may reduce your risk for stroke.

**8. Enjoy a lower sodium (salt), lower fat diet.** By cutting down on sodium and fat in your diet, you may be able to lower your blood pressure and, most importantly, lower your risk for stroke.

**9. Ask your doctor if you have circulation problems.** If so, work with your doctor to control them. Fatty deposits can block the arteries which carry blood from your heart to your brain. Sickle cell disease, severe anemia, or other diseases can cause stroke if left

*(Continued on page 9)*



**OPEN WIDE** .....

*(Continued from page 8)*

untreated.

**10. If you have any stroke symptoms, seek immediate medical attention**



**HOUSING CRISIS**

**CMDR JOHN CHUBB, CHIEF OF ARMORY**

As the new year begins I find myself thinking of all the people out of work, and out of their homes due to the current financial crisis and people unable to pay their mortgages. My heart goes out to them as they find themselves out on the street trying to make due.

Believe it or not I know what it's like to lose a home and be powerless to prevent it. I lost mine years ago.

4043 Dublin Rd. Columbus OH. 43220. Address sound familiar? Well if it doesn't that's no surprise. It doesn't exist anymore. It was bulldozed to make ready for the Parade of Homes for 1987 or 1988. Not sure which year. How it happened...well that's a story.

It was just after my father left after he and mom divorced (a story in itself). From what I've been told developers came to our house indicating they wanted to buy the property. We weren't interested in leaving as the house had been our home for so long.

Accidents then happened. Or they seemed like accidents from what I've been told. Wires were cut allowing horses to get out of their pasture and roam into dangerous areas apparently among other things. Other things as well I think that couldn't be proven, but I wasn't totally privy to that infor-

mation. But somewhere the developers found out that we didn't own the property. We were renting it.

Our landlady at the time was a lady named Lois who lived on Schirtzinger Rd. In the first few years we lived out there we knew her pretty well. As time went on we didn't see her there all that much. Regardless the developers went to talk to her about purchasing the property.

She took the money. We were left with nothing, and we had nothing too apparently. We were forced to move away from a place that had been our home for years.

I was not too happy about the decision. I had friends in the school I was in...as well as enemies. The enemies made my life hell so much. But they also made me treasure my friends more and more, and be grateful for them. To leave meant saying goodbye to them.

I would have said 'good riddance' to my enemies, but I believe my thoughts were on my friends more than anything. It's hard to say goodbye to something that's been good to you and part of your life. But there was no choice. I left my home and friends and I was powerless to prevent it.

The best we could do was a fixer upper in Clinton-

ville, and boy did we have to fix it up. New wallpaper. New ceiling paper. Plaster. Pulling up carpet. Paint. Suffice it to say I think we got the home cheap. Especially as I was told we had little to no money. Mom blamed dad for that.

Suffice it to say she had vilified him quite well.

Regardless the house was fixed up, and it wasn't a bad place. But after we left our home on Dublin Rd, my brother and I went back the following day a few times. The day after we left half the house was demolished already. They hadn't gotten to the den yet or the back bedroom as far as I knew.

Then one day we returned and there was nothing left but a hole in the ground where the basement used to be. It was official, the home I had for years was gone. The living room where we had Christmas. The three bedrooms we had, one where we had our great grandmother stay in until she died in 1985. Two baths. A den, even a small place converted into a makeshift barn as well as a pool off to the side. All of it was gone.

And there was not a thing I could do about it.

*(Continued on page 10)*

HOUSING CRISIS . . . (CONTINUED)

CPT MIKE STANLEY, CMO

(Continued from page 9)

I know some say 'it's just a house'. But if you lived in it, it was a home with all the memories, emotions and life experiences that went with it. And while the memories could go with you, the house itself was gone.

Today people are losing their homes not by developers, but inability to pay mortgages. People are being thrown out on the streets with nothing and they feel powerless to prevent it due to the housing and financial crisis. Some of them are having trouble finding new jobs due to unemployment.

Believe it or not I understand.

We left the Clintonville house years ago to move out to the country in Granville. Last I checked a nice family had bought the house when we left. Ironically enough my mother has a fixer upper on our property she would like to rent out, but she's not in a position to mostly

due to the house's condition. The bathroom floor needs to be fixed as well as the kitchen and living room floor and a basement wall needs to be sealed from leaks. This is largely due to my sister in law and her two kids trashing the place before she and my brother moved out, at least according to her.

No shortage of drama in my life huh?

Regardless if anyone is interested in fixing the place up they would probably have to talk to my mother. Or even if they want to live there.

Incidentally I went back to the site of 4043 Dublin Rd. recently after seeing the 'Get Smart' movie at Movie Tavern. Dublin Road has now been widened and the neighboring house, 4040 Dublin Rd is gone too. I think it was crumbling before but now it's completely gone as well as another house I think. What's been a nice slice of country has now turned into a hustling, bustling city street-

between two cities(Hilliard and Upper Arlington). Three if you count Dublin.

In addendum:The idea for this article came well before the loss of Manny. I wish I could say I had a memory to share about him, but unfortunately I don't. Mostly because I didn't know him all that well. Some you know very well and stick out in your mind, and some you come to know only in passing.

Regretably Manny was someone I only came to know in passing. As I think about it that was probably my failing. So many people pass by like a whirlwind and there are so few you grab, get to know and be part of your life. And even if they are sometimes the memory is buried under so many others. And the faces of others overlap to the point where more familiar ones take the place of those that come to be not so familiar.

Until finally, instead of being left with a fond memory to share all one is

Rest well  
Manny. I wish I  
knew you better

left with is regret for not having one to share or not getting to know someone better. And perhaps that is the bigger tragedy.

Rest well Manny. I wish I knew you better.



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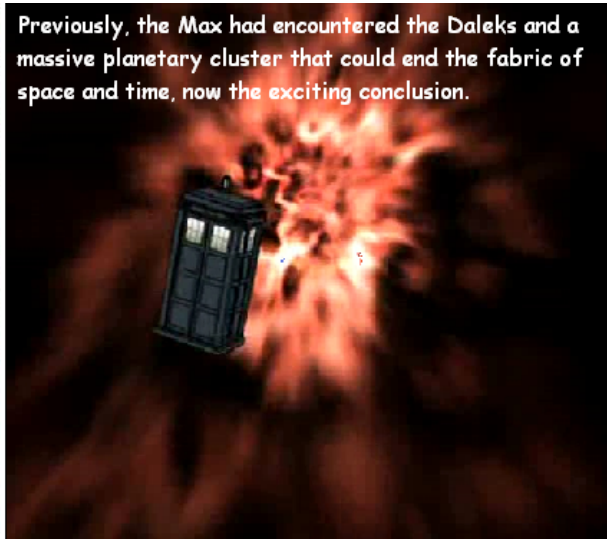
# MIGHTY MAX Adventures

by **3krit**

## THIS MONTH:

The Doctor's Gambit part 2

Previously, the Max had encountered the Daleks and a massive planetary cluster that could end the fabric of space and time, now the exciting conclusion.



First Officer Luna reporting. Hopefully we can provide some kind of assistance to the Doctor, the outlook is grim and the odds are against us.



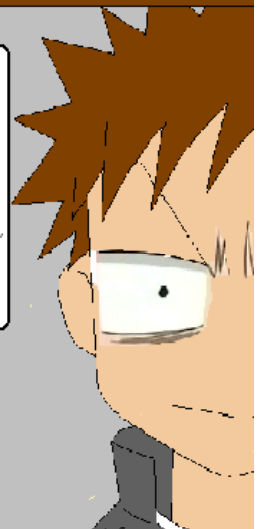
Judging by the preliminary scans, there is an abnormal amount of tachyon particles.



I am Davros, you will not be able to change anything. And Doctor, I shall leave you as you left me. Your powers will not work on me ever again.



This time, it is not me you need to worry about, my friends have something you will never have and that, I won't reveal to you until the end.



They are powering up their primary weapon. It appears to be affecting reality as we know it. How we get out of this, I cannot even imagine.



(Blobbin)  
Never underestimate the Max, sometimes even the smallest grain of rice can tip the scales.



(Databit) Would that include me? Because I found something and I just love shiny red buttons.



Thank you for another year of The Mighty Max Adventures. Tune in next month for a new exciting story!

## THE COLD ONES CMDR SUSAN MORAN

STORY BY RICHARD PITANIELLO

I was doing some searching on the internet to see if the information that *Bella* discovered on the internet in the *Twilight* movie was actually there or just a “prop” for the movie. Well, I didn’t find the site that she did, but I did find this nifty short story.

### The Cold Ones

by Richard Pitaniello © 2003

I never thought I’d come to miss the sunshine, being a vampire and all. I knew I’d miss the moon though. It was so beautiful, especially with vision as good as mine. The grays, the whites, mixing together like monochromatic pastels. I miss the stars too. I could see so many more of them than normal people. But they’re gone, along with the rest of the universe. It started ten years ago—at least, that’s when we first noticed it. One star missing among the billions. We figured it was the astronomer’s fault. Then a second vanished. Then a third. Then a dozen. That we noticed anyway. How many others have vanished that we don’t know about I can’t say. We didn’t start to worry until we woke up one morning and a galaxy was gone. Given the number of stars in the universe, the rate at which they vanished was astounding. Which made us wonder: how much longer until it got to us. Worry turned to fear when the Big Dipper disappeared. Fear turned to panic when all that was left in the sky was nine planets and Proxima Centauri. Rioting began when the second to last star fizzled

out, leaving only the sun and the rest of the solar system. World-wide martial law soon followed. A million died, even before the wars began. The entire world had already mobilized long ago. At the time, we didn’t think we’d be using it against ourselves. Disagreements on how to handle the situation broke the world into factions. A few of them went about their business. More commonly, they would try to “unite” everyone by force. Things degenerated. Three billion died the nuclear fires. Meanwhile, Pluto, Neptune, and Uranus had all vanished right before the missiles launched. Saturn and Jupiter were gone when the United States fell. The asteroid belt ceased to exist shortly afterwards. All that was left was Mars, Venus, and Mercury—and the moon, our beacon in the darkness. Soon Mars had left us. You’d think we would be next, but no. The moon was taken. It was just like an eclipse. It took fifteen minutes. Venus went next, then Mercury. The sun took longer than the moon. There were few left to watch. By now radioactive fallout and nuclear winter were setting in anyway. A handful of humanity was left alive to clutch each other in the pitch, darkness beyond all they had ever known. They died holding each other, and their bodies soon froze together, statues. The human race was over. Which left us. The Cold Ones. Creatures of the night. Vampires, who now need not fear day. Ghosts, banished to the Material Plane, soon to lose their only home. Demoniacs, the possessed, warmed by the fires of Hell. Zombies, wandering aimlessly, left without instruction by the voodoo priests who had raised them from the dead and who had long since died themselves. The Wendigo, the demon of the North who snatches people and runs across the treetops with them. Monsters from the Stygian depths of the now frozen oceans, who bored through the ice and spread themselves out on land for the first time in eons. Our powers

keep us from freezing. We could endure the cold of even Dante’s Cocytus. We could endure this. Another of my kind once said, “You cannot make everyone a hunter. Who would be left to hunt?” Who indeed. Many of us are starving. We cannot die from hunger or thirst, but we can feel pain. We are in agony. Some try to feed on each other, but our own flesh cannot sustain us. We need flesh and blood. All of it is sealed inside the frozen bodies of the last of humanity. We asked the demoniacs to use their hellfire to melt the blood, but they refused. They soon left us, the banished, going back to Hell. But not before we were told the truth.

It’s ironic that eternal blackness came from the Light. Satan is innocent, for once. The Lamb is to blame. God made himself human thousands of years ago. Just like in those old Conan stories, when ethereal beings make themselves flesh they become subject to the laws of the flesh. But they can’t change back.

They can keep their powers, they can be the most powerful creatures in the world, but they are mortal, trapped on the Material Plane. They are bound by the rules that govern all living things. Demons that possess people are exempt because they are formless, like ghosts, and they are not expelled from the Afterlife like ghosts are. People who say God is dead were half right—he is dying. Once asleep, and he has awakened, and he is bound by laws he made for us. Sleep. Fear. Hunger.

I have no idea how many calories the universe has, but it won’t be enough. Infinite power requires infinite energy. What will happen when earth is gone? Will God die once again, this time forever? Will he leave a ghost? Or cease to exist, leaving the universe a void? Leaving the universe to us? We are not

subject to laws of the flesh, at least not to all of them, at least not to death. Only God can kill us now. Will he kill us all? Can he still kill us all, having no doubt grown so weak?

I smile.

No.

It would seem that we have finally won the battle between light and dark. God is dying. We alone shall exist to rule . . .

. . . to rule a universe that no longer exists.

I frown.

There is nothing left for us, all of us chained to the Material Plane. All that awaits us is hunger and thirst.

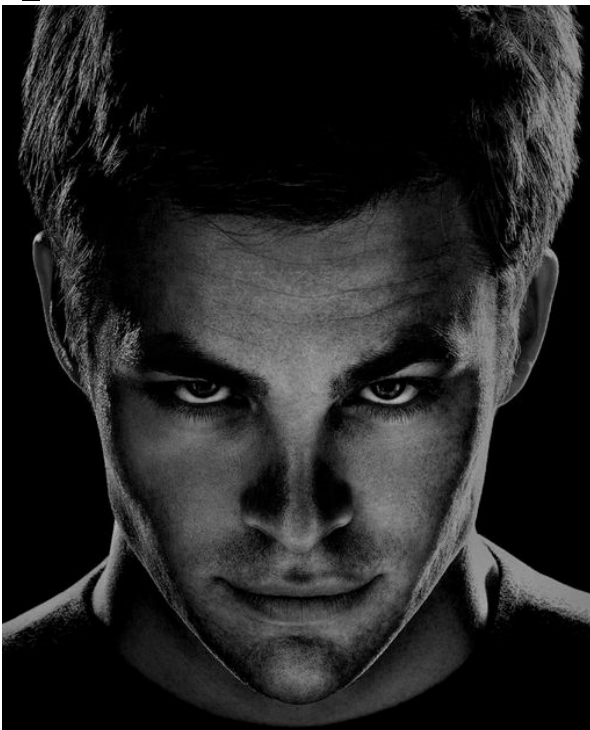
Who really won the battle? I cannot say.

But we are the Cold Ones, and we alone still live.

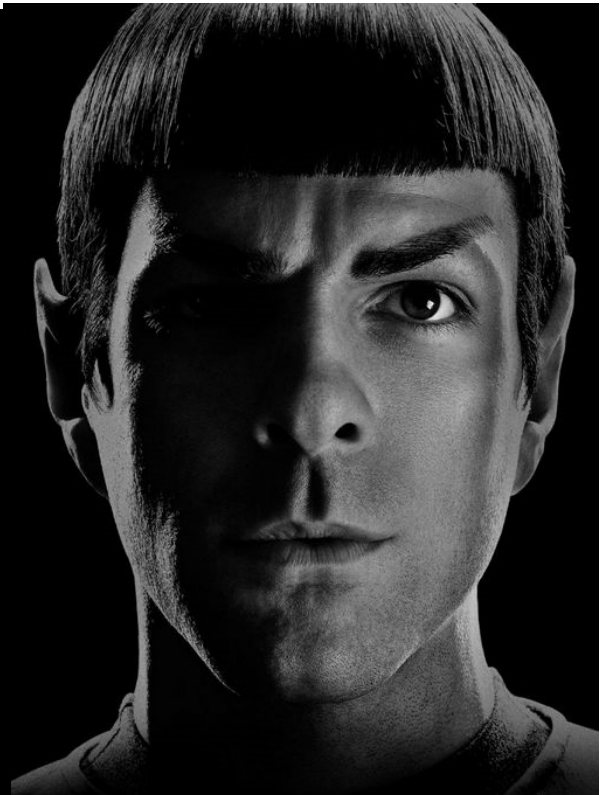
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**SIDLEY REMEMBERS MANNY**  
**CAPT SIDLEY HOWARD**



Let me start off by saying that if you didn't already know Manny was my best friend.

I moved to Ohio on Jan 16, 1996. Manny was one of the first people I talked to when I started going to USS Columbus meetings. By the end of 1996, Manny and I had this agreement that he would pay for the hotel room at conventions if I would drive him to the conventions, a great symbiotic convention buddy friendship was born. In 1997 alone Manny and I attend 13 conventions (for those not good with math that more than 1 per month). By 1998 we were driving across the country to go to conventions, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, etc... I even saved more money than I ever have before in my life to make a trip to Las Vegas to see the Star Trek Experience.



I unfortunately didn't get to spend as much time as I would have liked with him over the past couple of years because of my job and the price of gas made it difficult for me to make it over to Columbus on a regular basis. We had just made plans to go to the gun range and shoot some guns with him and Bobbie only days before he got sick, but that was not to happen after all.

Over the past couple of weeks when I think about Manny and how I am going to miss him dearly I start to cry heavily, but then a picture flashes in my head of Manny during one of our many adventures (at no particular convention) and a smile and giggles replace the tears.



I could write pages upon pages of stories about our trips to cons, but I firmly believe that pictures say so much more than words. I provided several dozen photos of events we all have attended over the years; those photos explain more than I could write about. Manny was a good man with a big heart and a great sense of humor.

Manny, I love you and miss you.

Sidley



**TEARS AND A HOME**  
POEMS SUBMITTED BY CAPT SIDLEY HOWARD

Over mountains and rivers, I have traveled far and near  
But every time I think I've found my home so dear...  
It's time to leave and shed another tear.  
A million tears behind and a million miles to go...  
My children, you have no home either, that's true.  
Like me, you've shed many a tear too.



Hush my children, do not weep or cry  
We must not question why...  
With no home our hearts can see...  
We'll travel over mountains and rivers free  
And if Great Spirit will give me strength,  
You can make your home in me.



**THE SPIRIT NEVER DIES**  
POEMS SUBMITTED BY CAPT SIDLEY HOWARD

We have all come together to say to my father on last goodbye  
To set with him awhile and perhaps cry.  
This morning my father's spirit voice came to me  
On the gentle breeze that flows through the tall pine trees.  
Bud, why do you cry? You of all people know, my spirit has not died  
I have joined the men that I once called my brothers with pride  
The warrior's who once stood so boldly by my side.  
And yes the grandson's they are all here too



They send their love to each and every one of you.  
The words in the bible are true, and I leave then now with you  
And god shall wipe all tears from their eyes  
Up here Bud, no one ever cries  
Because as you know  
The spirit never dies.



**A SINGLE TEAR**  
POEMS SUBMITTED BY CAPT SIDLEY HOWARD

We must travel onward  
Or so we have been told  
The trail will take lives  
Of the young and the old.

Blood will fall on earth  
Last breaths will finally come  
As we are made to leave  
This place that we called home.



It is called the trail of tears  
And if you wonder why  
Look on my face and see  
The single tear from my eye.



In that tear is the child  
To young to understand  
Why she will surely die  
As she walks the land

In that tear is my brother  
walking tall and proud  
Knowing the journey is his last  
As he falls to the ground.

In that tear is a people  
Who did you no wrong  
Why did you make us suffer  
For so very long?

In that tear is the story  
Of the great Cherokee  
Open up your heart and hear  
This sad but true story.





## A SINGLE TEAR

POEMS SUBMITTED BY CAPT SIDLEY HOWARD

Amazing blessings are given  
From the Spirit in the sky...  
I stand in silent wonder,  
As each one passes by.

The things in life that touch my heart  
Are so profound to me...  
To other's they may seem insignificant,  
But to me, they fill a need.

Each one of us here on earth  
Have different paths to trod.  
The blessings are here for all of us,  
And each one comes from God.

I give to you, great Spirit,  
All praise and total love,

Thank you for sharpening my perception,  
as your abundance descends from above.

Great Spirit...God...Almighty One...

Your name will stand thru time...

Guide my worn moccasins,  
Forever with me abide.

Keep my campfire glowing,  
With embers warm and bright...  
Alive, and full of light.



## MEMORIES OF MANNY

LCDR SUSAN MORAN

It was at the Max Olympics, I'm not sure what year it was, but I think it was the year before Chris was captain. I was helping Greg cook the food. Manny brought the meat for the picnic because he was the current Purser, under Charlie, I believe. This was the first time that I met Manny's wife and family. Although, I think that only one of his sons were with them that day. Why I remember this time is because it was the first time that I really sat down and talked with Manny. I found out that we shared similar likes and dislikes in movies. I'm sorry that I can't recall the particulars of the conversation, but I remember coming away thinking that I was glad we had talked. Sometimes you are acquainted with people for a long time before you ever really talk with them. That's how it was for me and Manny. I saw him at the Max meetings and different events but that time at the picnic the setting was right and we started talking. That day I also picked up that he was really quick witted and very funny.

The last time I talked with Manny was at last year's MARCON. We met in the lobby of the Drury during the happy hour. We only said a few words in passing, but it was nice to see him. It will probably be at MARCON that it will really hit me that he is gone, because we won't see him there this year.

I'm glad I attended the memorial service for Manny because I got to find out how others saw him. It was clear that he was well loved and a good friend to many.

We're on the web! [www.maximillian.org](http://www.maximillian.org)

[Yahoo.com/groups/max74997](http://Yahoo.com/groups/max74997) [maxwriters.pbwiki.com](http://maxwriters.pbwiki.com)

## USS MAXIMILLIAN

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**Gahanna, OH 43230**

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**"REACH FOR THE STARS,  
AND GRAB THE FUTURE."  
- CHRISTA MCAULIFFE, 1986**



Chris (Critch), Lisa (Jhemma), Erica (Daavid), and Richard (Pheromione) in the world....of Warcraft.