

THE MIGHTY MAX

"Reach for the stars,
and grab the future."

USS MAXIMILLIAN
(NCC-74997)
STAR TREK FAN
ASSOCIATION

Serving central Ohio since
1992.

October-November 1997

Volume 6, Issue 8

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TWO MAXIMILLIAN OFFICERS RECEIVE PROMOTION TO REAR ADMIRAL.

COLUMBUS (OH) Two officers were selected by the ship's commissioner Robert Lyon with the consent of the current command staff for advancement to the rank of rear admiral.

Commodore Matt Morris was promoted in September in recognition of his selfless service to this Organization and its members. Initially, he wasn't to receive this promotion until his term was complete in May. Due to mitigating circumstances in the lives of both the Commodore and Founding Admiral Robert Lyon which made the election process to be accelerated to the beginning of 1998. Admiral Morris, a founding member and

the original liaison officer with the starship *Columbus* when the *Maximillian* was petitioning to be a shuttle in STARFLEET: The International Star Trek Fan Association, became the second commanding officer of this ship. He had been commanding the *Maximillian* since May, 1994, when then Captain Robert Lyon was forced to step down due to his education and other personal issues in his life. Admiral Morris will remain in command until January, 1998, when the crew will select their new commanding officer.

Captain Greg Dunn had been a member since the initial founding of
**SEE FLAG OFFICERS.
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NCO RECEIVES COMMISSION AS LTJG

COLUMBUS (OH) It is always a pleasure for the command staff to promote individuals in rate or rank, especially when it comes to youth membership.

This month was a first in *Maximillian* history—the promotion of a youth member to the officer corps. SCTX Chris Stephenson, who

turned 18 years of age this month received his commission to the rank of lieutenant junior grade as prescribed by the *Maximillian* Regulations, By-Laws, and guidelines. As an incentive for enlisted members to achieve as high of rank as possible, those holding the rate of
**SEE COMMISSION.
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THE MAX WORKS THEIR FIRST CONVENTION AS A CREW

COLUMBUS (OH) This last year has been a year of historic firsts for the crew of the *Maximillian*. A contingent of our crew members worked their first convention as a crew for One-Trek Mind Productions, directed by Dennis Winslow on the weekend of September 20th, 1997 at the Convention Center in Columbus, Ohio.

The turnout of *Maximillian* members was exemplary, and all had performed their assigned tasks in a professional and exemplary manner. Admiral Winslow and his staff were very impressed with the performance of the crew, and has invited the *Maximillian* to work future conventions which his production staff will put on in the future.

This one convention has opened up doors for this ship in working conventions in the future.

At this convention, we were approached with, and accepted, an offer to work the Steubenville convention ran by Slanted Fedorah Productions (where we were invited to return). We have been approached by yet a third convention production staff, Galactic Entertainment, to

**SEE CON.
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CAPTAINS LOG

Rear Admiral Matthew M. Morris, commanding

Busy, busy busy beavers that we are! Our small away team has returned from the Independence, Ohio sector from a successful, relaxing convention. We had a good showing of the *Maximillian*, consisting of myself, Rear Admiral Greg "Blobbin" Dunn (the Blobster); Commander Tamak (remember Vulcans are our friends); Lieutenant Commander John "Kohan the Terrible" Upp; Lieutenant Adelyn "A'D'Aks" Upp; Lieutenant Junior Grade Sidley Ellen Click (no computer pun intended); and last, but certainly not least, Lieutenant Junior Grade Sidley Howard.

As I am doing this report, the Robster is playing with his new toy, a Pentium II 233 Mhz computer, so if any of these statements doesn't sound like me, there's a reason for it (CMA clause here). Anyway, we left Friday afternoon, and proceeded directly to the Golden Arches in the Mensfield sector to have a slite bite where we had the best service of the weekend. Then we continued on to our destination, where Commander Tamak and I ran into that shop-vac known as Kenny Baker in the lobby during check-in. Nice enough guy, even though it's *Star Wars*. Later on that evening, we went to Bob Evan's place down on the farm where we had very poor service. —and where Blobbin became known as Biscuit Boy Blobbin. After Biscuit Boy received his money back, we retired to gambling the night away. Focus, admiral, focus, the neighbors don't care how loud your new toy can get. We played MaxRummy, and MaxPoker with MaxRules, and it got very wierd.

After the rest of the crew retired for the evening, lightning wars commenced. That's a Blobbinism, anyway. That's where you try to blind your opponent with camera flashes or fleshlights—resulting in one minor casualty. My weapon was disintegrated by the Blobbin maneuver. Needless

to say, sleep was a fleeting thing (no pun intended, Rob). As Saturday came upon us, I spent too many Gustloos for money for you original **THE TREK** fans. Aside from that, I thoroughly, thoroughly thrashed an opponent in a trive contest consisting of *Star Trek*, *Star Wars*, and science fiction in general. Victory came on a Deanna Troi question (shock of shocks)!

That evening, we retired to the Olive Garden to celebrate John Upp's birthday. He is thirty-four solar years to be precise. Fun time had by all and lots of food.



NANAA was very entertaining, and was genuinely pleased to see us as an audience as a whole. She was not what one would expect from a star. She thanked us for being the way that us *Trek* fans are.

Continuing through recent Max history, we come upon the Steubenville outing. Everything went smooth except for a slight problem which has been rectified. Micheel and Marina were great together on stage, and thanks to Ellen, I've got another picture with my favorite star, along with Commander Tamak, our friendly neighborhood Vulcan. The con promoters seemed pleased with our performance. Continuing back to October 11th, our away trip to Mohican State park was a fun time had by all. With highlights including the "erection directions." Woodchopping 101 conducted by our resident Klingons, Sidley Howard, and Rendell "Korjac" Jackson; and staying up until 4AM around the campfire listening to

Tamak make fun of us, giving the *Actors* more things to write about.

And our last stop backwards was our September 20th away mission for One-Trek Mind Productions, and our gracious host, Admiral Dennis Winslow, bringing us Alexander Siddig (Doctor Beshir). This away mission went extremely well. Admiral Winslow is quoted as saying, "Out of all the conventions I have ran, this was the first time that one went off without a hitch." I want to thank all who participated in this convention and contributed to its success. We have been invited to work for him *any time we can*.

Now, Back to the Future (Stop it, Tamak, You're not Dr. Brown!) Anyway, I talked to one of my connections. We may be working yet another convention in December, possibly the 5th, 6th, and 7th in Cincinnati. More details to come on that as they become known.

That's it for our way-back machine adventure, Sherman. Now as you may have seen, the platforms for the candidates for the position of commanding officer are in. Please give them both a good looking over, and decide what would be best for the Max. I know both officers will serve well. I will still have a guiding hand regardless of who wins.

Captain Mike Walter, now the commanding officer of the *Columbus* has been informed that we are no longer a part of JTFA (Joint Task Force Alpha). 'Nuff said.

I must apologize for the length of this report, and besides I'm an admiral now so I'm allowed to do that.

Thanks to Admiral Bob and to the command staff for my recent promotion and for the "heavy metal" that goes along with it. *I'VE BEEN SHANGHAIED AGAIN!* Anyway, time to sign off. Until next Matt-Time... A

-RADM Matt Morris

FLAG OFFICERS

Continued from Page 1

the *Maximillian* five years ago, serving as the ship's original first officer, playing a key role in the conception, planning, and organizing of this Organization from the very start. Because of the prestigious nature of his role with the *Maximillian*, the command staff, in considering his promotion, felt that for the service he had volunteered for the good of the ship more than warranted his advancement to the

admiralty.

"Greg has refused virtually every promotion granted him since the commissioning of the *Maximillian*," Admiral Lyon says, recalling Greg's service record, "Always claiming to want to be the 'eternal commander.' This is fine and good, however he is rapidly losing the benefits from the prestige of his unique standing as he is slowly being passed over for promotion

time after time. With Greg, Promotion has to be forced upon him."

Starting in October, RADM Dunn will assume the posting of Deputy Commissioner, and RADM Morris will hold an advisory position when he steps down from command. Both officers will remain as active as possible with the ship, and will be there to support and advise the incoming command staff in 98. A

OFFICER REPORTS

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The *Mighty Max* is published monthly for the members of the USS *Maximilian* Star Trek Fan Association. Everyone may submit material to this publication. All submissions may be sent to:

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To dictate article or report for the *Mighty Max*, you may also contact ADM Lyon at:

(614)263-5473

The USS *Maximilian* meets the second Saturday at 5:00 PM of each month in the front meeting room of the Karl Road branch of the Columbus Metropolitan Library.

Meetings usually last an hour or two, followed by a POST-MEETING ACTIVITY.

Members from other Organizations are welcome to submit material for this newsletter.

ALL SUBMISSIONS FOR NEXT ISSUE ARE DUE BY NO LATER THAN

01 DEC 1997
NO EXCEPTIONS!



I want to welcome Sherri Coleman to the Science Department. She is a wonderful person and will be an asset to our ship.

It's a little known fact that the Science Department knows how to throw a party. What do you think we are doing with all that time when we are stuck in the lab? I guarantee that my "cultural anthropologists" know where to find Romulan ale in any port. Here is an upcoming event sponsored by your friendly, local scientists:

DECEMBER 13- CHRISTMAS PARTY. We

against not only Tullgeris, but against the Federation as well. Any non-Starfleet vessel entering the Churgonian system would be boarded, and the crew detained.

Despite this, the Tullgeri have a custom that any wrong committed by an individual, his family, whether related by marriage or blood, can be held accountable for the individual's actions, and that the punishment shall be similar in nature to the crime committed against the victim. In essence, not only was Ankerian without a family, she no longer had a home.

The *Maximilian* recovered the sensitive projects at the Cochrane Institute and the personnel working on them (as a safeguard for Federation interests against a possible second Churgonian attack). Captain Lyon requested Starfleet to dispatch more starships to further aid the Tullgeri in their recovery. While en-route to Starbase 157 (where the *Maximilian* would disembark the Tullgeri survivors), Captain Lyon reviewed Ankerian's profile, and found her name familiar. As suspected, she was the daughter of the late Admiral Steven Parker, whom Lyon served under aboard Federation starship USS *Seattle* (Excelsior class heavy cruiser, Starfleet registry NCC-8250). At that time, Parker was the *Seattle's* commanding officer, and Lyon was a fighter squadron leader—the two officers having become good friends. In 2337, when Lyon was reassigned to Starbase 74, Captain Parker, too, transferred to the *Hatheway*—the deep-space exploration command he always wanted. Lieutenant Lyon kept in touch with his former

SCIENCE REPORT:

By Lieutenant Commander Robin Kulas, science officer.

will celebrate Christmas with a pot luck after our meeting. Command board will pitch in for a meat tray (or some kind of meat). Communications will provide desserts. Security will provide drinks and plasticware. Engineering will provide side dishes. The Medical department will provide plates, napkins and drinks. The Science department will provide relish/cheese tray.

The Science department already has ideas for games and entertainment. Any ideas are encouraged. I will leave the cooking duties up to the department heads to coordinate (Please make sure your departments bring a variety. We don't want three side dishes of potato salad). Also we will have a Ferengi gift exchange for those who want to be involved. The gift should be around \$5-10.

I recently read an excellent *Star Trek* book

entitled *Vulcan's Forge*, written by Joseph Sherman and Susan Schwartz, published by Pocket Books. Any Spock or Vulcan fans should read this. I won't run the plot for you, but it's well worth the money.

Another interesting series recently published by Pocket Books is called *Star Trek: New Frontier*. So far they have several novels out. I have book one written by Peter David. I personally know by experience that Peter David is a wonderful writer. What's different about this series is that all the characters are new. Check it out at your local bookstore.

While you are at the bookstore, also catch a magazine named *Realms of Fantasy*. It is published by Sovereign Media, Inc. I enjoy reading fantasy and it's full of short fantasy stories. Also, the artwork is great.

Until next month, live long and prosper!

PERSONA

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C.O., and in 2343 he had since returned to the fleet. Since Lyon's new assignment, Federation starship USS *Hood* (Excelsior class explorer, Starfleet registry NCC-42295) was in the Tullgeri sector in September, 2343, he was able to be there with Commodore Parker when his only daughter, Shaylen, was born on Tullgeris.

Captain Lyon called her into his ready room, and offered her the opportunity to return to Starfleet as an engineering officer. Having nowhere else to go, she gladly took him up on his offer, effectively becoming a junior officer aboard the *Maximilian*. She was given permission by Chief Engineer Brown to continue her preliminary work on her Imcari Device. Upon the *Maximilian's* return to Earth some months later, Lyon was promoted to the rank of rear admiral, and was reassigned to Starfleet Command.

Before leaving the ship for the last time, Lyon briefed his new successor, Captain Turok T'Kill on Ensign Ankerian's project. T'Kill allowed her to continue her projects, so long as they didn't interfere with her regular duties.

In 2372, Lieutenant Commander Tamak was assigned to the *Maximilian* as chief engineer. Tamak, a Vulcan engineer, became fascinated by her theories, and assisted her on her project. Ankerian found him to be a good friend as well as a mentor and commanding officer, and she valued his advice. Between Tamak and her section leader, Lieutenant John Chubb, she felt she was encouraged and supported in her work, and for the first time in a long time, she felt she had a home.

When the *Maximilian* was destroyed in 2372, Ensign Ankerian was in the beginning phases of building the prototype Imcari Device. Unfortunately, the destruction of the *Maximilian* occurred too quickly for her to save her prototype. She felt a great deal of loss as well, but at the same time, if the death of her ship saved a world, the sacrifice was well worth it. She was glad that she followed Tamak's advice in saving her research in the Starfleet high security database (encrypted so that only she could access the file), otherwise years of research would have been lost.

Like many officers and crew of the now-lost *Maximilian*, she accepted Commodore T'Kill's offer to sign on with his new command. To her surprise, T'Kill was assigned to supervise the construction of the new Federation starship USS *Maximilian* (Sovereign class explorer, Starfleet registry NCC-74997). On May 24, 2373, he would commend the starship on her maiden voyage into the Menkare Expanse.

Ensign Ankerian almost immediately fell in love with the new starship design. The systems were far more sophisticated to those of the old *Nebula* class vessel—systems which could support a prototype of the Imcari Device more easily than earlier starship designs.

By September, 2373, she received her promotion to lieutenant j.g. She felt privileged to serve with Lyon, T'Kill, Blobbin, Teale, and Tamak. With no family or home-world to return to, the new *Maximilian* became more of a home to her than anywhere else in the galaxy. A

RADM MATTHEW M MORRIS
COMMANDING USS MAXIMILLIAN (NCC-74997)
6028 DARBY LANE
COLUMBUS, OH 43229

U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN
STAR TREK FAN ASSOCIATION

PLACE
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HERE



USS MAXIMILLIAN
NCC-74997

AA RUSH: DATED MATERIAL AA

THE MIGHTY MAX

**RENEW
OR
JOIN
TODAY!**

The *Maximilian* is an independent, non-profit Fan Association dedicated to bringing *Star Trek* and science fiction fans together, providing a medium in which they can incorporate and follow the ideals as depicted in the *Star Trek* universe.

**MEMBERSHIP
FEES:**

Annual membership fees are as follows:

SINGLE
\$8.00

FAMILY (2 OR
MORE)

\$12.00

These fees are applied toward publication and

**MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION
& MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL FORM**

DATE OF APPLICATION _____

DATE OF RECEIPT _____

AMOUNT ENCLOSED
\$ _____

CDR TERRY McPHERSON
Public Relations Officer
3008 BARBEE AVENUE
GROVE CITY, OH 43123

MAX WEBSITE:

www.angelfire.com/oh/max74997/index.html

MAX E-MAIL:

maximiliansovereign@mailexcite.com

NEW MEMBERS:

YES! I want to join the U.S.S. *Maximilian*. I choose the following membership option:

ACTIVE DUTY MEMBERS are active in ship's functions, and have the option to hold rate/rank and position on board. If you now belong or have in the past belonged to another local *Star Trek* Fan Organization, please attach the name of the Organization, and the last rate/rank and position you earned.

ASSOCIATE CORRESPONDENT MEMBERS are not active in ship's functions, however they do receive the *Mighty Max*.

NAME: _____ PHONE: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

E-MAIL: _____ SINGLE (\$8.00) FAMILY (\$12.00) If signing on with a family membership, please attach a list of family members joining with you. If some are children under 18, please include their ages with their names.

RENEWING MEMBERS:

NAME: _____ MEMBERSHIP # _____

SINGLE (\$8.00) FAMILY (\$12.00) Please include the names of all renewing family members.

MAX-
SCHEDULE

NOVEMBER 97

- 7-9- *Starship Troopers* Recruiting Drive at Lennox Theater.
8- Command Bd Mtg
8- MONTHLY MTG Campaigns.
27- Happy Thanksgiving Day.

DECEMBER 97

- 5-7- Cincinnati Convention.
13- Christmas party.
25- Merry Christmas
31- Happy New Year!

JANUARY 98

- 10- Command Bd Mtg.
10- MONTHLY MTG ELECTIONS.

FEBRUARY 98

- 14- Happy Valentine's day.
14- Command Board Mtg.
14- General Membership Mtg.
Official change of command.

MARCH 98

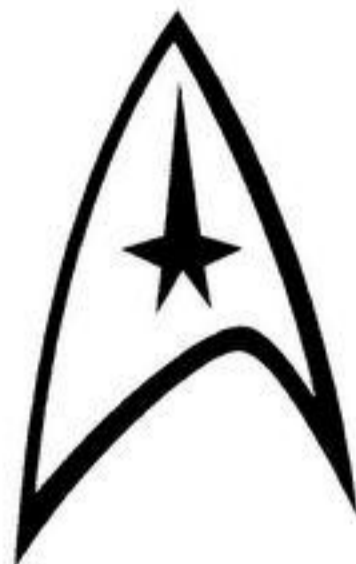
- 14- Command Bd Mtg.
14- General membership Mtg.
17- St. Patrick's Day.

FIRST OFFICERS LOG:

Commander Elaine Jackson, first officer



It's been two months since I last wrote. We all have been busy somehow, some way with our ship and with our personal lives. I would like to start out with thanking everyone that worked at NovaCon that payed to get in. I thought that it was pretty nice. I really enjoyed myself, even though I was helping out at the convention. I enjoyed working with Alexander Siddig. I was planning on Steubenville, but things came up where I couldn't make it, and I hope that everyone that had a chance to go enjoyed themselves. Until next time, Walk with the Prophets!



OPERATIONS REPORT:

Lieutenant Commander John C. Upp, operations manager



Greetings, ladies and gentlemen of the press. Trekkies sees *Star Wars* panel at ExtremeCon. When checking out the panel that morning, everyone looked kind of dead. For about ten minutes everyone just stared when asked if there was any questions. Finally I broke the ice by fielding a question: Was there any way to control a lightsaber beam?

So the Werzie panel member described as

best to his knowledge how to do it. However possible, I took the information down and noticed by controlling the field of the energy beam you can get a sword length from three feet to six feet using synthetic or natural crystals. To me, that sounded quite alright.

Learn one fact about Werzies: Werzies, although backwards, are quite capable for some technology. I found that they have a basic understanding of our warp drive, since their hyperdrive is somewhat similar—at least being similar to our early warp drive, anyway.

I also found that they are quite lucrative and quite liberal in their policies regarding cloaking devices. Even though their smaller ships might have them, they can still be

picked up on some of their more rudimentary systems (they are not as refined as those in the *Trek* world).

Overall, my intelligence gathering on the Werzies, based on their panels, sums up that Federation is still superior to the Werzie technology.

—END TRANSMISSION.



COMMISSIONED

Continued from Page 1

senior chief petty officer on their eighteenth birthday shall receive the rank of lieutenant junior grade; those holding the rate of master chief petty officer shall receive the rank of lieutenant upon their 18th birthday.

LTJG Stephenson first joined the USS *Kittyhawk* in February, 1995 as a transporter specialist third class. In October 1996, TX3 Stephenson was promoted to the rate of senior chief transporter specialist (SCTX) during last year's LaGrangeCon. In February 1997, SCTX Stephenson joined the USS *Maximilian*, where he retained his rate and position.

While with the *Kittyhawk*, Chris created 'Trekordy,' a *Star Trek* version of Jeopardy a game he conducted on several occasions aboard the *Kittyhawk*. He has attended several conventions and recruiting drives, including *Star Trek: First Contact*, the *Star Wars* Trilogy, and attended conventions, including LaGrangeCon, MarCon, CapCon, Origins, OrbCon, as well as various other minicons.

During his tour with the *Maximilian*, LTJG Stephenson has earned the Community Service Medallion (three times decorated), Convention Attendance Decoration, Five-Year Mission Decoration, Commissioning

Decoration, MarCon Campaign Decoration, Commissioner's Starship Citation, and the Competition Participation Recognition. LTJG Stephenson is currently heading up the website project, and wishes to set up a Trekordy event for the *Maximilian*.

He currently works at the Stoneridge Theater in Gahanna, and hopes to attend the Ohio State University, Columbus State, or DeVry Institute of Technology beginning in the fall quarter of 1999. He plans to major in computer information systems. A



ENGINEERING REPORT:

Commander Terry McPherson, chief engineer



HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU THE RIGHT TOOL FOR THE RIGHT JOB!!! Oh hi, there! Didn't see you come in. I'm your friendly neighborhood Vulcan engineer, Commander Tamak. Aah, My engineering staff and I are of busy right now, we're doing a routine level one diagnostic on the warp propulsion systems down here in engineering. Admiral T'Kill loves to keep us hopping down here in engineering. We've worked two conventions so far, and are slated for another in early December in Cincinnati. Hope to see everyone there. Live long, and prosper, everyone!

**COMMUNICATIONS REPORT:**

Lieutenant Commander Cynthia Ayers, chief communications officer

Dear Max Friends,

This has been such an incredibly fun-filled *Trek* fall. I can hardly believe it! There is so much to talk about with *Trek* that I feel overwhelmed.

I felt very blessed by God to be able to enjoy three conventions this fall. The first one was in Columbus. It was so great to have one in town. Also, it was a special experience to be able to help out behind the scenes. Alexander Siddig was such a nice person, and interacted so well with the children there. Listening to the actors on stage always makes me so proud to be part of the *Trek* family.

The second highlight was riding to Steubenville, Ohio with Ellen (and the rest of the Max crew in caravan), and taking in the

convention there with Marina Sirtis and Michael Dorn. Marina and Michael were so funny together. But, the most special part would be being in the same room with them during the autograph signing. Standing next to Michael Dorn while he signed autographs was the treat of all treats.

Then, as if I hadn't experienced enough *Trek* excitement, Ben and I went up to Cleveland for the ExtremeCon and saw Kenny Baker and Nana Visitor. Both were wonderful. The first highlight for me was asking Nana about her son, and introducing my son to her while she was on stage. The second highlight was Kenny Baker playing "Amazing Grace" on his harmonica while he was on stage. I hope to write more on these conventions in future articles.

Cinefantastique (NOV 97) double issue) had a great issue on DS9 fifth season and the making of "Trials and Tribble-etions" article. Also I have just bought the book *The Finest Crew Of The Fleet: The Next Generation Cast On Screen And Off* by Adam Shrager, and it is great.

Love long and rejoice always.

-CYNTHIA AYERS

**MEDICAL REPORT:**

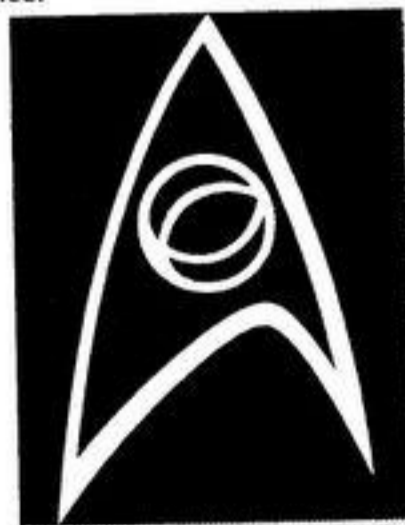
Doctor Nathan Cobaugh, chief medical officer



Have successfully caught Pinky and the Brain in the Cedar Point Sector, and am currently doing a psychoanalysis on them while enroute via long-range shuttle to the *Maximilian*. So far, I submit that the Brain is a megalomaniac, and his sidekick, Pinky is just plain nuts!

Will be joining everyone again when I return on-board shortly.

Seeya all soon!

**ACTION-WEAR UPDATE**LCDR
TERRY "TAMAK"
McPHERSON.

At last we have prices for the *Maximilian* ActionWear Jackets. They are black nylon with black lettering: "USS MAXIMILIAN NCC-74997" on the back. Costs are as follows:

SMALL - XL
\$57.63
XXL
\$60.28
XXXL
\$62.92

WITH 1 NAME
(BLOCKED, RIGHT
CHEST)

SMALL - XL
\$60.81
XXL
\$63.45
XXXL
\$66.09

WITH 2 NAMES
(FREEHAND ALONG
RIGHT POCKET)

SMALL - XL
\$61.86
XXL
\$67.68
XXXL
\$68.00(?)

(PRICE TO BE
CONFIRMED LATER)

HONORS AWARDED**PROMOTIONS****LIEUTENANT JUNIOR GRADE**

SCTX C. Stephenson.
ENS D. Ouellette.
ENS S. Howard.

CAPTAIN

J. Garcia.

REAR ADMIRAL

COMA M. Morris.
CAPT G. Dunn.

AWARDS**ADMIRALTY AWARD OF MERIT**

ADM B. J. Matras.
SS Columbus.

MERITORIOUS SERVICE MEDALLION

LTJG D. Ouellette.

STARSHIP ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

LT B. Walters.

RECRUITERS' MEDALLION

LT B. Walters.

NEW MEMBERS

CAPT J. Garcia.

NEW DUTY ASSIGNMENT APPOINTMENTS**RADM G. DUNN**

Assigned as Deputy Commissioner, USS *Maximilian.*

CAPT J. GARCIA

Assigned to Advisory Support Staff, USS *Maximilian.*

NOTE TO THE CREW:

Remember to keep track of anything that may help you toward promotion. If you have any questions, consult your chain of command.

Congratulations to those recognized this month.

STARFLEET INTELLIGENCE:

Lieutenant Beth Walters, chief of intelligence

Greetings to all my shipmates and fellow aliens!

Due to a change in my schedule, I am currently taking leave of my duties temporarily. In my place will be Krysa Hilton. I hope that everyone will be on hand to give her any help if she needs it. I will keep you posted from time to time on anything that I may hear. I am hoping that I will not be away for too long but I felt that I needed time to adjust to working 14 hour days and gain back some of the sanity I have lost.

On the lighter side of things, I am guessing that the Hollywood hotshots have nothing better to do or run out of ideas for new movies. As I sit here writing this and looking through the October edition of *Starlog* magazine, I came across the tentative film fantasy schedule. This is subject to change, but here it goes.

NOVEMBER 1997- *The Little Mermaid* (re-release); *Mortal Kombat*; *Starship Troopers*; *Anastasia*; *Flubber* (taken from Disney's *Absent-Minded Professor*); *ALIEN: Resurrection*.



DECEMBER 1997- *Titanic*; *Terzen and Jane*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*; *Mr. Magoo*; *Sphere*; *The Postman*; *Scream 2*.

FEBRUARY 1998- *Blade*; *Deep Rising*.

MARCH 1998- *The Mask of Zorro*.

SPRING 1998- *Eater of the Deed* (sounds like another winner); *Virus*; *Lost in Space*; *My Favorite Martian* (the series was one of my favorites so how bad can they screw it up); *Dr. Dolittle*.

MAY 1998- *Godzilla*; *Deep Impact*.

JUNE 1998- *Mulan*.

JULY 1998- *Armageddon*.

SUMMER 1998- *Mighty Joe Young*; *The Quest for Camelot*; *Superman Reborn*; *The Silver Surfer*; *The Avengers*; *Inspector Gadget*; *Manhattan Ghost Story*; *What Dreams May Come*; *Species II*; *The Second Arrival*; *The X-Files: The Movie*.

Sounds like a winning line-up. Until next month. See you when I return. My special thanks to Krysa Hilton for the fine job she is doing covering my place. ♪

COMMISSIONERS ADDRESS:

Founding Admiral Robert S. Lyon, commissioner.

Greetings once again to the crew of the *Maximilian*. As you can see, I now have a new toy to mess around with. I now have access to a computer which makes my old one look pretty much like a pocket calculator in comparison. This is the first time that I used this program, so I hope you like the new look. This newsletter was published with MS Publisher 97. I am, so far impressed with the format. Outside of the title bar, page numbering, and headers are all written mostly in *Star Trek* fonts (except for Elaine's report and Greg's Page). I am also beginning to use stock clip art that came with the computer, so graphics will be somewhat easier now.

In any case, I have been pleased with the progress of this ship since my return. I



regret that my activity level must suffer, however I do have to get school done and over with once and for all.

I was going to write about other things, but a couple of things just came up just as the deadline for this issue to go to print. First of all, I would like to take this time to congratu-

late LCDR Cynthia Ayers on landing a job at the Ohio Historical Society. She starts work there on Monday. Having studied archeology myself, I know how much a job there can mean. That can be a real "dream" job. Again, best wishes, and congratulations, Cynthia!

Secondly, the new updated and expanded *Star Trek Encyclopedia* is now available at a Starbase near you, and man is it *SWEET!!* I'm drooling all over it as we speak! By the way, congrats to CAPT Doug Foulk, of the *Columbus* who has his name in this book's acknowledgements. Tell'em how it is, Doug! I recommend this book to any avid *Star Trek* fan. Dat's all folks! Later dudes! ♪

TRANSPORTER LOG:

Lieutenant Junior Grade Chris Stephenson, transporter officer

Hello to the crew of the *Maximilian* for the month of October/November. This section, as always, will detail the new movies coming out for the month of November. For this month, the big news is **STARSHIP TROOPERS**. *Starship Troopers* is based upon the famous novel by Robert Heinlein. In it, it's mankind vs. the evil "bugs". After they drop a meteor on our cities, it's time to strike against their own home planet. A cast of thousands of Computer-generated evil looking things attack our no-name heroes... and this time, Mankind may not be the victors...

Directed by Paul Verhoeven (*Robocop*,

Total Recall) and starring nobody you'd know, except for Denise Crosby (Tasha Yar) in a small role. The effects here are the real stars of the show. Advance buzz is that this is cheezy... but not BAD cheese. Think STAR WARS cheese. Also this month: 14- *The Jackal* (Bruce Willis, Richard Gere) Bruce fights Gere. Remake of THE DAY OF THE JACKAL.

21- *Anastasia* (animated) Don Bluth's disney-killer.

Mortal Kombat: Annihilation (?) Sequel to Kool game based movie. Special effects thing.

25- *Alien: Resurrection* (Sigourney

Weaver, Winona Ryder) Ripley returns 200 years later to once again battle the evil aliens, this time headed to Earth. There's one catch... She's a clone, and she's part alien.....

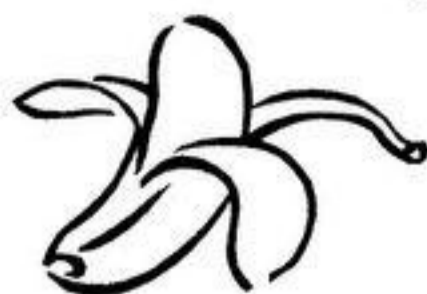
Flubber (Robin Williams) Based on THE ABSENT MINDED PROFESSOR, Robin invents Flubber, an intelligent rubber substance with a great sense of rhythm.

Also, Phase one of the CYBER-MAX project should be completed by the end of the month. REMEMBER THE ADDRESS::: <http://www.ongelfire.com/oh/Max74997/index.html>.

Next month: Report from WINDYCON. ♪

Musings from the Puddle

REAR ADMIRAL GREG DUNN, DEPUTY COMMISSIONER



Due to a recent incident concerning a banana and a blender, Admiral Blobbin is unable to report in English. Hence, the

report will be written in his native tongue, to be translated for you by half the linguists from the Federation Science Community.

BLOBBIN'S REPORT AS GIVEN:
 queishna guioy newchiumizi zdfkdo qyuckl
 (pedf). "dfku ewroc kknow ddjwil pw2
 ekik" \dsapokeh jawb urawels.1 kbj,eur fsf
 //ardpr ubyu. bae @ aacedm ? wdsieig pol
 Bannana. tecos por-uo kl'deri. weratt
 blender kwewio syugg ekji eiu kjkjkjkj dtd
 iop. dheu banana dehy blender heuw
 cuisinart jawo cidjjeuf oei—fjd toaster

sideaw por'dus dgkr...ewuf.
BLOBBIN'S REPORT TRANSLATED: The box with the chocolate wafers is on the shelf by the door with the small mosaic of a pineapple on it.



GREG'S PAGE



Toby's Tidbits

TOBIAS JOCK UBERCAT, BLOBBIN'S FELINE OWNER

MEMO FROM THE DESK OF TOBY:
 DUE TO A RECENT INCIDENT INVOLVING CANNED CAT FOOD, TOBY IS INDESPROSED. HAVING TO MAKE AN EXTENDED VISIT TO THE LITTERBOX. HIS ARTICLE WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

-TOBY'S SECRETARY



BLOBBINS STORY TIME

Featuring
 THE AMAZING AND SOMEWHAT TRUE ADVENTURES OF ENSIGN BOB: A SPOOF.
 PART III: THE SOMEWHAT HEROIC PROMOTION OF ENSIGN BOB.

REAR ADMIRAL GREG "BLOBBIN" DUNN

Ensign Bob has been waiting for this day for many weeks now. He was finally ready to go before the promotion board to see if he would get promoted.

Since Ensign Bob's amazing return from the temporal rift, he had the highly glamorized job of waste management. Ironical enough, while sifting through the waste on his waste management duties, he sifted through his cloned temporal body's remains and didn't even know it. You can kind of say he touched himself. But back to the story at hand.

He sat down in the chair in front of the review board, which consisted of RADM Turok T'Kill, CDR Tamak, and CDR Teela, all sitting behind a table, and oddly enough, a highly decorated cat sitting on the table. Ensign Bob looked puzzled. T'Kill jumped up, having spent half the day devouring sugar coated reece's peanut butter cups, and said, "Congraaaaaaduuuuulations, Ensign Bob! Your promotion went through! You have just been assigned to the fast paced, exciting, highly competitive, and highly rewarding job of Toby's secretary!"

At that instant, Admiral Rob walks into the room. T'Kill, who is in a half-crazed stence of joy, calls "ATEN-HUTT"

Everyone stands and freezes perfectly still, not being able to move until Admiral Rob gives the word.

At this moment, the cat, who had never "eten-huttet," gets up and walks over to Ensign Bob, and touches his nose with his paw. REMEMBER, EVERYONE IS STILL FROZEN. STILL WAITING FOR ADMIRAL ROB TO GIVE THE WORD. Admiral Rob stands in awe of the sight before his eyes. Toby proceeds to shred Ensign Bob's face with his claws. Ensign Bob stands motionless, cursing under his breath. Toby then proceeds to shred Ensign Bob's promotion orders.

The Vulcan, cracking a smile, says, in a totally out of character, "Aww. Look! The kitty likes you!" Rob says the word.

The Vulcan is drug out of the room to the brig for not waiting for the word, Ensign Bob is taken to sickbay, Adm T'Kill is sedated, and Teela sat down in denial that the whole incident ever happened. In effect, the fact that Ensign Bob was to be promoted was forever forgotten.

Admiral Rob forgot what he wanted to say and went back to his quarters, and Toby mozied on up to the bridge, sat down in the

captain's chair to take the conn, reportingly having pointed his paw to the viewscreen, and having given his first order of, "Meyow."

The flight controller grinned medly and sped off wherever the heck he wanted to go, knowing full well that the worst that could happen was that he was going to get reprimanded by a cat.

Later, Ensign Bob died of trauma suffered during the horrific attack of Toby, but due to back-up organs just like those pesky Klingons, he woke up in the torpedo tube. With much pomp and circumstance, the torpedo was launched into space. Someone in the background was heard saying, "That Ensign Bob just doesn't have any demned luck!"

TUNE IN SAME BOB-TIME, SAME BOB COLUMN, SAME BOB-NEWSLETTER TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO BOB NEXT TIME.

1998 ELECTION PAGE

'98 ELECTION SCHEDULE:

OCT/NOV 97
MIGHTY MAX.

Candidates for the captaincy shall publish their campaign platforms, as seen to the right. Candidates are CDR Elaine Jackson, currently the first officer, and CDR Terry McPherson, currently chief engineer and public relations officer.

NOVEMBER 1997 MEETING:

The candidates shall give an oral campaign during the meeting, emphasizing why they should become commanding officer for the next two years.

DECEMBER 1997 MEETING:

Christmas party. Campaigning may occur on a less formal basis.

JANUARY 1998 MEETING:

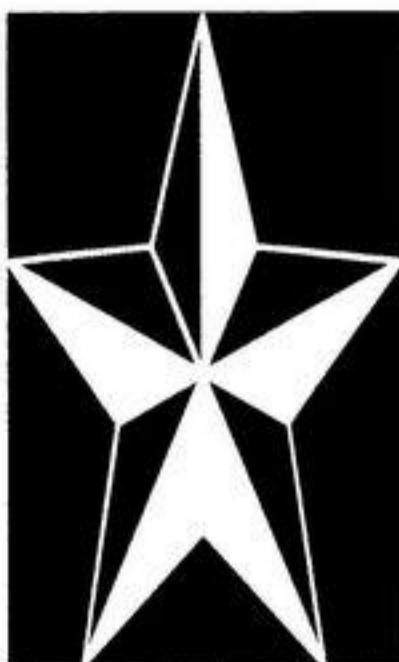
Election night. All active duty members shall cast their ballots. Election results shall be determined and announced. The victor shall have all ship's records transferred from the outgoing commanding officer.

FEBRUARY 1998 MEETING:

Official change of command ceremony. The incoming commanding officer shall give his/her acceptance speech, and officially assume command of the *Maximilian* at the rank of captain.

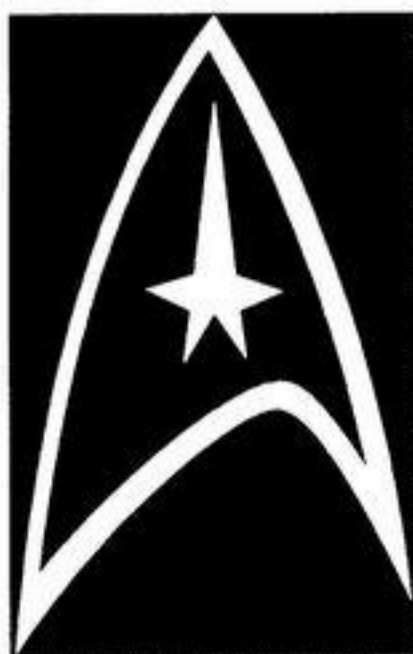
CAMPAIGN PLATFORM FOR C.O.

Commander Elaine Jackson



NO
SUBMISSION
GIVEN BY
NEWSLETTER
DEADLINE.

WILL APPEAR IN
NEXT MONTHS
ISSUE.



CAMPAIGN PLATFORM FOR C.O.

Commander Terry McPherson

Greetings to the crew of the *Maximilian*. As you well know, I am running for captain in January. Although I have been a member of this vessel for less than two years, I believe I have done a lot for this Organization.

I was instrumental in planning the logistics, purchase, and delivery for all Action-Wear items—and the best is yet to come with the new jackets. I was also partly responsible for securing the Lennox 24 theater for recruiting drives which resulted in an increase in our membership.

I became active in *Star Trek* fandom in September 1995, having previously served aboard the U.S.S. *Kittyhawk* as public relations officer; and I am eternally grateful to their former CO, Captain Dave Lape, and

present CO, Captain Thomas Patton. I later joined the *Maximilian* in September 1996 as ship's engineer and public relations officer—the rest of course is history.

As captain of this vessel, I would like to see the following come to pass: An increase in membership; Continued involvement with conventions, getting the word of our Organization out, continuing to better our notoriety and reputation; and to increase our treasury, allowing our program to grow.

There are some people in this Organization that I wish to thank. First of all, Admiral Rob Lyon. He has helped me out a great deal. Secondly, Rear Admiral Matt

Morris and Rear Admiral Greg Dunn—All three of these men convinced me to join this Organization, and I am eternally grateful for what they've done. Next, I would like to thank Commander Elaine Jackson. She made me feel very welcome aboard the *Maximilian*. I would like to thank LCDR Robin Kules, for she encouraged me to run for captain as well. And if there's anyone I've left out, please forgive me, but these people mean a great deal to me, and I thank everyone for making me feel at home. Thank you one and all.

In conclusion, I will, to the best of my ability, fulfill the obligations of being the commanding officer of this Organization, and I will carry on the tradition of the "Mighty Max." **A**

COLLECTORS CORNER

Rear Admiral Matt Morris

Welcome once again to the collectors among us. This Collectors Corner (tm) will be slightly different than the norm, because due to my ever-vigilant research, I've run across a small interview with a Mr. Chris Overly, president of the ever-hated Plymates (tm) Corporation.

According to Mr. Overly, about 70 percent of their total gross income in the *Star Trek* line is collector based. The other thirty percent is children under twelve. When asked about playsets and vehicles that can hold figures, he replied they made 110 thousand transporter sets; 75 thousand still remain unsold. Then he was

asked if Paramount had ever said no to any proposed toy. He replied that they had a very good working relationship with the big-wigs on the mountain. Do the actors approve of their likenesses for their figures? his reply, Patrick Stewart has always had headprovel (yuk yuk yuk). The same with Brent Spiner, and as of *First Contact*, so has LeVar Burton. And as always, William Shatner keeps an eye on his hair. The estate of Jeffrey Hunter, the guy who played Chris Pike, also has actor approval. And the big and final question, who is winning the action-figure battle between Picard and Kirk? The answer is as follows:

Picard is still the number one selling items hands down, and the number one requested (no slam on Riker), but Kirk is a very, very close second. In otherwords, if Picard was requested 100 percent of the time, then Kirk would be requested 99.97 percent of the time. I would even say that Picard and Kirk are neck and neck. And that's it for the interview with Mr. Overly.

Two additional quick finds of the ultra-rarity kind—from the Geloob 1994 action-figure set, there has been unearthed a prototype 3 3/4 size figure of Wesley

**SEE COLLECTORS
PAGE 8**

PERSONA FOR THE MONTH:

THIS MONTH'S PERSONA: Shaylen Ankarian.

Born on the planet of Tulgeris, Shaylen's parents are Dr. Kajira Ankarian and a senior officer of Starfleet. Her birthday is the month of Vendrak, twenty-third daylight in 5723 Meku, or September 23, 2343 by the Terran standard calendar. Ankarian attended private Tulgeri schools and became the top student in her class. She graduated so far above her fellow classmates that she became the first Tulgeri female to be honored for her outstanding achievement.

Her mother, Kajira was one of the foremost authorities in the field of aerodynamic and astronautic propulsion on her world. Some years before Ankarian's birth, Kajira developed and perfected the first matter/antimatter propulsion system for Tulgeri spacecraft. She met her future husband, then Captain Steven Parker of the Federation starship USS *Hatheway* (Constellation class star cruiser, Starfleet registry NCC-2593), who was attracted to the Tulgeris system when Kajira activated her FTL propulsion system. In the years following the *Hatheway's* first contact mission to Tulgeris, Dr. Kajira Ankarian and Captain Parker fell in love, and in 2343 they had a daughter named Shaylen. By the time of Ankarian's birth, Captain Parker was promoted to the rank of commodore.

Over the years, Ankarian became an expert in quantum physics and astrophysics, specializing in light energy propulsion systems.

Her father, Commodore Parker spent as much time as he could with his young daughter, telling her stories of his childhood on Earth and his early days in Starfleet Academy. Kajira, her mother, told her tales of the great heroes and the history of the Tulgeri people. In 2363, Ankarian applied for, and was accepted into Starfleet Academy. Her father sponsored her for admittance. While at the Academy, she majored in warp propulsion theory, getting high marks in vir-

tually every class and lab she attended. Her natural talents gained her the attention of many starship captains and ship yard commanders throughout the Federation, virtually guaranteeing her almost any assignment she wanted.

Tragedy came into her life in late 2366, during the winter break of her senior year. Her father, now a retired Starfleet admiral living on her homeworld with her mother, was coming to visit her on Earth over the break. He booked passage aboard the Federation starship USS *Lalo* (Mediterranean class freighter, Starfleet registry NCC-43837). During this time, the Borg invaded Federation space, and Starfleet began mopping forces at Wolf 359 under the command of Admiral Henson. The President of the United Federation of Planets declared a state of emergency for planet Earth, which was the destination of the Borg cube. She received word that the *Lalo*, which was to port at Sentinel Minor II before returning to Earth, encountered the Borg cube near Zeta Alpha II, resulting in the destruction of the *Lalo* and all aboard.

She didn't want to believe it, until Starfleet Academy Superintendent, Admiral Hahn, showed her the distress signal from the *Lalo*, received by Starbase 157. The death of Ankarian's father was a terrible blow to her. She would harbor a deep hatred for the Borg for a long time to come. With the Borg crisis over, things slowly returned to normal for almost everyone else. Concentrating on her work was difficult at best for Ankarian. When graduation finally came in 2367, she was given the commission of a Starfleet ensign. She requested a leave of advanced study on her homeworld of Tulgeris at the Cochrane Institute of Engineering, Tulgeris branch, to earn a doctorate in quantum physics. Understanding her loss, and with the consideration that her deceased father was a Starfleet admiral, Starfleet Command granted her leave until her studies were complete.

On Tulgeris, she lived with her mother, but most of her time was spent on campus. She immersed herself into her work in an effort to forget her pain over the loss of her father. Late one night in 2368 at the Cochrane Institute, she was studying a controversial theory for her doctorate paper. While thinking about this theory, she wondered if there was a way to make a warp drive system which could operate at sustained speeds as great as warp 9.999 without overload or high core breach risk. Ankarian developed plans for a prototype which she dubbed the Imcari Device, an add-on unit to the matter/antimatter reaction chamber, IDF generators, and the SIF generators. Fearing sabotage infringement

by potentially unethical colleagues, she kept the plans a close secret until she could collaborate with other Federation scientists of reputable ethics and credentials to make her plans from theory into reality.

The scientific community on Churgon, a planet in Tulgeris's neighboring star system, heard of Ankarian's work and demanded that the plans be shared with them. Ankarian replied that it was not possible, and that there were others who had first claim to the Imcari Device. Enraged by her refusal, the Churgonian government launched an attack against Tulgeris.

Unknown to the Tulgerian people (and to the Federation as well), Churgonian scientists developed a high-yield Berthold radiation weapon capable of destroying any animal life-form it came into contact with, leaving plant life and technology intact. In all, about two-thirds of the Tulgeri population, including Ankarian's mother, were annihilated.

Fortunately, Ankarian was working late in her laboratory at the time of the attack. Because of the delicate and sensitive nature of some of the experiments performed at the Cochrane Institute of Engineering, the section of the campus in which her lab was located was considered a high security area, protected by a shield grid capable of deflecting any orbital bombardment. She, and the few scientists and professors who happened to be working late, survived the Churgonian attack. In the three days that followed, Ankarian was forced to watch her mother die a slow and agonizing death as the effects of Berthold radiation consumed her.

Federation starship USS *Maximilian* (Nebula class science starship, Starfleet registry NCC-72016) arrived two days after the attack. The *Maximilian*, under the command of Captain Robert Lyon, was the closest starship to Tulgeris when the Tulgerian government sent the distress signal. The starship's arrival was too late, as there is no practical antidote for exposure to high concentrations of Berthold radiation. Captain Lyon and his crew, however, were able to aid the survivors by tending to other medical needs, and dispatching supplies necessary for rebuilding Tulgeri civilization in the aftermath of the Churgonian attack.

At the recommendation of Captain Lyon, heavy sanctions had been placed on the Churgonian people, and their home system was encompassed by a neutral zone, the crossing of which by any Churgonian vessel would be considered an act of war.

SEE PERSONA
page 11

PERSONA FOR NOVEMBER 1997

As part of the fictional aspect of the *Maximilian*, members are encouraged to create their own "persona" to fit into the *Star Trek* universe. Said personas do not necessarily have to be restricted to being human or even being the same age as the individual who created it, thus allowing a member to create an officer or crewman serving aboard the fictional starship *Maximilian*. Without further ado, this issue's persona is...

SHAYLEN ANKARIAN

CREATED BY:

DEBBIE OUELETTE

Debbie has signed on board the *Maximilian* in February, 1997. She is currently assigned as the warp propulsion section officer in Engineering.

Among her achievements with the *Maximilian* include earning the Meritorious Service Medallion, and a promotion to the rank of lieutenant junior grade.

Her persona, Shaylen Ankarian is featured in this month's PERSONA OF THE MONTH article on this page of the *Mighty Max*.

COLLECTOR: Continued from page 7

Crusher, estimated value \$2,500. How many would you like? And lest, but not least, a Hallmark *Enterprise-D* prototype that was never painted, and exhibits purple engines instead of the traditional blue. It still works and lights, estimated \$450, which is the going price of the first Hallmark ornament of the *Constitution* class *Enterprise*. That's all for now until next time, when we go back to the over-priced stuff.

-Jolan True

STAR TREK: MAXIMILLIAN

"THE SACRIFICE, PART I."

BY: ROBERT S. LYON

STAR TREK: MAXIMILLIAN

is a fan-produced story for the benefit of the members of the USS *Maximilian* (NCC-74997) *Star Trek* Fan Association. It is not intended to be sold for profit, simply for the enjoyment of our members. This is only a fan publication, not to infringe upon any copyrights, trademarks, or licenses of VIACOM, Paramount Pictures Corporation, or associate organizations and corporations.

USS ATLANTIS, NCC-746B3.

The klaxons blared throughout the ship, the battle bridge was dimly lit in crimson. The crew was at battlestations in the heat of combat. The main viewer displayed the badly damaged Federation starships *Chicago* and *Maximilian*, crippled and burning, and escape pods launching from each as Jem'Hadar warships carved into the once-mighty starships with their beam weapons.

"Damage report!" Captain Christopher Ryan demanded. The Jem'Hadar attackers made another direct hit.

The Vulcan operations manager Sponek took a quick glance at his readouts. "Damage to the port warp nacelle. Hull breach and decompression on decks eleven, twelve and thirteen. Fourteen dead, twenty-seven injured."

Alarmed, the bridge engineering officer yelled over the noise. "Warp core breach in progress. Captain! Critical mass in two minutes! We're losing life support and environmental control. There's nothing we can do."

"All hands, abandon ship! Men the life pods! Repeat, all hands abandon ship!" Ryan ordered.

The abandon ship klaxon sounded. The main computer droned "Abandon ship. Abandon ship. All hands, abandon ship."

"Captain," it was Science Officer Hobson. "Telemetry report coming in from the recon probe in the Semtar system. This is no drill."

"Computer, end combat readiness simulation and evaluate performance, authorization Ryan delta-four-two," Ryan ordered.

"Combat readiness simulation terminated," the main computer replied as the battle bridge lighting and control displays returned to that of normal cruising mode. "Simulation performance evaluation: Ship's combat readiness at 95 percent." Ryan noted the computer's report. He walked over to Lieutenant Hobson's station, where the young science officer was closely examining the telemetry being received.

"What have you found, Lieutenant?" Ryan asked. This was the first significant report from any of the recon probes launched throughout the sector.

"You might find this interesting, Captain." This was the most exciting, non-routine event since the *Atlantis* and the Starfleet task force to which she was assigned had encountered since entering the Gamma Quadrant three weeks ago. "Semtar is a type G2 star with seven planets. The third planet appears to be

Class-M," Hobson paused for a second, fascinated by what her instruments were indicating. She looked up at her captain. "Sir, it appears that the third planet has a primitive humanoid civilization which had only recently entered into the initial phases of their space program."

Ryan, too, was fascinated by what his ship had just discovered. "Another new world reaching for the stars. Remarkable. I always wondered what it would have been like for our own ancestors to be the first men in space. It must have been quite an experience, to be the first of your kind to enter the unknown void of space for the first time. No Earth human can ever experience that kind of thrill again." Ryan had been an avid student of the early space programs of Earth's twentieth century. On his off-duty hours, he would often run holodeck programs of the early Apollo, Soyuz, or the space shuttle missions. He always wondered what it would be like to be a space pioneer like Armstrong, Grisson, Aldrin, Glenn, Oberth, and even Cochrane of the mid twenty-first century, he couldn't even begin to imagine what their space flights might have been like, he liked to believe that it was as dangerous, if not, more so than the contemporary deep-space exploration missions that Federation starships have been performing since the foundation of the Federation some two-hundred eleven years before. He would have given anything for a chance to fly one of those first space expeditions. He relished in these thoughts for a moment before giving his order.

"Lieutenant, contact Admiral Lyon on the *Maximilian*. Inform him of the situation, and relay the telemetry to their science officer."

"Aye, sir."

The Admiral will be pleased about this. Ryan turned to leave the bridge. "Commander, battle readiness is ninety-five percent. Try to get it to ninety-seven. I'll be in my quarters if you need me."

"Aye captain," replied his first officer, who in turn gave his own series of orders. "Computer, commence combat readiness simulation, authorization Lowe omicron-five-two. All hands, red alert."

Ryan entered the turbolift and left the battle bridge.

USS MAXIMILLIAN, NCC-72016.

Commodore Turok T'Kill was tired. He couldn't recall the last time he had any real sleep. This was the first real chance he had to relax in the last month. The *Maximilian* had been on patrol in the Gamma Quadrant as flagship to Task Force Gemme-

Two, which was commanded by Admiral Robert Lyon, the first commanding officer of this *Nebula* class starship. T'Kill never enjoyed patrol duty in the Gamma Quadrant. He had only pulled that duty once before, and nearly lost his ship to the Jem'Hadar. The Admiral was pushing this crew to its limits, as he was with the other three ships his task force: the *Atlantis*, an *Intrepid* class scout commanded by Captain Christopher Ryan, who was a cadet at the Academy with T'Kill; the *Mariner*, also an *Intrepid* class scout, commanded by a Captain Frederick Patterson; and the *Excelsior* class starship USS *Chicago*, commanded by Captain Nguyen Tu, an officer that T'Kill did not know personally, but had a reputation of being a good starship captain. T'Kill understood only all too well why the Admiral was pushing so hard for combat readiness.

T'Kill had known Admiral Lyon for almost thirty years, and he knew a great deal about his career in Starfleet. Lyon was not, by any means, the average flag officer. He is one of the very few admirals who had ever served in the enlisted ranks before attending Starfleet Academy. Like T'Kill, Lyon absolutely hated playing the role of the politician. T'Kill often wondered why Lyon ever accepted promotion to the admiralty after he left command of this ship. For both these reasons, he liked the Admiral. T'Kill's true respect for him was earned when they first met about twenty-eight years ago. Lyon was one of the very first officers who had trusted him. With his pointed ears and upturned eyebrows, T'Kill appeared to be Vulcan, though his emotions and character seemed more human; even his name was not of Vulcan origin. In truth, T'Kill was a hybrid between human and Romulan, which was a truly unique heritage—one that wasn't exactly trusted among the ranks of Starfleet.

T'Kill, at age eighty-three, was amazed that he made it as far as the captaincy, let alone a flag rank commission. Not even Saevik, the last Starfleet officer to have a similar heritage, never attained the rank of a Starfleet commodore. He found it ironic that his talents and a few key people in Starfleet made all the difference in the universe for him.

T'Kill was born and raised on planet Romulus. His father was Starfleet officer Matthew T. Morris, and his mother had once been a high-ranking commander in the Romulan fleet who fell from grace during an incident involving the Federation starship *Enterprise*, which, operating under Federation orders, obtained a cloaking device from her task force in 2268.

On May 7, 2311, Captain Morris, who commanded the starship *Endeavour*, was ordered to the Tored system with several other starships (including the dreadnought *Maximilian*). The *Endeavour* was destroyed, and it was

generally believed that there were no survivors among her crew. Captain Morris was among the twenty-seven survivors from his ship taken to Romulus for interrogation, most of whom were executed. T'Kill's mother, the commander of the prison camp in which Morris was held, was still extremely bitter from her experience with *Enterprise* some forty-three years ago, which resulted in the downfall of her career. She meted with Cptain Morris to spite the Federation. Approximately a year, T'Kill was born.

During his life in the Empire, T'Kill had a standard Romulan upbringing, learning much about Romulan culture, civilization, history, and military tactics. He did exceptionally well in school, and, despite his lineage, was accepted into the Romulan Military Academy upon his twelfth birthday. Because he was half human, he had to work exceptionally hard to prove his loyalties to his instructors and peers. He eventually became one of the best officer candidates in his class, ranking third upon his graduation eighteen years of age.

He spent many years aboard various Romulan warships, ranging from Birds-of-Prey, the Klingon D-7 warships (traded many years ago during the ill-fated Romulan/Klingon alliance) and the early predecessors to the Romulan Warbirds.

T'Kill's service career with the Romulan fleet was exceptional until one day in 2344, when prisoners from the Federation starship *Enterprise-C*, captured at Narendra III, were brought to Romulus for interrogation. Captain Morris, a reluctant citizen of the Romulan Star Empire, was still very loyal to the Federation. He attempted to help the *Enterprise-C* prisoners escape from Romulus, and was caught in the act. Charged with high treason for his actions, Morris was publicly executed. Among the witnesses to this public display was twenty-four-year-old Turok T'Kill, who, while forced to watch the execution of his father, felt betrayed by the very government he served. After a great deal of thought and consideration, T'Kill decided to defect from the Romulan fleet, and stowed away on board a Corvallen freighter bound for worlds within Federation territory. Once within Federation space, he found transport to Starfleet Headquarters on Earth, where he requested and was granted asylum in exchange for intelligence on Romulan strength and activity. He had expressed interest in joining Starfleet to follow in his late father's footsteps. Though his initial request met with much resistance, his conviction was eventually proven to be genuine, and as a result, was granted entrance into the Starfleet Academy the following year at the age of fifty-five, becoming the oldest cadet ever admitted.

Turok had a great deal to thank Admiral Lyon for: he remembered the day they actually met. Lyon, then a lieutenant commander serving as an instructor in starfighter and

starship combat strategy and tactics, gave a lecture on the maneuverability and capabilities on what was then the top-of-the-line Warbird, first encountered at Tored. T'Kill blatantly countered him in class, saying that his assessment on the Warbird was inaccurate. Commander Lyon did not like being contradicted in class, especially by a first-year cadet. It was simply never done. When the lecture was over, Lyon asked T'Kill to report to his office. Lyon found the cadet curious, and for hours they talked about the Romulans and their starship tactics and capabilities as well as T'Kill's own background. Lyon was truly fascinated by the cadet, and recommended him for a position as his assistant. Due to his heritage, many Starfleet officers and cadets serving at the Academy were suspicious of him. Lyon had been convinced that he was not a spy, and pushed hard to support the cadet throughout his career. Over the years, T'Kill had earned the trust of his colleagues as well as that of his superiors. His career in Starfleet had been exemplary, but nothing every came very easily for him.

T'Kill thought of his own past now, as he allowed his mind to drift. He had been passing the time watching an old video of Superbowl forty-three. American football of the late twentieth and early twenty-first centuries had been a hobby of his since his days at the Academy. He had favored this game. The score was tied until the last few seconds when the Pittsburgh Steelers had won the game against the Green Bay Packers. It was perhaps the most exciting game of the early twenty-first century.

Too bad that Fox had broadcasted the game, T'Kill thought. But then again, The Global Sports Network hadn't been established for another five years.

T'Kill was about to doze off when the intercom sounded.

"Bridge to Captain. The Admiral requires your presence in the ready room."

Doesn't the Old Man ever sleep? T'Kill thought. Irritated, he responded to the message.

"T'Kill here. Tell the Admiral I'm on my way." *This better be damned good. The Admiral had better not be interested in showing me some old clip from that ancient Earth television show, Star Trek, again!* T'Kill thought bitterly. He hated being interrupted during a good game, especially when he was ready to call it a night. Though he could not see the appeal in the old television show that captured the Admiral's interest—the special effects were ridiculously primitive—he had to admit, though, that it was uncanny how it paralleled how things really are in the twenty-fourth century, and in that, he saw the genius in its creator, Gene Roddenberry. The guy must have been another Nostredomus.

T'Kill entered the ready room. Admiral Lyon was at the desk, and standing in front of it was Captain Christopher Ryan of the

Atlantis. It seemed strange to T'Kill to be serving in the same task force with the great grandson of one of the commanding officers of the original starship *Maximilian*.

"Gentlemen, have a seat." The Admiral finally said. The two officers sat down. Both men, Lyon and Ryan, wore expressions of concern. "Commodore T'Kill, we have some very disturbing information, Chris?"

"As you recall," Ryan began, "The *Atlantis* launched Type VI reconnaissance probes two weeks ago into the star systems in this sector."

"One of those probes picked up a new civilization in the Semtar system last week, didn't it?" T'Kill asked, remembering the most significant information received since the *Atlantis* launched them. "Lieutenant McGinnis, our wing commander, launched a manned covert reconnaissance mission last week with Cadet Daniels and Lieutenant Kulesto study the civilization there. They are due to return within the hour."

"That is correct. And that is our major concern here," Captain Ryan activated the ready-room monitor, displaying the telemetry received from the Semtar probe. "As you can see from this data from our probe, the Semtar system consists of a Type G2 star, seven planets, and an asteroid belt between the third and fourth planets. Only one of the Semtarian worlds, Semtar III, is habitable. The Semtarians are a humanoid species whose civilization had reached a socio-technological equivalent to that of Earth during the late twentieth century, circa 1990."

"That means the Prime Directive of Non-Interference is in full effect. So what's the problem?" T'Kill asked, wondering where all of this was leading.

TO BE
CONTINUED IN
THE NEXT ISSUE
OF THE MIGHTY
MAX...

THE MAX-ADVENTURE
IS ONLY BEGINNING...



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work their convention in Cincinnati, Ohio during the weekend of the 5th, 6th, and 7th of December. Rear Admiral Morris and Commander McPherson will provide further information on this convention as information becomes available.

The convention in Columbus in September provided the *Maximilian* an opportunity to set up a recruiting table. Guest stars included Alexander Siddig and Jason Carter. Afterwards, members attending the convention ate at Uno's after the 9AM-6PM work schedule downtime.

All in all, this convention was a big success for the *Maximilian*. This ship is beginning to become known outside the Columbus area as we probe into areas of *Star Trek* fandom that other local organizations rarely go as we continue to reach for the stars, and grab the future! A

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