

"Reach for the Stars and Grab the Future"

# THE MIGHTY MAX

November, 1999

Volume 7, Issue 10



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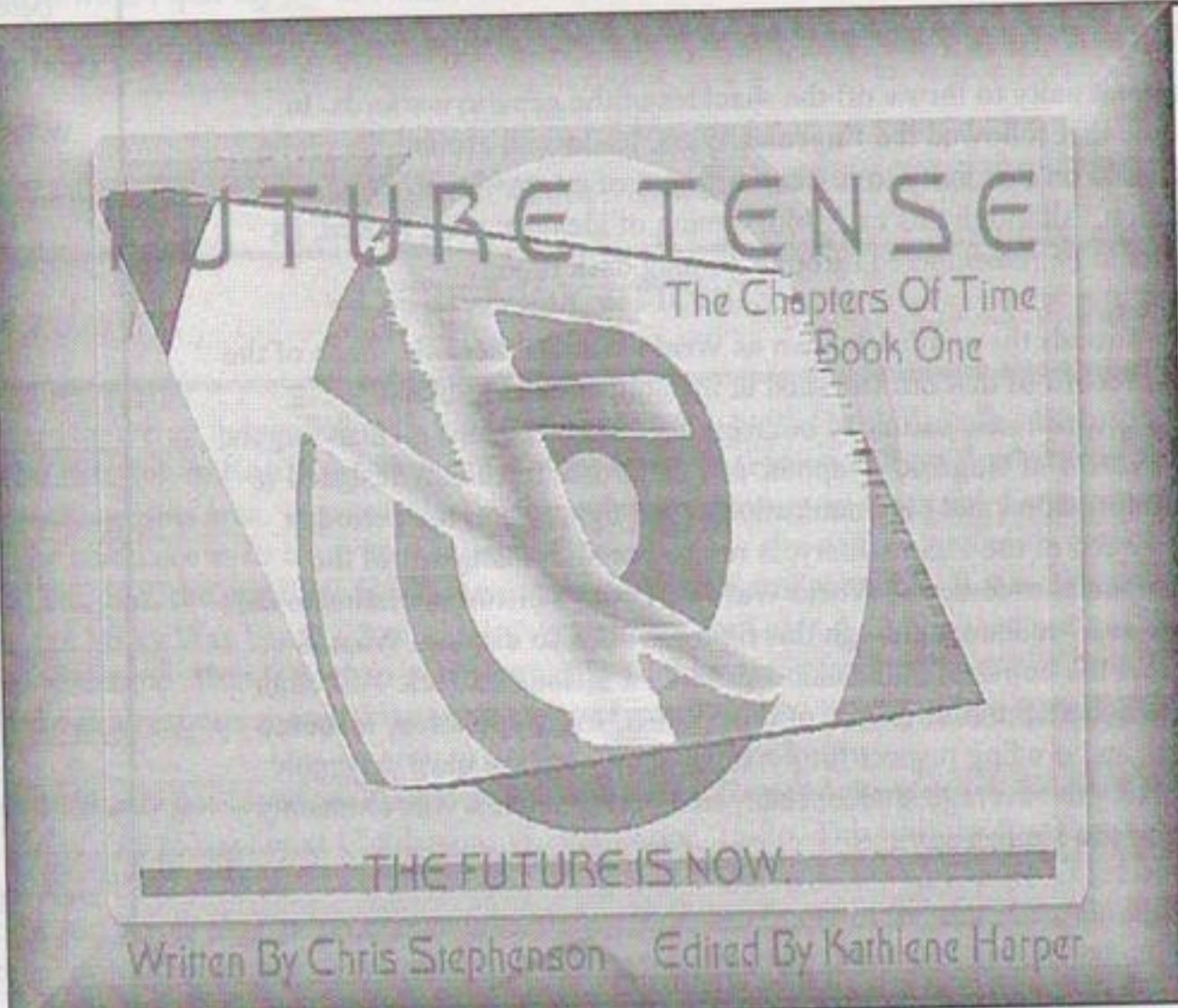
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## NEXT ISSUE

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Submissions may be mailed to 298 Jennie Dr. Gahanna OH 43230

Or they can be sent to

ft99@hotmail.com

## THE FUTURE IS HERE.

LCDR CHRIS STEPHENSON

Yes, I know it's the same cover as last month, but this time it means something. As of the time I'm writing this, November 12th, Editing is very close to being completed, meaning that it's time to order your own copy of Future Tense: The Chapters of Time book one. Not only did I write it, but RADM Greg Dunn is doing the front and back cover art. This month's newsletter has a couple of chapters from the 2nd draft (I haven't got the edited copy back yet) The price is \$15.00, and it is published by myself, so if you are interested after checking out the preview, then see me about placing a preorder.

In other news...I really don't have any. I had my 20th Birthday on October 23rd, so that was pretty happy, and Rob, Terry, Erica, Greg all showed up at my house to celebrate it, so thanks. :-)

Well, off to do something else. Enjoy this month's newsletter, and keep those submissions rolling. Stephenson OUT.

# Admiral Rob's Storytime

By FADM Robert Lyon

## HISTORY OF THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS

### PART 3: FIRST UNITY MOVEMENT

It took great unity to throw off the shackles of the genetic warlords. In the decade that followed the Eugenics Wars, leaders all around the globe tried to build on that unity to foster a new era of international cooperation. Although this early blossoming of idealism soon fizzled, its tenets would be remembered through coming dark times.

Mystery shrouds the conflict known as World War III, because much of the historical record of that era vanished in the course of its military campaigns, which saw sustained bombing campaigns against civilian targets, the deployment of biogenic weapons, and electronic terrorism designed to destroy information and communications. One figure from the period, a Colonel Green of the U.S. military, is remembered as instigator of the worst genocidal excesses of World War III. Today's historians estimate the death toll at 37 million, although this figure is open to dispute. What is clear is that the hopes of Humankind suffered a serious setback. Although historians debate the root causes of the conflict, overpopulation, resource depletion, and eroding respect for personal liberty are the most common suggestions - the average student today understands that it was ultimately a failure of the Human spirit.

To be continued...

## Greetings Earthlings

LCDR Sidley Howard

Here we go again another month has rolled around and another convention under my belt. On Oct. 30 Manny and I drove up to Cleveland for the annual Legrange/Xtreme/Vulkon. Let me tell you James Daren "Vic Fontane" is a must see at a convention. During his hour on stage he told jokes and stories about Shatner and then he sang. What a wonderful treat that was. Who else was there? Well let me tell you. Alexandria Tydings "Aphrodite", Robin Curtiss "Tellara and Savik", Robert Krimmer "Emperor on B5". Great line up from all different areas of Sci-Fi.

Any way on to other business. Camping: one word "WET". "That's all I have to say about that." (forrest gump) Paintball: It was on Oct 20, but only Manny and myself showed up. We need to reschedule so we can use these tickets before they expire in Feb. <Continued on page 3>

U.S.S. MAXIMILIAN

UPCOMING MEETINGS

December 11th

CHRISTMAS PARTY

W/TREKORDY!!

January 8th

Election

TREASURY

\$54.00

UPCOMING  
SCI-FI EVENTS

November 24

END OF DAYS

December 1

TROI/BARCLAY ON

VOYAGER

December 10

GALAXY QUEST

<Continued from Page 2>

Upcoming conventions.....INDY with Gates McFadden It is on Thanksgiving Weekend. I hope people brought things to auction off and I hope you brought some money to buy. If this thing works we can do it again and invite others to attend.

Good news and bad news: Good news is I started my new job at Best Buy on Polaris Parkway. Bad news is I quit my job at Family Toy. If you still want to do a bake sale there someone needs to contact the Manager. See me for the info.

Until next time  
 TTFN (ta ta for now)(tigger)  
 LCMR Sidley E. Howard

### Dear Max Friends

LCDR Cynthia Ayers

Hope you are all doing well with fall activities, school, work, etc. It's such a busy time of year! The first Sat. in Nov. Kurt, Ben and I went down to Geneva Hills, a Presbyterian Camp in the Hocking Hills area. It was a clear night and the stars were so beautiful. I can remember when one could see even more stars at night there. There is alot of light pollution from Lancaster, etc. But, the night sky is still impressive compared to Columbus.. It was so great to look at the Milky Way band. I don't think I've seen that for years. I do hope we can get up to Perkins sometime. That is hard to do as we really need to decide and pay ahead of time. If we don't make reservations ahead of time, we may not get all get in. If anyone has some ingenious idea on how to do this, please let me know.

Well, I finally got to see my favorite Star Trek actor, Gates McFadden!!!! She was fabulous! I was able to see her at Charleston, W. VA., Sept. 25-26. This was the first convention that I've driven to by myself. I really enjoyed doing that ! The mountains of West Virginia were beautiful and it was nice to have some time alone. Although, most of the time I would love to be traveling with someone, it was nice to be by myself this time. Plus, the van waited until a week or so after I got home to break down!!

Gates was just everything that I had hoped she would be! I have admired her for so long that part of me was dying to met her and the other part was afraid that I would be let down by meeting her! But, she exceeded my expectations for what I had hoped that she would be. It was fun to watch her in a dramatic reading with John de Lancie. The play was about the love story of Elizabeth and Robert Browning. It was written by John de Lancie. Also, it contained alot of Eliz. and Robt.'s own words from their letters to each other. It was very good. It got me interested in reading some of their poetry again. Gates explained to us on Sunday, that John and she had had very little time to rehearse and put the play together. They certainly did a good job with it! However, the best time was seeing Gates on stage on Sunday.

She talked for about an hour. She was funny and very nice. She talked alot about her family, esp. her son. I asked her a question about her growing up in Cuyahoga Falls. She talked a long time about how much she liked growing up in Ohio, going to Swenson's Restaurant, etc. My husband grew up in the Akron Area and knows the restaurant that she was talking about. I'm so glad that I went. Even if I never see her again, I will always treasure this convention.

Love long and rejoice always, Cynthia Ayers

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## A Matter of Antimatter

LT Erica Sherman

Sorry I couldn't be here today. I realized a couple of weeks ago that the meeting fell on the same day as my cousin's Bat Mitzvah. So right now I'm in D.C. having a cultural experience. I'll tell you all about it at the next meeting.

I bombed my second math test and could have done better on my chem test, although an 83 isn't bad. I had a critical evaluation paper due Wednesday. MY instructor said that we could do it on a movie if we wanted so I chose to do it on *Insurrection*. Hey, I've seen it eight times and sources were easy to find. Knowing my instructor, though, it'll probably get chopped up like the last one did. Don't get too accustomed to these long reports from me; I don't really like to write.

I'll see you all in December. Sherman out.

# TREK DOINGS

Star Trek: The Fate of the Future

By 'Chris Pike'

I've been following events inside the besieged Star Trek franchise for quite some time now, and thought you'd be interested to know the latest developments regarding Voyager, Series 5, and the rather nasty politics going on inside the Paramount Lot. All of these findings have been confirmed by multiple sources, some of them quite highly placed. I'm sorry I can't reveal my identity, but doing so would unfortunately put my sources at risk. First, a little background. As you probably know, the Trek franchise has been hurting for some time. Deep Space Nine ended its financially successful seven year run in June, the struggling Voyager's ratings continues to sink in the ratings despite being the only Trek series on the air, and the most recent feature film, *Insurrection*, was neither a commercial success nor a fan favorite. Meanwhile, the media which once fawned over Trek now rarely covers it except to run stories about the franchise's sad decline. Recent stories in *Entertainment Weekly* (on how to fix Trek) and *Salon* magazine (asking who killed the franchise) were supposedly quite galling to the powers that be at Paramount. And behind the scenes, the Paramount lot was the site of a very nasty battle this summer in which Ron Moore, the popular and acclaimed scribe for *Next Generation* and *Deep Space Nine*, was brought over to help the struggling Voyager only to be forced out after a month by his former best friend and writing partner, Brannon Braga. Moore had been promised a role in developing the next Trek series by main honcho Rick Berman, and walked after finding out he'd been frozen out of the development process by Berman and his protege Braga (who's earned the nickname "Mini-Rick" for his slavish devotion to his mentor and boss.) To plug the hole suddenly created in Voyager's writing and production staff, Braga brought back Ken Biller, a veteran staffer who'd walked at the end of the previous season after complaining that Moore had been promoted over him. Fast forward to the present.

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Early this week, two of my sources (neither of which know the other) called to tell me the latest: Rick Berman and Brannon Braga had just pitched Paramount their concept for Series 5, the new, unnamed Trek series set to begin in Fall 2000 or January 2001. The concept was evidently a Trek prequel set around the time of the Federation's birth. And Paramount turned them down cold. What's more, another source revealed that this was the **SECOND** series 5 idea which Paramount turned down. The first, pitched about six weeks ago, was described as "an X-Files meets Star Trek" pastiche, probably involving time travel. So, with two of their series ideas turned down, Paramount honchos beginning to publicly speculate on a change of direction in the franchise, a moribund feature franchise and anemic surviving series, Berman and Braga are beginning to feel quite under siege and insecure in their positions. And they should. For one, Berman's contract with Paramount is based not on a particular number of years but on the number of ideas he brings them which they use-- no ideas used, no contract. And for his part, Braga's position as show runner for Voyager runs out at the end of this season. As part of his return, Biller negotiated into his contract that he'd become Voyager show runner at the beginning of season seven. So if there's no series 5 for Braga to step over two come this summer, he's out of a job. This might explain recent reports that he's begun to isolate and undermine Biller in the same way he did to Moore before squeezing him out. So is this the prelude to the venerable 33 year Trek franchise finally winding down, or perhaps a wholesale leadership change by Paramount? It's too early to tell, but the next few months at the Paramount building promise to be verrrry interesting.

And now, a special sneak preview of **FUTURE TENSE: THE CHAPTERS OF TIME BOOK ONE**  
Written by Chris Stephenson



5/12/96 12:13 PM

A Novel by Chris Stephenson

**FUTURE TENSE***The Chapters of Time**Book One***Prologue****CHAPTER ONE: Past's Reckoning**August 12, 2266—10:12 p.m.

Michael Dewey Clemson looked up into the night air, and wondered where the stars had gone. His young, blue eyes saw the shimmering blackness of space. Usually, there was a gentle twinkling to offset the darkness, but tonight, all was black.

His German Shepherd wandered by, his nose sniffing at all the strange smells around him. He saw the world in black and white, yet sight was not important to him. All he knew was what he smelled, and he smelled something *wrong*. In the last day, the feeling had grown from a mild uncomfortable itch to an almost unbearable ache.

The Shepherd glanced over at the boy. Seeing everything was all right, he went back to his work of smelling the troubled air. No matter how many times this feeling had built up inside him before, his master had always been all right. But then, what was this feeling? He lived but to protect his master. Anything that happened to the boy happened to him too, as he could sense what was happening. Something attacking, he could solve with a simple gnashing of teeth, maybe a growl or two, but this.. this was new to him. The boy called to him suddenly, and he ran to his young master. Whatever was wrong, he knew that the boy would protect him.

"Chrono! Chrono, come here... there you are. Good Boy!" Chrono (That was what his human family called him, but during his many years, he had known many names.) came, and rubbed his wet nose against the boy's leg. He whimpered once, but quickly stifled it. The boy would tell him what was wrong with the air, and why it no longer smelled as sweet as it had just a few days ago.

But the boy had caught the whimper. "Chrono? What's the matter, boy? What's wrong?"

The feeling grew stronger within the dog, and the next whimper was stronger. If the dog had been human, he would have cried with the uncertainty, but as he was a canine, he could only moan.

Michael cried out for his father. He would fix Chrono... He would fix everything.

"We repeat, at this hour, the strange blacking out of large, and in some cases all portions of the night sky has not been explained. Scientists and Astronomers alike are very confused, and anxious to discover why Earth seems to be the only light left in the sky. Channel 574 will keep you informed as these strange events unfold."

Michael's father sat, watching the latest developments on the holovision. His eyes darted back and forth from the HTV to the WC (watch-communicator) on the table. Waiting for the beep..

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He heard the cry of his son, his only child, from outside. He quickly uttered a "HTV off." And the screen in front of him instantly switched off. He grabbed his jacket, and his WC, and ran outside into the summer night. He knew his 12-year-old son, and he knew that he would only call if something were desperately wrong.

"Dad, its Chrono!" The dog was whimpering steadily now, and was nervously growling out at the darkness.

"What's the matter with him? He was fine a minute ago.." His father went to pat Michael's head, to reassure the dog.

The dog snapped at Michael's father, growling at any one thing, but it seemed that he was growling at a multitude of demons, surrounding him, torturing him.

Michael's father looked at the dog again. (This time from a farther distance.) He could not figure out what was wrong with the dog. However, he quickly came to the decision that Chrono was too far-gone for either of them to do any good. "Call the vet, Mike. Chrono's got troubles."

What was wrong with the thing? He remembered reading a book on late 20<sup>th</sup> century diseases. Something with a r.. Could they be making a comeback? Impossible. Most, if not all of the prevalent diseases of that time had been virtually eliminated years ago! But then, what could it be?

It just wasn't fair! After everything that had happened that could possible happen to destroy a young boy's life, now this had to happen!

Michael Clemson was born in the year 2254, but it was a bad birth, and his mother, Julia Clemson did not make it through the surgery. Afterward, his father and he, with the loss of the extra income provided through Julia's banking job, had to move to a smaller, cramped house. But since it was now just the two of them, they made do. The house was a lot farther down than the 500-story penthouse that they had been accustomed to. It was a ground level cottage, one of the very few-left unirridated after the great wars. The price was understandably cheap, because after all, who knew what dangers waited on the forest floor?

When Michael was five years old, he was visiting the "upper world", the interlinking chain of buildings, connected by moving walkways. The buildings extended several hundred stories above the ground, leaving anyone with acrophobia out of luck. Michael met a friendly stray dog, and his father permitted him to take the dog back with him, thinking that it would be a good test to see how responsible Mike was.

Unlike most kids, Michael cared for his pet. He cleaned up after him, fed, bathed, the works. Due to the nature of his father's job, he named him Chrono, because the name, of course, means time.

Michael was thinking about his life when he crossed into the kitchen. He feared for his dog, and thought about his mother, as he often did when he was scared. From the pictures he had seen, he knew she had been beautiful. He hoped with all his heart that he would not lose another member of his family.

He reached the phone, and was about to say the number of the vet into the auto-dialer, when his ears twitched. He heard a far away buzzing.. but it sounded like it was coming closer.

Suddenly the buzzing increased, and Michael now knew what was wrong with the dog, because he felt it himself. The sound was terrible, like it was coming from a devil's guitar.

Michael collapsed onto the floor, holding his ears, but it was no use. No matter how hard he squeezed

his head, he could not block out the deadly decibels pounding into his brain.

He now thrashed his head from side to side, and his rapidly moving eyeballs picked up a blue blur, moving across the carpet. He gathered his strength, and attempted to focus on one spot: the blur. He saw it for what it was, a streak of electricity, which ran from the front door, through the kitchen, and out to the middle of the living room, where it stopped.

The streak began circling around a spot in the room, picking up speed as it went. Michael slowly got up from the floor, still holding his hands over his ears, watching the streak circle the rug. Other streaks raced to join the first one, coming from the ceiling, and every other direction. The small arcs were going too fast to pick out individually now, as they all seemed to be part of one big blue streak.

Michael took in a big breath, and gasped. The air was thinning out, making it difficult to breathe. His lungs were specially implanted with a device that made it possible to breathe in almost any condition, due to having lived so high above the ground, and yet it was having absolutely no effect.

His attention now turned back to the arc. The space within the circle had turned a bright white, and Michael knew something was about to happen. He forced his tired legs to turn and run.

He ran through the kitchen, through the living room, and towards the front door. As he reached the door, the sound suddenly stopped. Something inside told Michael to turn around, and when he did, he saw something that would haunt him to the end of his life.

A beam of bright white light broke through the rug on the living room floor, and instantaneously seared through the ceiling of the house. It quickly doubled and tripled in size, enveloping the cottage. Michael gathered himself up and dove out of the house as the light came for him...

The world exploded around him as he jumped. The beam cut gas lines inside the house in half, and the electricity ignited the fuel. A yellow and gray cloud erupted out of the house, shattering and destroying everything.

Michael landed hard, breaking his wrist when it impacted with the ground, an injury that would aggravate him to the end of his days. He didn't feel it. He felt nothing. No emotion, and strangely, no fear. He stole a look back at his house, and then simply stared as he stood up, beginning to back off as he looked on in amazement.

His father came up behind him, and put his hand on Mike's shoulder. He glanced at Mike's wrist, noting him rubbing it. Together they watched the awesome sight.

The light was spherical, rising in a cone configuration, seemingly coming through the bowels of the earth to the very heavens. The buzzing had long since disappeared, but the sudden quiet was louder than anything either one of the two Clemsons had ever heard.

The beam shimmered, offsetting the darkness surrounding it. Tiny blue streaks, the electricity that had borne this light, appeared and disappeared at random through the beam.

Michael felt a twinge of sadness at the loss of his home, instantly overshadowed by the awe of the beam. The wreckage of the house had disappeared, as the light had swallowed it.

Michael Clemson had never seen anything like it. Nobody in the history of the world had.

But John Montgomery Clemson knew what it was, and more horrifically, what it meant.

He stared at the beam. On the way out of the house, he had grabbed the WC and slapped it on his wrist.

Now he heard the familiar beep of his watch, and he knew they were calling him. He spoke to his son.

"Are you okay, Mike?"

Somewhat shakily, Michael answered. "y—es. Are you going?"

"Yes. But I'll be back soon. Probably before you know I'm gone."

"Good luck, dad."

John nodded, and started to walk towards the outskirts of his property, where he had parked.

It was time to go to work.

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