

The Mighty Max

"REACH FOR THE STARS, AND
GRAB THE FUTURE."

USS MAXIMILLIAN
(NCC-74997)
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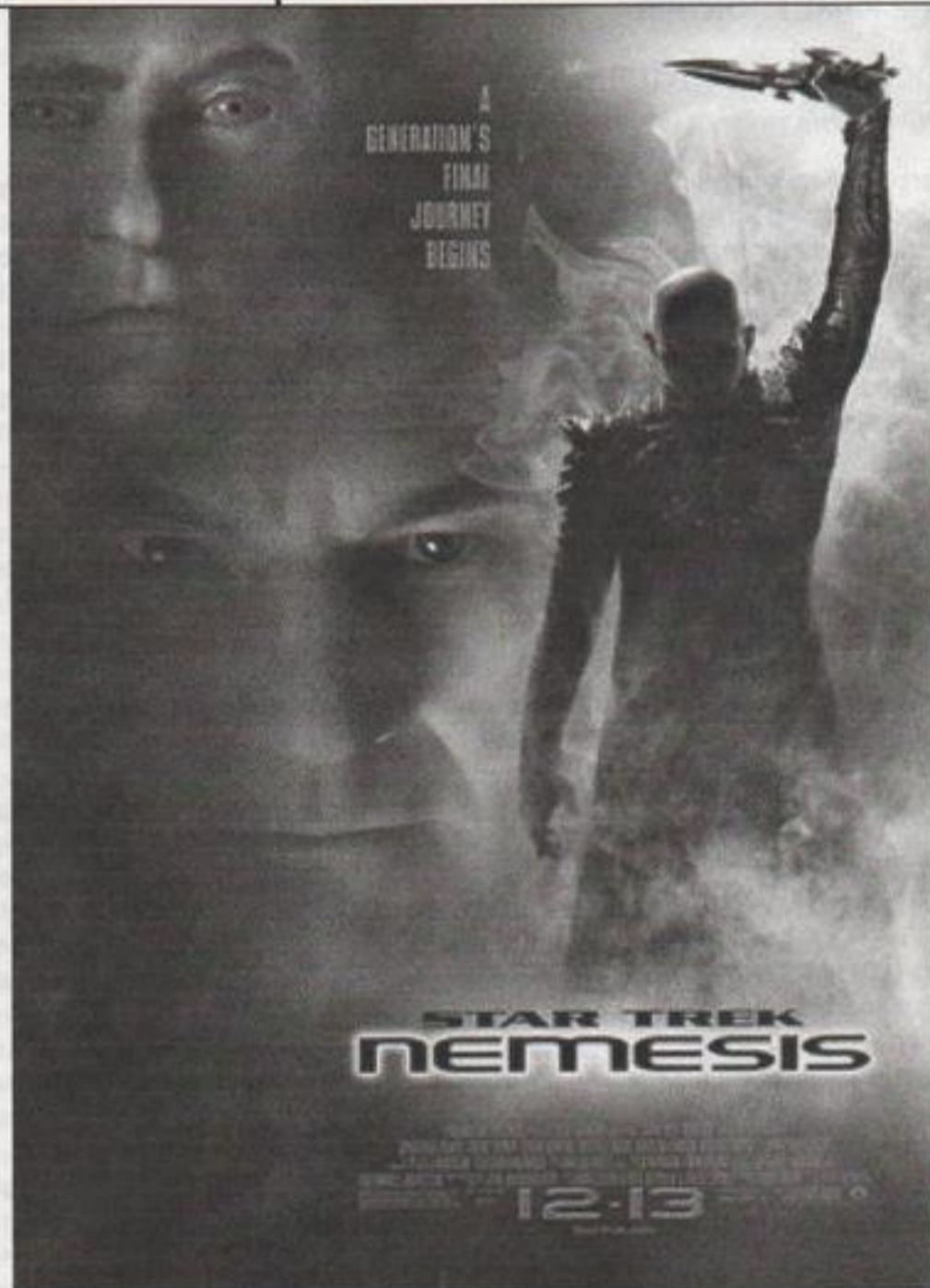
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Note: This Chapter was originally published in the February 2000 issue of the Mighty Max. The events take place as the ship was at that time, i.e. Admiral Rob, Captain Sidley, so on. At some point the chapters will be expanded into a full blown real book, but for now space only permits the small edition. For a copy of the first chapter, please email Chris Stephenson at critch@maximillian.org.

THE MIGHTY MAX PRESENTS
A SERIAL NOVEL BY CHRIS STEPHENSON

STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN
BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER

PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE
ONE MONTH LATER

FADM Robert S. Lyon looked out over the Promenade, his eyes firm, masking a tiredness and a certain sadness that this was no longer specifically *his* crew. Indeed, the crew of the *U.S.S. Maximillian* was now three Captains removed from being under his command. Instead, he now held his rank as one of the highest ranking Admirals in Starfleet. He held this with modesty and a bit of humility, but few others had ever reached his rank, because few others had ever done the things that Lyon had done.

Right now he looked over the crew of the *Maximillian*, celebrating a mix between the final end to the long and costly Dominion war, and their own upcoming shore leave. The *Maximillian* in fact was to start heading to Earth, for years of time in the Menkare Expanse had taken their toll on the Sovereign Class Vessel, and she was to be returned to her former glory, as the most beautiful ship in Starfleet...at least according to those who saw her.

He knew these officers needed rest and shore leave, if only for a few weeks...but there was no time. The ship was needed. The strange object that had broken through Sunburst point had accelerated, and while before it would not have reached its destination for decades, now it would get there in a matter of months. Before there was time for research and study, to best decide how to destroy it. But now there was no time, and it was up to this crew, and the crews of as many ships that he could call, to intercept and stop this...this destructive force.

It was no time for a new Captain to be put into power.

The newly installed Klingon Captain S'Quid Tai Septaric fell into Rob's gaze, and he narrowed his eyebrows. He felt at this time of crisis experience was needed, not an untested Captain and Command Staff. He looked up at the ceiling and sighed. Sometimes you had to work with what you had.

He moved his gaze over to Captain Howard's appointed first officer, Commander Kragnar. Though as untested as the Captain, Kragnar had worked with her on a vast majority of occasions, and even more surprising than that, they were brother and sister. While on Klingon ships it was not unusual to find a family group commanding a vessel, in Starfleet it was almost unheard of. And while it unnerved most Admirals to have such a powerful ship in the hands of two of the few Klingons in Starfleet, Lyon trusted them...He just wished it was under different circumstances that they had to take their first command.

Kragnar was talking to Kelvok, a rarity. An offshoot from both the Romulan and Vulcan races, he was something of a curiosity to all that encountered him, but as a member of the crew of the *Maximillian*, he had earned the trust of everyone, and thus had been chosen as second officer.

Then another officer caught his eye, and Lyon focused on his adjutant, Lieutenant Commander Critch Starblade.

No-one knew where the name came from, it was as strange as Starblade's looks. He was of a race unknown to the Federation, and he was one of the two mechanical beings in Starfleet...Starblade was an android.

The only other android in Starfleet, also a LCDR, and also Operations Chief, Data of the *Starship Enterprise*, although impressive in his own right, was simply outclassed by the specs of Starblade. Critch had working emotions from day one, whereas Data had to go to great lengths to acquire his, and where Data had some difficulty keeping his works under control, Starblade had not malfunctioned during his entire stay in the Federation. He had been found floating in space, quickly restored to life by the experts on board the science vessel *Asimov*, and although he couldn't remember where he was from, he knew the standard direction...somewhere beyond our galaxy, so it was a mystery how he had got to our place in the universe.

His greenish-gold skin shone in the light as he walked to the *Maximillian's* chief engineer (*At the time of the original writing - Ed.*) LT Erica Sherman, still a bit green from the academy, but she was a quick learner, though a bit shy, and it was through the urgings from several others that she had taken her post in Engineering.

Lyon's eyes hit on the rest of the leaders of his former ship. His medical chief, Dr. Alexander. His intelligence officer, Tamak, a former Captain himself. Many others, of which he could never forget their names. Kojak. John. Robin. Shaylen... Their names popped into his head as he looked them over.

Starfleet's finest. But would they be enough? He asked himself this question as he watched the rest of his admiralty board

Maximillian Fan Fiction con't

approach him. RADM Blobbin (Part of an even longer name, for his species of Errsedorians use their first name as their chosen name, the second is that of their parent, the third the grand-parent, and so on. His real name began with Equezumre Vevom Klaosdkif, and it goes on for over a hundred more. He is called Blobbin by his associates mainly due to his appearance, that of a silver blob of mercury and his ability to change form.) pugged towards Lyon, followed closely behind by RADM Turok T'Kill, a Romulan/Human hybrid, and a former Captain of the *Maximillian* himself. They approached him slowly, then stopped.

"You're sure this is the right thing to do, Rob."

"Yeah, we all like to watch a good explosion...but I would've thought the Max would be a little too new for you to go blowing it up again." Blobbin added.

Lyon sighed to himself, and shook his head. "We're out of options. I wish there was another way too, but this is what we have to work with." He started walking, and Blobbin and T'Kill quickly followed. "We're the closest ship to it, and we're running out of time as it is. I think we'll do all right. We aren't called the most advanced starship in the fleet for nothing."

"All the technology in the universe is no replacement for an experienced crew." T'Kill stated stiffly.

"I know...God how I know. That's why I will be accompanying the *Maximillian* on it's voyage."

T'Kill and Blobbin stopped, and Lyon continued, answering their questions and statements before they even started. "This is not a suicide mission, I am simply going on to make sure everything runs as smoothly as it can."

Turok shook his head. "But...But...There's no logic in this!"

"Careful Turok, your Vulcan is showing." Blobbin nudged T'Kill.

Flustered, Turok continued. "You will simply add your death to the rest of the ship! It's...an unnecessary sacrifice."

"Your opinion has been noted. Fortunately, you'll be there to prove me wrong."

"Wha..." T'Kill rubbed his forehead. "Oh no."

Lyon continued. "Because of the dire circumstances, the crew requires our support, and like it or not, she is still our ship. I'd get some rest if I were you." Lyon briskly continued to pace, leaving Blobbin and T'Kill behind.

Blobbin pugged towards T'Kill. "You know...this is all your fault."

"MY fault? Listen, you glob of putty..." The argument trailed off as they left Lyon's sight, leaving him to check his padd for the time, and then walk to the center balcony overlooking the Promenade, for it was almost time to deliver the sad news to the crew. That instead of shore leave beginning as scheduled, their lives would be placed in danger yet again.

He looked down upon the crowd as he stepped into the center, and cleared his throat. Instantly the crowd below him stopped their conversation, and looked up. The loud clattering had faded away, turning into a small muttering.

Lyon began to speak, his voice magnified. "I'm sorry to have to announce this now, in this way, but there is no other choice.

"I remind you that the following is classified...now then...Shore leave has been cancelled." He stopped to allow the crowd to murmur, avoiding talking over them, then he continued. "On Stardate 53000, an object from...unknown origins entered through what we believe to be a small, self made wormhole. The object then, without provocation or warning, destroyed the Archer Observatory with one strike. Since that time, the object has begun to accelerate on it's course...straight for the Sun of Sector 001.

"Over the course of the last month, we have researched the object, but have found no weaknesses...indeed, it is not responding to almost anything we attempt. And it has begun to move faster, and will reach Sector 001 in a few weeks.

"Therefore, it is imperative that a strike force be launched, to intercept and destroy the object. The *Maximillian* is the only ship in range at this point to meet up with the task force, which is gathering at the entrance to Sector 9654. Later more ships will assist if we require them, and we will attempt to uncover it's motives and reasons for destroying Archer Observatory and it's purpose in heading toward Earth Space.

"I am well aware of what this ship has been through, that it is overdue for a refit, that you all ready for shore leave...but there is no other way. The *U.S.S. Maximillian* must meet this challenge to the Federation, and I know in my heart that you will be ready to face whatever awaits us. I will be accompanying the task force, as well as Admirals Blobbin and T'Kill. Further details will be made available to you. Godspeed." Lyon stopped, took a breath, and walked away from the makeshift podium as the murmurs began again...and thought about everything...

STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN
BEYOND THE FINAL FRONTIER
WILL CONTINUE...

Kindred Spirits Part 2

By

Robin Goldblum

February 26, 1993

She cursed herself again as snow slipped down her boot to make her sock cold and wet. How could she lock her keys in her car? After studying all night in the library from her biochemistry final the next morning, her brain must not have been fully operational. Even worse, the library closed, the parking lot phone was busted, and security was all the way across campus. She hadn't even noticed that it had started snowing earlier in the evening until it was too late.

On the small college campus in northern Wisconsin, not a soul ventured out into the cold night. The woman could hear some faint music coming from the direction of the freshman dorms but there were no other signs of life. As a commuter student living at home, she did not have access to the dorm buildings and the classroom buildings were locked up. Security was her only option.

Off in the distance, she heard the howls from a pack of wolves. It didn't frighten her. Before her sister had left for college in Michigan, they would sit on their porch with mugs of hot cocoa and listen to the sweet night songs. No matter how close they seemed, they never came close enough for her to see the wolves. These howls did seem pretty close but she was not concerned. The animals were frightened of the lights and buildings that surrounded her.

The snow became thicker and a good inch had accumulated on the ground. She could just barely see the lights from security across the large, main parking lot. The howls grew louder, and she began to get nervous. It sounded like the pack was at the edge of the forest that ringed the parking lot. She started to run.

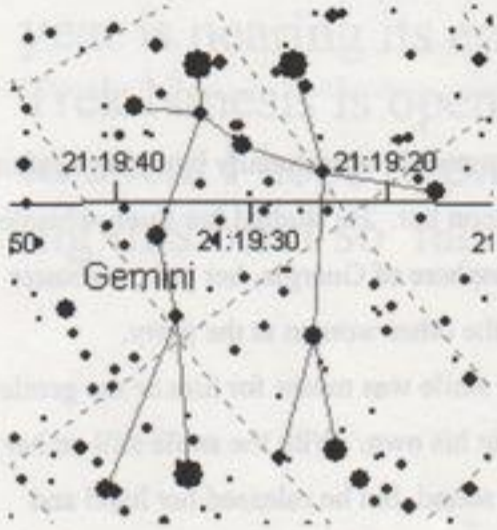
As she neared the building, her foot caught on a snow-covered crack in the pavement and she fell flat on her stomach, her ankle twisted. The howls went silent and she prayed that they had moved off. She turned over to pick herself up and froze. Standing five feet in front of her was a huge, gray-brown wolf. She had never seen a wolf so big, not in pictures or at the zoo. Snowflakes stuck to its coat and face, and a tattered piece of cloth hung from its front leg.

For a moment, she thought the thing would run back into the forest. It didn't. It leapt on top of her, its weight crushing her beneath it. She felt teeth sink through the coat and into the arm that she had instinctively flung up to protect her face. Her screams mingled with its growls as it pawed and bit her. Behind her, she heard shouts and other noises as people from security rushed out to help her. The beast, realizing what was coming, released her arm and ran across the parking lot and into the trees, leaving her there bleeding.

To be Continued

Sciences and Nature

Submission by LCDR Robin Kulas



"I have two websites I would like to share with anyone who likes Astronomy. The first site is heavens-above.com. I recently found out from a family friend about this site while observing the annual August Meteor Shower. You can login and give your city and state. It will then give you all kinds of astronomical goodies you can view from your area. We actually used the website to view some Satellites which out in the middle of nowhere look like an airplane up high and then all of a sudden disappears. You usually have less than a minute to view with your naked eye and the website gives coordinates and times. NASA also has a wonderful site, nasa.com, which is great for adults or kids and you can sign up for email updates/letters.

Next year we may want to celebrate a United Nations sponsored Space Week held annually from Oct. 4 - 10th. It marks the anniversary of 2 great milestones of Space exploration: 10/4/57 SPUTNIK 1, first human-made Earth Satellite, and 10/10/67 Date of the entry into force of the Treaties on Principles Governing the Activities of States in the exploration and peaceful uses of Outer Space, including the Moon and other Celestial Bodies. This is something we can dwell on till next year and maybe do some kind of presentation for kids at the library we meet at."

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Kindred Spirits

Robin M. Goldblum

Part one

May 14, 1879

He couldn't take his eyes off her. The party whirled around him, drunken people occasionally bumping against him or shouting some nonsense in his ear. Yet, his attention was solely focused upon her. He studied her finely-chiseled features, her flaming red hair, and her well-proportioned body. In the sunny atmosphere of Georgia, her pale, alabaster skin gave her an exotic appearance when compared to the tanned skin of most of the other women at the party.

She caught his eye again and gave a small smile. He could not tell if the smile was meant for him or the gentleman of the house, whom she was conversing with. He had her hand trapped within his own. With the smile still on her face, she turned and looked directly at him. It did not appear that she had made a sound, but he released her hand and walked away. She began to make her way across the room.

He knew she was coming for him and the breath caught in his throat. As she drew closer, the band ceased playing and the crowd's attention was drawn to the lady of the house. She was ready to make a speech on behalf of her husband, whose birthday was the reason for such an extravagant party. The red haired woman paid no attention, and she stopped dangerously close to the young man.

"I want to show you something," was all she said and led him outside.

The night was warm, but not nearly as stuffy as a ballroom full of excited people. A guard stood at the back entrance to make sure nobody would go in or out that way. With a word, she sent him inside. The man glanced at the stars as the woman led him to the private gazebo and wondered what was in store for him.

"I'm sorry I was staring at--,"

Her lips cut off the rest of his sentence as she kissed him. An electrical tingle seemed to course through his body. He'd never done anything this risqué with a woman whose name he didn't even know. He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her closer to him. As her kisses became hungrier, she broke from his lips and moved to his neck.

He wondered how far she would go out in public and what would happen if anyone ever found them. She had to be the daughter, or even the wife, of someone very important to be at this party. Besides, the guard saw them leave together out the back way. He could get in a lot of trouble for this.

These thoughts vanished as her teeth, now sharp fangs, entered his neck and pierced the jugular vein. Ripples of pain shot across his neck, and he tried to push away from her. Unfortunately, her grip was stronger than he imagined and he could not move. Soon, the pain started to fade and was replaced by a glowing, euphoric feeling. He felt so relaxed. As the stars faded from his sight, he signed contently and slipped into darkness.

CAPTAINS LOG

Greeting Maxers. Well Christmas is here and the old year is nearing its end the new year about to begin. Star-Trek Nmesis is opening and Lord Of the Rings is about to open. I hope eveyryone Has Fun at the party.. Keeping this brief so have a Happy Holiday!

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The Mighty Max

The Official Newsletter of the USS Maximillian a
Columbus, OH Star Trek Fan Association

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