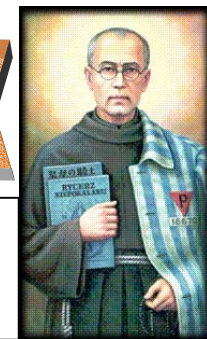




THE MIGHTY MAX



"Reach for the Stars, and Grab the Future"
U.S.S. Maximillian (NCC-74997)
Science-Fiction Fan Organization

OCTOBER 2004

VOLUME 12, ISSUE 10

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(Rank Insignia Extra, ask for details)

BUSINESS CARDS—Contact Nathan Cobaugh

The MaX-Files

CAPT Chris Stephenson
Commanding Officer

Greetings.

Wow, what a month. We became pretty busy after the meeting, and we haven't let up since. We didn't get out of the meeting till around 10pm, and still had time to head over to Steak and Wait, and the fun has not let up. We did so much, and are continuing to do so much, that I think it's about time for a vacation.

As said, we had our meeting which had our yearly auction, which did almost too well. We raised over \$400 dollars, half going to the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation and also a charity benefiting the troops in Iraq. Some of the highest priced items included a DVD player, a special edition Blobbin Card (Shiny!), and a Star Trek Sketchbook. After the meeting we switched gears a bit to have a moment of silence for the September 11th victims.

Then we attended the U.S.S. Columbus meeting, which lasted about a half hour, and publicized our upcoming events. After that we took in a movie and visited CiCi's Pizza for some fun. Day after that, we had our 2nd role-playing event, which we had in a small room with a couch and a door. Very nice, and lots of fun.

I managed to corral some of us for Spaceballs, which was much better organized than my Trek Putt events, but was very entertaining regardless. Zen won most aggressive player, Charles won the prestigious "worst shot" award, for hitting one almost into traffic, and I got 2nd place. Gave me some ideas for Trek Putt also.

Trek Bowl Three: The Search for Strikes followed, and was a lot of fun, though I made a decision to forego the charity donations after this year, due to the fact we just barely were able to pay for the bowling alley. Regardless, enough people showed up eventually to keep it going for next year: Trek Bowl Four: Trek Bowl and the Temple of Doom, or whatever it'll be called (Ball Vs. Pins? Revenge of the Split?) So Trek Galaxy's events will keep 'rolling' along.

Of course yesterday we had our Enterprise Premiere at Babs/Squirrelly's/Charles's, and then the meeting which consists of a Costume Contest, Trivia Contests, Potluck dinner, and whatever else we do!

After all that, we'll have our Role-playing game the 17th, then finally some much needed rest, though help will be requested at some point for upcoming crew-member moves. So we're still the busiest club in Ohio!

First Officer's Report

*CMDR Robin Goldblum
Executive Officer/Chief Medical Officer*

Greetings everyone! This month I am going to share some interesting trivia. Most of these facts come from the Amazing 2004 Trivia Calendar. Good luck!

1. The saying "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth" actually comes from the ancient Code of Hammurabi from Babylonia.
2. Frankenstein, the famous story by Mary Shelley, is not the name of the creature. It is actually the name of his creator, Dr. Frankenstein.
3. Have you ever heard that if you swallow your gum, it will take 7 years to digest? Well, it's not true. It travels through and exits the digestive system normally.
4. If you were in Australia, what would you do with lamingtons?
- You would eat them because they are chocolate cakes
5. One myth that simply isn't true is that the Great Wall of China is the only man-made structure able to be seen from space. Actually, there are no man-made structures able to be seen from space.
6. It is not illegal to kill a praying mantis. However, that still doesn't mean you should do it!
7. What were medieval English dinner guests expected to bring with them?
- Their own knives.
8. What's unusual about Mona Lisa's face?
- She has no eyebrows! Actually, in that time, it was fashionable to shave them off.
9. Who was Time Magazine's "Man of the Year" in 1938?
- It was Adolf Hitler
10. Who was the first guest host of Saturday Night Live in 1975?
- It was George Carlin
11. Did you know that a duck's quack does not echo? No one can explain why.
Hope everyone learned something or at least has a little fun. Keep on Trekkin'!

Wing Commander's Report

*CAPT Charles Connor
Wing Commander*

Greetings from Shuttle Ops! Well, Recently I watched Buck Rogers and Battlestar Galactica on the Sci-Fi Channel, ooohh Boy. Watching the old Buck show I started to cringe as all the worst that is Sci-fi TV played out. The writing was terrible. One episode in particular dealt with a feller who could hurl electricity from his body yet no one in the 24th century understood how electricity works because they don't use it. What? This is a scientifically advanced culture, they have ray guns, forcefields, artificial intelligence robots and thinking machines, and they have no grasp of the fundamentals of electricity...no wonder they got cancelled. I tuned out that silly show. On the other hand the old Battlestar was still good as ever, wonderful stories and acting. Lots of fantastic action and effects which are still good even by today's standards. A quality show.

Ok, enough blasting, transmission ends.

Security Report

*LCDR Nathan Cobaugh
Records Officer*

Yes this is the Security report, not to be confused with the Secretary report. I had a lot of fun at the meeting for the month of September, and boy was it a blast. Probably one of our best meetings ever. The fun just never stops on board the Maximillian when we start a meeting. As if the meeting wasn't enough, well it just went on and on. The point is for those of you who didn't show well you missed out on one heck of a meeting.

The movie marathon that I wanted to talk about for the previous newsletter didn't get in due to the fact that I really found out some stuff at the last minute. By the time this goes to print the movie marathon that Studio 35 is putting on will more than likely be sold out. Which is a bummer for I swear that I just found out on the 9th of September that tix went on sale. The Studio 35 marathon will have Tom Savini, the FX/makeup guy from George Romero movies made famous from all the zombies he did.

On another note the Drexel is apparently putting on a marathon as well. On the same night no less. The Drexel will be hosted by Joe Neff, the guy most famous in Columbus for the Sci-fi marathons that he helps the Drexel with. I do know that the Studio 35 marathon is starting at 8pm and going until the next morning around 10 or noon. Marathons never run on time anyways. The marathon that the Drexel is hosting is bound to be just as good, however, by the time this goes to print the tix should be on sale for theirs, and I will be looking into seeing if the Max would be willing and able to assist the staff during the marathon. They were kind enough to allow the Max to help during the Sci-fi marathon so I would like to see some volunteers for the Max if at all possible.

Of course, I already bought a ticket for the Studio 35 marathon which will be sold out. I do have a reason for doing that. The Drexel has not released anything other than the date for the marathon and who knows what movies they will have. I have one ticket just in case I would rather go depending on what is booked at the Drexel. This will be discussed at the next meeting and I will be asking Critch to post the movie marathon info on the Max boards. end of security report.....

Security Chief Skrit signing off.....



September Meeting Minutes

Meeting Minutes September 2004

In Attendance: ADM Dunn, ENS Roach, LT Overload, CAPT Jackson, CMDR Goldblum, LCDR Moran, LCDR Skrit, CAPT Stephenson, CAPT Connor, ENS MCpherson, ENS Mcdaniel, ENS Biro, ENS Zen, Ryan Stump, databit, LT Squirrelly

Standard Introductions were done, Ryan Stump introduced himself. He is Jacky's Boyfriend and a prospective member.

AWARDS - ENS Squirrelly promoted to LT
CPO Moran promoted to ENS
CAPT Connor received his second set of wings.

The captain gave his report. He has new contact information, new email of critchstarblade@gmail.com and phone number of 614-284-4962. Website has been renewed for another year. The newsletter is 20 pages this month, Jaydin and Skrit are cards this month, next month will be Susan and Sarah Moran. Deadline for submissions is OCTOBER 4th. Trek Bowl 3 will be Oct 3rd at E. Main Lanes at 1pm.

The First officer gave her report. Sky Captain Recruiting drive is coming up Sept 17 at 5:30pm-8. It was discussed where to go afterwards. There were no new submissions for positions, though it was said what were open.

The Records Officer gave his report. Star Trek recruiting drives went well, but the actual movies didn't do so hot. There are still the upcoming movie marathons at Drexel and Studio 35, both the same time on October 23rd.

Todd McDaniel donated several expensive models to our dinner fundraising raffle.

The purser gave the state of the treasury, which is good. Expenditure was \$35 for website renewal. Upcoming need to reup membership includes Jacky Roach, John Grote, John Friedrich, and Richard Watson.

The advisory staff (CAPT Jackson) gave her report. Her and Brandy were recognized at their local church and got a large standing ovation.

Department heads gave their reports, there are multiple upcoming conventions, including a horror one the weekend of the 17th, and comic con. It was decided that the Oct meeting should be a Costume Party, complete with pot luck and Trekordy. Terry and ADM Dunn will be judging costumes, with prizes to come.

The Admiralty gave his report (ADM Morris was unable to attend.). The cards are going well, the Regulations are ready to review by the Captain.

Role-playing Committee - CAPT Connor will run the Sept 19th RPG at the Guardtower at 1pm.

Calendar Committee - CAPT Connor needs your submissions NOW.

Vegas Committee - Nothing new to report.



Secretary Report

LCDR Nathan Cobaugh

The meeting went off without a hitch, and we now have some new members. Hardly anything to report in the Secretary department, however, since we did so well at the charity auction raising over 400 dollars, I cannot stress how much fun that was had. CJ should be in charge of our products for the ship, I swear the man could sell the shirt off his back and make a profit from it. Afterwards, which was around 9ish or was it 10ish we went outside and had a little candlelight dedication in honor and memory of 9-11. Susan had some words to say from President Bush if I remember correctly. Then Critch and Susan had me read the poem which they asked me to write, during the meeting no less, and then we had a moment of silence in the candlelight outside of the library. It was really nice and I have to admit, Susan planned it, soo, thank you Susan for a beautiful closing for 9/11/2004....



Following that we went to Steak and Wait. Had even more fun while I got my meal in pieces like a 3 course meal: sandwich, side, and then my other side. CJ showed his new laptop and we watched the MTV awards of Gollum with Andy Serkis. We finally departed around midnight. All in all we had over 6.5 hours of the best meeting ever. IT WAS GRRRRREAT!!!

Here is the poem I wrote for the candlelit dedication entitled Past Memories:

Memories of those lost
The lives that touched us
And reminded us of our own mortality.

What was once a piece of us
Will forever be a part
Of the nation that forged freedom.

The once proud aspect of our country
Reflecting what we stand for
Is now and evermore.

No longer shall we cast aside
The values and beliefs
That represent those long gone.

Never will we stand idly by
For we now rise up as one race,
To fight for others who want to live.

The lessons we have learned
May they aid us
To not repeat the mistakes of our ancestors.

UPCOMING EVENTS

OCTOBER
17) Roleplaying

NOVEMBER
13) Meeting
21) Roleplaying

DECEMBER
11) Meeting/Christmas Party
Deadline for Anthology Art/Story
Submissions
19) Roleplaying
31) U.S.S. Camelot New Years Eve
Party

Positions still open

Armory Chief
Chief of Communications
Transporter Chief
Chief of Intelligence
Counselor

Submissions to the November 2004
edition of the Mighty Max
are due on **November 7, 2004.**

Submit to
Critchstarblade@gmail.com
Or 614-284-4962



Celestial Viewpoint

*LCDR T'purr Meowran (a.k.a. Susan Moran)
Chief Purser/Chief of Science*

Treasury Report

*LCDR T'purr Meowran (a.k.a. Susan Moran)
Chief Purser/Chief of Science*

Musings from the Puddle

*RADM Gregory Dunn
Inspector General*

**U.S.S. Maximillian Trading Cards
Phase I**

This month sees the beginning of the Official (and long overdue) USS Maximillian Trading Cards - Phase I. For the foreseeable future, each issue of The Mighty Max will include one or two cards that will slowly form a set. Due to the expense, these cards will be included with the newsletter for paid members of the crew only. Newsletters that go out to other ships most probably will not receive these cards, but I will see how everything works out. If you wish to obtain extras of a certain card, please see Gregory Dunn or e-mail him at tobecat@rocketmail.com. The per card cost is .50 cents payable to the treasury of the USS Maximillian.

I hope everyone enjoys this addition to the newsletter.

Thank you,

Gregory "Blobbin" Dunn

**Star Trek:
Maximillian
FORMS OF LIFE
CHAPTER TWO**

**Season One, Episode 3
Written by Chris Stephenson**

“...This is a difficult request, at best, Commander.”

“I’m sorry, Captain, but I just don’t see why this is such a big deal.”

Kelvok sighed inwardly, and crossed across his ready room. He had anticipated a problem of this nature when he had allowed the camera crew to come on board. Fame had its way of changing people into something they never had been before. While Lieutenant Commander Skrit wouldn’t have been his first choice for who would suddenly turn like this, it was hardly surprising that he was having this discussion. As such, he had prepared for it.

“You were informed, as was the crew, that the producers of this show had complete control over who would or would not be allowed to participate. Over who would be able to be on screen. We have no real jurisdiction over their actions, and it would be improper for me to order them to restore you to your former status.”

“So you’ll do nothing?” Skrit asked, incredulous.

Kelvok shook his head. “It is not my call to make. Think of it as setting a precedent, Commander. If I ordered them to make a change on their show, and they followed it, suddenly I have become the director, instead of he who was chosen. If we follow this to the logical conclusion, this show will be seen as nothing more than propaganda for the Federation, and it’s removal from the Maximillian will be swift.”

Skrit sank deeper into the chair in front of the Captain’s desk, even though Kelvok rarely sat there. “In other words, it’s a lost cause.”

“In other words, Commander, there are other deserving crewmembers on this ship besides yourself who could use a moment in the limelight. If you are as loved as you have stated, then it could be only a short time before you regain your post.”

Skrit stood finally, ready to leave. This was rapidly approaching a dead end for his cause. “You didn’t see them, Captain; they were practically drooling over him! He didn’t even have to do anything, just swish his tail a little bit and...”

“Time will reveal if their apparent infatuation with Lieutenant Squirrelly is lasting or merely a fleeting interest. In the meanwhile, Commander, I have more pressing matters to attend to. I trust you will be able to settle this without me.”

(Continued on page 8)

K’Pinky and the Brain

<http://www.hotink.com/HST/kp01.html>

They're K'Pinky and the Brain,
yes, K'Pinky and the Brain.
One is a Warrior, the other's insane
They've been caged up like mice,
amid Rura Penthe's ice,
They're K'Pinky,
They're K'Pinky and the Brain,
Brain, Brain, Brain,
Brain, Brain, Brain, Brain, Brain.

They plot and they conspire,
deeds so evil and so dire,
that by the dawning of the sun,
they'll take over the Empire.

They're K'Pinky and the Brain,
yes, K'Pinky and the Brain,
their twilight campaign, is easy to explain.
To prove their Klingon worth,
they'll crush the Universe,
They're K'Pinky,
They're K'Pinky and the Brain, Brain, Brain,
Brain,
Brain, Brain, Brain, Brain, Brain.



Enterprise's Digital Future

[Http://www.trekweb.com](http://www.trekweb.com)

STAR TREK: ENTERPRISE goes where no one has gone before yet again when it premieres this Friday. The show has switched to high definition digital video, and Paramount invited TrekWeb to a special screening co-hosted by the camera's manufacturer, Sony, to see the final result last night. ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT weekend anchor Kevin Frazier emceed the festivities.

The showing of "Storm Front, Part I" in the Paramount Theater attracted a large crowd and much of the cast and crew. Among the cast attendees were **Scott Bakula, Connor Trinneer, Dominic Keating, Linda Park, John Billingsley, and Anthony Montgomery**. Producers **Brannon Braga, Peter Lauritson, and Manny Coto** took part in a panel discussion afterward, along with director photography **Marvin Rush**, director **Allan Kroeker** and two representatives from Sony.

"We've been examining and considering and weighing the possibilities of switching to digital for some time," producer **Rick Berman** said as he prefaced the episode. "But it really wasn't until this year that we discovered that with these Sony digital, high-def cameras that you'll see tonight, that we could give our audience the quality of image that they've been used to getting for all these years."

"We had tested the technology a few years ago, and at that time, no offense," Braga opened the panel sitting next to Sony general manager **Andrew Stucker**. "But at that time we didn't feel like the quality quite met the standards of the 35mm we were using. This year, it was virtually indistinguishable and in many ways, better. We have a lot of flexibility in the way that we shoot now, we save a lot of money in the budget, and there was no reason not to make the change."

Visually "Storm Front" is hard to distinguish from what we've been seeing on ENTERPRISE's first three seasons. Rush noted that one of the big advantages of the Sony CineAlta 24P camera is its ability to utilize natural lighting. The premiere features several sequences under the cloak of darkness and the detail offered by the HD camera is superior to traditional 35mm film, according to Marvin Rush, who pointed to a scene of Trip and Mayweather rummaging around with flashlights that required no additional lighting. The "splash" of the flashlights themselves was picked up entirely by the technology.

Rush himself offered a ringing endorsement of the switch, starting off by saying it was possibly the easiest transition in television history: "We set up the CineAlta camera, we put it on our set, and we turned it on. We shot it the same way, we lit it the same way, except for shooting a little faster [there were very few differences]."

Setting up lighting is typically one of the more time-consuming parts of a television shoot. It could take over an hour to light one

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FORMS OF LIFE

CAPT Chris Stephenson
Captain

(Continued from page 7)

"Yes sir...what about Commander Tamak? Could he make a suggestion or...?"

"We're no further than we started, Commander. Commander Tamak is, and will be for some time, on special orders from Admiral T'Kill." This last part Kelvok said with some difficulty. "As such, his duties as First Officer have been suspended for the current time. Commanders Nato and Kragnar are also on assignment. If you must speak with anyone, I suggest your co-workers, and especially Lieutenant Squirrelly himself, if for no other reason than to get this settled. Now if you will excuse me..."

"Thank you." Skrit said, somewhat strained, and left the ready room. He was thankfully off shift at this point, but he didn't feel tired or in need of a recharge. At this point, he felt wired, energetic, still eager to at least make some headway with the producers. But how? Meeting with them again would lead nowhere, and he really didn't want to talk to Squirrelly again. He decided, as he reached the turbolift, that he would take his Captain's advice, and discuss this with his friends and co-workers. "Deck 3", he spoke into the air, and the lift shunted him there in less than a minute.

As he walked out into the hall, he had every intention of talking to Commander Starblade. But as he reached his quarters, hearing a terrible crashing noise from the interior, and then a pained sounding yell; "NO....no....Databit!....Get away from that rack...nooooo....", he decided to keep on walking. He didn't want to interrupt droidsitting, lest he get trapped with the diminutive android.

But where else could he go? Who else could he talk to, would let him ramble on about this obsession? For anyone else, he'd probably suggest medical help...

"C'mon Jaydin, you have to have some idea of what I could do?" It had clicked in his head. He had to go to sick bay anyway for a quick checkup, he might as well get a doctor's opinion on the matters at hand.

"I have about as much idea of what you should do, Skrit, as I do about your electronics." She sighed loudly, and grimaced as she received yet another shock from his emitters. She remembered why she went into medicine in the first place. Much easier than fooling with these parts and wires.

"But you know what it's like!"

"Know what's like?"

"To be the center of attention! All eyes on you, waiting for your next breath!"

(Continued on page 9)

FORMS OF LIFE (Continued)

"I told you, don't bring that up again."

He knew it was a sore spot for her, and that she was still a little unsure of leaving Bajor as it was, even though she didn't want to leave the Maximilian. But if it proved Skrit's point, he wasn't about to leave it alone. "Ok, forget everything else. You know you liked it, being up there on that stage."

She closed the panel to the emitter. Obviously she wasn't getting anywhere with the circuitry that enabled him to keep functioning. She closed her eyes, remembering what she wished she could forget. "Honestly, Skrit, I didn't. Thousands, Millions of people, just waiting for me to say the wrong thing, to screw something up. I don't see how you can stand that pressure."

"My electric personality?"

"Heh. Sorry, Skrit, I'm on Kelvok's side with this one. This isn't something we can help you with. Just like your emitters."

"Huh?"

"These things are far beyond any medical knowledge I have, near as I can figure it, they're taking in too much power from you. They're designed for holograms, after all, not energy beings."

"Will they last?"

"You need an engineer to answer that one, Skrit. Probably someone as qualified as possible." She hinted.

"Well, Commander Tamak's tied up with Starfleet stuff...oh, you mean him."

"If there's a problem that needs worked out, only way you're going to do it is by talking to who you have the problem with. And since the producers are only following him around...you know what you have to

do."

"I tried that, I'm not trying it again. The emitters 'll be fine. I've lasted on them for this long, haven't I?"

"And if they go out, there goes your freedom. Stuck in a holodeck for the rest of your life. Ask Voyager's doctor how much fun Sickbay was. I'm sure after the first week it stopped being amusing. Try being a security officer trapped in one spot."

"I'll be fine, Jaydin." He stood quickly, gathering himself up, and moved quickly for the door, trying to avoid any more confrontations. Apparently, coming to sickbay was a bad idea. "No, really, it'll be okay."

"I'm trying to help you, Skrit! You came to me, remember!" She called as he was leaving.

"Thanks!" He yelled, already halfway down the hall. That had turned into a stunning failure, he thought to himself as he moved. He should have known that she was still smarting from the recent Kaipar incident. Maybe in a couple more days she'd cool off, and he made a mental note to avoid sickbay until then. But now Skrit was at a loss. Who else did he know well enough to talk to about this? Indeed, who else would listen?

It wasn't until his next shift on the bridge, a quiet overnighter, when he found someone who wasn't sick or disinterested in his opinions on the matter. Newly transferred from the position of Chief of Stellar Cartography, Lieutenant Commander T'Purr Meowran hadn't ventured much outside her quarters and the large stellar cartography bay, so now that she was one of the main crew members, she was interested to learn all she could about her fellows. Naturally, at least in the beginning, she was interested to hear and discuss the situation.

"Yeah, I've been on a couple of different shows. Kaitians aren't the most common of species you know." She said proudly. "Always got a little twitch of stage fright, but it passes." Skrit was initially ambivalent to talk to her, due to the fact that she was essentially a giant cat, and since the problem in question was also a giant furry thing, he thought that it might be a lost cause. But, he had come to far to

back down now, so he had instigated the conversation as they sat scanning the system, not finding anything, as was the usual norm.

"What do you think of Squirrelly?"

"He's fairly new, isn't he? I haven't had much chance to see him yet. I hear he's a nice guy."

"Yeah." Skrit said, somewhat non-committal. "I just...I don't know, wish that he'd realize that being on the shows probably isn't good for him...especially with all the work he has to do to keep this ship running."

"You mean you wish he'd realize that since you want it, he'd give it up." T'Purr chuckled. "I don't think that's going to happen, and if that's the case, then you might have to use your ace in the hole."

Skrit looked at her quizzically. "I don't follow."

"Ace in the hole. It's an old expression...never mind. Point is, I watched the show. You talked about maybe someday saying where you came from, how you came to be. Now I'm not a big-shot producer or anything, but energy beings don't come along very often, and your story has to be a bit more special than 'Mommy and Daddy squirrel had a big squirrel.', you think?"

Skrit nodded. And suddenly knew what he had to do. It was so simple! He'd offer them the story of his life! Where he came from, how he came to be on board, all of it. If he couldn't take it back by force, then he'd have to do it the sneaky way, but this way had more of a chance of working out...He stood, asking T'Purr to cover for him for a few moments. She understood, and

(Continued on page 10)

FORMS OF LIFE (Continued)

(Continued from page 9)

allowed him to leave, with the caveat that he mention her on air.

She knew she had to stop putting off getting her eyes checked when she saw him leave, and for a quick moment he faded a bit, blinked in and out, then returned to his regular form. He didn't seem to notice, and the door shut behind him. LCDR Meowran took a quick look around the room, noticed that the rest of the night staff didn't seem to notice anything wrong, and she went back to studying the screen. Definitely something with her eyes...

TO BE CONTINUED....

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"Enterprise" Continued

[HTTP://WWW.TREKWEB.COM](http://WWW.TREKWEB.COM)

(Continued from page 8)

shot, during which time the cast retires to their trailers until the stage is ready. Rush explains that the new technology allows the director to see a live monitor of the footage, as it will appear in the finished product. This lets the production team see immediately whether a scene has been completed to their satisfaction and move on or take more footage if necessary.

"This camera has tremendous capability on the bottom end, and we exploited it," Rush concluded. "It's better than film."

Scott Bakula says he and the cast were initially skeptical about the change, which required them to begin shooting earlier owing to the time saved in setting up the equipment.

"Seeing that 'previously on ENTERPRISE' clip, which was in our 35mm, and honestly I was nervous about going this way, but as I was watching that I realized that I could not tell. And they were right next to each other. So I stand corrected, and if Rick were here [Rick did not attend the panel], I would stand *more* corrected."

"I don't have as much time to talk to my kids anymore," Bakula joked about the long waits between takes that have been slimmed down by the new camera. "I think we were all scared at the beginning of the year because we had to get there early and Marvin just yanked the camera out and started shooting... that episode was a seven day shoot and when you think about all the locations and all the intensity and all the prep that went into that, that's a lot of work. We worked hard while we were there, there wasn't much standing around, but at the end of the day the days go faster."

Manny Coto was in top form last night, warming up the crowd with friendly and funny responses to various questions about the creative direction of the show.

"We had a wild twist at the end of season three, and it necessitated a lot of elements that needed to be woven together. To kind of tell the end of the temporal cold war and launch into season four. By now a lot of people know I've quite a fan of the old series and wouldn't it be fun if we see a lot of touchstones from the old series. Starting with the Orions, and the Orion slave girls," which generated a bit of applause from the audience. "Let's hear it for the Orion slave girls!"

"What's most exciting for me now is this story we're telling that takes place on Vulcan and we're calling 'Vulcan of Arabia' and it's a sweeping tale that really kind of expands and deepens the Vulcan mythology," he continued.

Frazier asked about the other big news this season, the guest spot of TNG's **Brent Spiner**. What was it like working with him?

"Who?" Bakula joked. "Brent wasn't invited tonight?! Brent is a character, we had a lot of fun. He's a very irreverent soul and sort and whatever scenery -- I don't think there is any scenery left in that episode -- but it was fun!"

Asked about the topic of ENTERPRISE DVD sets, which have been rumored to be in the pipeline, Braga confirmed that he and several others involved in the series had just finished a round of interviews for the bonus features on the sets. He couldn't give a firm date on their release, suggesting perhaps May 2005.

"I heard a rumor of May 2005, I got the sense that they were wanting to get them out sooner than they had originally planned."

NEEDS OF THE MANY

Written by Chris Stephenson

CHAPTER TWO

The shuttle descended through the atmosphere of Cirrus Theta quickly, but cautiously, its pilot being very careful to stay within the parameters set into the systems so that they would not be detected by the planet's inhabitants.

Ensign Robert Johnson tapped the controls nervously, drifting a bit too close to a satellite's radar system, before re-correcting himself, watchful for the eyes of Captain Kelvok, who always seemed to be there when he made a mistake. Fortunately, at least so far this journey, there had been no mistakes.

The shuttle had left the Maximillian without incident, had evaded the electrical disturbances in the area, and had made it through the heat shield with nary a scratch on the grey hull.

Lieutenant Commander Critch Starblade watched out the window, using his enhanced vision to look out for any disturbances there might be in the area, though the shuttle's computers were certainly up to the task. It just made him feel better to not trust any systems save for his own. Lieutenant Overload was enjoying the ride down, chatting with Databit about a new project he had recently undertaken, and Kelvok was simply sitting in the back, his eyes closed, calmly meditating, the cares of the physical world melting away until there was only his thoughts and himself, just the way he preferred it.

He was softly jarred out of his rest by the Ensign pilot. "Captain...we're approaching the designated coordinates." Pulling himself quickly together, he rose, and walked quickly to the front of the shuttle.

"Were we detected?"

"No sir, I stuck to the flight plan exactly."

"Very good. Bring us into a landing position, and prepare the Argo. Get me Commander Tamak." From behind Kelvok, Critch shook his head.

"You're not serious about driving

that thing around, are you?"

"Not at all, Commander. I believe Ensign Overload would be more than happy to drive us to the escape pod."

"But that...wait, HER?"

"It will give us a chance to talk about some things. And give her some much needed practice on maneuverability. Give us a chance to, as they say, 'feel the wind through our hair', so to speak."

"If you say so." Critch groaned, unable to miss Overload's 100 watt grin, or her excited babbling to Databit about how he was going to get to man the shifting mechanism. Databit was already mulling over the possibilities of travelling at unsafe velocities.

The Maximillian hung in space above the planet, silhouetted in blue by a nearby electrical storm. Skrit watched the storm with detached interest, his thoughts still hovering over being left on the ship, denied a rare opportunity to fly his ship through the perilous conditions, to truly test his construction skill and flying abilities. He shook it off, and tapped a few controls, monitoring the conditions on the planet, and the lifesigns of the travellers.

He noticed that they had reached the surface, and a moment later, Ensign Kitana Xan, acting chief of Communications, called out to the bridge.

"Incoming hail from the surface, the shuttle has landed."

"Good, Ensign." Tamak stood, unconsciously tugging downward on his uniform shirt, a maneuver that had been repeated throughout the ships of Starfleet for many a year, though they no longer rode up as they had in the years prior. He glanced back at the controls of the Captain's chair, then nodded toward Xan, who put the call on the speakers. "Captain?"

"We have arrived, Commander. Are the electrical disturbances still in the area?"

"They are. We have had to alter our orbit twice to avoid them."

There was a slight pause as Kelvok hid his disappointment. He had hoped to have the ship in position to beam them out if need be. It seemed that particular hope would have been in vain. "We will keep you apprised on our position, do not unnecessarily risk the ship should anything happen. Kelvok Out."

Commander Tamak nodded, and returned to his chair to wait it out, his eyes firmly on the planet and the surrounding clouds of electricity, which had seemingly become more numerous as time passed. Almost unconsciously, his hand tapped the key pad on his chair, plotting a course closer to the planet below...

The shuttle had been at rest for a few moments with no motion or sound coming from it. If there had been any bypassers, they could not be blamed for believing that the shuttle had been there for much longer, and

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NEEDS OF THE MANY
Written by Chris Stephenson
CHAPTER TWO CONTINUED

(Continued from page 11)

had been abandoned for many a passing day. They would have been very suprised to see the back bay door come open with a short 'shushing', and then an instant later when the Argo mark II erupted out of the darkness of the rear holding bay. The Argo, not changed much from the initial design, successfully tested out on the Enterprise herself, was a 4x4 all-terrain vehicle, designed to mimic the ancient Earth-vehicles that had maneuvered the swamp areas and deserts of the time. The exterior was largely unarmored, as it was not intended to be used for combat purposes, though if it came to that, an array of armaments could be found, including a rear-mounted cannon, capable of shooting very low-yield torpedoes at any combatants.

Inside, the maneuvering wheel was accompanied by a roomy interior, with redesigned plating that made the seats a bit more comfortable than the original model. There were many places to store items, holders for weapons and the like, and hand holds for when the vehicle was going at high speeds. Which it certainly was now. Ensign Overload had almost immediately shifted the Argo into high gear upon it's exit from the shuttle, and had quickly, after a short bout of practice with the steering, become an expert at the vehicle. The Argo rushed across the landscape, kicking up a cloud of dust and rock as it moved through the grass and sand that made up this area of the planet. The sand was not strange, but the outcroppings of grass and weed stood out, as though it had been recently planted. Critch glanced at his captain, who was obviously enjoying the ride far more than he was.

"You think the cloud we're kicking up will attract any attention?" Critch, clutching an overhead handhold, had to yell over the commotion of the Argo and it's rush to the crashed pod. His face was full of worry and consternation, worry that they would be noticed, consternation at the joy that Overload had at risking all their lives for her bit of fun.

Even the small Databit seemed to be enjoying himself, often as they went over a small bump raising his hands in the air, relishing in the small movement as though he was going down the tall hill of a roller coaster. Ensign Bob was trying not to be violently ill as the trip went on, but it was too fast becoming a losing battle. The only victory he would have now would be to not lose the morning's meal on his Captain. Kelvok had his eyes closed for a second before he realized that Critch had been addressing him, and his eyes fluttered to life as he appeared to exhale slightly.

"There are frequent dust storms in this area, Commander. I doubt one more, even as unnatural as ours, will raise any suspicion." He shook his head, and leaned his head back, obviously at peace. He noticed that Critch was still ambivalent about the situation. "How would you have handled this, Commander?"

"Sir?"

"The situation, with the pod. What would you have done different?"

"I'm...not sure what you mean." Critch thought he was being led into a trap.

Kelvok leaned up, his rest forgotten, his voice steady as the ride went on. "Everyone has a different take on situations.

Some would prefer that we moved the ship closer, to risk beaming up the pod. Others just to leave it be, and let the inhabitants think what they will whenever they become brave enough to investigate it's origins. What do you think?"

Critch shook his head. "Well...I think coming down here was too much of a risk, especially with the Argo. Paints a pretty big target on our backs."

"So you would be in favor of forgetting the pod?"

"No. Too much information on the databanks. The prime directive still holds."

"Would you bring it back up to the ship?"

"Studying the electrical storms would have been a better option, maybe finding a way to get past them, maybe even dispersing them. If we weren't in such a blasted hurry, wouldn't have been a bad idea. And it's still risky to get the ship within beam-out range..."

"You've eliminated your options, Commander."

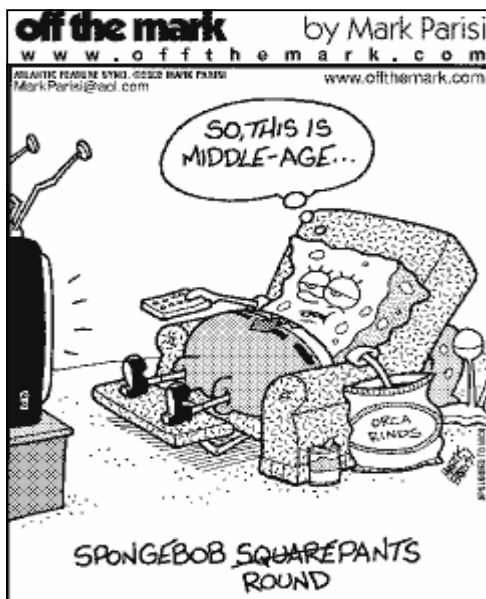
"Then we create new ones. The fact that the pod is there is sad, but just the pod can be explained by a lot of things. I'm sure their government could cover it up, other governments have all over the place. The main problem is the data on the computers themselves."

"How do you propose..." Critch was on a roll now.

"We hijack their satellites with our own systems, creating a daisy chain. They'll think it's an odd sunspot or interference or something. We use our link to send an energy surge right through their systems.

We'd fry a few things, but I'm sure Squirrley could rig it to fry the computers on the pod. When they find it, the computers will never be able to be recovered, at least until they're already aware of the Federation, and the most important thing is,

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NEEDS OF THE MANY

Written by Chris Stephenson

CHAPTER TWO CONTINUED

(Continued from page 12)

we'll be long gone by the time that happens. Case closed, we're sipping Beta-zoid Daqtauri on the beach at Risa." Critch finished, obviously proud of his conclusion.

Kelvok let a hint of a smile fall across his face. "Yet you didn't bring this up before..."

"Kelvok, there hasn't been a race in the galaxy that can hide their feelings from these eyes." He tapped his finger against his left eye. "I saw your face when you talked about the Argo. Your eyebrows went up and your nostrils flared slightly, and your breathing increased. For a Vulcan, that's like you just lighting up."

Changing the subject hastily, Kelvok leaned back again, closing his eyes. "Regardless, for our sakes, I hope my decision fairs as well as yours may have." The Argo moved on, though it was now slowing down.

After noticing the speed drop several kilometers an hour, Kelvok moved up, turning towards Overload. "Road's getting too rocky to drive." Indeed, there was a great amount of desert rocks and sand jutting up in several places, effectively blocking the vehicle's path from advancing. After a moment, the Argo slowed to a halt, and Critch jumped out. "Looks like we have to hoof it from here."

"It's all right, Commander, we're well within a kilometer..." As Ensign Bob shakily got out of the Argo, losing his battle with his breakfast in the process, Kelvok glanced up at the sky as he tapped his communicator, a habit he had never been able to break. He knew he wouldn't be able to see the Maximillian, they were too far away...yet there they were, an unmistakable dark dot in the sky, like a daytime star, just not as bright. Kelvok frowned noticeably, and called up to his ship.

"Is everything all right, Captain?" There was a slight hint of boredom, as well as a faint anger in Tamak's voice, unnoticeable to most, yet to Kelvok it was like a red flag going up. This was quite unlike him to bend the orders like this. He more than anyone knew the consequences of not obeying his superiors. It had cost him his turn at the Captain's chair, several years before.

"Why have you moved the ship closer, Commander? Were my orders not clear?"

"They were clear, Captain, however, Commander Meowran is picking up some interesting readings near the crash site. In case you may require a beam out we..."

"I will not have the safety of the Maximillian jeopardized because of what may or may not happen. It was made quite clear that a beam out would be too hazardous in the current conditions. We will deal with this upon my return. For now, return to your original position and await our return. We are nearing the pod now."

"Understood." The line went silent, and Tamak returned to his chair, but

made no order or move to change the position of the Maximillian. It hung in it's precarious orbit with a horrific electrical storm happening just off it's starboard side. Skrit shook his head. Something wasn't fitting together in all of this.

"Commander, are you sure that we can't take down the R.S. Lyon just in case? I've got a bad feeling..."

"The decision has been made." Tamak ended it with that statement, as T'Purr called over Skrit, defusing the situation.

"Skrit, what do you make of these signals?" As he glanced at the odd formation, she added in a lower voice, "Something's going on with him, he's been like this for the last few days."

"I know." He whispered back. "He's never been this standoffish."

"You're not the only one with a bad feeling, Skrit." She scratched her fur-covered ear absently, swishing her tail slowly, showing caution through her actions. Skrit shook his head.

"Nothing I can put my finger on. Where are these coming from?"

"That's just it. As far as I can tell, they're all around us. There's a large concentration on the planets surface, but I can't pinpoint a location within a thousand kilometers."

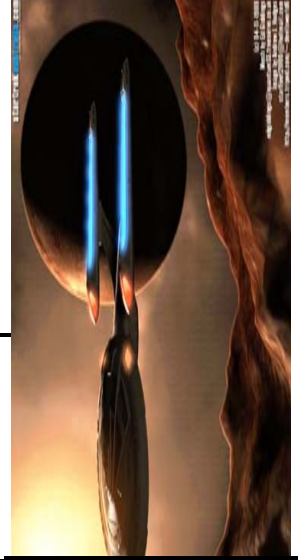
Skrit frowned as he realized that Tamak was glaring at him, and had cleared his throat. Feeling much like a child caught passing notes in school, Skrit glanced back down at T'Purr. "Send it to Jaydin, she's been looking at a lot of signals lately." Then he slinked back to his station, attempting to look busy. The ruse

(Continued on page 16)



NOVEMBER 2004

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3	4	5 <i>The Incredibles At Arena Grand</i>	6
7 <i>Newsletter Deadline</i>	8	9	10	11	12	13 <i>Meeting</i>
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21 <i>Roleplaying</i>	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	Enterprise Fridays at 8pm	Christmas Party December 11		



STAR TREK
U.S.S. MAXIMILLIAN
FAN ASSOCIATION

**MEDICAL
SHEET**

STAR TREK MAXIMILLIAN: NEEDS OF THE MANY

Written by Chris Stephenson
CHAPTER TWO CONTINUED

(Continued from page 13)

worked, Tamak returned to his stare at the viewscreen, at the planet.

In sickbay, Jaydin recieved the file as a text, and glanced at it quickly. The small note from T'Purr brought her up to speed, and also informed her to avoid Tamak. Jaydin didn't need any reminders of that, considering the way he had acted lately, seemingly ever since she had returned from Bajor. She began to look at the signal, represented in code format as jagged lines of various colors, and broke it down, trying to find a pattern, or a similarity to anything else she had studied. She silently gave thanks that she had taken a few courses of code-breaking as electives back at the academy.

As she stared at the screen, a small vine twisted in endless pause in a stasis tube, a souvenier from the adventure that almost cost them the Maximillian. It seemed to overlook sickbay, watching everything, seeing the frustration as a silent clock seemed to count-down, and the count was nearing it's end.

The pod sat, remarkably intact, half dug into the ground from the hard impact after falling through the planet's atmosphere, through the heat shield, eventually encountering the unstoppable force of gravity, found itself lacking in the face of this adversity, crashing into the surface of Cirrus Theta with all the grace of a sperm whale. It's side had been ripped in places, and the away team could see the interior quite plainly. Kelvok stepped forward on the uneven ground, appraising the situation, assessing the damage even as he worked over how to return it to the Maximillian, or at worst destroy it without attracting the attention of the planet's inhabanints. Critch, Overload, and Ensign Bob stood behind him, Overload already scanning with her tricorder with Databit leaning against her head, acting tired from the excitement of the trip over. As she

scanned the enviornment, she squinted, looking a bit confused.

"Is there a problem, Ensign?" Kelvok had noticed her consternation.

"Not really....I can't understand these readings..."

"Let me see." Critch glanced at the padd. "Weird. Almost like it's being jammed..." He tapped a few buttons.

Jaydin dragged a screen aside as she glanced at the vine in the glass, and suddenly, she came to a dark realization. In a panic, she hit her commuicator.

"Tamak! Get them out of there!"

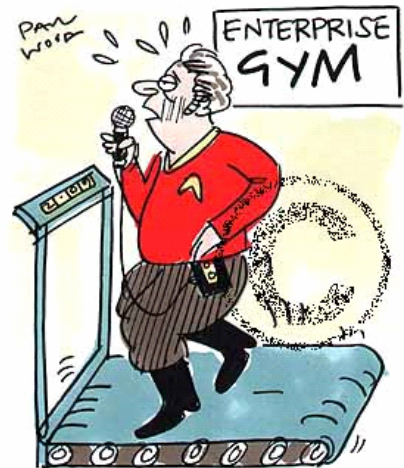
As Jaydin realized what the pattern was miles above them, Critch realized the same thing by clearing away the interference. "Ah, crap."

The pod seemed to disappear before their eyes, covered in rising sand and a tangle of green and brown. A deep growl erupted as a mass of vines moved up out of the ground, settling the problem about what to do with the pod, sending it into pieces

and burying them deep. They moved with a mind and purpose, finally settling the bulk of the creature above the ground, resting on the sand, appraising it's enemies.

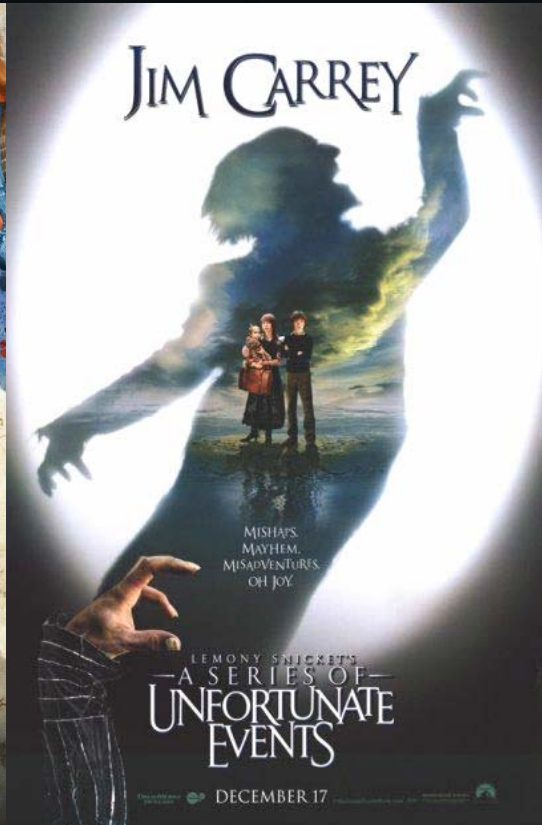
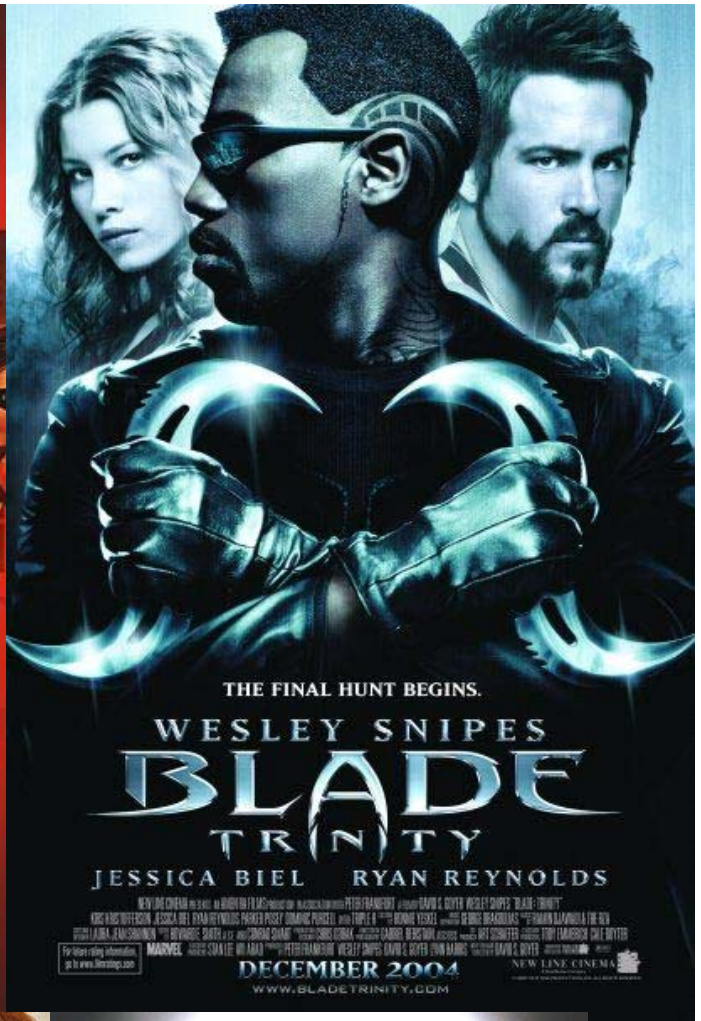
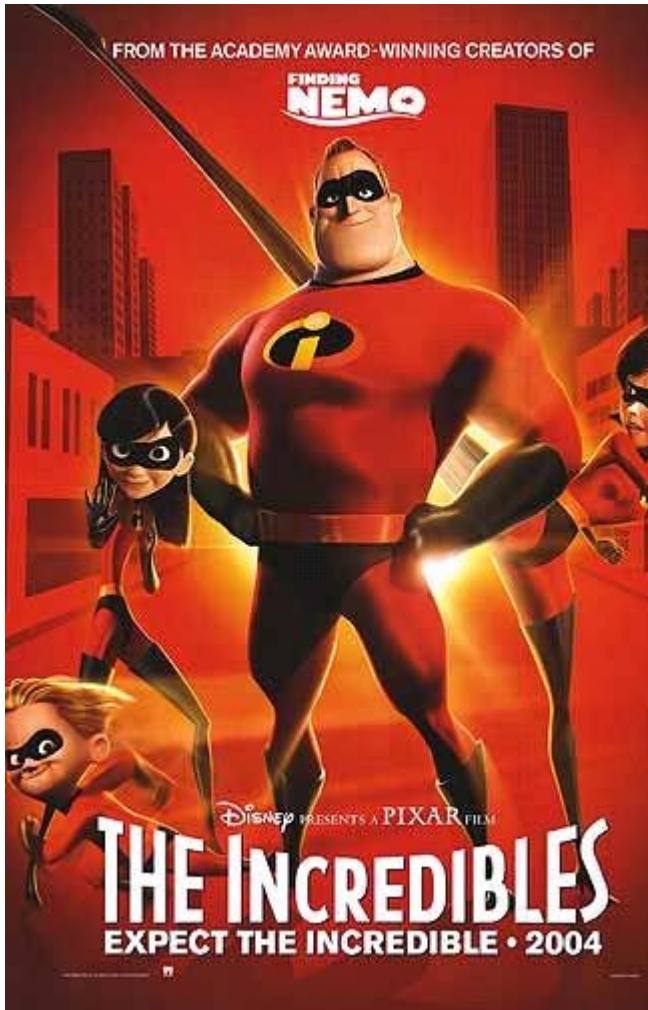
The plant-creature advanced on the away team. Slowly, forceful, driven.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH....



"Captains jog, 2.09 kilometres..."





**THE MIGHTY MAX
OCTOBER 2004**

Captain Chris Stephenson
298 Jennie Drive
Gahanna, Ohio, 43230
Phone: 614-284-4968
Email: critchstarblade@gmail.com
Newsletter Submissions Due November 7

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