

©* The Klingon Strike Force

Autumn 2000 Issue



Battle Lines

The Newsletter for and about members of the Klingon Strike Force

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- *ADMIRAL'S THOUGHTS* -

by Fleet Admiral K'Zhen (ret)



About 5 and a half years ago, Thought-Admiral Keel stepped down from command of the KSF, and turned the club over to me, promoting me to Fleet Admiral.

During those years, I have done my best to keep the club strong and active, and with the help of wonderful assistants such as Adm. K'Lay Chang and others, we have survived, we have grown, and we are stronger and better known in fandom today.

Due to the worsening of my chronic physical condition, especially when it recently reached a crisis, I have thought it best to step aside and allow younger, stronger leaders to take up the helm. I have no intention of leaving the club; I am not burned out as was my predecessor. Admiral K'Lay Chang has been my right arm and ready assistant whenever I needed her, and in my opinion, has been eligible to run the club for some time. She has rallied to the challenge, and has already set in motion changes intended to benefit the operation of the KSF and its members.

Most of you are aware of these facts; I am setting them down here as an official act. I don't think it's necessary to urge any of you to follow Adm. K'Lay and give her your support and encouragement, as you have done to me, and even beyond. She may not run things exactly as I did, nor need she do so. She is in command, and may want to try different methods to see what works. I have every confidence in her ability to take the club further into the 21st century, to keep it strong and expanding, and to keep the name, Klingon Strike Force, well known in Star Trek fandom.

I will still be around to offer opinions and give advice whenever she may request it. You have not seen the last of this old warrior!

- *GUEST ADMIRAL'S THOUGHTS* -

Thought Admiral K'Lay epetai K'Onor-Chang

I am very glad to hear that although she is retiring from conventional Command, we have NOT seen the last of DaHar Master K'Zhen epetai-Zu-Merz, tlhIngan Hlvbeq ta' Fleet Admiral (retired). The thought of running the KSF without K'Zhen on board would seem rather akin to running the Enterprise without Scotty. K'Zhen has always been to me a miracle worker. I have a Command Staff in place, and we are diligently working to insure a smooth transition with as little disruption in the club as possible, but miracle workers will always be a welcome addition to my staff.

What she has modestly not told you is that when she took over from Keel K'ta'ri those five and a half years ago, the KSF was on the brink of civil war, with dwindling numbers and operating in much the same way that it always had, in the same style many other Klingon clubs did, with one sole leader in charge, (hopefully a benevolent one) whose word was not to be questioned and whose decisions were set in stone. If you didn't like the way things were run, you could leave. That worked for Keel. And Keel was a good leader for his time. But K'Zhen was a visionary and saw something better, and she almost single handedly changed that form of government, naming a staff to give her advice when making decisions, listening to members, compromising with them and mediating for them, bending the hard and fast old school rules, even bending her own rules to make the KSF a place



where everyone could find a niche and a welcome. Unlike some other clubs who had gone on line, though she took us from a small entirely off line club with a simple newsletter and even simpler quarterly post and role playing reports to a club four times in size, with a dozen on line chat rooms, websites, listserves and specialty areas, she did not forget about her off line members, or, like other clubs, ban new land mail members. She welcomed all, encouraged everyone, and I have known her to write well into the night to members in every country we represent, with a trusty Spanish dictionary in hand, or French, or tlhIngan Hol, and others. Everyone was important to her. Everyone still is. She is unique, impossible to simply replace with someone else, and I will not even attempt to fill her shoes, as much as I care about the same things she does. I don't have that much hubris.

What I can promise you though is to do my very best to follow in her footsteps in my own shoes, to learn from her past, present and future teachings and council, to delegate to those around me who share the same dream, to listen openly and fairly to the concerns and ideas of all members, to keep you informed of all changes, to branch off into areas that she did not have time to explore, and to be a worthy leader of the Klingon Strike Force.

- *EDITOR'S DAGGER* -

by qe'San be'rawn

Kai Komrades. Here we are at yet another issue of Battle Lines. This one was hot on the heels of the last one but that's because the last one was late. Even so a lot has taken place in such a short time although, I'll not go into that here. With this issue I want to wish you all a happy Halloween and may the gods allow decide to remove all the calories from all those sweets, just for now (and maybe ever other holiday looming). Hopefully in this issue you'll also find the continuation of the Canon Klingon History after it's short break where it made way for the Kor special last time. I've also brought to you some artwork that I found on the web and I produced for a game. In addition to this you'll see a new cartoon strip about scoop hamster that is actually produced for the web but is reproduced here by kind permission of its creator, Pat Stuckey. Although Scoop is not actually Klingon I found it's originality and Star Trek connection too good to leave it only available to those with web access and wherewithal to find it.



- *ANNOUNCEMENTS* -

Announcements from the Imperial Review Board will be formally announced in the Xmas issue however one Title bestowed can not go without mention:

DaHar Master K'zhen epetai-Zu-Merz, tlhIngan HlIvbeq ta'
Advisor - Fleet Admiral (retired)

- *Da'Har Master* -

By William "Bear" Reed (Kragtowl, Da'Har Master)

What is a "Da'Har Master"? The title was first used by John Colicos's Klingon character, "Kor". Although an exact description is not given, it is Implied that Kor holds this title for his past strategic and military efforts. A defining factor was his victory over the Romulans in Year of Kahless 2270 in the "Battle of Klach D'Kel Brakt". The most notable aspect is that a "Da'Har Master" is highly respected throughout the Empire.



Da'Har Master Emblem

In a recent game release called "Klingon Honor Guard", it is insinuated that the term "Da'Har Master" is the leader of a school of a fighting style much like the Terran martial arts. In the game, the player is a new recruit of the Honor Guard and must investigate the attempted assassination attempt of Chancellor Gowron. The player fights his way from mission to mission; he begins to reveal the plot and the conspirators behind it. At the end, he must fight the treacherous leader of the Honor Guard, after discovering his heinous involvement. After defeating the leader, the player character is bestowed the title of "Da'Har Master" by Chancellor Gowron. By these descriptions, it is a title that is earned for great deeds of valor and honor and bestowed by the Chancellor of the Empire.

Klingon fandom has a tendency to generate it's own concepts in areas that are not clearly defined. There are many ideas about this title and even though each one is different, that does not mean they are wrong.

Almost all Klingons are skilled in most hand and energy weapons. But the need for high skill in these leads to the concept of a "Da'Har Master". They would be so proficient in handling and use of weapons that they could perform realistic combat without actually inflicting damage. Thus some "Da'Har Masters" could come from the theatrical community, while other could be military trainers. After all, the average Klingon could tell the difference between a rehearsed fight and one that is conducted by pure skill.

Another is actually considered by one who studies and has adapted terran forms of martial arts to develop the Klingon fighting form known as "Mok'bara". By these descriptions, the title is earned for mastery of weapons or unarmed combat.

It is also consider that a "Da'Har Master" is someone who has earned the respect of his peers and has made major contributions to Klingon fandom as a whole. These individuals are not skilled fighters, or strategists but someone who continues to keep alive the concepts that most members of Klingon fandom find the most appealing. Loyalty, Duty and most of all "Honor" are the main traits that draw many individuals to the ranks of being a Klingon.

This is seen not only by those who dress as Klingons, but those who write about Klingons or depict Klingons in art or strive to follow those concepts in their personal lives. Being Klingon is a mindset, and a feeling of the heart. It is from this that those worthy and respected earn the title of "Da'Har Master".

No matter which description is chosen, a "Da'Har Master" is revered for their efforts, skills and accomplishments and has no authority over other Klingons except by the respect they have and continue to earn in eyes of fellow members of Klingon fandom.



- POST REPORTS -



Compiled by Admiral Katalyia K'Tore-Jiraal
GSA Commander

GSA Sector Reports

Compiled by Admiral Katalyia K'Tore-Jiraal



SECTOR 1

Filed by Commander
K'Eherang K'Shontan
Jiraal, Sector Commander



Commander

K'Eherang K'Shontan Jiraal: Same old, same old, pretty much. Got two weeks vacation after finishing up summer school with the little darlings at work. I'm now getting ready to start the new school year on 9/6. Egad, I've got 27 children in my nap room this year. I suppose that it's an improvement, however, from last year's 32.



Commander Kosh Pallara: Traveled to Salem, Oregon to celebrate his and his father's birthdays. Also visited the Oregon coast. Was promoted to Commander status, as evidence by the above. he has been involved in the KIRA rpg, as well as others, and is planning to go camping for Labor Day.



SECTOR 2

Filed by Kulec Sutai
Tera'weH, Sector
Commander



Kulec Sutai

Tera'weH: I'm busy trying to get things ready here at the church to start up after Labor Day weekend. I'll be starting an extra adult Bible study class next week, plus confirmation will begin. I had a year off last year, so I'll have to

get back into the habit of dealing with several pre-teenagers. Plus, there are lots of conferences coming up in the fall. Gee, I even need to start thinking about Advent and Christmas already. Time flies! Personally, I've been doing well. Allergies have been flaring up lately since all the lovely ragweed is blooming. Plus it's been so dry. But I'm feeling better after a booster shot, plus a course of antibiotics to eliminate a sinus infection I got because my allergies were acting up. Just had an open house at the church parsonage this past week. A lot of people haven't seen the place since it was renovated two years ago right before I got out here.



Hlruback(Helen and Karl Holtz): I have survived record heat here in the lower Midwest along with 2 months without rain. I got my "C" water plant operator's license and am now designing a website for work.

SECTOR 3

Filed by Admiral Katalyia K'Tore-Jiraal, Sector Commander



Admiral Katalyia K'Tore-

Jiraal: Sector Three has been

unusually quiet for the past three quarters. I am beginning to wonder where everybody is. September 27-29

found me at the Star Trek Convention at the Hyatt at Crown Center. The GOHs were Terry Ferrell, Colm Meany, Alexander Siddig, Nana Visitor, and Mark Goddard to name a few. Leonard Nimoy and John DeLancie performed a special theater piece, 'Spock Vs. Q'. It was a

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live recording with audience participation. They did not want you to be quiet. During the performance, John DeLancie did have to stop and regain his composure. They were discussing a boat at the bottom and the line was 'Truly the boat had gone...' Leonard paused here and the audience finished 'where no man has gone before'. John started laughing and had to take a few minutes to regain control. I really enjoyed it.



SECTOR 4

Filed by Commander
T'Lara JuriSS-Rasmehlier,
Sector Commander



Cmdr. T'Lara JuriSS-

Rasmehlier: Well, another quarter has come and gone! My son and I have finally moved...but not to PA as I had hoped. We ended up moving a couple of miles down the road from where we were. The apt. is much nicer, although a bit more expensive. I have gotten a new baby-sitter who he likes a lot, have his school bus schedule set, as well as having him registered for an afterschool program. he is starting band this year, and will be playing the trombone! He is taking Karate twice a week as well. As for me, work is as it always was. While my son was with his father for the month of August, I managed to get away for a week to visit K'Lay(Margie McDonnell)in Ohio, and help her a little bit to get moved in. We had a great time just cavorting about getting things for her place. Especially when we went to the next town looking for a bed, and ended up coming back with it on the roof of my car! While out in Ohio, we also got to meet the promoter of the Dover Peace Conference, Joe Manning and his family. Everyone in that little town seems to make the local Donut Shop their meeting place, and so I got to meet a few Klingons while I was out there as well! In the club, I, unfortunately, have not been as diligent as I should have been, due to the fact that I was moving, and then away. Hopefully, things will get back to normal now that school is back in session. Well, that's about it for this quarter

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from this CO. I hope everyone had a good summer.



Ensign KlySa'ra Vestai VelaH': Most of this past quarter has been taken up with RL. I work in the pharmaceutical industry, and we're getting inspected by three different regulatory agencies from three different countries this fall (like the FDA). This is a mornal activity, but if you have ever worked in this industry, sweat is probably beading up on your forehead at the mere thought of such a schedule. In short, everybody's in the "panic preparation mode" on a permanent basis, and so I've been putting in a bunch of extra hours (which has resulted in my KSF activities being a tad thin lately). Plus, all of my cohorts have been out on vacation, the lucky devils, but now it's my turn. I'm off to the Allagash of Maine to do some fishing and canoeing in a very remote location not too far from the Quebec boarder. By remote, I mean you communicate by HAM radio. I'll be staying in a cold-water cabin on a mile-long lake, and I think it's the only cabin on that particuliar lake. It will be rustic to say the least, no phone, no electricity and no hot running water (pretty Klingon, actually), but I like that kind of stuff. (Being in a cabin also offers the obvious advantage of preventing you from being bear bait—I imagine one could look something like a sandwich to a hungry bear getting ready to hibernate, lying there in a sleeping bag. There's a Far Side cartoon about that....) Anyway, I can't wait to go. It's beautiful up there, and the leaves should be beginning to change. I am totally psyched!!!



Captain Kishin Zantai Kukura: It has been quiet on the Klingon front here in Philly, so that got me thinking about how, even when I haven't gone to a con or seen an episode of Star Trek, I still feel hooked into our unique fandom. You just never know when you will bump into old comrades or meet new, all because our small world intersects with so many others. So when KSF's distinguished Admiral Kian wrote with a question about Latin, that was a kick. And I was tickled to

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find old KSF friend Robyn Russell an active participant on the belly dance listserve. Buffalo-based Klingons I hadn't heard from in three years were suddenly back in touch by e-mail, as was a Canadian stalwart. Another person from the Midwest who I didn't even know wrote to ask for info on a shared friend. Yet another Klingon, new-met by email, checked in to see about getting old issues of Agonizer and other Klin-zines. And a friend who runs the Leonard Nimoy fanclub wrote to let me know that she had spotted copies of Agonizer on Eby! It made me realize that our involvement with fandom may ebb and flow, but the friendships and connections we make are liable to be at least as long lasting as any others we ever make. I salute you all, Klin-friends, near and far.



SECTOR 5
Filed by Rakqor,
Sector Commander


 Lt. Rakqor Vestai


K'Mpoc (Richard Heckert): The summer has come and gone. It seems like yesterday it started. I would say over all it was pretty good. Took a few vacations one to Chicago to see the Cubs play ball and went to all the tourists sites, museums, etc. Was a big hit with my son, went to "Dicks Last Resort" and had a real good time. They pride themselves on "teasing" the patrons, having a cubs shirt on I was of course laughed at and made some bad bets after a few drinks on the Cubs vs White Sox series. Oh well, at least got to see Sosa hit a huge home run out of Wrigly field. My son got teased about Pokemon but he liked it and held his ground and gave it back! We had a lot of laughs. And another one to the NC mountains where we went rock hunting and camping. I found a rather large raw emerald. Don't know if it's worth anything and what to do with it, but it sits on the bookcase now. Went to a bunch of Nascar races around NC. Got sunburned and toasted. I got into a few local races myself but wrecked my car pretty good at the last one, done for the year not sure if I will try it again next year. My wife got a big promotion at work. Maybe now I can


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retire. HAHAAH. We have had some pretty good parties with our new pool. I have been working pt on a consulting basis its getting better. time will tell. Working pt has given me a lot of time with my son "Bill" which has been great for that I am thankful. Bill has started back to school. 4th grade, I am not sure if things will get easier only different. I have noticed many new sector 5 recruits that's cool. Must be my dynamic leadership, just joking, thanks to everyone. That's about it from this small corner.

 **Dennis DeBalso** (new member): Last week at my paleskin job I worked 55 hours. That problem should last one more week at the most.

 **Lt. Qljvaj Ghezchog Dupplm**: I recently got back online. I changed ISP 'cause I signed up for DSL service with Bellatlantic. Of course, they couldn't seem to get the connections straight. they hooked up at someone elses house at a different address and city. They had the phone listed in his name but sending me the bill. Wouldn't you know it! So for now please send all correspondance to qljvaj@klingons.com.

 **Lt.Cmdr.Luciouslips Vestai JurISS-Chang**: Recently returned from absence. Glad to have her back also!

 **Cmdr. Krowgon Sutai Drexia**: As I sit here this early AM morning writing my post for this quarter, it has been one of a busy summer. Time seems to slip away from me. I have been promoted at work and keeps me ever so busy. (Nice thing was a really nice raise in it). Here in the Capital of the US it has been one busy time for me. Seeming that I am not able to get much email out. I have not gone missing. I mostly am able to get on early in the AM to most of my emailing as work keeps me busy the rest of the time. I do read the post from the listserver and enjoy reading them. Just wish I had the time to post back and enjoy the Empires comments by our fellow warriors.

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I shall do my best to catch up soon and start posting.



SECTOR 7

LT Kaiden Vestia

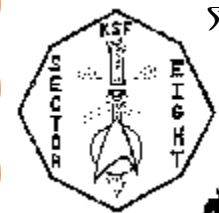
Katia (Jon Rowe) CO

Sector 7: This last three months has been quite

eventful two of my friends

that I grew up with have gotten married, that coupled with being sick and visiting the doctor and trying to keep up on work and Klingon things has taken up all of my time and I feel like I am falling further and further behind. I am currently getting all my transcripts together so I can go back the University soon I have a professor who believes he can get me in and even get me a job up there. I am still awaiting RPG orders and hope to have some soon.

Other then that I have begun work on my Background and actions taken by me versus the Cardassians for the third time I just keep having to write it over because I find a better story line every time. Adinarac@aol.com 🍁



SECTOR 8

Filed by Fleet Captain Borg

Ql'mpeq, Sector

Commander



Fleet Captain Borg

Ql'mpeq: Well, the only thing that I did during this past quarter was to attend the Shore Leave22 Convention(July 7-9)and visit Carrie(June 29-July 12). I wore my Klingon outfit on Friday (July 7) for the Klingon Feast which had Richard Herd (L'Kor) as the Klingon Guest of Honor. Saturday (July 8) and Sunday (July 9), I wore my new Star Wars costume..a Darth Sidious/Emperor Palpatine type costume. Carrie, did like me, wore her Klingon costume on Friday and her new Darth Vader costume for the rest of the convention. The five Yahoo! Clubs that I hold Club Founder's status in, keep me pretty busy these days. Been chatting with VeQ'ma via MSN IM (yeah, my system has access to MSN IM, which can be downloaded at either Hotmail or

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MSN) plus posting with her in the Klingon Captains Table Yahoo! Club.



Commander/Overseer Azel qavan

Tavana: This has been a bittersweet time. I had the honor and pleasure of aiding our Admiral K'Lay in selling her house, and helping her pack to move, twice, the second time out of state. I do hope she stays in one place for a little while, I think we are both tired of packing. In all the chaos before she left, we managed to visit some of the tourist attractions for what will most likely be the last time for both of us. Tourist town was one, home of that annoying mouse. Also, the Admiral introduced me to the remote, secret locations, where she Aquarius her blood wine. The Ferengi dealers were actually uncharacteristically accommodating. But then, who wants to upset and Klingon imbibing in their cultural beverage. Believe it or not, it was a very educational outing. I also had the great honor of meeting the Good Abbot in his terran guise. He allowed me to acquaint himself and the Admiral with one of the more remote locations here, in keeping with his position, a monastery. After all, I wouldn't want any one of accusing me of trying to lead the Abbot astray from his priestly life. A most enjoyable visit I hope to be able to repeat someday, either here or somewhere else. I has been one of the most active and enjoyable times of my life that I shall not soon forget. My thanks to the Abbot, the Admiral, and her family.

GSD Sector



Doug Welsh/The Abbot (LCmdr. K'Obol sutai-Chang-K'Onor): This last quarter has had its ups and downs. In June, I went to


California to visit with Admiral K'Lay and her family, and see some of the West Coast. It was hot. Actually, I had a great time. On my return, I was knocked down by a little cold that has hung on forever, but I am getting through that. I was further knocked back, though, by phlebitis in September. If you have never had it, it is a blood lot in the vascular system which occludes, or blocks, the passage of blood. My


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leg swelled like a ripe pumpkin, and I was in fairly sharp pain. Wasn't till the third week that my doctors got around to telling me how close to dying or stroking out I really was. That is under control now, and I think I am on the road to recovery. Partly as a response to this, my family here in Halifax (Ethel and Gordon and Sean) had some choice words for me on the subject of taking care of myself. I heard them, so next month, I am moving away from my brother Sean (M'Red), across the Hall, where Margie will be joining me. Let's see, anything else???? No, I think that covers it.

 **M'Red NorDeth** (Sean Prosser): Let's see, I have started a new job working as a doorman at a local club, have been dealing with a roommate who has been sick, cranky and crotchety (this just blew ANY chance for promotion...did I mention that the sick roommate is our dear beloved Abbot K'Obol), and have had several major changes in my life, including the death of a maternal grandfather, and most important of all, my recently past marriage on the 22nd of Sept, so all things considered, I'm doin ok.

 **Ethel Clarke and Gordon MacKinnon:** This quarter has been rather uneventful for Nagh Gor and I. We had our children for the month of August, which kept us close to home and out of trouble (although....come to think of it 4 girls between the ages of 14 and 9 ARE trouble, most of the time!).

September was not the best of months, but no one wound up in intensive care this year, and no one unexpectedly moved out. Therefore, on a scale of one to 10 (1 being uneventful) this one was about a 3.5. Although, Elder Brother did find ingenious ways to keep us all guessing as to whether or not he'd be in hospital by the end of the month! Thankfully he wasn't!!!!

The flu bug hit with a vengeance, keeping us from attending my Little Brother's union with the love of his life (welcome Bonnie! and may


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your sanity and patience hold out! LOL), and cutting into our time with Admiral K'lay. Hopefully, we'll be able to spend more time with these folks in the near future.


Aside from the usual stuff: swimming, watching TV, housework, and visiting with friends and family, Summer 2000 was pleasant and relatively unstressful.

To those who were/are ill we wish a very speedy and complete recovery. To everyone else, may the remainder of 2000 bring you all five of the Chinese Blessings: long life, prosperity, wealth, health and happiness....
Ethel and Gordon

 **K'Ehleyr K'Llarus** (Lynda Bates): Well lets see what have I been busy with....well For starters I am a fire fighter along with my Hubby we fight industrial fires that include, oil well fires, forest fires, tank fires to state a few. The past summer we where busy fighting Forest fires in AB,BC. and in Montana. Besides fighting fires we teach fire fighting and Safety.(The Safety we do is for confined space. We are also confined space rescuers.)We also sell fire equipment from Fire Trucks to shovels. So in our spare time we have been busy with the safety end and teaching. In the last month of September, I have been taking classes myself, I took Confined Space Entry and Confined Space Rescue, I am also taking my First Aid Instructors. (St.Johns Ambulance) when I'm finished this I will be able to teach first aid/CPR classes. Well that just about sums up the business end of things. For the fun part, I have been enjoying my grandchildren, Jazmine age three and Shea Lynn age 4 months. Well that is about it for now. K'Ehleyr/Lynda



GSE Sector

 **Captain JurISS** (Ron Pohlen-Moore): Greetings all, More than a few people have been wondering what I have been doing for the last six months. The

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answer will surprise you; and I hope bring to light the struggle of a person suffering from three severe and swiftly deteriorating disabilities. With full permission of Christine Preston, her cooperation and blessing I will explain my life of late and the courage of a person with little left to hope for.

She extended her assistance to me during a time when I needed a place to stay while awaiting the means to re-establish my own life. In return I have been supplying her with help that she otherwise has not been able to get: care without the antiseptic attitude of those trained to be objective and clinical. Christine suffers from a deforming and extremely severe form of rheumatoid arthritis, osteoporosis as well as a digestive disorder that has rendered her thinner than most people can imagine. The other names for the conditions which accompany these are beyond my capacity to spell. She is wheelchair bound and can barely move any part of her body but her lower legs and feet and to some extent, her arms. This results in her movement taking fifteen to twenty minutes for her to move twenty feet and she can barely hold a fork to eat. Most of her body is locked up: back, hips, upper legs and to a large extent her shoulders and upper arms. Yet, she fights daily and in great pain to not be absolutely dependent for ALL things necessary to live. The Klin truly exists within her; but she is still human and I have been doing all I can to make her life bearable.

She continues to deteriorate at an increasing rate; and the social system she depends upon has pretty much written her off. Those who are hired to assist her do so in a clinical fashion; leaving the 'human factor' far in the distance. This has been a profound learning experience for me. Most people do not have a clue as to the No-quality of life that a person so afflicted has to live.

Her only hope is a miracle; and medical attention incredibly rare in the part of England she lives in.

Can you imagine living your life like this? I

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couldn't; not until I witnessed it for myself and the extensive rigors of doing what most all of us take for granted.

Christine is a member of the KSF. And I wish to make known the courage and extreme will it takes for her to exist; not live, but just exist. I hope that everyone who reads this report will reach inside themselves and imagine the battle taking place; the battle to live another day despite conditions beyond my ability to express adequately. As club members we fight many battles as Klingons; and in our mundane lives we fight our daily battles in myriad ways. However, this warrior has never witnessed the intensity of the battle this woman wages just to get across a room, or even perform the simplest functions taken for granted by so very many.

I am aware of many people and KSF members that struggle day by day and the pain and sometimes despair life can bring. I ask you all to consider this report, to appreciate the little things in life and to be grateful for all you can do. And, to take courage yourselves in the face of adversity, illness and sorrow. Every one of us is far more fortunate than we realise.

To look beyond the horizon of our difficulties and take joy in everything. Especially the things we take for granted; the little things in life that she and many others like her have to do battle with just to get a glimpse of what life can be. Helping Christine these past months has brought an aspect of life before my eyes that makes me truly grateful for everything I can still do in my life. I ask you to cherish every moment of a walk, or having a decent meal and to remember the battles that take place here on our planet that eclipse the massive battles we write about each quarter. If the 'Order of Kahless' could be granted to people not involved in fantasy, I would recommend one for this brave woman and all those who exist and continue the fight to survive. Relish life. Fight with Honor and as it has been said; "smell the roses along the way."

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- *Hol: A MATTER OF RANK* -

by loDnI' QIS vestai-toraq



Qu' weJDich: pong patlh je [Third Task: name and rank]

In this lesson, we'll touch upon something which cannot go overlooked.
We'll take a brief look at how we write our names and titles together, and their order in placement.

Contrary to the Federation Standard (yIntagh!), Klingons always give their names **FIRST**, and then their rank **SECOND**. For instance, our beloved Kahless was and is again our emperor. The Feds would address him "Emperor Kahless", and they'd muck it up in our language, of course, by using **THEIR** word-order. {ta'} means "emperor", and we all know who {qeyllS} is. They'd reflect their ignorance and supreme lack of respect by calling him {ta' qeyllS}. But, naturally, **WE** know better. The correct way, the Warriors' Way, is to say {qeyllS ta'}. There's no way around it, Warriors, not even with a worm-hole.

So, now I'd like to indulge you in a little test of skill. Match each famous Klingon with his or her rank, and write the correct pair. Some Klingons are in column A, some are in column B, but wherever they are, their rank is found in the opposite column. The names have an asterisk (*), and the ranks have their DivI'Hol equivalents. The trick is to write each correct combination using the correct word-order, that is {pongpathh je} or "name and rank".

E.G.: I&e: worlv Sogh "Lieutenant Worf" (Call me old-fashioned!)

COLUMN A	COLUMN B
1. worlv*	a. yo'aj (Fleet Admiral)
2. qumwl' (governor)	b. qor*
3. Qang (chancellor)	c. ta' (Emperor)
4. ghI'tlhoq* [G'Trok]	d. cheng* [Chang]
5. DaHar pln (Dahar Master)	e. Sogh (Lieutenant)
6. qeyllS*	f. ghorqon*
7. Ql'jen* [K'Zhen]	g. baSay pln (Poetry Master)
8. Sa' (general)	h. vagh*

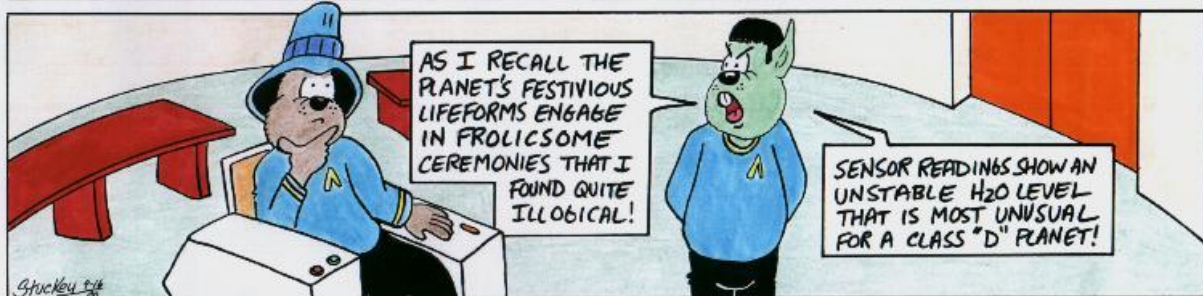
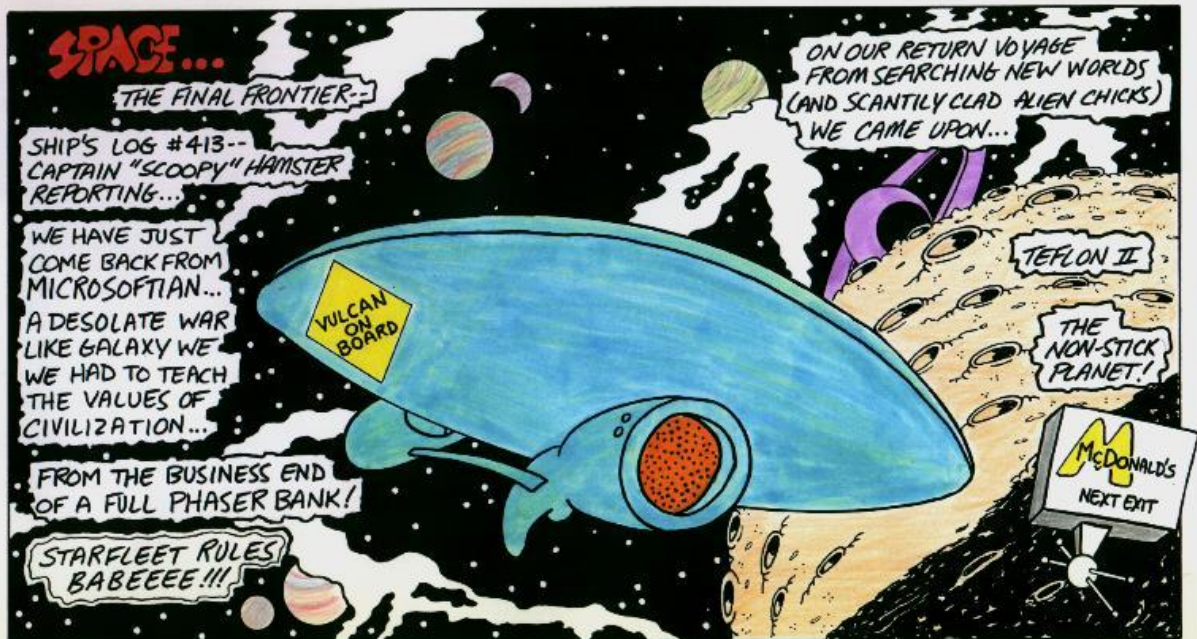
EKKSTRA KREDIT:

Okay, Warriors, if your blood is warm and your qlvon is cold, then try to match these, some of our own bold KSF warriors, with their correct ranks. And of course, in writing the matched pairs, it's name first, rank second.

COLUMN A	COLUMN B
1. Ql'lay* [K'lay]	a. la'(Commander)
2. veQma*	b. lagh (Ensign)
3. QIS*	c. 'aj (Admiral)
4. volar*	d. loDnI' (Brother)
5. quoQIn*[Quo Krin]	e. Sogh (Lieutenant)
6. Ql'eHerang* [K'eHerang]	f. yo'HoD (Fleet Captain)
7. qa'at*	g. joH (Lady)

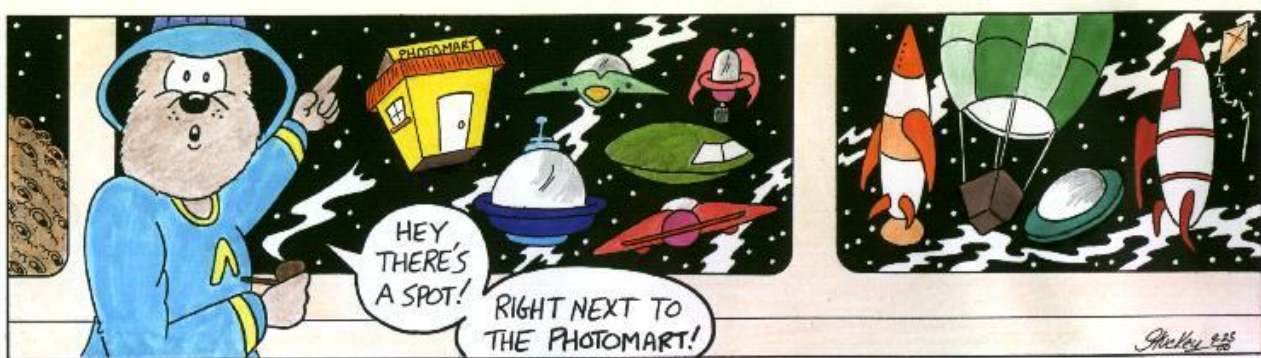
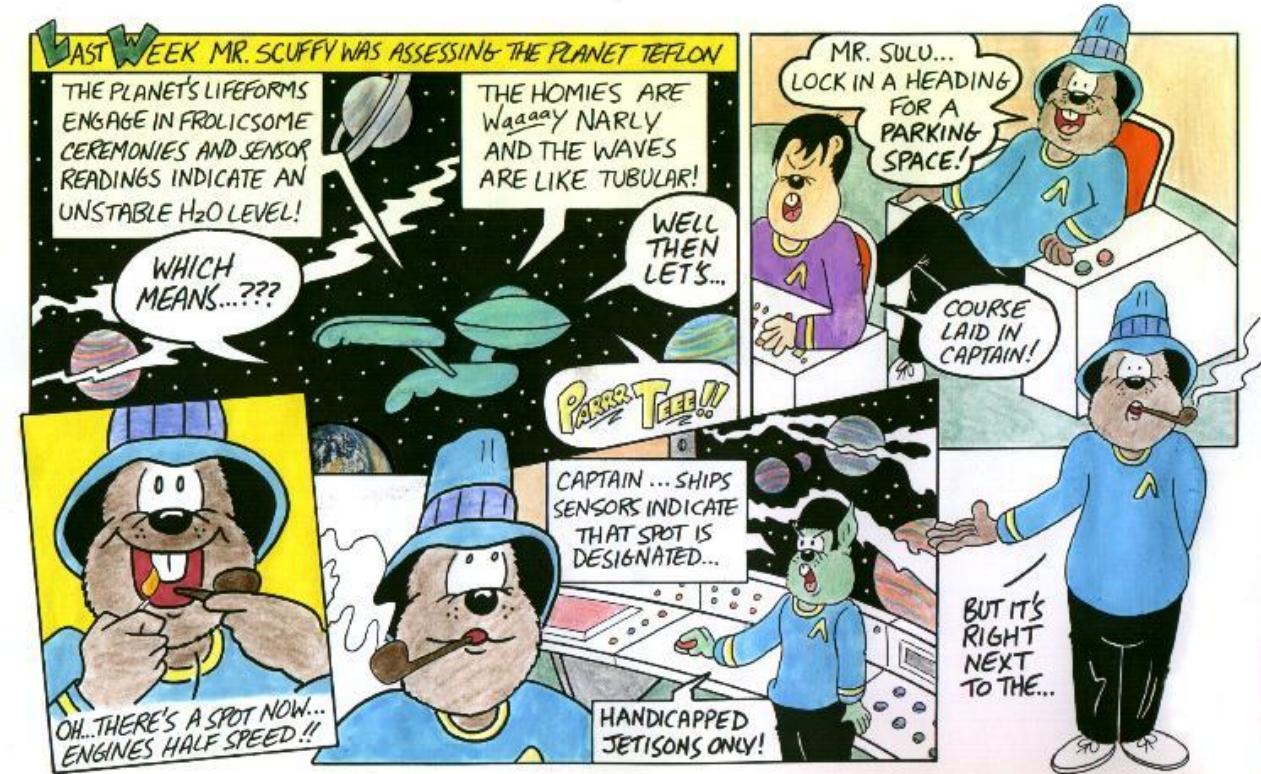


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- ROLE-PLAY REPORT -



▲ CAMPAIGN COORDINATION COMMAND ▲

Role-play report to the KSF

Edited by Fleet Admiral K'Zhen epetai-Zu-Merz

IMPERIAL INTELLIGENCE - (qo' llnDab) K'Eherang K'Shontan Jiraal



IMPERIAL INTELLIGENCE

Lt. Cmdr. Kriger Duplm reports:

Assigned the G.D. Nov gneb,

aka S.S. Thor's Hammer, an Imperial Intelligence spy trawler converted from a Federation freighter, the members of I.I. (K'Eherang, Kriger, T'Lara, valQIS, K'Ehleyr, Korgath, and t'Arra) chased into the unknown after a number of missing Dominion vessels after the war. As they left known space, they conducted a number of training exercises in order to learn more about their vessel's capabilities and each other. The first exercise was combat against four Jem'Hadar fighters. Out numbered, out gunned, and too slow to run away, the spy trawler put up a tremendous fight, giving better than it got, taking most of the enemy with it. Next was a boarding action simulation. The boarding action simulation was very successful. an equal number of the enemy, well armed, was utterly defeated for the loss of a single crew member in a game of armed hide and seek.

More training simulations are scheduled, but first, we encountered the first of many star systems we would have to search. KGC-73533a, an uncharted Red giant. As the vessel entered the system under cloak, they discovered an inner belt of metallic asteroids, a middle belt of rocky asteroids, a small class J planet, and an outer belt of rocky asteroids. Debris of a wrecked Dominion Probe was found, along with a small Cardassian mining operation in the inner asteroid belt. No sign of the missing Dominion ships though. The search continues.

INTERNAL INTELLIGENCE - (both llnDab ra'ghom) Adm. K'Lay K'Onor-Chang:



INTERNAL INTELLIGENCE

We are still in the midst of a civil war on Qo'noS. People who before were caught in the middle of the political battles are now taking sides. The sides appear to be: the noble Houses against the military forces of General Martok, and in some cases, the Fusions against the Imperials. Due to a

shortage of ships and manpower after the war, each side is scrambling for manpower, supplies and assistance. The House of DuraS sided with other enemies of Empire and chosen to seek assistance from the Romulans, while Martok's supporters are finding unique methods to utilize the leftover Jem'Hadar soldiers to their benefit.

One of our own NI agents, surgically altered to look like a Tal Shiar agent, Major Ra'Qaol, was put into place on RomuluS to gather intelligence about any plans they might be involved in and who among our own people might be involved in conspiracy. The real Major Ra'Qaol was kidnapped, supposedly drugged and slated to be sent to us for interrogation. Our problems began when the drugged and disoriented Tal'Shiar Major escaped our custody and we were forced to send in another surgically altered and technologically well equipped agent, **VeQ'ma K'Mpec**, to find and recover him. She managed to do so, at great personal risk to herself, convincing everyone that he was her drunken cousin, stealing him literally out from under their Romulan noses. Getting him to our Embassy, VeQ'ma turned him over to Diplomatic Corps CO, **Azel Tavana**, who used her diplomatic immunity and ingenuity to get him off RomuluS and back to us. That done, and the Ra'Qaol duplicate in position, our deep cover agent there, Kargo K'Mpec, relayed all the

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gathered Intel to Azel, to avoid any chance of implicating our Embassy in espionage should our version of RaQaol get captured.

One such piece of intelligence told us the Romulans were aware of and planned to stop Imperial Security from taking a Ketrace! white facility we needed to control our Jem'Hadar soldiers. That piece of Intel had been acted upon and the mission had been a success, as expected, for Global Security forces and Khaufen JuriSS, who had been dispatched to take care of the matter, was an old and crafty warrior with decades of military experience in fighting Roms. But what they had not known at the time was that his presence there had been a part of a larger plan, one conceived by an enemy MUCH closer to home, one of the civil war factions who had the ear of Kahless...and who had, if THIS new report was true, convinced the Emperor that **Khaufen JuriSS** was gathering an army to fight against HIM and the forces of the KSF. **Global Military** had already been dispatched to assume command of GS ships and an NI agent not loyal to her, assigned with the task of bringing in the JuriSS, dead or alive. The threat to her ally and personal friend aside, of as great a concern to **K'Lay K'Onor-Chang** as the head of NI was this: HOW did a Romulan Major (or in this case their spy who had been sent in to replace him) know the workings of the Emperor Kahless' mind BEFORE his own Klingon Internal Intelligence did??? They had even more enemies than they knew now!

Piecing together what information on the inner betrayal she could, K'Lay called in Abbot K'Obol and through that link, Operations Master Meth who, though retired, had all but legendary skills and contacts. Seeking their assistance for official channels, she contacted **K'Mund Jaj**, second in command of House Chang's private mercenary fleet, the bortaS beg, told her to find the

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assassin **Gothari**, and make certain the NI agent sent to kill Khaufen did not survive the attempt. Gothari was efficient, as was to be expected of one so trained, the elimination swift and clean. K'Mund went next to Hurgh K'Mer, transporting NI security codes to him that would allow the JuriSS to escape Klingon space...if he chose to meet Hurgh and take them. K'Lay could do no more than wait back at Internal Intelligence Headquarters to see what Khaufen would do, and, with more agents in place, to see what treason those who had once been their comrades in arms might try next. She knew she was also guilty of treason; but as her Terran mother had often said, extreme situations called for extreme measures, and her loyalty was not to the Emperor, but to the Empire.

IMPERIAL SECURITY: (wo' Hung):
Cmdr. Koloth sutai-K'Tama



KETH: tlhIngan HlvbeQ
Soghla' Kosh sutai-Zu-Merz
Reporting:

After completion of last mission, assaulting and conquering a Jem'Hadar encampment on the surface of a planet on the fringe of Cardassian space, after hunting and tracking down a Cardassian freighter leading us to the planet, when an explosion on a fringe tlhIngan planet destroyed a communications relay; I, **T'var SoghHom**, and **Kaiden Sogh**, decided to travel to DS9 (or Terok Nor) for repairs, supplies, and "shore leave".

A Cardassian *Galor Class Duj* we captured and had towed to DS9

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by a Vor'cha (the *IKS Dragon's Tooth*), I traveled in the *IKS Caesar* (the renamed Cardassian *Duj*) with my Infiltration Team, conducting battle drills on board the Cardassian *Duj*; the Cardassian survivors were held in their own brig.

Mid way through the journey, communication was received from T'var SoghHom indicating his *Duj*, the *IKV qevllghopDu'*, was sabotaged by Cardassians, and would have to be towed to DS9. I communicated back, informing him we were within sensor range of DS9, and that we could send the Vor'cha back to pick him up, but it was relayed back to me that a Starfleet *Duj*; an Akira Class *Duj*, already had his *Duj* in tow to DS9.

Arriving within firing range DS9, we were met by a Starfleet *Duj* with shields raised and weapons powered up (as we did as well), the *USS Geronimo*, an Intrepid Class Variant. I communicated to them that the Dragon's Tooth (was towing the *Galor Class Duj*, captured in an honorable battle, to be turned over to Starfleet with Cardassian prisoners.

The *IKV lw jev* (with Kaiden Sogh) then decloaked, and the *Geronimo* placed itself between the *lw jev* and the station, until the *lw jev* powered down it's weapons, and lowered it's shields; then the *Geronimo* did the same, allowing the *lw jev* and the *Caesar* to dock with the station. I and Kaiden met Worf Soghla' (still the Starfleet Security Officer on board DS9), relaying him information of our assault on the Cardassian/Dominion base, and our victory.

Our crews were then allowed access to the station, for some 'downtime'. Kaiden Sogh had some business with a *verengan* bar owner (Quark), finishing some unfinished business, under the watchful eyes of station security, after which he returned to his *Duj*.

batlh HoS ylcav

©* *tlhIngan Hlubeq*

I visited the *verengan* establishment and used a holo-suite, although I was interrupted when my Infiltration Team was involved in an altercation with some Starfleet personnel, and I was called in to resolve the disputes. I had to confine a member of my Team to his quarters after he had forgot to abide by his *tlhIngan* honor.

I was contacted by T'var SoghHom when his *Duj* finally docked with the station. I invited him for some toasts with Blood wine after he saw to his crew and *Duj*.

This ends this report for now Qapla'!

GLOBAL SECURITY (qo' Hung):
Captain Khaufen zantai-Juriss:



The G.S. commander received orders to proceed to a planetoid where I.S. was in the process of securing a Ketracel White facility for Martok. Intelligence reports had indicated that the Romulans were en route to foil the Chancellor's plans for, hopefully, using the drug to control the Jem'Hadar soldiers. **Captain JurISS** soon discovered that several G.S. officers and vessels did not respond to his orders to leave orbit of the Homeworld! There were widespread rumors that they had sided with the DuraS and 'their' supporters, which Would include the Romulans....as usual.

The *IKV Stormwalker, Liberator, Tong, Death Bird* and their new recruit's vessel the *IKV Ruthless* came out of warp close to the planetoid; all the vessel's under cloak except for the Vor'cha Class

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battlecruiser. Soon the Warbirds arrived and the prey was engaged; first by the *Stormwalker* then by the now decloaked G.S. vessels. The engagement was brief; due the need for haste and the S.S.R.-I torpedo was deployed. Three seconds before the torpedo launch, the signal to disengage and 'Go to High Warp' was broadcast from the *Stormwalker*; the G.S. vessels complied swiftly. The resulting voracious gravity-rift the torpedo created drew in the damaged Warbirds; swallowed them, and then Khan launched the second torpedo: to implode the rift. The sight was spectacular! And, I.S. was Romulan-less; a phrase that the 'Captain' found rather humorous.

Then, G.S. set course for **Do'Ha'**: supposedly for R & R and a few repairs, but much more was afoot. However, what the Captain of the *Stormwalker* did not expect was a major and lethal brawl at one of local bars with a force of Imperial DuraS supporters, and Fusion haters! He had hoped to meet Katlow there; instead G.S. personnel were tricked into a 'blade battle' with the crews of several Imperial warships. Then, after G.S. had mopped up the situation, they found that the vessels in orbit of **Do'Ha'** firing upon them! Once again in his center seat, Khaufen gave them warning; but it was not heeded. They engaged these *HuH petaQpu'*; thoroughly AND Honorably, once more. What remained after the intense fire-fight were but a few disabled, crippled or destroyed Imperial vessels. An unfortunate happenstance; but they had been warned to 'Stand Down,' and preferred to taste G.S. warrior's mettle instead. Khaufen regretted the necessity of the engagement; but hoped fervently that the *petaQpu'* enjoyed the taste!

A new course was ordered, and soon the G.S. fleet met with **Katlow**; and a Fusion fleet of 193 warships, late for the last Dominion battle. Those thousands of Fusion warriors were sorely

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disappointed; and More than ready for battle and Glory! Khaufen and his son KirroQ, Koner, his 'First'; and Khan conferred with the Thought-Master Katlow. He soon learned about the reappearance of the JurISS Borg; the One, Khaufen's son joining him permanently and of all that had transpired before his arrival.

The talks went on for many long hours. Then Katlow departed, to reassume command of his own Fusion fleet; and G.S. proceeded toward the Homeworld once more. After the predictions of 'The One,' the Voice of the Borg Consortium from the parallel dimension (see past logs for reference) Khaufen was not truly surprised to find that a small fleet of vessels confronted G.S. on their way back to the homeworld. It turned out be G.M., and carrying an N.I. officer; just as the One had said. Khaufen was ordered to Stand Down and prepare for boarding; in response Khaufen ordered the huge, cloaked fleet behind them to disengage their cloaking devices. Needless, to say the balance of power shifted; considerably, however....the matter of Honor was at hand. The N.I. officer said that Khaufen was to be 'taken out' or otherwise Stopped; that Kahless himself had said this! The ultimate dishonor, to Khaufen, could not be ignored; and, NOW he had his fill of treacheries, betrayals and more! The future held but two options for him.

After some conversation, two G.M. officers (one of them being Khaufen's line-brother Mordok!) and the female N.I. officer reluctantly beamed aboard the *Stormwalker*. Khaufen ordered them escorted to Sifter Room three; savoring the shock effect, and accompanying them personally. Meanwhile, trying to keep his son from his side, to witness what was to occur, Koner having THAT Honor; Khaufen sent a transmission to Khan to beam over with what was required for the *Rustadz mauk-to'Vor* Ritual. That surprised everyone present;

batlh HoS yIchaV

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however in Khaufen's mind, there was more than one way to die! There were MORE surprises to come.

GLOBAL MILITARY (qo'QI' ra'ghom) Cmdr. Reyna zantai Kor-Zu-Merz:



Cmdr. Kor experienced problems with some of her officers who were accused of being involved in a barroom brawl. Upon investigation, the true perpetrators were the war criminal Jalell and his followers, disguised as Klingons. They had also placed some of her officers under a bizarre form of mind control in an attempt to locate non-heavily guarded transportation vessels to aid their escape from justice. None of her officers cracked under the mind control, to their honor. A planet wide search was initiated to locate the criminals. She has enlisted the aid of VAdm. Karen Emerson, and her Starfleet crew. Upon completion of her mission, Cmdr. Kor has been invited to visit KSF Headquarters, where she has accepted the invitation of FAdm. K'Zhen to become a member of House Zu-Merz.

TroubleShooters TaskForce Command: Captain Borg zantai-QI'mpeq:

Ensign K'Tana vestai-QI'mpeq-L'Down was assigned to TroubleShooters TaskForce Command. I assigned a B'Rel Class Bird Of Prey Scout Ship named the I.K.C. Deception to her for missions assigned to her. I instructed Ensign K'Tana to take the I.K.C. Deception on a two week cruise, of patrolling a couple of sectors along the Romulan border.

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I also decided it was time to go visit the Empire's clone of an Emperor... Emperor Kahless again. I spent several days more or less with Kahless. In-between times with my talks with Kahless, I was instructing the TroubleShooter TaskForce on taking a Defensive stance over Qo'noS. But, with the I.K.V. QI'mpeq's bortaS doing what it was designed for, I.. The TroubleShooter TaskForce has a major advantage over Martok supporters and the DuraS supporters. In the end, I was able to convince Kahless into giving me his full support as Chancellor.

When the IKC Deception returned to Qo'noS: Ensign K'Tana vestai QI'mpeq-L'Down brought me some disturbing news. The IKC Deception intercepted a garbled transmission from Martok (once the transmission was de-garbled by IKV QI'mpeq's bortaS) to...a Commander Sela. Martok was requesting assistance...Romulan assistance. Commander Sela said that she would try and send some assistance. What to do with this...most damaging information against Martok...

The TroubleShooter TaskForce continues to keep their guns pointed and targets locked at the House Of DuraS allies and the House Of Chang allies... with the TroubleShooter TaskForce ships playing a bit of peek-a-boo, random cloaking and decloaking of ships.

SUPPLEMENTAL REPORT:

I had sent Ensign K'Tana vestai QI'mpeq-L'Down and the IKC Deception on a special mission... That if successful... would strongly turn the tide... in my favor as Chancellor of the Klingon Empire.

The TroubleShooter TaskForce targeted and destroyed several Romulan WarBirds... Romulan supporters of Martok's allies... a ship or two of Martok's allies and DuraS's allies... were accidentally

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damaged/destroyed from ship collisions...caused by some special top-of-the-line equipment on the IKV QI'mpeq's bortaS. The IKV QI'mpeq's bortaS is not a Klingon ship to be reckoned with... at all!

(Editor's note. Borg K'Mpec awoke from his drunken stupor and reflected on his dream... If only things were as he imagined them to be during his sleep, he would be more content...)

IMPERIAL MARINE COMMAND: (wo' blq'a ghom): Lt.jg. Mordok vestai-JurISS:



IMPERIAL MARINE COMMAND

It has been a time of change for M'Red, he recently (much to his own disbelief) was promoted to Commander in Chief of IMC. After much chuckling and laughter among his handpicked troops, they began the process of preparing to move from their current HQ on the priory moon, to the IMC command centre.

Upon arrival, M' Red engaged the troops with his idea of a battle readiness drill (an idea that High Command did not share) and was quite disappointed in the results, so is now preparing to better train his troops.

STARBASE'S COMMAND: ('ejyo'waw' ra') - Adm. Katalya zantai-K'Tore-Jiraal:

Having concluded our business on Qo'noS, Volar and I departed, headed back to K'Shona. As my shuttle was not completely repaired by the time of our arrive, Volar docked long enough for the Starbase crew to remove my shuttle from his docking bay. As soon as Volar's ship left the

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©* *tlhIngan Hlubeq*

docking bay, I turned to Killon and inquired to the status of the Base.

Killon informed me that all ships, with the exception of mine, had been repaired and returned to their assigned positions. The two Captains who had caused the altercation were currently cooling their heels in the Base brig. They were not happy that their ships had been sent to their designation without them.

Thanking him, I headed down to the brig to hear what the Captains had to say about their conduct. As I entered the brig, they both quickly came to attention. I paced back and forth in front of the force field for a few minutes before demanding an explanation as to why they disrupted the operation of my Base.

Seeing that I would tolerate no form of violence, they quickly told their story. Both claimed to have been in the right and that their ships should have been repaired first. I listened, barely keeping my irritation under control. But, when they started to insult my First Officer, I turned and nailed them both to the wall with a glare.

When I had their full attention, I proceeded to inform them that Lt. Killon was following orders—orders that I had given him. I also reminded them that in my absence he was in charge and that HIS orders were to be obeyed immediately and without question. If they felt that they were being unfairly treated, they were free to file a complaint with the Base Commander upon her return.

Pinning them with another glare, I informed them that this would not be a wise decision on their part. Considering I was the one who ordered them to be confined for disrupting the Base. Allowing time for this to sink in, I went to the Security Officer, who had been standing watching in silence. Turning back to them, I informed them that I would allow their
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release and access to a communication link to contact their ships.

After a few minutes of sullen glaring, they both nodded. Motioning to the Security Officer to release them, I froze them with a glare. Looking from one to the other, I stated in a firm, no-nonsense voice, that this is my Base and I would tolerate no further disruptions. That once their ships returned and they were aboard, they would return to their assigned positions. Both nodded their understanding and exited the brig.

Walking over to the communications board, I contacted the Communications Officer and informed him to allow the Captains to contact their ships. Receiving acknowledgement from the Officer, I turned and headed for my office.

CHAPLAIN GENERAL CORPS (IlInDa ra'ghom) Abbot K'Obol Chang-K'Onor:



The Abbot is at the monastery attending to the minutiae which are the bane of every senior bureaucrat when he receives a warning call from K'Lay that the factions in the Civil War have enlisted additional aid from outside the Empire, and that trusted members of allied Houses have been suborned. The enemy, in order to distract attention from their activities, have falsely accused Khaufen JuriSS of treason, and Kahless has ordered his arrest. An agent from NI is dispatched to arrest and bring him back for trial, however, the agent is

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also one of the enemy, and her true orders are to kill Khaufen. To counteract the charges against the Head of GS, K'Lay asks the Abbot to contact Meth, Operations Master, and request his assistance. The Abbot agrees, contacts Meth and gets him involved in correcting the misinformation which has been fed to Kahless. At the same time as Meth is becoming involved, the Abbot convenes a War Council of the most senior of the retired military monks, of the various Orders, who are resident at the Monastery.

This assortment of retired Thought Admirals, Generals and Security Supreme Commanders gather for a briefing and develop a plan to use the assets of the Church Militant to assist in the flushing out of these enemies, and forestalling the overthrow of the Government by Romulan aided traitors. The Church is going to War!

SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY
COMMAND: (Qed cham je ra'ghom): Capt. Volar zantai-K'zota:



Chaos Hounds

House K'zota, neutral on the issue of chancellorship, returned with **Katalyia** to the High Council Floor where an assassination attempt is made against Martok, killing one Honor Guard. Toral Duras also is present during this time bring dragged before the council by the real Admiral K'Lay for kidnapping her children. Volar bumped into him and knew him not to be that bright, and tossed him out of the fray before he'd killed....accidentally.

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Leaving the council, Volar ordered K'Thug to keep watch on the Guard and later assigned him with Qra'kyn to investigate matters on the homeworld. It is sooner revealed that House Chang (K'Lay's) financed the Duras in taking a claim for the Council and by raising a new prospect for Chancellor. Volar meanwhile hunted for a possible sign of Maj. Lauryn, and retrieved her, Mikel, one known as Dark Angel (a former NI agent of the KSF) and Markhet of CGC. Back on the homeworld Qra'kyn discovered that K'Lay was not responsible for the money transfer, but her cha'dlch...who met a murderous end. Influencing his actions were the clone K'Lay and Vaneza...who through Dark Angel's connections attained a "stasis" weapon and the clones were taken down and disappeared from view per Volar's orders. If they were not found to have been there, or clones even present, Volar wanted that to remain what would be told in history.

Now also at the same time, fleets from House Jiraal, Juriss, and the K'zota Fleet Yard overtook Khenzia and reclaimed their planet by using the same firepower the Breen had employed during their takeover of the installation. What Breen that have been captured alive are currently in holding on Khenzia, pending Volar's final decision, while the ship yards located in the "Dragon's Lair" dismantles and investigates the technology for future Klingon use. Various sections of this report have been deemed classified by order of Internal Operations Command.

MEDICAL OPERATIONS CORPS (plvmoh ra'ghom): Cmdr. Sarena zantai-Zu-Merz:

Medical Operations was asked to help in the distribution of Ketracel

White to the Jem'Hadar to help keep them docile while **qe'San** was working with them.



This proved to be a very daunting task to say the least. Several of Sarena's staff were killed trying to simply hand out the drug. Having their necks broken by irate Jam Hadar who thought they weren't moving fast enough. The Commander herself being attacked at one point as well...nearly choked to death had a security officer not intervened.

While taking a much needed break Sarena spoke to an officer from NI about mind wiping Toral from the Duras House. It was decided that she would appoint another dr to do the actual procedure since she seemed to have a conflict of interest in the case. But that she would oversee the procedure to make sure everything went well.

After the officer left she was informed that the remaining field hospitals were now operational and were in fact running smoothly. She was also informed that the Founder was ready to help her distribute the Ketracel White and to keep the Jem'Hadar in line.

She then met the group in a triage room and administered the drug with a technician in attendance. Everything went smoothly and she dismissed the technician telling her to put the case away until the next dose.

After the technician left the Commander was restrained by the Jem'Hadar as she watched the

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Founder shift into an exact likeness of her. The founder told the Jem'Hadar to hide Sarena away.....taking daily blood samples from her in the event they were still testing for shifters. And to keep her alive should he need her for information. The founder then left to assume Sarena's duties as they dragged her off to some secret location...



CAMPAIGN COORDINATION COMMAND (Dupjij ra'ghom both): FAdm. K'Zhen epetai-Zu-Merz:

The Klingon Empire continues in its efforts to recover from the Dominion war on all fronts, foreign and domestic, military and political. Martok sits in the Chancellor's chair, but uneasily, as certain self-serving individuals seek to further their own cause rather than that of the Empire. Extreme vigilance is called for in all areas. It is imperative that all factions join together to make us strong and powerful as we once were, and shall be again. Exploration of the Gamma quadrant beckons us with new opportunities to replenish materials from worlds that may supply our needs, if not to be conquered. It is still to our advantage to maintain the alliance with the Federation, though that hinders us in actions with which they do not approve. We will not conform to their ways to become like them, for we are Klingons, and Klingons are warriors at heart. There are yet battles to be fought, and we will welcome them, for that is the life of a warrior.

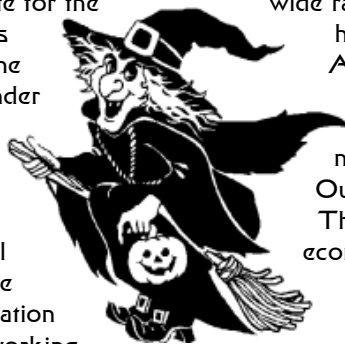
- *The State of the Empire* -

Campaign Co-ordination Command
K'Obol sutai-Chang-K'Onor,
Commanding Officer
HovpoH: 2000I015.I325
October 15, 2000

(A Violet Paper on the condition, needs, and future of the Klin as represented by the KSF)

The following is intended to give you all an idea of where things stood in the Empire at the end of the previous Quarter. It is not a discussion paper. If you have questions, please feel free to ask them, but please remember, this is not a message that is for public dissemination, nor is it subject to amendment. It is being sent to you so that you will have a more clear idea as to why the orders which will be coming from CCC will task you with the things you will be required to do. It is background information, nothing more, although I will ask you to think about what the current state of the Empire will mean to you in terms of your forces, and how you will use them:

The Empire is at peace, at last, a rare state for the Dominion War is over. The Cardassians from the Founders with assistance from the repudiated and the Breen have returned, under phage which has been affecting the them at the time we needed it to be so) is their responsibilities as War Criminals. of Planets seems secure for the moment. this period of peace to allow their internal Empire is also focusing internally for the growing movement seeking their re-unification Federation Ambassador Spock is openly working,



wide ranging worlds of the Empire. The have seized back their independence Alliance; the Breen Alliance has been escort, to their own space. The Founders, (thankfully weakening now under control, and they are facing Our alliance with the United Federation The War was costly, and they NEED economy to recover. The Romulan Star foreseeable future. They face a with their Vulcan cousins, and on Rihann, to further that cause.

The essential question to be considered at this time is, how can this state of relative stability be turned to the advantage of the Empire, to best effect. In the course of the recent War, (which it may be recalled first commenced with us invading Cardassia, prompted by the false advice of the Shape shifter who was impersonating then-General Martok) we faced, at great cost in terms of ships, troops, materiel, support services, hard currency exchange, etc., in succession - the Cardassians alone, then the Cardassians aided by the Federation, then the Cardassians aided by their new allies, the Founders with their JemHa'Dar lackeys (not bad soldiers, nearly our equals, but essentially straaave to the Founders), and lastly the Cardassians, aided by the Founders with their JemHa'Dar lackeys as well as the totally alien Breen - a seemingly never-ending stream of more and more powerful opponents. As a result, our EFFECTIVE ability to continue to wage War, as has been our tradition, is now severely impacted, negatively. Over 60% of the forces available to us when we entered the War against the Cardassians alone have been either destroyed or rendered totally ineffective by massive damage to ships, along with significant losses of warriors. The Halls of Sto-Vo-Kor ring loudly with the voices of millions of Klingons who have arrived to strengthen the Black Fleet. Of the forces which have not been destroyed, many of our ships are in serious need of immediate refit, an uncomfortably large number of these ships actually rebuilding, and many of the shipyards needed have been severely damaged by enemy action. Hundreds of line regiments of our Land Forces have been decimated, again and again, as they were thrown into hand-to-hand conflicts against enemy forces who seemed to have unending supplies of troops and materiel. A report which has been received by the Damarr K'Anth, and shared almost reluctantly with the Chancellor's Office, indicates that we would be hard pressed, at this point, to hold off the forces of ANY of our erstwhile allies, or even some of our traditional enemies, should a concerted effort be put forth by them. We need time to rebuild, without a doubt.

These difficulties notwithstanding, we MUST continue to deal effectively and immediately with the usual range of civil disobedience on client worlds, piracy (believed to be Orion in origin), affecting the orian loghvam miDmey mich (Orion Space Colonies Sector), insurrection on young Colony worlds, "independent" privateers along the Romulan Border territories, and perhaps most disturbing of all, because of the memories that are automatically connected with this Sector, an undetermined force of unidentified origin recently active in the tuchia' mich and kinShaya ghor mich (Forbidden Sector and Demon's Rift Sector). We know that a large

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contingent of the more aggressive Alpha-Quadrant-bred JemHa'Dar avoided surrender when the Founders surrendered. In spite of having been bred for millennia to serve and obey their "Gods", the Founders, this massive force have managed to obtain the ability to produce their own supplies of Ketracel White, and having slaughtered their "controller" Vorta, have escaped into free space, and have disappeared. So long as they remain at large, the Empire is threatened by these soldiers. Remember, they exist for one reason - to fight!

The Political heads of the Empire have tasked these responsibilities out to the KSF, as the best "strike force" left to them.

Our Orders? "Clean it up. Fix it. See that we are secure. We don't care what it costs you. Whatever it is will be less than it will cost us."



- THE HIRED GUN -

By Ke'Reth (As on [EKS](#))

Of course - back then, she was a Lieutenant Commander. Just a Federation Officer doing her job. At the time this story starts, Alicia Masters is a Captain in the Federal Bureau for Legal and Unified Enforcement, known to many by its acronym, as **F-Blue**. It takes a Starfleet officer two years of extra training under the auspices of the Judge Advocate General's office to qualify as what used to be termed as a Federal Marshal in the old days of the Wild West. . .

Ke'reth strolled into the Embassy while mopping his ridged brow with a white towel. The towel stood out in stark contrast to the black workout clothes and heavy black sash that he wore to the Station's Dojo. B'sel his Chief of Staff handed him his first black coffee of the morning. A Risan blend Terran coffee, and Risan Ocrova beans. He downed the hot sweet liquid in one and handed her back the cup. He then unhooked the black scabbarded Katana from his belt and idly picked the uppermost padd from his desk. It was only as B'sel turned her back and reached up to hang the sword that he spoke. "Anything happening?" She lifted a coded isolinear chip from her pouch. "This recorded message came through this morning. I would have called you but, I know how you hate your morning workout interrupted." He smiled an odd sidelong smile at her, one that said more than thank you, and almost concealed a touch of irony. He dropped the small triangular red plastic tube into a slot on his desk, and keyed in his authorisation. A young woman's face appeared on the screen. She was attempting casual conversation, but Ke'reth's eyes had seen something more behind her cheery greeting. . .

"Hi, Ke'reth! Remember me? Alicia Masters. Sure you do, Planet Baden Five; pirates; summer of Seventy two. You said if ever needed anything to look you up. Well. . ." She paused. "Gee, you're an Ambassador now. And I had to get that from the Imperial Bureau of Information on Kronos. What did

you used to do? Your name still makes people nervous. Do you know that? Well of course you do." Ke'reth glanced at B'sel, who had moved to stand behind his chair. Pausing the message, he glanced up.

"She talks a lot and says nothing of note. A Terran failing." B'sel sniped. "But she's got troubles." Ke'reth looked at her for a moment. "Women's intuition?" Ke'reth asked as he unpaused the message.

"Experience!" B'sel corrected him. - The woman continued. . .

"Are you familiar with the dilithium mining colony on New Frontera?"

B'sel interrupted the recording. "It's a small dusty Class 'M' planet in the Chelrun system. It was considered pretty unremarkable until a number of heavy dilithium deposits were found on the planet's northern continent. It started to attract prospectors and other undesirable types. The main settlement is known locally as Nova Rosa. It's outside the Federation but a number of Federation backed mining teams and negotiators have been sent there to vie for mining rights, with limited success. There were some problems. The Romulans accused the Ferengi of stealing, the Ferengi made a counter claim that the Romulans were trying to blacken their good name. A Federal Marshal died in mysterious circumstances. That's why they banned all energy weapons from the planet." She paused. "The usual quasi political mess."

Ke'reth smiled at her. "One of three things is happening here." he said, as he steepled his fingers on his chest and leaned back on his chair. "One, you're reading my mail! Two, you know that from memory, and need to get yourself a hobby, as you've way too much free time on your hands! Or three, you're turning '*Vulky ' on me." (* *Racist slang for one who behaves in a Vulcan like manner.*)

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"I believe it's my duty as your Chief of Staff to be well informed. I've already made an appointment for you with Captain T'Pina to have your shuttle, the Wolf-Fang to be made ready for departure from shuttlebay one. She has some papers for you to sign, to have you temporarily deputised as a Federal Martial."

Ke'reth glanced at her. "Anything else?" he asked. She shook her head, "Only this." She handed him a padd. "Local fashions favour those of the North American Continent, circa nineteenth century, old calendar."

Ke'reth left the room for his private office to change. Half an hour later two large transport cases were pushed from his office. She suppressed a smile as Ke'reth re-entered the room in black boots and a long black duster coat. Under that he wore black denim trousers, black cotton shirt and a waistcoat. His hair was pulled back into a tight ponytail. Slung around his waist was a holster containing a pair of lethal fourteen round, twelve millimetre automatic pistols. Her eyes fell on a black leather energy whip. "A nice touch!" she mocked. He grinned without really meaning it.

She took a box out from behind her back. "I took the liberty of replicating you a present" she smiled.

He took the box and cautiously opened it. She removed the black stetson with its studded hat band and placed it on his head. Ke'reth grinned as he pulled down the brim. "You realise that the good guy should be wearing a white hat?"

"That's just a myth." she replied. "Anyway, it wouldn't go with the outfit."

Ke'reth looked around the room. "Have these taken to the shuttle", he gestured to the cases as he pulled on a pair of black fingerless leather gloves. He turned to leave, then stopped himself. "Oh! Before I forget, have Case 'Treble X One' loaded. I think I may need her." And with a raise of his hat, he turned and left. . . Don't let anyone ever tell you that a Vulcan has no sense of humour. Ke'reth was sure that T'Pina had smiled at his unorthodox appearance as the doors opened to her office, but she just handed him a padd. He speed read it, then placed his thumb on the dermal scanning pad. It beeped, as if to thank him for his compliance. She then handed him a star shaped communicator; upon it's surface was engraved 'F - B.L.U.E. and in smaller letters beneath those was inscribed. 'To serve and protect.' Ke'reth clipped it to the inside of his coat. . .

Three days passed at warp nine as Ke'reth travelled under cloak to Chelrun system. New Frontera loomed before him. Even from space it looked dull, its surface a pot marked golf ball in shades from dull red through to muddy yellow. He set the shuttle's controls to automatic and stood up. The lights came on. Ke'reth entered the shuttle's cargo hold. He pulled open a door on a large crate marked Treble X one and stepped inside. Alarms sounded as he

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braced himself. The case suddenly jettisoned itself, falling end over end. It righted itself as it started to glow red in the planet's outer atmosphere, then amber and blue and finally white as a series of retro thrusters slowed its descent to less than fifty kilometres per second. Then three large black parachutes opened above the case. It landed with a light thud. As the glow from its anti-gravs faded, a door opened and steam bellowed out as the cool air from inside mixed with the desert heat. Something black roared out from the container. A sleek black Repulsor bike roared towards a small settlement at almost three hundred kilometres per hour. . .

The buildings were an odd mixture of wooden huts and modern life support modules, each with their own replicators and air conditioning. Ke'reth's eyes scanned the building as he slowed the bike to walking pace. Then he saw it. A white plasteel shell with a gold star painted on it. It sat between the jailhouse module and the Assay Office and across the road from the aptly named Last Chance Saloon. Ke'reth dismounted and walked across to the Sheriff's office. Once inside he moved with practised stealth. He came upon a woman sitting with her back to the door. She jumped as his silhouette was projected onto the white of her notice board. Her hand reached out for her pistol as a bolt of black lightning struck the gun and sent it spinning to the floor. With a clattering sound it fell into her waste basket. "Ke'reth!" She yelped. "You were expecting someone else?" he asked as he stepped into the room and threw his hat onto the hat stand with a flick of his wrist.

"I'm sure glad it was you with that power whip." she said as she retrieved her pistol. "Anyone else would have taken my fingers off with that trick." She stepped up to embrace him. He noticed that her shirt had been left unbuttoned almost halfway down. Her shoulder and upper chest had been heavily bandaged, and her arm was in a sling.

"Frontier medicine's not what it was?" he jested as he saw the three red marks through the bandage. "Someone around here been using your heart for target practice?" he grinned "Looks like your local cupid plays for keeps. Two inches lower, and we wouldn't be having this conversation."

She nodded as she rebuttoned her shirt. "Doc Brown said pretty much the same thing. He could have fixed me right up, but someone trashed the surgery last week. Smashed all of his equipment. He had to dig the bullets out by hand, and sew me up like a cheap suit."

Ke'reth smiled. "Wait here, I'll get my med kit." He came back into the room with the black case that he'd left just inside the door. "Take your shirt off!" he ordered. She blushed. Ke'reth looked up from his

©* The Klingon Strike Force

case, a medical tricorder in one hand and a dermal regenerator in the other.

"I usually get flowers and a meal before, it take my top off." she said, smiling coquettishly. He nodded. As she disrobed Ke'reth pulled on the bandage, revealing three neatly stitched wounds. His thumb moved the dermal regenerator's switch to deep muscle setting and applied it to her wound, all the time eying his tricorder. Within the hour her skin was unmarked. Ke'reth then helped her back into the bandage. "Let's keep your miraculous recovery a secret shall we?" he asked, a glint of mischief in his eye. "Tell me who I'm going to arrest".

She picked up a remote control and flashed it at her computer. "First up is Devran Aar. He's the boss. No one in this town has dared to speak out against him." Ke'reth smiled. "You did!" "Yeah!" she replied, "and look where it got me." He smiled as she continued:- "Hurgrek is a Gorn, wanted for murder in ten systems. Nilg is a Ferengi, a thief for hire. Then there are three Human brothers, Jake, Al, and Zed Ryan. They're just hired muscle. My forensic tricorder has them down for smashing up Doc Brown's surgery among other things. Then there's an Orion by the name of Idred. He's got a record for murder, assault, starship theft. He actually had the balls to steal a runabout. It was about three months back, from Starbase Five. There's a Federation warrant. out on him. That one takes priority. Then last but not least, there's Kre'muk." Ke'reth's eyes narrowed.

"A Klingon?" Ke'reth asked, eyes widening. . .

"You're not all honourable warriors." He nodded sadly. She pulled up his crime sheet. Murder, assault, illegal transport of both weapons and controlled substances."

Ke'reth growled a low disgusted snarl. "Where are the people who did this to you?"

"Over in the saloon. But they won't come quietly. I tried that, remember?"

The big Klingon grinned. "Perhaps, you forgot to say please!"

"Careful!" She called out.

"Always!" he replied, and was gone.

Ke'reth pulled his hat down over his eyes and as he walked across the dust covered street to the saloon, a Gorn stepped out into his path. "You ain't welcome here, stranger." it snarled through its universal translator. Ke'reth turned away hearing it snort with laughter. It didn't laugh for long, as Ke'reth roundhouse kicked it to the head. The Gorn howled in pain. Ke'reth landed then flipped his foot out and mid kicked the stunned Gorn. The lizard screamed as it shot backwards through the swing doors, landing hard on a poker table sending coloured chips flying. A number of thugs went for their guns as a howl of automatic gunfire splintered the bar and sent broken

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glass into the air. The thugs looked up at Ke'reth. As a heavy set human tried to get the Klingon with a head lock from behind, Ke'reth broke the man's grip, and landed him atop the the Gorn, who was getting unsteadily to his feet. A Ferengi reached out for his gun as Ke'reth pushed in a new clip into his own and fired again, sending the gun spinning out of the Ferengi's reach. Ke'reth made a loud tutting sound as he noticed the shadow of a pair of feet behind a curtained off doorway. The barrel of a rifle poked between the drapes. Ke'reth dropped to one knee and shot at the curtain rail dropping the heavy cloth onto his assailant. Ke'reth then pulled the curtain covered figure into the room and after giving it three swift elbow strikes pushed him into the Terran and the Gorn who were trying to untangle themselves and stand up. All three were sent flying into the corner. "Who are you?" Gaspd the Ferengi.

Ke'reth grinned, flashing his silver badge. "Let's just say, that there's a new sheriff in town!" He reached into the bag he'd been carrying and threw them each a pair handcuffs. "Put them on, gentlemen. We're all going to gaol. Each set has a green light on them. That tells me they're locked. Understood?"

As Ke'reth backed into the street he heard a curse in Klingon. "Die PetaQ!"

Ke'reth ducked as a bat'leth missed his right ear by inches. A second blow missed his chest, a third his arm.

"Come on!" Ke'reth howled. "You fight like a little girl." The warrior charged Ke'reth who side stepped him and delivered his elbow into the warrior's spine. Another curse as Ke'reth brought his hands up under the blade, grabbing the handles and rolling onto his back, placed his feet squarely in his enemy's chest. He used his opponent's weight against him, flipping the warrior over his head and dumping him unceremoniously into a large horse trough. Ke'reth snapped the bat'leth out of the dazed Klingon's hands and knocked him cold with a two fingered punch to the temple. "Why don't you cool off!" Ke'reth spun around as he heard a muffled scream. "Put your weapons down Klingon."

Ke'reth then realised that he'd lost his hat during the brawl. "You've already lost!" Devran Aar held a knife to Alicia's throat and he was mocking Ke'reth. Ke'reth hated to be mocked. He dropped the gun belt and stepped toward his enemy. "Take another step and I'll cut this bitch a new smile." Ke'reth smiled. Aar looked confused, but quickly recovered his dignity. "Nice try, but I plugged her earlier, and I can take this woman anytime you like."

Alica waited until the man was arguing with Ke'reth. His grip loosened slightly. She grabbed his arm and slammed his fist against her knee to break his grip on his knife. She then dropped to one knee and flipped him onto his back. Ke'reth stepped forward and

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©* *thlingan Hlubeg*

kicked the knife away then placed his foot on Aar's throat. "I - don't - lose!" he growled.

What happened to your injuries?" asked Devran Aar, as he looked up. "I shot you."

She pulled a small log recorder from behind her back. "That sounds like a confession to me." Ke'reth winked at her.

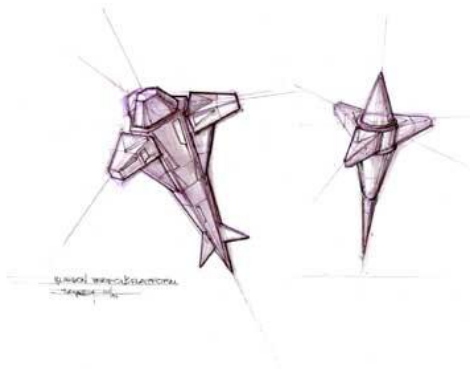
Around an hour later Ke'reth saddled up his hoverbike and road off into the sunset. Alicia wiped a piece of grit from her eye, and perhaps a tear. Then she smiled as Ke'reth powered up the bike's engines and caused it to rear up like a Stallion against the red disk of the setting sun causing him to become a silhouette. He twirled his hat and was gone. She

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brushed herself down, then smiled as she found a small piece of paper had been slipped into her pocket. On it was scrawled a simple message. 'Call me sometime.'

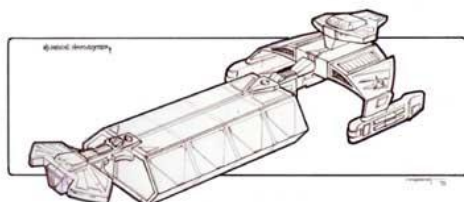
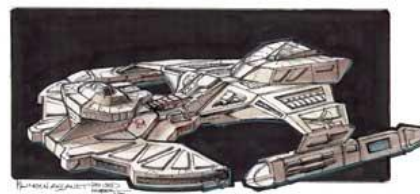
Three days passed when B'sel was startled by a dusty black figure standing in the Embassy's doorway. "Welcome home sStranger." He smiled. as he threw her his hat. "It's good to be. . ." he paused. "Tell me something?" She looked at him as he hung up his coat. "When did I start to think of this Starfleet 'spinning top' as home?" She shrugged. "You must be mellowing in your old age."

- SKETCHES FROM ST:ARMADA -



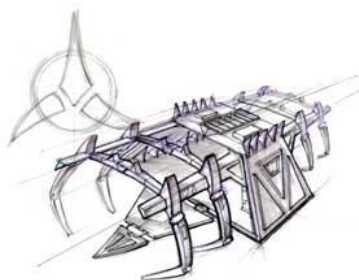
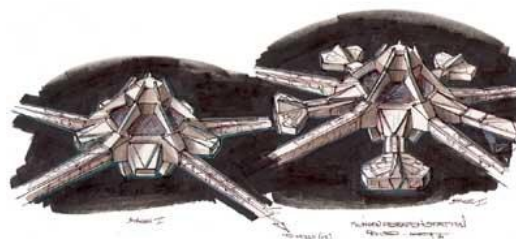
*Disruptor
Cannons*

Fekhler Class



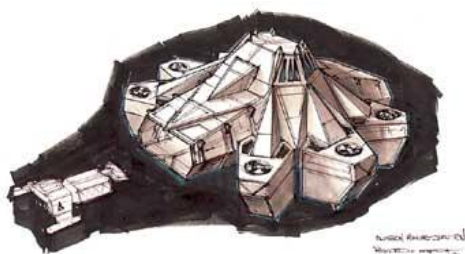
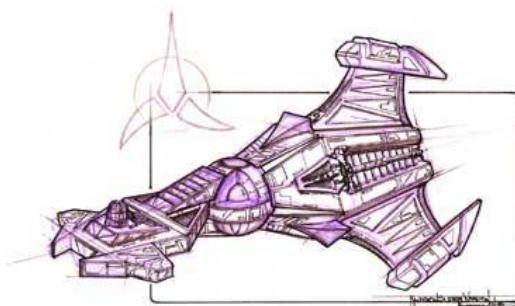
Freighter

Grethor Armory



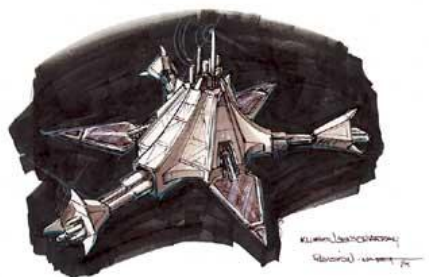
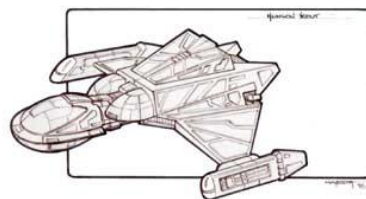
Imperial Shipyard

Jacheng Class



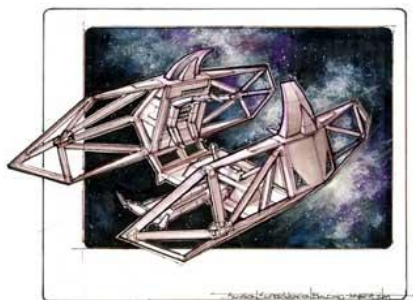
Mining Station

nuQDuj



*Sensor
Array*

Shipyard



*Shockwave
Station*

Starbase



- KLUB PROJECTS -

by SoghHom T'var quless vestai Byle-Chang

Warriors, and everyone else. With FAdm. K'Zhen's retirement, we are looking for project director's to take over the projects. Anyone interested should contact either me at Tvar_00@yahoo.com or KlySara at kiysara@hotmail.com as soon as possible!

Please note, you will be a "project manager for K'Zhen" this means it will be your task to collect submissions, and keep them incase K'Zhen returns, however if she does not, then you will be able to request to keep the project and collect submissions as its director at a later date. .. Thanks!

WORLDS OF THE KLINGON EMPIRE

Project Lead: FAdm. K'Zhen Zu-Merz

Status: Open for submissions

Create your Homeworld, or a section thereof, a new Klingon world, (perhaps just conquered!) Describe geographical features, cities, inhabitants, exports, flora and fauna, whatever you imagine. Maps would be most beneficial.

KLINGON FAUNA AND FLORA

Project Lead: FAdm. K'Zhen Zu-Merz

Status: Will still accept submissions

Describe animals, insects, birds, fish, and plant life of Klingon worlds. Draw a sketch, even a rough one will do. Ask Adm. K'Zhen for examples and form to follow.

Fauna project is finished!!! but will still accept submissions

KAHLESS' BOOK OF TASTELESS JOKES

Project Lead: FAdm. K'Zhen Zu-Merz

Status: Open for submissions

Got any? Or convert jokes or anecdotes you like into Klingon jokes. Make fun of Romulans, Ferengi, Cardassians, Shapeshifters, Pakleds, etc. Make funny sketches, too! Keep them clean.

PROVERBS OF KAHLESS

Project Lead: FAdm. K'Zhen Zu-Merz

Status: Open for submissions

Whether you've seen one, created one or know a human proverb that might make a good Klingon proverb, let us hear it. Wisdom is in the ears of the wise, or the Ferengi when ripped off!

THE ARTIST GUILD

Project Lead: FAdm. K'Zhen Zu-Merz

Status: Open but looking for someone to direct in K'Zhen's absence.

Consisting of all who like to draw or create artwork by hand or on the computer. We will create works together, answer the needs for art pieces, logos, or whatever the club has a need of. New logos are needed

for various sectors and divisions. If you need a design, illustration, logo, etc, send your ideas with a rough sketch to the GUILD!

WONDERS OF THE EMPIRE

Project Lead: FAdm. K'Zhen Zu-Merz

Status: Open for submissions

Think Seven Wonders of the World - and come up with some Klingon ones!

Please note - The following projects - below, have been cancelled

KLINGON ARCHITECTURE

Project Lead: Cdr. Koloth K'Tama

Status: Halted

Criteria are:

- Name of the type of architecture
- Who developed it (can be a fictional character)
- When it was developed (stardate)
- A diagram of the architecture
- What materials were used
- Ideal climate for structure's usage

REFLECTIONS OF A KLINGON

Project Lead: Cdr. Koloth K'Tama

KLINGON MEDICAL TEXTBOOK

Project Lead: Cdr. Sarena Zu-Merz & Lt. Azel Tavana

Status: Unknown - Possibly stalled

A project to catalog diseases, drugs, cures, medical procedures and practices. Do you have something to add to this project? Email the directors your ideas or contact the Command Staff at summers@mo-net.com.



- *KLUB CHANGES* -

ADDRESS CHANGES

Thought Admiral K'Lay *epetai* K'Onor-Chang
Margie McDonnell
17 McFatridge Road
apt 31
Halifax, Nova Scotia
Canada
B3N 2R3

EMAIL ADDRESS CHANGES

cdrogers@ntlworld.com

- *KLINGON CANNON TIMELINE* -

by *qe'San be'rawn*

2357 AD - Worf son of Mogh is accepted into Starfleet Academy. He is the first Klingon to serve in Starfleet and is considered by some to be a symbol of how far relations have developed.

2362 AD - Despite the Khitomer Accords Klingon forces conduct a raid on Federation territory, illustrating the fragility of the peace.

2364 AD - Worf becomes the first Klingon to serve as a crewmember aboard a federation starship. In 2364 he is assigned to the USS Enterprise NCC-1701D, under the command of Captain Jean-Luc Picard.

2364 AD - Political criminals Korris, Konmel and Kunivas try to take control of the Enterprise, whilst fleeing the Klingon High Command in order to continue their campaign for the Klingon Empire and return for the old warrior ways. The trio are killed before they can be apprehended and taken to Qo'noS to face charges.

2365 AD - Worf is promoted to head of security aboard the Enterprise after the death of Tasha Yar. Although there is a peaceful coexistence between the Klingons and the Federation many Klingons find it hard to accept that one of their race works in Starfleet.

2365 AD - An officer exchange programme is set up between the Klingon Empire and the Federations Starfleet. Commander William Riker, first officer of the USS Enterprise becomes the first officer to take part boarding the IKC pagh commanded by Captain Kargan.

2365 AD - There are further close relations between the both powers when information is passed to Starfleet Command about the wreckage of an unknown space vessel in the upper atmosphere of the eighth planet in the Theta 116 system.

2366 AD - Commander Kurn takes part in a return of the previous year's exchange when the Klingon High Command send him to serve on the USS Enterprise NCC 1701D. Kurn is in fact Worf's brother but his blood line had been hidden to protect him. He informs Worf that their father, Mogh, has been judged a traitor and the two travel back to Qo'noS to challenge the ruling. It is discovered that the evidence, although damning, has been tampered with and it was actually Ja'roD

father of DuraS, a currently serving member of the High Council, who betrayed the Klingons at Khitomer. Council leader K'mpec refuses to allow the new evidence due to the political implications of exposing the very powerful House of DuraS. To save the empire from civil war, Worf accepts discommendation on behalf of the House of Mogh and is allowed to go free.

2367 AD - An classified number of Klingon vessels are sent to rendezvous with the Federation fleet at Wolf 359, in order to stop the advancement of the invading Borg cube. All of the ships fight to the death demonstrating the Klingon High Council's determination to support the federation.

2367 AD - Special Emissary Kell is assigned by the Klingon High Council to work alongside Captain Jean-Luc Picard, to investigate charges made by Governor Vagh. The Governor of the Klingon Kriosian Colonies was accusing the Federation of aiding rebel forces. An assassination attempt is made on the Governor by Geordi La Forge of the Enterprise. However the Enterprise crew uncover the fact the disturbing fact that Kell is in fact a Romulan collaborator who with the help of the Romulans had been brainwashing the Federation Chief Engineer and that this was a plot to break the Khitomer Accords. Kell was taken into custody by Governor Vagh, to sample Klingon justice.

2367 AD - In a further incident testing the accords a Klingon exobiologist J'Dan accesses the restricted technical design data on the USS Enterprise's dilithium chamber. J'Dan's fate is still unknown. However, the fact that the schematics had fallen into the hands of the Romulans could not of helped him any. Working with an enemy of the Empire was never a quick way to impress the High Council or bring honour to one's House.

To Be Continued....



07.05.00 "Star Trek X" Writer Revealed -- The next *Star Trek* film will inject some new creative blood into the mix with the addition of John Logan as the primary screenwriter. Logan's previous film credits include "Bats" (1999) and work on the screenplays for "Any Given Sunday" and "Gladiator," as well as last year's acclaimed TV movie "RKO 281."

In terms of the next film, *Star Trek* Executive Producer Rick Berman recently told the *Star Trek Communicator* magazine fans can expect "a very action-oriented story that revolves around a remarkable villain. A higher percentage of this film will take place in outer space than in our previous films."

"Star Trek X" (tentative title) is scheduled for release the weekend of Thanksgiving 2001.

From <http://www.startrek.com/production/starttrekx/articles/070500.html>



05.04.00 Berman Confirms New Series

Rick Berman, Executive Producer of *Star Trek: Voyager*, confirmed that a new *Star Trek* series is in the works, and will premiere after *Voyager* concludes its seven-year run, as reported last night on UPN affiliate KCOP in Los Angeles.

"I think we've come up with a concept that's dramatically different from *Voyager* or *Deep Space Nine*, but at the same time it's going to definitely be *Star Trek* at its core," Berman said. The new series will likely debut in September 2001, according to the news segment.

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Berman also spoke about the final season of *Voyager*, saying that the series will conclude either with the *U.S.S. Voyager* returning home, or remaining lost in the Delta Quadrant.

"There are a great number of repercussions in either scenario," he said, pointing out that the fates of certain characters come into question if they reach Earth. For example, what will happen to the Maquis crew members who are outlaws to the Federation, the Doctor whose holographic program has far exceeded its original design, and Seven of Nine, whose Borg heritage will be of great interest to Starfleet?

If the crew remains stuck on the other side of the galaxy, Berman said, "there are numerous interrelationships between our characters that might be dealt with in very unique ways."

Berman promised that fans can expect some major surprises from *Star Trek: Voyager* in the next year. "I would always like to believe that, with one season left, the best episodes are yet to come," he said.

From <http://www.startrek.com/production/seriesv/articles/050400.html>

Please note: All production information is subject to change.

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Last but not least everyone who has contributed to the club.

nlteb Qob qaD jup 'e' chaw'be' Suvul' - A warrior doesn't let a friend face danger alone.

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To the best of our knowledge all information was correct at the time production.