



Battle Lines

 *The Newsletter for and about members of the Klingon Strike Force* 

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- ADMIRAL'S THOUGHTS -

Thought-Admiral K'Lay epetai K'Onor-Chang



It's Spring; the season for growth and renewal, and the traditional time for "spring housecleaning". Recently, in an effort to "clean out" those things which were old or not used, and to encourage new growth, Vice-Admiral Volar K'Zota- K'Onor sent an e-mail to the KSF listserv, asking some questions of those members who get the list. His questions were on the order of: What do you enjoy most in the KSF? If you were in a position to change something, what would it be? What is your position on recruitment for the KSF? Should KSF grow or is the group large enough? If you were Thought-Admiral for a day, what things would you like to see in our future? And since Paramount has gone "back to the past" in Trek history, should the KSF should turn back the RPG clock, or in some other way leave the 24th century for role playing purposes or stay where we are?

These are valid questions, and I encourage you all to think about them seriously, and once you've done so, to take the time to send an e-mail or a land letter to Vice-Admiral Volar and / or to me at the addresses below and share your thoughts. The KSF, like all things, changes and grows with time. And to help it grow in ways that suit YOU, as an individual member, the Command Staff must have your input, your opinions and your ideas, or the club may not grow in ways that suit you. More to the point, the KSF is a family, and every once in a while, families have to sit down and make sure they're happy with their charted course, and make suggestions for future directions. Honesty, participation and communication is essential. Make sure your voice is included in our "family discussions". Write and let us know what you think. Make suggestions. Critique current policy or directions. Be inovative. Or merely affirm that you're happy with the way things are now.

Your opinions and input are a vital part of keeping the club a dynamic and developing entity. In short, the Klingon Strike Force needs you. Respond to the challenge.

Qapla'

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- EDITOR'S DAGGER -

by Vice Adm qe'San Zantai be'rawn



Where can I start? Oh I just have.. Well that makes it easier..

With this Issue we see further chapters of Far Star and a new cartoon strip inspired in part by the Sun Newspapers baby strip.. It has been expertly drawn as always by Ke'Reth and if it goes down well you can hopefully look forward to subsequent strips.. If you have any Gems of wisdom especially "Out of the mouths of Babies" type please send them to me and I'll get Ke'Reth to immortalize them.. This issue also sees some pearls of wisdom on story writing by Dr Lawrence M Schoen and piece on Replacement Proverbs by another KLI member pagh or Eric Andeen as Terrans know him... Both these were actually published on the KLI Discussion forum and reprinted here with kind permission.

Congratulations to at least two Newly wed couples this quarter.. Just in case anyone has just come of a debriefing after an extensive deep space mission the couple are Margie McDonnell + Doug Welsh and Debra + Mike Stanley..

Hopefully everyone noticed that the front cover on this issue is actually a Klingon Modified version of Margie and Doug's Wedding.. I tried to keep as much of the Terran present but reverting their looks to their rightful Klingon appearance... Took a search on the internet for K'Obol images luckily we already had one of the TA when she met Dr Schoen. It's in the [Lisserve Photo section](#) if you've not seen it before.

Last but not least I learned of an easy html way of getting the same effect as popup windows to show more detail.. In this issue I used that to show the CCC Summary Report.. To read it click on the scroll button and there it is... and no javascript which upsets some browsers..



- ANNOUNCEMENTS -

APPOINTMENTS:

Lt DuroQ vestai JuriSS - appointment to Imperial Military XO

Lt. Cmdr. A'qmarr ramHov vestai-K'Onor - appointment to IDS CO

Lt. Cmdr. Moqra vestai QendeH - appointment to IDS XO

PROMOTIONS:

Kenar Vedra vestai quvHubwl' / Debra Lynn Stanley - promoted to Lieutenant

Kea'Dec Sutai-Ceadagon / Declan Kearns - promoted to Marine Captain
(equivalent to Naval Lieutenant rank)

DuroQ JuriSS / Derrick Andrew Baldwin - promoted to Lieutenant Commander

KlySa'ra vestai-VelaH' / Paula Peacos - promoted to Commander

A'qmarr ramHov vestai-K'Onor / Anne Zecca - promoted to Commander

Kosh sutai-Pallara-Zu-Merz / Curtis D. Martin - promoted to zantai

qe'San sutai be'rawn / Jon Brown - promoted to zantai

K'Obol sutai-Chang-K'Onor / Doug Welsh - promoted to zantai

Khaufen zantai-JurISS / Ron Moore Pohlen - promoted to epetai

Volar zantai K'Zota-K'Onor / Christopher Gable - promoted to epetai

COMMENDATIONS

Kea'Dec Sutai-Ceadagon - For resourcefulness in battle.

Moqra vestai QendeH - For talent & creativity in rpg reports and providing ideas for future rpg direction.

Rak'qor K'Mpec - For continued creative effort in the face of difficulties, cooperation with other Divisions and for providing ideas for future rpg direction.

KlySa'ra VelaH', A'qmarr ramHov K'Onor & DuroQ JuriSS - for mutual cooperation in making others feel welcome during joint role plays between divisions, and making those interactions a success.



- POST REPORTS -



GSA Sector

Compiled by Admiral Katalyia K'Tore-Jiraal
GSA Commander

We have few Post Reports this quarter: Hopefully, the Winter Olympics are the problem this time as they are currently going on. I know I am busy watching them.

Sector Three

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



⇐ Admiral Katalyia Epetai K'Tore-Jiraal: I had a wonderful Christmas and New Years. My trip to Branson and Silver Dollar City was just fabulous. I have been watching the Winter Olympics on TV and am pleased with how well the US is doing. I have been cheering them on as well as the other athletes that are competing. I managed to survive the ice storm that hit our area Jan.

27, 28, and 29th. Yes, three days of ice storms as well as loosing our power for 2 1/2 days. Due to the outage, I didn't have to work for two days as my place of employment's power was out. Would have enjoyed it more if I had power.

⇐ Kadak: I am still slightly ill and am endeavoring to improve communications.



Sector Four

Filed by Cmdr. T'Lara Sutai-Juriss-Rasmehlier, Sector Commander

⇐ Capt. Kishin zantai-Kukura: Sue Frank - Capt. Kishin zantai-Kukura

Things have turned suspiciously quiet in the Philadelphia zone.

I have been enjoying the new ST series, Enterprise. Great characters (I am especially drawn to Travis and Hoshi, though must say Scott Bakula as archer is winning my admiration too:-) And aren't those klingons a feisty lot? Great shots of a Klingon vessel's mess in a recent episode.

Made me downright hungry!

Cherry trees have been flowering here in the middle of January. It is very weird. I suspect Romulan weather terrorism....:-)

I salute you all-- From strength to strength! 'Shin/Sue

⇐ Lt. K'rai vestai G'orgh-Jurris:

⇐ Lt. KlySa'ra vestai VelaH'- Paula Peacos: DATE: 2-11-02 - I guess the biggest news I have for this quarter is the truly weird weather we have had in NJ this winter. We had temperatures near 70 in December, and it has been unseasonably warm ever since- in the 40s and 50s. A really cold day is a real oddity. I went out into my garden yesterday and my roses are budding! In February!

Preposterous! I just hope we don't get a bitterly cold March like we have in some past years. It'll kill more plants than the Klingons killed tribbles. Of course, that's a perfectly good excuse to redesign my garden, which I am itching to get my mitts into, as usual.

As some of you may know, I also love to kayak. I've seen people out in the local lake already, which is something not frequently seen at this time of year in NJ! I'm not talking about the serious paddlers here, either. I'm talking about the Sunday-afternoon-out-for-a-stroll paddlers, like me. (I haven't made it out yet myself. Why do I always have to be working on the nice days?!) Anyway, I was out walking by the lake the other day and was paying too much attention to the kayaker on the water, wishing I were him. This left me vulnerable to a surprise attack to my aft by a very sneaky Canadian goose. We won't discuss that further. (Did you know that goose bites leave perfect bill prints in your flesh?) >>:)

The warm weather has also brought with it an abundance of cold and flu. (I am a flu casualty at the moment.<<koff! koff!>> It's all my bond-mate's fault. He breathed on me.) It's easy to tell who around me is worthy of being Klingon and who is not!! Of course, I am worthy. I'm hanging in there pretty well, all things considered. I haven't even been to sickbay! I just go and kill the little critters that caused all this misery by flooding my blood with large amounts of alcohol! Self-medication, you see... >>:)

That's all for now. Qapla'! Death Before Dishonor!! Lt. Cmdr. KlySa'ra vestai VelaH'

↔ Capt. Khaufen zantai Juriss: The House of JurISS has submitted two

symbols/chevrons/sigils for: the House of JurISS and the new sigil for ICB, Imperial Contacts Branch.

They have been approved by the Abbot. The sigil which is shaped like an elongated triangle, upside down is the sigil/chevron for the House of JurISS. The sigil that is held within a square is the new sigil to represent ICB in the BL. I do not know if I sent them in time for the next BL, but I look forward to seeing the new ICB emblem. As to the JurISS chevron....I have hopes it will find a place of Honor.

Qapla.....Captain Khaufen epetai-JurISS



↔ loDnI' (Brother) QIS vestai-toraq - Chris Torak -

Kai Kassai tlhInganpu': Brother Kris reports in. Three weeks ago, said sad goodbye to parmaq as she returned to Qoyllur to get proper clearances for our daughter to enter Klingon Empire. Much friction from corrupt Qoyllurgan government, but worse from our own, by Kagga's crown.

Same day, the One broke his wrist during an excursion with Espangan students to repulsorlift Rollerball Rink.

Two & one week ago, "singlehandedly" assisted mother in her move from ancient Line-House to smaller accommodations. The One also moved out last of his own belongings, including sacred holy relics (i.e. Meco ST figures, etc).

Received communication from Qoyllur. Fortunately, all is well with parmaq and puqbe'. They shall return at the end of next week, and my blood boils with delight. Now, the search

is on for new accommodations for the One and his family, and by Kagga's Crown he'll find it.

Wishing Qapla' to all worthy warriors and friends of the Empire. QIS loDnI' }}; ^)~

↔ Lt. Mordok vestai-JurISS - Dennis Higgins - Kai Warriors!

Greetings from Mordok - there have been rumors I've been hanging with some very nasty, very brutal warrior-privateers - but will the truth bear it out? Am I undercover in some way? Are my actions now related to the deaths of my family during my youth? Why was I orphaned and left for monks to care for?

Stay tuned; rumors abound.... the most popular rumor currently floating around about me is that when I found out that I was a clone, mixing Vulcan and Klingon physiology and biology that I've left to start a new house and gain honor on my own - how ridiculous to call me, an Imperial, a half-breed!

Peace, Love and a Happy New Year to all or else! I miss you and the family my brother and leader Khaufen!

don't come looking for me - the consequences would interfere with matters of Empire - trust me on this or if you have the appropriate security, you should have already been sent the mission details. Don't believe the false and dishonorable reports - you all should know me better than that by now.

Lt(p). Mordok epetai Juriss, supposedly somewhere near the Delta Quadrant, last seen taking a Warp Shuttle to the still Federation Guarded Worm-Hole near DS9 (after a trip to Telford and Birmingham England in November). After my return, when I tried to contact my house bro.....

----message terminated at originator----trace has failed to obtain origin----technology source unknown----band bounce and triangulate failed to obtain origin----unknown originator----source trace failed, source trace failed, source trace failed, source trace failed, source trace ends, a temporal event has occurred during the trace of this message; it is possible that it exists in a different temporal dimension/time, source of distortion located at Federation Sector zero, zero....FLASH ALERTS FOLLOW:

To all major commands! A warning from Imperial Security:

Lt. Mordok Juriss is being sought for questioning by the Federation, Cardassian, Ferenginar and the Romulan Empire for performing hit and run raids on weapons and ammunition depots. If you see him, contact Q'onos Imperial Security or your superior officer immediately. Be extremely cautious as he is known to have a blood lust and a particular passion for Cardassian and Romulan blood. Be extremely cautious of this traitor, he never rescinded his blood oath after the wars due to the dishonorable way in which his mentor and best friend was ambushed, tortured then slowly killed by the Cardassians and Romulans.

A particular warning has gone out to security officers and house security regarding House Juriss as it appears that Mordok may have gone insane. He has been heard to say

that the current leader of House Juriss, Khaufen, is not really Khaufen but an imposter who he intends to "remove". We repeat, all members of House Juriss should remain at high alert for evidence or sightings of Mordok Juriss: any contact with him should be reported to your commanding officers immediately.

Flash Imperial Security Alert.
Transmission Security Bulletin,

Transmission Security Code: (requires voice, retinal, and head ridge scan)

IF YOU HAVE RECEIVED THIS ALERT AND DO NOT HAVE FLASH RED CLEARANCE CONTACT THE NEAREST IMPERIAL SECURITY OFFICER!

Transmission Status Flash, Red.
Disseminated to all Major Commands, Consulates and the Imperial Counsel
Transmission Ends.

⇒ Kordon reporting, Not much has been happening , I have found a new earth game that is like Klinza its called Mage Knight ; its a battle of warriors its a good test of ones skills as a warrior check it out signing off: Kordon of the house Dok'marr.

Kordon vestai DoK'Marr Ambassador of Martok's Marauders .

"May your enemies have the runs with fear" QAPLA!
<http://community.webtv.net/KordonDoKMarr/KLINGONSHIPIKV>



Sector Five
Filed by Lt.-Cmdr. Rakqor Vestai K'Mpec, Sector Commander

⇒ Lt.Cmder. Rakqor sutai-K'Mpec - Rakqor Reporting:

Greetings fellow warriors, It has been a very busy start to 2002. After a slow December and a wonderful holiday season, work has really increased down here.

Before I get to that let me tell you about Christmas, my wife got me a third different type battlef, and let me display them on a wall in our living room. See the attached pic. Really gets some interesting comments from folks who stop by.

Work: Very busy and increasing each week, gone back to 3 shifts and hired many people. A sign that perhaps the economic recession is ending. However that meant longer hours for me. Which unfortunately limits my "play time" We are replacing many of the chemicals at the plant which means more trials, paperwork and meetings ect. While trying not to upset production. Not easy to do, very frustrating. I also am learning a good deal more about the financial end of the business. If you are wondering what I do in RL I can tell you. I am a site chemical manager at a plant that makes heavy duty truck transmissions. Yep, the ones in tractor-trailers you see on the road. SO the next time you see one whiz by on the road and blows dirty water all over your freshly washed vehicle or slows you done on that curving no passing country highway for the next 10 miles, think of me and know that a fellow warrior helps keep them rolling.

Strength Through Honour

Not sure I really like it but will stick it out for a while longer, it can not get any worse! Right!

It is bad when you drive to work each day saying to yourself, I hate this place, I hate this job and dread the phone ringing both at work and at home. Once the changes are done it should improve, so I am told. It will just be analysis, which is why I took the job. I am a organic analytical chemist by training after all.

I got called away unexpectedly for 2 weeks for a course on metallurgy when one of the scheduled persons could not go, and corporate chose me to fill in. On such short notice I was unable to think of a good enough excuse not to go. I tried! Messed up my month. I hate unexpected travel. t was right between Daytona and Rockingham, and if you didn't know I am a big Nascar fan. Boy I was mad. I had guests coming for Daytona, some vacation scheduled and a trip to the Rock planned. I did make all my plans but spent many hours in airports and on the road.

Had I pleasure back in January before it got real busy, a 5 day trip back to Philly to get all the good food from home you can not find in the south. Ate like a pig and partied like a true klingon. And it was our first trip in our new avalanche, what a great truck, excellent ,and so comfortable on trips. Can not wait till July when we go west.

Well its almost 8am and I am at work, only time I could find to get this written. Until next time. Qapla'

GSD Sector

Filed by Captain K'Obol sutai-Chang-K'Onor

⇒ Thought Admiral K'Lay epetai-K'Onor-Chang / Margie Welsh (ne McDonnell) writes: The biggest news for me this quarter is in real life, as the Abbot and I (Doug and Margie) were married in real life on February 14th. Since my Terran family (g) also wanted to have a ceremony, we flew to California on March 23rd and did it all over again, along with my son Shaun, in a double wedding with him and his bride. Fun was had by all.

⇒ Flt Capt zantai-Chang-K'Obol/ Doug Welsh: If you think I am going to name something else as even SLIGHTLY interesting, you are as crazy as I would be to do it! I wish all of you could have been with us to see how beautiful she is. Shaun & Bobbi's wedding was nice too, and Bobbi is a very nice girl, but you really had to see Margie to understand how beautiful she is. That's my story and I'm sticking to it!

⇒ Malto'ch puqloD'veS - A new warrior has joined the ranks of the KSF, enemies of the Klingon Empire beware. Malto'ch has entered battle! (Ed's Note: Although it Malto'ch joined in April as this issue has been delayed through family health problems I felt I just had to include a note from the end of his first post to the Listserv.. qe'San)



GSE Sector

Filed by Vice Admiral qe'San Sutai be'raun

batlh HoS ykchav

↳ V. Adm qe'San S'tai be'raun - **Jon Brown:**

↳ Lt Koi Kai Drocklon - Alberto - stardate januari 25 2002
time index 10:36 am morning: I join ksf time when news
letter went trough classic mail.when was a european section
than they had trouble and or problems and european section
got cut off. They start there own i think recifed 1 or 2 news

letters. some how got here and how beat me.i always
missed ksf so here i am feels i join since long time.

New ship: I ben rebuilding a battle cruiser insperation on
bird of prey its bit shorter,hase 2 front disrupters cannons
3 or 4 disrupters on the wing. Its attached to a adapter with
mini light bulbs. Not ready yet need be paint.



Based on Concept and script by qe'San



- FAR STAR Pt II, Ch III -

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"As far as I can see," Julian said, "you're both in perfect health, other than a few side affects from hunger. Those will go away once you start eating regularly. The vitamin shots should help as well. And, aside from that, you don't seem to need my help at all."

"Actually, Doctor," Moqra said, trying to approach the subject delicately, "I was wondering if you could help us with another matter."

"I'll do my best," he replied. "What is it?"

Moqra hesitated, and then plunged in. "What do you know about polycyanate compounds?"

Julien's eyes got wide for a moment, and then he began to recite, as though from a journal: "Complex molecular compounds composed of interconnecting strings of cyanide and methane. Acts as a nerve toxin, affecting the body almost instantly after ingestion. In humans, the effect is merely nausea, vomiting, and diarrhea for seven or eight days. In Klingons, death comes in about five minutes, and when it does, it's instant and violent."

"You've studied this, I see" Moqra said. "I need some."

"Well, you'll not get it from me," Julian said. "I'm not in the habit of doling out poisons to people."

"Of course not," Moqra replied, taken aback. "But there's something you don't know about polycyanates."

"And what is that?" Bashir asked

Moqra leaned over and whispered in Julian's ear at length. Katie stood back and smiled knowingly. After a bit, Moqra stood straight again, and looked at Julian.

"Only if I get to watch it happen," Julian said.

"As you wish," Moqra replied, smiling.

Julian stepped over to the replicator and hit a series of keys. Suddenly a shimmer rose on the pad, and a small vial of light green powder appeared.

"There you are," Julian said. "Let's go."

Two Klingons had just walked into his bar. He hated Klingons. They were always such lousy tippers.

These two Klingons were unlike any he had ever seen, though. They were dressed quite well, instead of those stupid metal uniforms they always wore. And he had short hair. That was odd. Well, no matter what

they looked like, he hoped they sat at a table, where he wouldn't have to deal with them.

They were sitting at the bar. Oh, no.

Now here came Dr. Bashir. He was a good customer. Always left a good tip. Not a great tip, but-- "Hey!" Moqra said, letting a false anger show in his voice. "Are you going to wait on us or what?"

"Of course," Quark said, oozing his way to where they were seated. "What can I get for you?"

"Romulan Ale," Moqra demanded.

"Root beer," Katie said.

"You like root beer?" Quark asked, incredulous.

Suddenly, Moqra's arm shot across the bar and grabbed the Ferengi by his neck. "I love root beer," Moqra growled. Behind him, Julian was fighting not to laugh. "So don't insult the stuff. Just get us our drinks." And he threw Quark back against the bar.

Quark assembled their drinks and put them up on the counter as fast as he could. Once he left, Moqra took a long, deep drink from his ale, and Katie started sipping her root beer. Moqra carefully poured the powder from the vial Julien had given him into the rest of the ale, making sure he was not seen.

"Quark!" Moqra barked.

Quark moved back up the bar again. "What is it this time, sir?"

"Taste this ale," Moqra said, the belligerence still strong in his voice. "After about five seconds, the taste starts to get bitter."

So Quark tipped back the glass and took a long draw from it himself. He came down with an odd look on his face

"Y'know," he said, "it is kind of bitter."

"Why don't you replace it, free of charge," Moqra said, his voice calm and even now.

"Yes," Quark said. "I should do just that." He went to get Moqra a fresh glass of ale. Julian had to bite his hand to keep from laughing out loud. At that moment, Odo walked into the bar, surveying the place with his savvy gaze. Julian waved him over, and after he whispered furtively into Odo's ear, he saw Odo do something he could not remember him ever doing before: He sat down to enjoy a few moment's rest in Quark's.

Quark returned with Moqra's fresh ale, and Moqra took a sip. He pronounced it satisfactory. Then he started questioning Quark.

"How much would you say you make in a year?"

Moqra asked "Just ballpark."

"In Latium?" Quark asked

"Sure."

"About 147 thousand bars."

"That's impressive. How much is legal trade?"

"Oh, at least a third of it."

"You deal in weapons?"

"Sure." He made it sound as if it were nothing at all.

"I need a pair of energy weapons, something big, that can be mounted on a Danube-class runabout."

"Sure. Marcasian glow tubes sound good?"

"Absolutely. I also need a pair of Vulcan phase suppression coils by tomorrow."

"Easy enough. How much are you going to pay me for all this?"

"How does cost plus ten percent sound?"

"Fine."

At this point, Odo, who was laughing so hard his form was rippling, came up behind Moqra and said "I do feel I should tell you that weapons traffic is illegal."

"Of course it is," Quark said. "I shouldn't do it."

"I'll get Capt. Sisko to approve it easily enough," Moqra replied to Odo.

"No you won't," Quark said. "He hates me."

"No," Julian broke in, his tone as sweet as sugar.

"The Captain loves you. But you know who loves you more? Major Kira. So you should give her a big hug next time you see her."

"Sign this, Quark," Moqra said, handing him a padd. Quark pressed his thumb to the appropriate spot.

"Come on, let's get out of here, before I burst," Julien said. Out on the promenade, Julien fell apart laughing. "I had no idea that polycyanates had that kind of an effect on Ferengi," he said.

"Yeah," Moqra said, "Well don't go publishing that information in any medical journals. Most Ferengi don't know it either."

"Well, we've got Quark in this delicate condition," Odo said. "What do we do now?"

"It seems clear," Julian said. "There's only one thing we can do." And he reached up and tapped his combadge.

"Bashir to Kira."

"Go into Quark's," Bashir said.

"Why?" Kira asked, a look of quizzical distrust in her eyes.

"Trust me. Just...go into Quark's."

As she walked away, throwing a puzzled glance over her shoulder every now and then, the four of them had to fight to maintain their composure. She walked through the door.

"Major Kira!" they all heard Quark cry.

And they all heard Kira's reaction.

Julien fell over. Odo's legs went liquid on him. Katie just stood there, her root beer in her hand, quivering with laughter. And Moqra threw back his head and nearly howled with the fun of it.



- KLUB PROJECTS -

Filed by T'var

KSF CLAN HISTORIES

Project Lead: Adm. Katalyia K'Tore-Jiraal

Status: Open for submissions
Do your line justice and write its history. Send for

Katalyia's clan history as an example. (A number of these appear in the Budget Guide to the Klingons.)

KLINGON KRISTMAS KOOKBOOK

Project Lead: Adm. K'Lay K'Onor-Chang

Status: Still accepting submissions
Among the various replies to an out cry for a good recipe for Stuffed Targ, there's a collection of material here unsurpassed. Warning: Highly humorous and perhaps dangerous to someone's health!

The 4th Annual Klingon K'Ristmas Kookbook is alive and well, and seeking

submissions for this year's edition. PLEASE send all recipes to KSFCCommand

and the new book will be released on or about Christmas. I would also like to thank K'Logh for submitting the first recipe of the season. It sounds...hmmm...delicious isn't quite the word....maybe WARRIOR LIKE.

Thanks

K'Logh. I am taking any and all submission now, voluntarily. If I have to come after them, it could be painful. {{{:~}}

KLINGON FOOD

Project Lead: Adm. K'Lay K'Onor-Chang

Status: Accepting submission
We know Klingons love ghargh (or qagh), roqeg blood pie and a few others, but what else could they eat?

Send Mana your ideas - perhaps with an appetizing sketch!

THE ARTISTS GUILD

Project Lead: Lt. Cmdr. A'qmarr ramHov vestai-K'Onor

Status: Accting submissions (& new members)

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

Since my last update, I've received Abbot K'Obol's house crest which, I must say, is a very striking design. Lord Abbot, majQa! I'd still like to see more from our warriors (another hint, hint)... contact me for help & assistance in getting your crest designs "off the ground."

In addition to the request for portrait cover art for the Klingon Language Institute's journal HoIQeD, I'm asking the Global Sector COs for any feedback they have about the prototype designs previously sent.

In the meantime, I am accepting submissions AND new members. For information, send e-mail to aqmarrksf@yahoo.com.

KLINGON THEOLOGY

Project Lead: Abbot K'Obol K'Onor

Status: Accepting submissions
Gods, goddesses, sects and tribes! A discussion group online has been formed to bring about thoughts and ideas about Klingon Religion, its first synthesis of the first series of discussions have been published in Battle Lines. The next stage is underway now! Contact the new director for submission guidelines.

COMMITTEE FOR NEW AND IMPROVED TECHNOLOGY

Project Lead: Volar K'zota-K'Onor
Status: Ongoing

The CNIT board. Have you an idea for a new weapon, monitoring device, defense system, or an improved model of an existing item?

BATTLE LINES

Project Lead: qe'San be'rawn
Status: Ongoing (Ed's Note: You're reading it!)

Our quarterly newsletter is in need of art, poetry, and articles on Klingons as well as newspaper or magazine articles concerning the Klingon aspect of Star Trek fandom. If you have anything you'd like to have included in this publication, please submit it to the Editor-In-Chief.

BIRTHDAY PROJECT

Project Lead: T'Lara K'Uhlrig

Status: Accepting submissions
Collecting birthdays of all members for submission into Battle Lines can be a tough job for any Klingon. Submit your month, day, and year will be optional for those of you who wish to escape being found out!

WORLDS OF THE KLINGON EMPIRE

Project Lead: Rakqor K'Mpec

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.

WONDERS OF THE EMPIRE

Project Lead: la' Kosh

Status: Open for submissions
Think Seven Wonders of the World - and come up with some Klingon ones!

PROVERBS OF KAHLESS

Project Lead: KlySa'ra Velah'

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.

STARSHIP REGISTRY PROJECT

Project Lead: Q'Rul Dupplm

Project Status: On going
The Starship Registry Project keeps track of all officially approved KSF member vessels.

Starship Database Project

Project Lead: Q'Rul Dupplm

Project Status: Seeking One Assistant
The Starship Database Project contains data for over 1000 starships. Not just Klingon, but also Federation, Romulan, Orion, Gorn, Tholian, Cardassian, Dominion, Ferengi, and Borg.

Klingon History Project

Project Lead: Q'Rul Dupplm

Project Status: Seeking Assistants
The Klingon History Project is an Archaeological dig into the past, examining clues left to us in Star Trek series, movies, and a few selected books and comparing them to the laws of physics, biology, etc. to put together as accurate a picture, Pre-Historic to Modern, of the History of the Klingon people as possible

Imperial Cartography Project

Project Lead: Q'Rul Dupplm

Project Status: Looking for a research assistant

The Imperial Cartography Project is currently putting together an on-line map for use by the KSF. Help with detail is appreciated

Klingon Heraldry Project

Project Lead: Lt. Cmdr. A'qmarr

ramHov
vestai-quvHubwl'

Project Status: Accepting submissions
Show off the symbols and crests that make your house, ship, division, or sector the most proud! Like a surcoat

from the ancient medieval times on Terra, the Empire's greatest warriors have something that they're recognized by. Email your scanned image in .gif, .jpg, or .bmp format, or email the director on how you can snail mail your hard copy image.



- WRITING STORIES -

by [Dr Lawrence M Schoen](#)

Sent to the [KLI Mailing list](#) and reprinted with permission

When I'm not wearing my KLI Director hat, I'm a professional writer. I apply the same criteria to my English stories as I do to the ones I write in Klingon. If I'm successful, then I can answer "yes" to the following questions:

- 1) Does the story entertain the reader?
- 2) Does the story hold the reader's attention from the first sentence on?
- 3) Does the protagonist change or otherwise grow as a result of the story's events?
- 4) Do the characters interact in a reasonable way (or at least plausibly so, given who/what they are)?
- 5) Are the characters believable within the context and parameters of the story?
- 6) When it's all over, will the reader care at all about what happened?

Arguably, you should be able to apply these questions to *any* work of fiction.

There are tricks and exercises that can help a writer achieve all of these things. Despite the many books on the subject, I fall into the group of writers who believe you CANNOT teach someone to be a writer. Like mastery of Klingon, it takes a great deal of effort and practice. There are techniques that can help you along your way, but nothing will replace hard work.

Lawrence



- ROLE-PLAY REPORT -



▲ CAMPAIGN COORDINATION COMMAND ▲

Role-play report to the KSF
Edited by **Captain K'Obol Chang-K'Onor**
Greetings. My report is submitted herewith.

K'Obol
Priest of Durgath
Commander, Campaign Co-ordination Command

We are at war. It has not been officially declared as yet, but it is only a matter of time.

The isolated incidents of our warships being destroyed last

quarter have now become open.



The Headquarters of SATCom was attacked and destroyed, with great loss of personnel and materiel. The SATCom Commander, Rakqor, is among the missing. From initial reports, we believe he may have survived the initial attack and escaped into the desert which surrounded his HQ. We believe that the Head of Internal Intelligence may be with him. Imperial Security is in transit

to the SATCom base, prepared to evacuate personnel and to secure and save whatever it can from the research labs. Commander Kosh is leading the rescue mission himself. It would appear he has finally found out what happened on Shaula IV; the responsibility for the former Governor's death in a "native rebellion" seems to lie in his own hands. DurQon had allowed a "mercenary force", who seemed to be uninvolved at the

time of their arrival, to become involved. The planet's crops had been infected with a blight which the Meherrin were unable to eradicate. The Governor paid no heed to the plight of the Meherrin, whose crops had failed, ignored their messages asking for assistance, and in this way contributed to his own demise when they rose against what they believed was his attempt to eliminate them entirely, so the

planet could be re-populated with Klingons. Naturally, this is not Imperial policy, and the Meherrin were incorrect, but given DurQon's apparent inefficiencies, and his seemingly callous disregard for the sufferings of the people under his protection, his death in battle is very likely more honourable than the future he would have faced after the Imperial Auditors finished with reviewing his Governorship. I am personally

far from convinced that he was not directly complicit in the events leading to the rebellion, perhaps he may even have been the leader of the conspiracy to clear the land of the indigenous peoples. The Meherrin are now involved directly in the planetary government with representatives of Imperial Security to ensure there are no more external agencies working counter to Imperial Policy. I believe that Shaula will be applying for full citizenship in the Empire within the standard year.

This has left Cmdr. Kosh free to direct his resources towards the rescue of our people at Kenzia, and he is enroute to SATCom now.

Our esteemed commander of Internal Intelligence is on site at SATCom, and if we are ... when we are able



to re-establish communications with her, she should be able to fill in many holes in our current risk assessment. If she lives. Her last message hinted at information she had received from an old contact, one long presumed lost who suddenly showed up in the drunk tank on K'Shona Base, one Khorghan Ghlanx Chang-JurISS (a distant relative).

Ambassador A'qmarr has not been able to provide any useful information on our shadowed enemy, but her operations have borne fruit. Terra Government is appreciative of her help via "Prince" Moqra, who managed to convince the benighted believers in the quavH'magh that their "temple" would be better established away from the home of the Paris', where security would be more easily managed and where their devotions would be less likely to disturb our relationship with the teranGan leadership. He did such a fine job with them that they even paid him a fee for assisting them in their dilemma. While managing all that, he also convinced the Andorians to allow us to "manage" the distribution of their advances in sensor technology through our SATCom. Even Starfleet Science will have to come to us for the latest updates in sensor tech. Emissary Krysythe has encountered difficulties in her negotiations with the verangan delegation. One of them fell ... ill. We have not yet determined if the illness is genuine, or whether the authorities have decided to impede negotiations for ... profit. Senior Ambassador Aq'brel is in talks with the Romulans. We hope to convince them to renew their treaty with us, or at least, to convince them to restrain themselves from attacking us while we are occupied with the Black Ship Menace which is moving out of the tuchta' mlch toward our core systems. Financial contributions to the upcoming campaign have been received from Bajor and Trill. (Emissary Koi arranged them, before he entered the Tellar

system, some time ago. We do not expect them to offer warships or troops since they are, after all, part of Starfleet's Federation but we are hopeful they will also support our preparations financially.) The Kai and the Vedic Assembly have discussed sending us "surplus" Cardassian mining equipment ("surplus" because the Bajorans do not allow strip mining any more, and the Cardassians know no other kind of mining!), which we should be able to use on several worlds where living conditions do not allow more ... civilised ... mining techniques. Ambassador Aqaran has met with the Cardassian Central Command and the new civilian government. They have offered us troops, and some ships. It seems the peaceful intentions of the new government has forced Central Command to find something else for nearly 2 million former soldiers to do, and they think we might be able to ... assist them, with re-assignment of some of those troops. All they ask is that we feed them reasonably regularly. Old wisdom says never to trust a Cardassian bearing a gift; it is likely to be poisonous. But in this case, I think their need to move large numbers of trained fighters away from their seat of government complements our need of trained soldiers to strengthen our front line against the coming Enemy. So far, their indication is that they do not expect to see any of the soldiers return to Cardassia.

A'qmarr's greatest diplomatic challenge came in the convincing of Imperial Military that the Cardassian offer of troops was genuine. Commander KlySara was not exactly pleased to find out she was to nursemaid the Cardassians while they are integrated into our military structure. Still, although reluctantly admitted, the addition of trained soldiers is worth a little discomfort in feeding and housing them so close to our own facilities. To minimize any perceived risk in having

Cardassians among us, the Cardassian regiments were broken, their units to be merged into our structure, under Klingon officers, of course. This will speed their achieving Readiness State Alpha, and reduce the risk of the spoonheads reverting to type and attacking our marines in their sleep. KlySara has established a Forward Base (identified as "veqlargh Duj mln", "Eye of the Demon", an appropriate name for a base established so near the Demons themselves. The mixed regiments are on site now, working up to Readiness State Alpha via war games designed to force the mixed units to work together to survive. Losses so far are minimal. Lt. DuroQ is investigating. Lt. Kea'deC completed a detailed planetary survey, and he has identified sufficient stable locations for bases to be established in relative safety and comfort.

In addition to Ambassador Aq'brel's talks with senior officials of the Praetor's Governing Council, Admiral Katalyia has Starbase K'Shona functional and at high alert status. While her facility is far enough from the tuchta mlch Sector to be at low risk of destruction, the Romulans like to talk with one mouth and strike from hiding with the other. We will be able to rely on her to secure our border against such a Romulan strike, in case negotiations fail to achieve security in other ways.

Capt. Khaufen eptai-JurISS and Cmdr K'Reger Chang-JurISS, with Contacts Branch, have messaged us that they have managed to capture a ship which may belong to our emerging enemy, even though its description varies from what we have heard from all other sources. It may be a proto-type or experimental model, although it has retained the round shape that the Kinshaya have used for well over 100 years. This vessel is the color of bleached bones in a desert. Khaufen has

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not mentioned whether any crew were captured or not. His news was very nearly not passed on to us - The Borg creature who claims to be his alter-ego made contact from the other universe and nearly took over the Captain. Fortunately for us all, our JurISS is smarter than the Borg JurISS appears to be.

Imperial Intelligence report that they have xenologist experts under Q'rul Dupplm seeking answers to some of our questions about this enemy. They hope that a close examination of sites where the unknown ones have destroyed our outposts and colonies will give us clues that will lead to something we can use to counter their apparent edge in weaponry. Unfortunately, some of their most valuable agents are occupied elsewhere. Cmdr. K'Eherang has not been able to find a way out of that Founder trap in the Gamma Quadrant, although she has found some half-demolished artifacts of a previously unknown race of space-farers which may be of some help to her in getting her unit back here, and Cmdr. T'Lara is still shepherding Federation scientists on a pleasure cruise to the Orion Nebula, as if they don't care that we need her elsewhere.

Avakhon Kinsharri~ has not yet returned from the search that he was sent on five months ago. I have not heard of his death (and I would have) so I assume he is still searching for something which will prove relevant to our current needs. I cannot offer further explanation for his continued absence. Apart from this, the Corps is ready to serve, as always.



Imperial Intelligence - K'Eherang zantai-K'Shontan-Jiraal

Q'rul Dupplm, with a hand picked group of I.I. experts on the Kinshaya, depart Qo'noS aboard a prototype scout in search of answers to identify the perpetrators of the mysterious attacks on Klingon shipping and bases. Attacks that appear to be from an extinct race.

Commander K'Eherang is still stuck in the Gamma Quadrant.

While trying to find a way to communicate with home, she and her crew find evidence of a now-vanished space-faring empire and have begun to investigate.

Cmdr. T'Lara sutai-JurISS-Rasmehlier is assigned to a ship transporting Federation scientists heading for the Orion nebula

SATCOM - Rakqor sutai-K'Mpec

::subspace message::
EMERGENCY.....EMERGENC
Y.....EMERGENCY.....

Unknown enemy attack on SATCOM planet; shields collapsed, buildings destroyed, personnel killed, wounded or scattered. **Lt. Commander Rak'qor K'Mpec** and visiting **Thought-Admiral K'Lay K'Onor-Chang** trapped on planet's surface. Will try to save salvagable information, equipment and personnel, auto destruct the rest and go into hiding. Calling Imperial Security and Imperial Military for assistance. Approach with extreme caution. Ship configuration appears to be

Kinshaya. Weapons are.....
::subspace message cut off::



Imperial Security - la' Kosh sutai-Zu-Merz

The meeting with the Prince of the Meherrin will take place in three days from now and at The Black Pearl, hopefully I can find out what prompted the attack from the Meherrin, and what has kept the Meherrin from full Imperial citizenship, it has been something of a mystery to me as well as yo' HoD K'Obol, I shall get to the bottom of it all soon enough!

I sat in the command chair of the IKV mup chuS (Thunder Strike), I felt the aftereffects from the night after of consuming almost too much 'spirits' from the my meeting of the bridge crew, and the other two HoDmey from the other Dujmey in orbiting Shaula with the mup chuS, I groaned inwardly; so the bridge crew would not hear me sound like a wounded targ pup! Then I received an Alert Alpha transmission from ... "SATCOM!" I knew something amiss had occurred, as I felt not a pleasant feeling, not unlike what I was feeling physically at the moment, it was not every jaj (Day) that I received a call from SATCOM, let alone an Alert Alpha one! As I viewed the communication, I could see he was exaggerating, the message itself seemed to be a scrambled mess! It was Thought-Admiral K'Lay on the main viewer speaking to me! She reported that SATCOM was severely damaged in a surprise attack by an unknown enemy!

She also reported that the enemy Dujmey that attacked them were

globular in shape, and that there were a handful of them, but that was as detailed as the information she had to give to me at the time. She informed me to send any Duj under my command to respond to SATCOM immediately, to begin steps of evacuating SATCOM! She reported her flagship was in orbit, as was la' Rakqor's, I felt relief at that! But how did the enemy Dujmey surprise SATCOM's defenses? Maybe they possessed a technology even SATCOM officers had not found out about? Nay, I would not speculate until I met one of the globular Dujmey in battle! then we could see who would surprise whom!

I sent coded secured transmissions out to several Dujmey commanded by officers of the wo'taH QanHungwl' quickly! The quickest response was from SoghHom Kenar, commanding the IKV qa' warn wi, she was the closest to SATCOM, as the other Dujmey of the wo'taH QanHungwl' were on missions farther away; she would arrive there within repmey (Hours) at high warp! On my honor, I knew she would be there! I was received communications from a couple of D7S's and D-10H's, their HoD's reporting that they would be able to respond immediately to SATCOM at high warp! I replied with communications of my own, replying that I would also be there soon. I contacted the Prince of the Meherrin, indicating that we would have to move the time of the meeting up, starting in ... one standard hour!

I beamed into The Black Pearl, not a very inhospitable place (With the dancers undulating on stage), at least in my opinion; I did get a few looks thrown my way, not everyone beamed into the place. I ordered a Black Ale and contacted Soghla' Kaiden, I had him withdraw his Survey Team from the perimeter of the Meherrin's town, I wanted to meet with the Prince in good faith and honor, no

tricks or deceptions on either of our parts.

The Prince came through the front entrance ... by himself, without guards or any other sort of protection ... this impressed me, he was putting his trust in my word. He made his way through the place to me at the bar, and he ordered the same thing I was having, he impressed me again! I raised my mug in a toast, to his people slain in battle against the former qumwl' and the mercenaries, to the tlhIngan Suvwl' which were slain protecting the tlhIngan wo', and to the former qumwl' himself; the Prince hesitantly toasted to this last toast, then I started my own investigation!

The Prince related to me the restrictions that had been placed on his people, which had taken place three or four months into the former qumwl's taking of the governship ... which interestingly coincided with the arrival of the Adjutant! Then their food supplies and some crops had been struck with a disease ... a manufactured bacteria ... developed by a tlhIngan scientist! They had fought it for a year, but to no avail! Then the qumwl'mey mercenaries (As they refereed to them) started harassing their farmers and conducting raids.

They finally had enough, the Prince was telling me, then he organized a strike against their enemy ... the qumwl', DurQon! They also had planned to wipe out the mercenaries as well ... I told him it was an effective strike, their 'mission' was complete. He felt though that some of his people had gone too far, he had not really planned to kill DurQon, only drive him off Shaula, or at least send a message to him that the Meherrin people would take no more! The Prince raised a toast to DurQon's honor, that he had really no quarrel with him or his juH (House), I raised mine in DurQon's honor and memory as well; we wished

him well in the service of the Black Fleet!

I told the Prince that in the records and data that I had gone through, DurQon had no hand in what had transpired against his people, but that he had shown a blind eye towards the mercenaries actions, and may not have known of the conditions of their food stores and the bacteria; especially had DurQon not been informed of the occurrences, I told him I had suspicions of whom the guilty parties were, and that they would be dealt with for their cowardice and dishonorable actions ... I then told him we must now combine forces, if his people were to live within the tlhIngan wo', of which he had no grievance with the tlhIngan people, he concurred.

We clasped arms in a salute ... and in agreement! We then sat at a table close to the stage and ordered another two tankards, he indicated his enjoyment of the dancers (Who was I to disagree?), and we started to outline a new Meherrin/tlhIngan governing body; he called in a couple of his assistants from outside, and I had B'Eral (My ne') and the Adjutant (I wanted to see what looks on her face she might show to me) beam into the establishment as well. On his computer and my PADD, we outlined a governing council, it would consist of him and me, one of his people, and one of the tlhIngan colonists; I also included his general of his army and the Suvwl' from the wo'taH SeH mangghom who was in charge of the troops on Shaula, I wanted military representatives from both sides.

I signed the agreement on his computer, and he did the same on my PADD, we clasped arms again and toasted on it as well! I then ordered a round for the house, as it were, and had it put on my tab.

For some reason the Adjutant did not appear totally happy ... oh well, maybe something was bothering her. I

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talked with the Prince about the steps of him and his people becoming full fledged Imperial citizens, and he informed that there were no obstacles that he saw to finalizing that! I had B'Etal broadcast the agreement out among the planets communications net, so the tlhIngan colonists and the Meherrin would be aware of the new occurrence and could celebrate among themselves.

I coordinated with the Prince that I would beam into his town and we would finalize their becoming Imperial citizens, conducting the rites and rituals involved, myself! The 'paperwork' would be the hard and long part of the process.

I beamed into the center of the Meherrin's town, with B'Etal and the Princes assistants, I held the proper rites and celebrated with the Prince in a toast to his brave and honorable people, with a brew of their own making (Tasting similar to tera'ngan grape juice). We would then wait for the official response of the tlhIngan Imperial Council of Citizenship for the Meherrin peoples, as long as a list of all of their names is sent in to the council, everything should go well! After another round of toasts, I informed the Prince that I must attend to an urgent matter, and that I would be in contact with him; as I left the Black Pearl I grabbed a dancer (A romuluSngan/vulqan be') from the stage and planted a warrior kiss upon her lip's!

At the entrance I raised the mup chuS and had the transporter tech. beam me to the bridge, I left the surface of Shaula in a cascade of purplish sparkles, the tech. was reconfiguring and modifying the transporters for better efficiency and for use in battle. Once on the bridge and settling into my command chair I communicated with the command center on Shaula, placing Soghla' Kaiden in command till I returned, and I saluted their honorable and

commendable services under my command, I would celebrate with them upon my return! I entered the coordinates of SATCOM into my command chair's console and had it routed to the Deghwl' (Navigator), I instructed maximum warp!

As warp was engaged, I also ordered the crew to go to Alert Gamma, for the duration of our travel to SATCOM. After which I dealt with Duj reports and status of various sections and then called a COMBRIEF (Combat Briefing) in the COM/SEC-OPSCEN (Combat/Security Operations Center), adjacent to the bridge, all Section Chief's would report and I would outline the situation we would be dealing with.

Report On Current Status
Concluded.

Internal Intelligence Summary - K'LAY K'ONOR-CHANG



K'LAY K'ONOR-CHANG has barely retaken the command of Internal Intelligence and named **Volar K'Zota-K'ONOR** her XO, when hints of war with a so far unknown enemy appear on the horizon. All information that does come in has been instantly classified, and not by the expected head of Imperial Intelligence, but instead, by the Abbot himself, Commander of the Chaplain General Corps and head of Campaign Coordination Command. Rumors of missing or annihilated squadrons, demolished outposts and obliterated bases mount, but still no one is giving out hard information. Worse, **Abbot K'OBOL Chang-K'ONOR** will not even tell K'LAY, his mate and Thought Admiral more. If it is

solely a military problem, then there is no reason not to tell her. If the problem involves more than that, even treason...perhaps by someone in Empire in league with a new enemy for political reasons....then it is NI's business, and K'LAY intends to find out what she can, by whatever means may be necessary.

Her opportunity for this comes unexpectedly when an old ally, her line brother **Khorghan Ghlanx Chang-JurISS**, shows up unexplainedly alive in the K'Shona Base brig with vital information. Contacts he has on the fringes of the Demon Rift where even Klingon patrols do not readily frequent, have sent him a message: The Old Enemy, Kinshaya, are headed for Klingon space, and SATCOM is the first of several designated targets in their path of anticipated advancement. Unless **Rak'qor surai-K'Mpec**, the CO of SATCOM, evacuates, his destruction, and that of their entire Science & Technology and Medical base, is almost a foregone conclusion. She sends a message to Rak'qor, and to Imperial Security CO **Kosh allara-Zu-Merz** for assistance and heads for SATCOM.

She arrives to find Rak'qor reluctant to leave his command and Kosh is still some distance away. Stunning Rak'qor before he can do anything gallant, she is giving instructions to Kosh and her own ships regarding emergency evacuation when her communications are jammed and the first Kinshaya ship to ground weapons hit SATCOM base.



Imperial Diplomatic Summary -

batlh HoS ykchav

A'qmarr ramHov K'Onor

A'qmarr ramHov K'Onor began recording her summary for the Abbot; which would be sent along with all of her officers' reports, including hers:

"Lord Abbot, the Imperial Diplomatic Service has followed through with your orders. My Division XO, Lt. Cmdr. Moqra, has managed to get the Andorian Ambassador to talk about advancements in sensor technology. Further contacts were set up whereby Starfleet Science would contact SATCOM about such technology. While in San Francisco, he also helped "resolve" the matter of the "quvaH'magh" pilgrims "camped" outside the home of Starfleet officers Tom Paris & B'Elanna Torres. He convinced them that setting up a "quvaH'magh" temple away from the city--and the couple's daughter, Miral--would help solve their problem. He also gave them a demonstration of what could be done with this temple. He was also able to secure financial compensation for his efforts.

Commander Krysythe has experienced a delay in negotiations with her contacts on Ferenginar--one of them fell ill. We've not received any updates from her embassy staff at this time.

Lieutenant Koi, at last report, had received financial contributions from BR>Bajor & the Trill Homeworld. We've not heard from him since his ship entered the Tellar system. Lieutenant Maw'qu is still undercover on the Orion ship--they needed a resupply of dilithium crystals back on Orion; they're also on 'rGr.' We should be hearing from him later, when the ship is away from Orion space. I sent Senior Ambassador Aq'brel to meet with the Romulan High Ambassador Saeihr Kayton, the Praetor and Proconsul of the Senate in Val'Danadex Trel, the Romulan Capitol; talks there are slowly progressing. Commander A'tara, another envoy, was sent to meet with the Bajoran Chamber of

Ministers. So far, they will send some financial support and refurbished mining equipment once used during the Cardassian occupation. My special envoy, Ambassador Aqaran, has been on Cardassia Prime. He reported to you on the Cardassian offer to send military personnel to us, as part of a joint force with our Imperial Military. By the time you receive this message, Lt. Cmdr. KlySa'ra and I will have met with him about what he's learned & how we can continue working with the Cardassians in this effort. As for myself, I convinced Cmdr. KlySa'ra of why it was necessary for the Empire to not fight this battle alone. It took some convincing but she agreed. I am presently with the IM forces on veqlargh Duj mIn and will remain here until otherwise. I, personally, feel that my services might be needed here, especially if our IM colleagues start having trouble again with the Cardassian fighters. We hope that drastic measures won't have to be taken. IDS continues to do its part to help prepare for the battle to come. Thus ends my first report as new Commander of the Imperial Diplomatic Service. Senior Emissary (Lt. Commander) A'qmarr ramHov vestai-K'Onor."



**IMPERIAL MILITARY -
Lt. Cmdr. KlySara vestai VelaH,
C.O.**

Once the War Council meeting on QonoS had concluded, Lt. Cmdr. KlySara vestai VelaH and her newly appointed X.O., Lt. DuroQ JurISS returned to their respective ships. Not long afterward, KlySara received a message from

Lt. Cmdr. A'qmarr ramHov K'Onor of IDS. The Ambassador requested a confidential meeting.

KlySara agreed, and Aqmarr boarded KlySaras ship shortly after.

In the privacy of KlySaras ready room, Aqmarr disclosed that although other worlds had been contacted regarding the new enemy the Empire was facing, little help had been offered. A few worlds, including the Federation offered cash, but nothing else. Aqmarr reported that an offer of troops had been made by the Cardassians. Their financial resources had been virtually exhausted during the Dominion War, and their Navy decimated. They were rebuilding, but it was proceeding very slowly. Tensions on their home world were high. Cardassia was willing to provide the troops, but they were unable to feed or house them. Acceptance of the offer of assistance meant that the Klingons would assume responsibility for their welfare.

KlySara had already received orders to begin construction of a new base of operations immediately outside one of the enemys known egress point. The chosen site was a small, Minsharra Class planet known as veqlargh Duj mIn, or Eye of the Demon, so named for its appearance from space. The Cardassians would arrive at the site of the new base shortly after the Klingons, and assist in its construction and maintenance. Aqmarr needed to know if the troops of the Imperial Military would be able to fight alongside their former enemies against a common foe for the good of the Empire. KlySara grudgingly decided that they could.

KlySara then summoned her three Lieutenants, DuroQ JurISS, KeadeC of Cadogan, and Kerlof KoVork, to her ready room.

There, she disclosed the information to them. They received the news with mixture of anger

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and indignation, but eventually accepted the idea as loyal Klingon officers.

KlySara then began to delegate responsibility among her officers.

Kerlof was to set up the supply lines and ensure that the needs of both races would be fully met.

KeadeC was to scan and survey the planet for secondary sources of food, water, and shelter in case the supply lines were cut or the base was overrun. KlySara herself would oversee the actual construction of the base, and Lt.

DuroQ was to oversee the integration and training of the troops.

Each of the Klingon officers would receive a Cardassian contingent to command in addition to their regular complement of Klingon troops. KlySara assured her officers that their tasks would not be easy. Hatred still burned with a white-hot fire for many among both races. Part of each officers task would be to ensure that peace and order was maintained between the two forces for the good of the Empire. To that end, Lt. DuroQ was assigned the additional task of designing war games and other such activities to occupy the troops when the base had been raised.

The activities were designed to allow members of both sides to blow off steam while allowing them to become accustomed to each others company. The empire required a united fighting force if victory was to be achieved over the new enemy.

When the meeting was adjourned, each officer returned to his ship, and the fleet proceeded to veqlargh Duj mIn. Ambassador Aqmarr traveled with the fleet to assist KlySara in addressing the troops as a whole once they had reached the site. The deal with the Cardassians would be kept confidential until the troops could be put to work, so that the warriors could not brood upon it during the journey to the construction site.

Once the fleet had arrived at veqlargh Duj mIn and secured their positions, troops began to beam down to begin construction of the base. KlySara and Aqmarr then addressed the troops, revealing the new alliance with the Cardassians and underscoring the importance of this alliance to the Empire's success in the upcoming campaign against the new enemy. As expected, the troops received the news with anger and indignation, but KlySara and Aqmarr managed to quell them for the moment, then turned them over to their respective commanders for further orders and instruction.

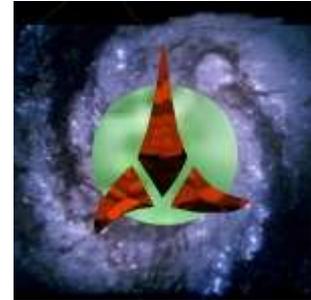
Construction of the new base commenced immediately. Based on KeadeC's planetary survey, three new outposts were constructed- one in a mountainous location, and two in densely wooded locations on opposite sides of the planet. The locations were chosen for the cover they provided as well as their proximity to secondary sources of food, water and cover should the base fall under attack.

Soon after construction began, the Cardassian troops arrived.

300,000 troops and 20,000 civilians were deployed, and every effort was made by commanders on both sides to ensure that the integration went smoothly. For the most part, the officers managed to maintain order and control over the troops, but as expected, there were numerous small skirmishes and fights culminating in the murder of three Cardassian Guls in their sleep, and the destruction (by explosion) of a Cardassian barracks. An investigation is still underway, being conducted by Lt. DuroQ.

The war games and training of the troops continued once the construction of three outposts was complete. Once the base was considered to be fully operational, supply lines were in place, and the troops were deemed to be battle-

ready, KlySara sent a message to Command notifying them that the Imperial Military was ready for war and awaiting new orders.



CONTACTS -

Khaufen JurISS commanding

Khaufen JurISS reviewed his orders as the smell of burnt components and ozone drained from the bridge of the **STORM WALKER**. He had done what some had said no one could do. He had lured the previously unseen enemy out of hiding, out of their wormhole rift in space, and had managed to keep one of the five ships they had used to chase him intact, perhaps by sheer luck, or perhaps because it was subtly different than the others, bone in color, instead of black. Who knew why the stars granted the saving of one ship over another? He did not know, nor care at the moment. He and the **STORM WALKER**, Khan and Shadow Stalker, **K'Reger Chang-JurISS** and his ship the **TONG**, would take the captured enemy ship back, by tractor, if need be, to **Qo'noS** where others could dissect it for whatever secrets it might divulge. As for his own ship, **K'Oner** would give him a damage report and the repairs would be done en route. For now, he had done all he could. He was bone tired and needed nothing more than rest within his quarters.

It was not to be. The Borg he knew as **Unimatrix Zero**, his nemesis for some years now, had found him again and at a time when he was vulnerable. It opened a portal within his own ship, as only it could do, and before he could move, was upon

him, probing his mind yet again for the memories and information contained there. He could do little more than allow the invasion and watch helplessly from within as K'Oner was disarmed when she entered, and Borg implants begun on her as well. What was it looking for? What memory chain interested it? It reviewed them all, focusing on anything the Collective might be able to use, keeping his own will at bay in spite of K'Oner's mental efforts to help him. He had been taken before, the Borg somehow linked to him, but now, he could think of only one way to escape, only one way to defeat the Borg, and only then if blood could call to blood.....

He awoke from the hold of the Borg on his mind to see his son KirroQ standing over him, the Borg sprawled out unconscious. The younger JurISS helped Khaufen with the only semi-conscious K'Oner, before taking the Borg to Security. Perhaps the flow of information would go the other way for once, after they returned to Qo'noS but for now, the victors had a bottle of very old Bloodwine to share. Contacts was, if nothing else, a Division where The One had learned to appreciate each pleasure. One never knew when it might be his last. Starbase K'Shona
February 2002 Report

Admiral Katalyia Epetai K'Tore-Jiraal, Base Commander
Reporting: I studied the question it had asked, knowing exactly what I wanted and pleased that it had at last decided to cooperate. Before I

could pursue this any further, I received an urgent message from Command.

The situation between the Klingon Empire and the Romulan Empire were worsening and our quadrant was now on high alert. Quickly, I scanned my orders, frowning at what was contained in them. Flipping open the communications line I announced: "Attention all Station Personnel. We are now on high alert and will remain so until further notice. All ships that are currently docked were to rendezvous at the coordinates that are currently being transmitted to them. Once you leave the station, you are to maintain radio silence until reaching the designated coordinates. You are to remain alert to any suspicious ships or actions in the area. Base Personnel are required to maintain their alertness until further notice. Communications were to be sent in code and only by priority. No unnecessary communication will be allowed. Base Patrol Captains are to ensure their ships are in top order and be ready to deploy in defense of the Base at a moments notice. Anyone found disobeying will be put in the brig."

Closing the channel, I glanced down toward the computer screen. My brows drew together as my eyes narrowed in anger at what I saw on. Even though it had decided to cooperate, it appeared that it was back to its tricks once again. I drew my disruptor, intent on making the 'entity' inhabiting the computer system understand that it was not to interfere with the

operations of the Base, when the Klaxons sounded and Killon was shouting 'All Hands to Battle Stations! Incoming Hostiles detected in Sector 3. Repeat, all hands to Battle Stations! Incoming Hostiles detected in Sector 3.'

A sudden shudder ran through the Base, closely followed by metal buckling. Contacting the Docking Bay I was informed that the ships were able to deploy, and as soon as they were deployed, the bay doors slammed shut. Now they refused to open.

Sighing in exasperation, I stated 'Understood' as I looked toward the computer screen. My eyebrows drew together in surprise as I saw the message displayed. As I studied this information, I found myself wondering where the 'entity' procured the information it was sharing with me.

After a few moments more, I informed the Docking Crew to cease trying to get the doors open and to secure the docking bay. Flipping the system wide communications line, I informed the rest of the station to secure their sections.

Receiving an acknowledgment from all Section heads, I proceeded to read the information displayed on the screen. After a moment, I slowly typed 'I will allow you to remain as long as you assist in defending this Base. Do we have a deal?'

End of Report

CCC website <http://members.aol.com/neila8/CCCommand/qapla.html>



- REPLACEMENT PROVERBS -

by pagh / Eric Andeen

Replacement proverbs are introduced on the audiotape *_Power Klingon_* and are explained in the context of a meal, but work in many other settings as well.

The proper action after a social gaffe in Klingon society is to (forcefully) issue a "replacement proverb" to replace lost honor. The meaning of the particular proverb is unimportant, but the boldness with which it is spoken apparently is. Here are some of them:

Hagh qoHpu' neH HeghtaHvIS SuvwI'pu' Only fools laugh while warriors die

DopDaq qul yIchenmoH QobDI' ghu' Set fire on the side when there is danger

reH latlh qabDaq qul tuj law' Hoch tuj puS The fire is always hotter on somebody else's face

jagh DajeymeH nIteb yISuvrup To defeat the enemy, be prepared to fight alone

reH Suvrup SuvwI'a' A great warrior is always prepared to fight

Hlvqa' veqlargh The Fek'lhar strikes again

So the next time you have the occasion and want to sound Klingon, use a replacement proverb. If you speak boldly (and correctly), skilled Klingon speakers will immediately forget about whatever it was you did to require a replacement proverb, and normal people will look at you strangely, which is always a plus {:-)}

*- KLUB CHANGES -*

Name Changes:

Sector 5

Anne Zecca - Lt. Cmdr. A'qmarr ramHov vestai-K'Onor

Margie McDonnell name change to Margie Welsh

Debra Lynn Stanley - Lt (jg) Kenar Vedra vestai quvHubwl'
to Lt (jg) Kenara Vedra vestai quvHubwl'

Address Changes:

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<u>GSD</u>	Ethel Clarke Swinemar Ens. teH Hel Mo'Klar K'Onor shosh_klingon@hotmail.com

New / Returning Members:	
<u>GSD</u>	Dustin Colwell PO Box 292 Greenwood, NS BOP-INO maltoch_puqlodves@yahoo.ca
<u>GSA - Sector One</u>	David Christensen (Retired) Thought-Admiral Keel K'ra'ri address withheld Imperial Review Board Member


KUTEE PULYTI KEE PTL QUYAH


 - ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS -

Cover Artwork by *qe'San be'raun*
 Credits for individual articles appear under the relevant titles - *retlho'*
 Other Artwork by *Ke'reth Makura, K'Zhen Zu-merz* or created/modified by *qe'San be'raun*.
 Last but not least everyone who has contributed to the club.
nIreb Qob qaD jup 'e' chaw'be' Suwal' - A warrior doesn't let a friend face danger alone.

PULYTI STY IES MAS 'I' METYTI LAHTY'

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