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## - ADMIRAL'S THOUGHTS -

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

Greetings and I hope you're all having a great summer. Due to holidays from school, annual vacations and the increase in members engaging in other outside activities, summer in the KSF has always been a slow time. We're taking advantage of the annual slowdown this year to make some updates in how we do things, to create some new opportunities, and to get the news out to you before we all get busy again.



Thus, I'd like to make some announcements. First, within the next few months, the membership is going to have the opportunity to purchase items which feature a logo and artwork. We have found an online company to produce tee shirts, blood wine mugs, mouse pads, ball caps and a variety of other products featuring a logo and artwork that we select. Proceeds from the purchase of these items, above and beyond the cost of the item, will go towards keeping our KSF website and message boards funded and running. Now comes the fun part.... We need a logo and artwork to put on the items we hope to offer, and where better to go for designs than the KSF membership at large? For those on line, please send all artwork you'd like to have considered to me at [KSFCCommand@aol.com](mailto:KSFCCommand@aol.com) or for those off line, please send your designs to my land address below, and I will make sure all submissions are considered. We'd like to get started right away though, so please send all submissions in ASAP. Further information on what designs are chosen and how to purchase merchandise with the KSF designs will be sent out to the membership in the next newsletter.

This brings me to the next change I'd like to announce. The KSF has grown since the early, off line days, the variety of KSF oriented things we do increasing. Sector and Division Commanders have voiced their concerns that there's insufficient time now between each quarter to send out, gather and / or write reports. This concern is coupled with the recent rise in postal costs which would necessitate an increase in subscription rates for those people getting BATTLE LINES via land mail, if we remained with a quarterly letter schedule. Thus, it seems to answer several concerns to go to a "tri-annual" newsletter, published in April, August and December. This new schedule should give Sector Commanders an extra month to write all the members in their Sector to be sure post reports get sent in, and will give Division Commanders an extra four weeks to get orders from CCC, get their own orders out, collect reports and write summaries to send back in. As important, it prevents us having to increase subscription costs, and should keep everyone from having to scurry around at the last minute to get everything in on time.

With the summer heat upon us, that sounds like a very good idea. Enjoy your holidays and vacations, wherever they take you.

Margie McDonnell-Welsh  
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## - EDITOR'S DAGGER -

by Vice Adm qe'San Zantai be'tawn

Just in case you had missed the news and thought you been forgotten year, Battle Line has succumbed to demand so befitting with Klingon symbolism it is now being published as a yearly trilogy or trimesterly as someone put it. This should give everyone in the club more time to get involved and for everything to be gathered together. It seems strange that the thing that has sped up communications has also brought with it a backlash of increased activity and duties..



of this needed to be taken into account and like everything else fitted around Terran lives.

I'm sure it will not lessen your enjoyment and remember that the club is what everyone brings to it and nothing is fixed in stone.. The club is nothing but flexible. So go on I dare you give me more information, artwork and articles that I can publish. I throw the gauntlet down, feel free to pick it up. Qapla'



## - ANNOUNCEMENTS -

### PROMOTIONS:

Robert Cunningham / (Marine Captain / Naval Lt.) Avakhon vestai Khinsharri - promotion granted to Naval Lt. Commander (designation change from Marine to Naval Rank)

Richard Heckert / Lt.Cmdr. Rakqor sutai-K'Mpec promotion granted to Commander  
 Alberto Gorin / Lt. Koi tai Drocklon honorific promotion granted to vestai

### COMMENDATIONS

- Commendation to Commander Reyna zantai-Kor-Zu-Merz - for continued effort and willingness to serve wherever needed
  - Commendation to Overseer Azel Tavana - For embodying the Spirit of Klingon Honor and letting the needs of the many in the club outweigh her own.
  - Commendation to Lt Commander DuroQ vestai JuriSS - For the many ways he comes to the assistance of his fellow KSF members
  - Special Mention to Lt. Commander Moqra vestai-QendeH - For continued assistance to all, particularly his DivCom
- Another officer, Adrienne Paradis / Azel Tavana, was nominated for an honorific promotion, and her worthiness to receive that promotion was agreed upon by the Imperial Review Board. However, as it has been the stated rule that no permanently serving IRB member could receive a rank promotion, (and Azel is such a member) and some might consider an honorific promotion the same as a rank promotion, this officer, when informed of the situation, respectfully refused the chance at promotion to avoid the appearance of impropriety, in case it could be perceived as conflict of interest, even though she was, herself, not voting. The Imperial Review Board will respect her decision, but as Chairman, I would hereby like to offer our thanks to Azel for services that, while they may not be officially recognized, have surely not gone unnoticed.

K'Lay K'Onor-Chang, KSF Commander in Chief, IRB - Chairman



- FROM THE DESK OF -  
 - ADMIRAL KATALYIA EPETAJ K'TORE-JIRAAL -  
 - GSA SECTOR COMMANDER -

I have noticed over the past year, the lack of Sector Reports/Post reports that I have been receiving. I am wondering about this lack of response to the reminders that are being sent out to the Sector Commanders. This makes me wonder, do we wish to continue filing these reports? The lack of response to the reminders that I send, tells me we do not.

I do not need to remind the Sector Commanders that filing a Sector Report is mandatory, whether or not you receive a post report from your members. I do not need to state that the Post Reports are voluntary, but not filing one leaves your Sector Commander and the members of the club, wondering what you have been doing.

Let me give you a short history of why these reports were decided on. When the KSF was started, there was no such thing as the 'internet'. It was a correspondence club whose members wrote to each, talking about Trek, Klingons, hobbies, and depending on how well you knew the person, what you were doing in REAL LIFE. The USA and Europe were divided up into Sectors and were assigned a Sector Commander. As the club grew-at one time having more than 100 members-it became necessary to devise a plan to keep track of what everyone was doing, without having to write to everyone in the club.

It was decided to file what is called a Sector Report. Each Sector Commander was required to write to their Sector members and request that they file a post report. This enabled the member to tell everyone what he or she had done every quarter without having to write to each member, as this could become quite expensive. If you did not file a post report, the Sector Commander reported this to HQ and it was noted. If you missed filing a report three times in a row, you were taken off the list and were no longer a member. The filing of post reports, at this time, was mandatory. The Sector Commander then compiled their Sector Report, editing it for length, and sent it to the HQ. At that time, there was no GSA Command. The Sector Commander was responsible for getting the reports to HQ in time to be included in the newsletter, without a reminder. At the time you became or assumed Command of a Sector, you were told when the reports were due and you were to post the dates somewhere. You received no further reminder. It was the Sector Commander's responsibility to send out the reminders to their members,

allowing enough time for them to respond and for them to file the Sector Report by the deadline.

It was also the responsibility of the Sector Commander that they informed their Sector members in changes of club policy, thus spreading the cost of notifications of changes among the club members. This was all agreed to by the Sector Commanders and became part of their duties.

As the club grew, it became necessary to assign a GSA Commander and a GSE Commander, to handle the duties of informing the Sector Commanders of change in club policies and ease the workload of HQ. This also included mailing reminders out to the Sector Commanders as to when reports were due and preparing the reports for submission to the Newsletter.

The Sector Report was mandatory and if a Sector Commander failed to file a report three times in a row, they would be removed and the XO of the Sector would automatically become the Commander. Depending on rank at the time of assignment, he/she would receive a promotion, based on how they handled the position. This was not open to the voting of the members as HQ decided whether the promotion was earned.

Over the past years, the club has made changes in regards to the Sector Reports and Post Reports. Sector Reports are still mandatory and the Sector Commander is responsible for notifying their members that a post report is due, when it is due, compiling their report, and filing it, regardless of whether she/he receives any post reports. Post reports are no long mandatory but are voluntary. However, if you do not file a post report, your Sector Commander does not know what you have been doing.

Therefore, it makes it difficult to determine if a promotion is warranted, as they have to depend on second hand information. Post Reports, though voluntary, does aide in securing a promotion, commendation or honorific, even though it is not the only way to receive one.

One thing has not changed over the years. If someone contacts you, whether by 'snail mail' or e-mail, you are required to respond to them. I am not referring to the 'listserve' but private e-mails. It gets very discouraging for someone to write/e-mail you only to receive no response to the letter/e-mail. Keep in mind, they took

the time to write to you and you should return the courtesy by taking the time to write to them.

Some of you may have noticed that you did not receive reminders to file your Sector/Post Reports. You did not receive notification as I made the decision not to send them out and give everyone a break, as one appeared to be needed. Despite my decision, I did receive Sector Reports and Post Reports for inclusion in the Newsletter. Thank you for those who filed.

The question before us is this: Do we wish to continue filing the Sector Reports/Post Reports? I, for one, think it is a good idea

and wish to continue it. Why? It lets others know what you are doing and gives those with common interests the courage (some of us do-it's hard writing to someone you do not know) to contact each other. That is how I met my friends that I have acquired through the club.

Please consider the above and let me know if we wish to continue it. I request all Sector Commanders contact their members and get their opinion and forward that opinion to me.

Until next time our blades cross...  
Admiral Katalyia Epetai K'Tore-Jiraal



## - POST REPORTS -

### GSA Sector

Compiled by Admiral Katalyia K'Tore-Jiraal  
GSA Commander

#### Sector Two

Filed by

⇌ Cmdr. Kulec Sutai Tera'weH: I've been fairly inactive as far as the KSF is concerned. I think I've mailed a couple of jokes to Margie and that's been the extent of my club correspondence. In regular life, I've been busy with church work this Spring and into the Summer here. I'm still filling in at another church 20 miles away from me. That involved leading Sunday morning worship there, teaching Catechism classes and making shut in visits. All in addition to what I was doing here in Oxford. Makes for a busy time. We just had Vacation Bible School here in Oxford last week. I'm going home today for several days to celebrate my birthday. Then next week our youth group is going out to Colorado for a trip. Maybe. Depending on how the fires are doing out there. Certainly it appears to be a mess, especially around Denver. We're supposed to go to downtown Denver to go to an amusement park. We'll see what happens. As far as other things, I'm still single with two cats. They have to go to the vet today for about a week and a half while I'm gone, so they won't be happy. My mom and grandma are doing well. Otherwise, things are pretty much the same around here.



⇌ Lt. Commander Moqra vestai-Qendef: Things are quiet in my corner of Sector 2... Not much to tell. My big project, a role-playing game that I'm building from the

ground up, has reached the initial play-testing stage and things look good there. The main problem with that is, as we develop the world for the game, it keeps more and more invalidating the 150+ pages of the novel I've already got written in that world, so that's just more work for me, but I can handle the re-write. I'm just plugging away at it, every minute of every day letting my mind churn away at it. I guess you could say I'm obsessed. It's a good thing, though, I like it.

I've also started teaching myself to play guitar. I'm doing brilliantly, fabulously, better than anyone ever, it's been three weeks, I know three WHOLE CHORDS, and I can stumble my way slowly through one WHOLE SCALE, and I'm auditioning for the Omaha Community Orchestra tomorrow (Yeah, that's gonna happen.)

I got a new set of pots and pans from my Mother and my Daughter for my birthday, so I've been back in the kitchen, trying to come up with new bizarre recipes to disgust you all with for the next Kristmas Kookbook. Other than all that, not much up on the banks of the Missouri River.  
'Til next time, Moqra.

#### Sector Three

Admiral Katalyia Epetai K'Tore-Jiraal,  
Sector Commander

⇌ Admiral Katalyia Epetai K'Tore-Jiraal: Admiral Katalyia Epetai K'Tore-Jiraal: I took a much needed vacation and visited the States of South Dakota and Montana, USA. In South Dakota, I saw the Badlands, Mt. Rushmore, Crazy Horse Monument, drove through the Custer State Park, the Black Hills National Park, and Bear Country USA. I also visited a Wax Museum and went through Wind Cave in Wind Cave National Park. In Montana, I visited the Battle of Little Bighorn Battlefield, Garryowen (where Custer camped the last time), and the Rosebud Battlefield. I had a great time there. The country is just

beautiful through there. Sunday, I went to the Barry Manilow Concert at Starlight. It was fabulous and I really enjoyed it (I should-he's my favorite singer!). I really loved the encore he chose in memory of Sept. 11 and the fact that we are proud to be Americans.

⇌ DaHar Master K'Zhen epetai Zu-Merz: Nothing of any consequence has been happening here. I've only seen the first seven episodes of Enterprise. There are things about it I like, including the cast, and the new/old Enterprise is certainly a beautiful ship! I've been following fan reactions on the Trek newsgroups; fortunately most of the fans like it to some degree. I believe it is worthy of our support. I'm happy they decided to include Klingons.

⇌ Prior Avakhon Kinsharri: I've had numerous difficulties since 9-11 that have kept me from holding a job. (I was an independent contractor for the Airlines delivering lost luggage to peoples houses) but I am undaunted as I recently began my own Advertising business with a partner. We sell spaces around the edges of placemats for restaurants to small local businesses to give them a leg up on the BIG guys with all the Ad \$\$\$ they don't have. It's a reasonably good business and allows me my own schedule. Soon as I get the \$\$\$, I will once more have the phone, and internet connections, so I won't have to rely on the Library computers any longer.

⇌ Kragtowl: I have been ill and busy with real life and this totally slipped my mind. I am sorry! Nothing major to report.

⇌ Marine Captain Kolar Vestai Rasmehlier: Surviving, in the war of the "Occasionally Homeless", while continuing negotiations with both Social Security and Veteran's Administration concerning my disabilities claims. A bit over a year, into the fight, and still

holdout, desperately, against my rightful claims. Injuries, sustained while supporting this country's ideals, while performing the duties of a combat soldier, during the Viet Nam Conflict, between the months of April 1965 and June 1966; have become debilitating, to the point of non-functional for general labor type occupations, and therefore, keep me from getting and holding any of the standard jobs, which I have worked at, for many years. And, since my level of education, doesn't appeal to prospective employers, for any of the type of jobs I can physically handle, I have been forced to abstain from the general workforce, for over a year now. Needless to say, my income has been curtailed, considerably. As to my RP participation, online, with little or no income, it takes me rather longer-than-usual time period to resolve any technical problems, with my computer. The one I had, when I last was active, fried the motherboard. This one, which I was given, has it's own set of problems, and fails considerably short of the capabilities of my old one. It is slow. Thus far, I, my wife and my son, are at least, once again off the streets. Thanks to subsidized housing and a contract that is binding on both parties, for at least a year, I am living RENT FREE, for the next year, as long as I can pay the utilities and telephone bills, and feed/clothe ourselves. I'll stop here, before getting into the story of my free vehicle.

⇒ K'Ken T'Relak: Things here in the Midwest have been unusual as most of the country with weird weather patterns. We have seen a bit of rain these last couple of weeks. We are well into "Spring" weather and Summer (later here than in southern places) is just around the corner. This last quarter of school has been hectic. I have lots of things to juggle with finishing my Graduate Internship (which is difficult trying to accommodate everyone's schedule) and my thesis. I've been going through the sources and now have only two weeks to get the thing written. I've completed 30 pages (final draft) and have another 60 pages to go. This one is turning out to be the most difficult. I figured I'd breeze through this since it deals mostly with philosophical ideas, but my memory is much more "sketchy overview" and the details are failing due to an obvious FEEBLE mind. It has been a long two and a half years, but if I can hold on just a little longer I'll have my M.A.

#### Sector Four

Filed by Commander T'Lara Sutai Juriss,  
Sector Commander

⇒ **Cmdr. T'Lara Sutai Juriss:** Things have been hopping around here. My son

has gotten on the Honor roll two out of three times this year. He has been in two band concerts at school, and has moved up to First Trombone! He has gotten awards for Music and Art, and has taken part in the D.A.R.E. program as well as been a Big Buddy to a younger student. Whew! Now, we have two hamsters as well as a cat...Imagine that! Summer is coming and he is looking forward to being out of school and going to Sports Camp. Myself, I am doing ok, what with all the this going on. My job will be changing in two weeks due to the fact that they are taking the work we are doing and giving it to another facility. Things, unfortunately, did not work out between me and Ron, and we are getting divorced. My son's father has not been giving him a lot of attention, and I may be going back to court. All these things. My son's friends are moving to Myrtle Beach, SC and there is a convention there in November that I may go to and take him to see his friends at the same time. I am planning on surprising him if it works! the convention, by the way, is Beachbash 2002. It is a Klingon convention put on by two Klingon Houses, and the last time I went (two years ago) I had a great time. So, if you're interested, they have a site in Yahoo to look at pics. Until next time!

⇒ **Cmdr KlyS'ara vestai Delah'** - Paula Peacos: I've taken up a new hobby this past quarter-bicycling. I've been steadily trying to build more exercise into my lifestyle, which is not easy for a dyed-in-the-wool couch potato like me. Kayaking is pretty much a fair weather sport (at least as far as THIS Klingon is concerned), so I was looking for something to do when the weather isn't quite so nice. I live near a state park, and I always see people zipping past my home on bikes. They look like they are having a great time, so I decided to give it a go. I went out and bought myself a nice little mountain bike so that I could do some light trail riding through the park. I hadn't been on a bike in about 20 years. Literally. I do a fair bit of walking on my lunch hours at work, so I figured that this would be no big deal. I took myself out for a nice little jaunt through the park. I rode for about 10 miles. I felt great. Everything went well until I got off the darned thing. Apparently, the leg muscles you use when you walk are NOT the same ones you use on a bike. I could hardly stand. My legs were like rubber. I felt like I had left them somewhere back on the trail. I had to prop myself up with the bike and shuffle my way through the parking lot where my car was parked, much to the amusement of some more experienced bikers who were watching me with big fat grins on their

faces. I've gotten past that now, and can make it back to the car on my own. Other than that, my bondmate and I have been doing a lot of landscaping around the house. It's wreaking havoc with my allergies, but it really does look nice. That's all for now. Qapla!

⇒ **Capt. Kishin zantai-Kukura:** Sue Frank - My end of the sector has been quiet since WorldCon here in Philly last September! I guess our focus has been shifted since Osama rocked our world. But I have had the personal satisfaction of acquiring and learning to use a CD-recorder. I've been anxious to get my treasured filk music tapes copied to CDs because the tapes are in danger of falling apart-and then where would I be if I couldn't hear my fannish friends singing such Klingon inspirational tunes as "We Are Klingons" and "Roj Qoc"? So now I have most of these unique fannish creations, at least the ones that came my way, saved on CDs. If anyone wants to know more about filk music, lemme know. Haven't seen "Attack of the Clones" yet. But we all better keep up with that Galaxy Far Far Away, because I hear that fandom's Klingons are being given a jolly run for their glory by an energetic crew who base their activities on Vader's Stormtroopers. Has anyone run into the Fighting 501st? I gather that DragonCon in Atlanta is good place to find them. Till next, I salute you all. From Strength to Strength.

#### Sector Five

Filed by Cmdr. Lusciouslips Ka'Tan,  
Lt.jg. Vestai Blackheart, and Vice Admiral  
Volar Epetai K'Zota K'Onor-Sector  
members

⇒ **Cmdr. Lusciouslips Ka'Tan:** Have not heard anything from anyone since my last post report. Not even an RPG order..Are you all still alive out there? Or have you all been conquered? <Grin> A Klingon isn't just for xmas ya know, it's forever...luvs ya.

⇒ **Lt.jg. Vestai Blackheart:** Not a lot to report here. Its been a slow life changing time for me. I am going on to school at Gemological Institute of America sometime near the end of August. I hope everyone is doing well and that they and theirs are receiving all the blessings due them.

⇒ **Vice Admiral Volar Epetai K'Zota-K'Onor:** Well it's been one rollercoaster of a quarter for me here in Central Florida. In nothing short of two weeks, I'll be moving to Clearwater(address already on the roster)and will be starting school again in the fall. My placement scores were high

enough so I scored a ticket into the Interdisciplinary Studies program, and honors cache of courses. To say I'm excited wouldn't come close to what I feel about this, though expect to see the glare of reading remorse here and there...I have a TON of reading to accomplish this next semester. Ugh. But yeah, I am moving, back into school and as most of you know my guinea pig Willow had her first set of babies (Frodo and Glory), however, just the other day she gave birth to five more little piggies. Unfortunately, all five passed away within twenty four hours of birth, though Willow is doing quite fine. We're keeping an eye on her, but she seems ok. The herd is getting big now, but they're all packing..including Riley in a box playing! I have pictures too! all in all there has been a lot going on and no way could I jam it all into this report. School has blown me away much like the success of the KSFCN.COM project. We're totally in excess of 500 hits in the last month, up twice over at least from what the old design had given us. A few more changes will come down the line for the site, so expect them before August. After that...changes may be a little slower to come due to my studies. Anyhow..wish me luck and I'll see everyone next quarter.

## SECTOR SIX

filed by Captain Khaufen Epetai Juriss, Sector XO

⇒⇒ Capt. Khaufen Epetai Juriss: The Juriss are returning to their origins; to fill the skies of some twenty odd planets. Life can serve a bitter cure, or a sweet balm. Times change, things change, lives change, there comes a time when those changes bring no joy. A time where the only place one feels whole and welcome are the stars of home. As the KSF moves into the twenty first century, I want to salute those warriors who battle in real-life and remain an active and important part of our club and Fandom. I salute my friends and comrades, loyalty never dies!

⇒⇒ Karl: In this quarter has been one of good news and bad news. I passed the State of Oklahoma's "B" water laboratory certification tests easily with a 97% and struggled mightily (and so far unsuccessfully) with a search for a babysitter for the summer. The kids finished the school year with good grades but are struggling with other issues. The adventure continues.

⇒⇒ Khorghan Sutai Ghlanx Chang Juriss: It's been rather interesting for me. It seems that the life I lead had been complicated by an imposter, a perfect replicant, who 'filled in my shoes' while I was waylaid and detained in another

universe up after a freak accident inserted me there in the first place. And although this imposter/clone did me justice and honor by dying in a very Honorable way in defense of the Empire, obviously it wasn't my time to die, because here I am, returned from another place and another time. My time in the other universe, however, in large parts, cannot be accounted for because the process of cloning itself is extremely traumatic, and causes memory losses for the original. There's still times and memories in the universe from "before" my insertion into the other one, that I cannot recall. Only with help of friends and records can I reconstruct most of the spurious memories from my life. But then how do we know that the Khorghan (whether this one, or another) that is standing in front of you is the REAL one? Well just keep in mind: 'Old Khorghan's never die, but are probably clones and will pop up every now and again.' Maybe HE was the real one..and I am the clone, even "I" am not sure of that one, seeing for some time I lost my self-identity, and spent time in another place where I used part of my name, and rarely the entire moniker.

## SECTOR 8

filed by Capt. Borg Zantai K'Mpeç

⇒⇒ Capt. Borg Ql'mpeç: Back in april, I joined a Star Wars FanForce Club called the 'San Diego Star Wars Society'. that was started by several local Star Wars fans. On May 16th I also attended my first-ever Midnight Showing of a film called 'Star Wars: Attack of the Clones'. As of June 1st, this was the start of my 5th year of Internet access via MSN TV (Web TV). It's allowed me, to be in contact with so many people from different parts of this planet. In August, I'm going to be attending two conventions. First up is San Diego's Comic-Con International, which I'll be attending only on Saturday-August 3rd. The second convention I'll be attending with Carrie, as it is for a British Rock Band known as QUEEN. The convention is called BreakThru 2002 which is being held in Cleveland, Ohio; on August 16-18. I've noticed that most Queen fans are also Sci-Fi fans.

⇒⇒ Maw'qu Karizan: I've recently moved to Palm Springs and I am working in a spa there. Not much time to do nay writing or anything Klingon, though it's sure as hot as Qo'noS here! I hope to get e-mail again soon.

⇒⇒ Aze! Tavana: All is quiet on this front. No major victories to report, no losses I care to report. At least there is a renewed interest in the rpg after a two year hiatus. Volar has made it very enjoyable to

get back into. That's about it, hope everyone has a great summer.

## GSD Sector

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

⇒⇒ Ethel Clarke, Gordie MacKinnon, and Pete Brown: Our mundane lives have been front and center again this quarter, but we have all three finally managed to participate (and look forward to continuing to do so!) in the role-play. That was/is fun! Unfortunately, RL tends to interfere with that pleasure -- see my opening comment re Peter!

Mundane has not been boring however! Let's see...

Peter's son, participated in a school fund raising drive, which netted me a fine crop of plants. After several weeks of poor weather, the young student and I planted our crop, of which all but two seem to be recovering and beginning to grow. About the time the plants were arriving, the work season for Peter began -- and so did the invasion of the small brown ants! Peter has been doing some fancy two-stepping when he's been home, and feeding them a truly rare vintage of ant repellent in between bouts of playing Dragon Siege, watching TV and dreaming up new ways to perturb the Abbott with the help and support of the Daavii! Truth to tell we miss Pete when he's on the road, but he comes back fresh every now and then so we can regale him with our stories of life in Spider Hall (aka THE Mausoleum) when he returns! Gordon had a hard May. The unexpected and tragic death of one his oldest and closest friends rocked his world hard. He is coping, but he misses Wayne terribly. He too, (as are Peter and I), is hooked on Dragon Siege. Though Gordon has already completed the game once, I'm confident that the difficult level will prove a challenge for him this month. When he gets fed up with the PC games, there's always DVDs, television, thinking up new ways to torture the Abbot, and getting out with friends for RPG nights and/or coffee. At the end of May I managed to scare the Big Guy with a fire-hose/hydrant propelled flu bug. When the Dr. tells you at the beginning of a week that you "may have a touch of a gastro-intestinal bug that's on the go", be afraid! Be Very Afraid! This stuff makes the blue liquor at the Blood Bar look like a health tonic. Thanks to Peter, Gordon and another friend, I was well taken care of during this 48-hour flushing of the system! UGH!

May 31st our mid-size side-by-side fridge decided that since we had the 4 girls on

the weekend, Peter and his son, AND company from New Brunswick, that it would be a good time to turn into a heating unit rather than a cooling/freezing unit! We came home with a van-load of groceries to discover to our horror, we'd lost about C\$500 worth of meat, juice, fish, etc -- the recycling folks are going to love our green bin on Tuesday's pick-up (you can only put your recycling out every 2nd week here and the food is a recyclable!). Ah we thought, the cooling side is still working and it'll keep the milk etc. we just bought cold! Nor! Saturday a.m. in the midst of dismantling a door frame, frantic calls to the store to make sure that with its doors off we could get our new fridge in, cutting off the cupboard over the fridge, and 4 dental appointments, we discovered that the fridge was HEATING UP! Three bags of ice and unplugging it should work! NOT! The ice bags had holes in them, as they melted.....you get the picture! June 1st was not fun! Then on June 2nd the new fridge blew up one of its tempered glass shelves destroying a turnip and 6 onions in the process by covering them with glass! Warranty covered the faulty glass and the veggies went in the trash!

Having survived that weekend, replacing the two idler arms for the van the following Tuesday -- it wouldn't pass Motor Vehicle Inspection (an annual requirement here) without them --, and finding that my eldest daughter's C\$760 bill for wisdom teeth extractions ARE covered by my insurance (we think), we looked forward to a quiet, peaceful, weekend June 7-9. It has so far been quiet, but not mundane! I decided to TremClad our rusted railing on our wrap around deck. A truly mind-numbing exercise, since it took 6 hours to do about 6 feet, because it's got all this fancy scroll work in it. Ok, I'll admit I was getting more than a little punch drunk from my eyes crossing trying to see upside down on the under side of the outside of the railing, but I swear what I write next is gospel -- no embellishments! We have a lot of two kinds of insects around the house this year - ants and bumble bees. Yes, the spiders have been outnumbered, although they are still plentiful. I'm sitting down working at the bottom of the metal railing when I'm joined by a curious and friendly bumblebee. Normally they buzz by you when you're working and leave. This one liked the lovely shade of white that I was putting on the railing. He hovered at the floor level of the deck, rose like a mini-helicopter, and then -- oh Horrors!!! -- he landed on the freshly painted support post to my left! White bellied now, I thought for sure he'd be

upset, but no! This little character lands again! and again! and again! He loves the stuff! I watched as he actually tasted the paint over and over, and rubbed his legs on it! When he was finally satiated, he flew out about 4 feet from the deck, hovered at my eye level and appeared to be memorizing exactly where the "good stuff" was!!! Then off he went. I'm sure he was thoroughly disappointed to discover that by his next trip the paint was dry and his "nectar" had evaporated! All 4 girls appear to be going to grade again this year. Dorothy will be off to Grade 10 in a new school; Emma and Jennifer to Grade 8 in their respective junior highs; and Jessica into Grade 6 and her final year at her current school. Young women all, we are very proud of them. Peter's son will also be grading and I believe he is going into Grade 7. A young man with some good surprises in store for us as he matures, I'm sure! Anyway folks, as you can see, life has been anything but dull! Expensive, harried, stressful, painful, funny, rewarding and disappointing by turns, but not dull. May your summer be filled with as much sun as you want and as much rain as you need; and may all your troubles (tribbles?) be little ones!

⇒⇒ Thought Admiral K'Lay epetair-K'Onor-Chang / Margie McDonnell-Welsh: Spring has finally sprung in the Maritimes, and I've been busy this past quarter, in addition to my usual KSF work, attempting to put roots down in the not-nearly-as-frozen North. (Who says you can't garden in an apartment?) So far I've successfully:

- \*\* turned our extra bedroom into a wall-to-wall vegetable and herb jungle which summer company will have to circumnavigate to find the guest bed
- \*\* filled every spare coffee can and mixing bowl we have with magic soil and seeds.
- \*\* covered the balcony we share with M'Red and his wife with a plethora of aromatic fertilizer and pollen profuse vegetation, most of which M'Red is allergic to.
- \*\* attracted a hive of quite annoying (if not killer) bees.
- \*\* repeatedly watered the heads of the occupants on the balcony below us, and thus learned curse words in a new language!

A little water never hurt anyone, I say..... Ditto the nettles which I'm sure would make a lovely bouquet for the editor who is recommending extensive revisions on my latest romance novel, if only I can get them through US customs. I wonder what would happen if I crossed poison oak with a geranium? (There are those who may regret that I ever transferred to

Science and Technology Command Division.....)

⇒⇒ The Abbot/ Doug Welsh: I have to admit that my life has been quiet the past Quarter. I appeared where I was supposed to appear, when I was supposed to appear, and said what I had been told to say. No, wait, that was the Quarter before, when we got married! OK, so this quarter really has been quiet. We have been doing a little traveling to my old hometown, Moncton, NB, to keep an eye on my mother and on various old friends. We had a friend come to visit from England for a few days, giving him a bit of a break from his grandchildren up in New Brunswick and showing him a bit of Nova Scotia in the bargain. He enjoyed it so much he's coming back in July! In my non-Klin life, I have been writing a series of lectures and papers on Masonic topics (I've been a Mason for 27 years) and learning how to maintain the websites I own relative to that side of my life. I learn slowly. LOL!

⇒⇒ M'Red DorDeth/ Sean Prosser: Sean has been working a night shift at a call-centre for so long we are starting to think that pasty white colour is natural. Course, he DOES love Buffy, soooo... He blew out his back a couple of weeks back, and has been in so much pain that the people in the next building were starting to complain about the moans. They stopped when we said they could swap apartments with us (he livces across the hall from the TA and I). He'll be lying low for a good while. Best chance to put things over on him in 4 years! See ya!

### **GSE Sector**

Filed by Vice Admiral qe'San Sutat be'raun

⇒⇒ V. Adm qe'San Sutat be'raun - **Jon Brown**: Like a lot of people I get to this stage and wonder what to write.. Emails have helped keep people know how my life going and what I've been up to. There are however members who have neither regular or even any internet access. It's also a way of recapping myself as to what I've been up to. Its a way of recapping my life and sharing it with everyone. So enough of my pussyfooting around, here's my Post Report:

⇒⇒ Lt Kai Kai Droeklon - **Alberto - stardate may 31 2002 time index 7:58 pm reporting**: theres `t much to tell on mi report this quarter or this month.

I, i have `t ben to star trek shows only to stingray 82 camaro corvette firebird and next meeting be june 16th 2002 in zwijsdrecht that near rotterdam i start a eh

sort club links is  
<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/stingrayclub82/> and start to put all the pictures i also start small community on msn  
<http://communities.msn.com/ikvthunderwo>  
 lf

star trek new show some one took it on tape could't see it cause of snowy on the tv club is dutch fly club when there meeting i have to choose between stingray or star trek or there no funding i also wanna buy a klingon suite i thought of black pants black boots black coat.

shutelcrast still same opel corsa CDX automatic B model 4 years old mean time there C model still have the B model

i was working on a star ship modified next gen cruiser, inspired on bird of prey

basic ready need new paint jobs get new one trial period other volunteer job still the same

on june 16th 2002 - today i went to meeting stingray 82 (camaro corvette firebird at george marshal museum was held under rotterdam in zwijndrecht i drove away at 10 got there at 11 around 11 am i was first as always and i enter the museum which was all about second world war i saw some nice trucks !!!!!. was like wow man nice.

the staff came 11:30 with 1 corvette and member came at 11:45 turn out wasn't that much. 3 trans am 1 camaro vetttes we had few generations vettes 1 bandit black golden trans am. dark bleu silver camaro green golden 92 gra. 89 or 90 plan bird

At 3 drove away how i did i missed a turn so i end up enjoy country side the corsa did do very well

⇐ **Capt Kovan Kas Chang:** Well after a year and a half on leave from the club I have now been able to come back to the fold. I have missed everyone so much. It has been nice to catch up with old friends.

Workwise I have now settled after a big promotion and back to working normal sociable hours, with more interesting work.

Other than that there hasn't been much to tell.

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲  
 - THE GREAT ESCAPE -

By M. Wagar/K'logh

The Date.....July 1942

The Location.....A prisoner of war camp somewhere in Canada

I am Major Hans Zimmer, and this is my story.

it all began one morning when my position was over run by Candian Military personnel after heavy shelling for most of the night, my troops and I engaged superior enemy numbers. We fought valiantly, but alas there were too many of them. a grenade was tossed into our bunker and the concussion killed or wounded most of my men, I was spared injury when my platoon Sgt threw his body in the path of the deadly shapnel, that did not save me from the concussive effects of the blast and I was rendered unconscious. when I awoke some days later I found myself in a British Field Hospital. I then realized that I was taken prisoner and that the war was over for me at that point., or was it?

After a short recovery period I was placed on a prisoner train bound for Normandy, once there my fellow prisoners and I were herded aboard a hospital ship and transported to England. after a three hour, extremely rough crossing, we arrived somewhere in England and were immediately put on a troop train bound for London. I soon realized that I was the only officer amongst the other prisoners. this was to have a great bearing on what was to happen. Once in London I was separated from the non commissioned officers and taken to a temporary holding facility where I assumed I would be interrogated. I was asked questions but not once was I mistreated by my captors. these english are a funny lot. with all the damage I had seen inflicted on the British Capital, I was certain there would be some repercussions. I found out later that, because I am an Army front line officer that any information I could provide would be of little value.

I was quartered in one of the few undamaged hotels in the city that had been converted into a secure holding facility where I was to cool my heels until later that week when I was once again placed in shackles and transported to a Hospital ship bound for North America. It is ironic in a way, I had always wanted to visit America but I had no idea this would be the way I would make it there.

The crossing was rough and not unlike our captors we knew full well that we could be a target of one of our U-Boats. the Allies have a lot of faith in the rules of war, they firmly believe that a marked hospital ship would not be a target for a U-boat Captain. The Allied Military authorities had no idea that our boats were under orders to sink anything flying the flag of an unfriendly country, and that included Hospital ships. I had considered informing our captors of that little fact, but if a sinking meant possible escape then so be it. I decided to say nothing even if it meant certain death for my compatriots and I

Unfortunately or fortunately depending on your viewpoint, the crossing went without incident and we soon found ourselves disembarking in a city called Halifax where we were to board a train headed west. Such opulance!!! the train we were transported in was nothing like the trains we ship allied soldiers in. the food was hot and the accommodations quite luxurious. although we were under guard at all times we were allowed to roam the train freely. I soon found out that I was destined for a P.O.W. Camp in a place called British Columbia, which I learned later was the western most province in Canada. after a few days on the train we arrived in a town called Revelstoke, where we left the train and were loaded into military vehicles and transported to

our new prison camp for the duration of the war. I soon found myself separated from the men I travelled with. I along with a number of other officers were taken to a small town called Trail where a facility had been established to house officers of the Third Reich. I have no idea where the non coms were taken.

Once I arrived at the camp, which I was later informed was called camp internment facility 26, I was ushered to the camp commandants office with the other new arrivals (, a young army lieutenant, a U-boat commander, myself and a stuffy SS officer named Gruber, who was later moved to a special camp set up for the SS) we were read the camp rules and then assigned quarters. I gathered my gear and reported to my barracks. Once I settled in I left the barracks and began to familiarize myself with the camp. It was your typical military installation, a series of blockhouses lined up in a proper military fashion with a cookhouse, and messhall at one end and the camp commandants office and quarters for the Camp guards at the other end on the outside of the perimeter wire. there were guard towers at each corner and one tower in between those. approximately 6 ft from the inner wire was what was called the killing zone. I was informed that anyone crossing that line would be shot with no questions asked there was an electrified outer wire just beyond that. the surrounding tree growth had been cut back to a point that I figured to be some 300 yards, if a tunnel was to be dug it would involve a lot of digging. and digging they were. as an adjutant Major in the Heer ( German Army) I was soon included in the escape attempt. I was informed by the conspirators that the tunnel was approximately halfway between the outer

wire and the tree line. I soon threw my lot in with these other officers and took my turns digging and sweating with the others, knowing that at any moment the tunnel could collapse, or our plans could be discovered. during one of my shifts in the dark depths of that tunnel I found myself working next to the young lieutenant I had arrived with. I learned that his name was Heydrich Kietel (grandson of General Kietel of the German High Command) we soon struck up a freindship and saw to it that we worked together. I learned that he was captured in much the same manner as myself. he was wounded and left for dead on the beaches of Normandy. he was discovered , half buried , by a french peasant who was combing the beaches for any arms or ammunition that may have been left behind by advanceing allied troops, I discovered that the French Resistance regularly visited recent battlefields for arms that they needed to fight us. The young Lieutenant was dug out of his predicament and sent to a field hospital where he had a broken leg ( since healed) set . he was taken to a French hospital and held there till he was well then transported along with myself and the other two officers to this camp. we talked of the old days before the war when the world trembled at the sounds of our military might. I learned he was came from Pure Prussian Military aristocracy as were a good many other officers in the army, myself included. when we weren't down in the hole ,as we called it, digging our hearts out, we could be found wandering the camp and talking about the old country, I soon found out that , although we

did not know each other, our families did. this cemented the bond and I resolved myself to seek out this young man when the war was over and we were once again in our homeland.

After a couple weeks of digging we finally reached the tree line and began to dig upwards to the forest floor when the tunnel was within a few inches of the surface, the senior officers in the camp( including me) were called to the ranking German officers quarters to decide on a date for the break and to be handed the documents that we needed to pass as ordinary civilians. we decided on the following teusday night because it was a new moon and the forcast called for heavy clouds. it was perfect, the conditions called for complete darkness, there would be no moonlight to betray us. the next few days were heavy with anticipation. There is a noticable air of tension in the camp, it is amazing that our captors have not picked up on this. our Camp commander is know to be a stickler for regulations, and rumor had it that the last escape attempt resulted in the deaths of all involved. we resolved not to let that happen again. as in the enemy forces, it is the duty of ever officer captured to attempt to escape. Before I was captured I had heard reports of similar instances in our own P.O.W. camps, so the element of danger was anticipated.

After a few stress filled days , the time had come, at midnight , when the sky was darkest, we would make our break. we drew lots to see what order we would go, I drew a number that would put me in in the middle of

the pack to leave. the young lieutenant drew the number next to mine. we would leave together. if all went well and no one was discovered coming out of the hole we would soon be on our way east where we hoped we could find transport back to Germany or some other friendly port.

At midnight we made our move. To avoid being detected those in the first stick would all be in the proper barracks for thier time, those in the following waves would make thier way to the escape tunnel in the exit barracks at predetermined times , this was to avoid arousing the suspicions of the roving patrols who made it a habit of holding spot inspections at all hours. they were very predictable however, always following the same routine. This made it easy to sneak about the camp after lockdown without being caught outside barracks after curfew

( some of the guards were known to shoot first and ask questions later)

My time and the young lieutenants time came and we made our way to the tunnel. we crawled through and made our way tot he exit in the forest. this would be the last time I would see the Young man untill were made our way back to Germany. after vowing to find each other after the war we went out seperate ways, he going north, I making my way south.

That is the end of Major Zimmer's journal, he was shot and Killed attempting to escape by Canadian police shortly afterwards.

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Well folks , thats the story of major Zimmer and the end of my involvement in the teleplay

I choose to tell the story that way because , quite frankly I didn't know how else to start and you all know how I can be with a story. (grin) anyway it was a very enjoyable experience,, the barracks at the location were perfect for the prison camp setting . there is an ongoing aircadet summer camp there and they were gracious enough to vacate one set of block houses so that we could do this, the tunnel sequences were set up in an unused hanger. the sets were well done and one could almost imagine himself back in the actual camp ( the camp and story are fictional but apparently based on some true events)

I have to hand it to the other participants because just about eveyone there made thier own costumes for this ( tight budget and all) and most were very convincing. We got alot of second looks from those that were unaware of what was happening, and the look on the locals at the resturant where we had our meals, were priceless, you all know what kind of respose we get when we go out in public as our beloved Klingons, this was better,, MUCH BETTER!!! (bigger grin) sorry guys, but when an old guy walks up and says "I used to shoot at you guys, and you have the audacity to shoot back" it kinda makes the stares you get as a klingon Tame. perhaps I'm looking at it from a different perspective though.

The rehearsals that we did paid off, we managed to do the whole thing in 9 takes. the fact that it was essentially a stage stage play done in front of cameras instead of an audience made a big difference in the fear factor ( no pun intended) and yes Azel Mothra was there too. :) the added benifit of having an outdoor sequence gave the project that motion picture quality. we kinda had to do my death scene that way because setting up a forest in an indoor location can be difficult. Personally I think i could have done a better job on the accent. This project will by no means win any awards and is really the senior year project of a U-Vic Visual Arts student, and the amature quality shows, not that what I've seen in playback was all that bad but you could clearly tell that we were all pretty much new at this. Remeber this is an amateur production. Perhaps once all the editing is done it will be better. NowI know I said I would be trying to take some pictures of all this but due to the heightened security postures present since 9/11/01 at all canadian military bases, this was not possible ( Thanks Ossama ya bastard!!!!). but once I get a copy of the finished product I'll try and take some scene grabs, otherwise you'll all have to wait till I find out the air dates , times and channels. this was a very enjoyable experience for me and I hope I get another chance to do this again

This is a sort of run down on what happened

7:00 a.m. breakfast (military style,, eyuch)  
 8:00 a.m. lot call  
 8:30 a.m. a walk through of the sets and final review of the script (Thank god for teleprompters, we didn't have to rely on memorized lines)  
 9:00 a.m. shooting starts, and stops a few minutes later,,problem with the audio  
 10:00 a.m. audio problem sorted out and we begin shooting  
 11:45 a.m. two takes later the first sequence is in the bag  
 12:00 p.m. break for lunch, shock the hell out of the locals, get bitched at by an actual WWII veteran, something about disrespect to the war dead,, he calmed down once it was explained what we were doing( Laughed about it all day)  
 1:00 p.m. finished lunch , get back on the bus and head to the second set for the tunnel sequences  
 1:10 p.m. Stopped by the cops for speeding, imagine HIS surprise when he saw what he pulled over, took the ticket and drove away with him shaking his head (Laughed about that all day too )  
 1:30 p.m. assembled at the tunnel set and began shooting ( no audio problems this time)  
 4:45 p.m. finished shooting the tunnel sequence, did that in 5 takes, poor lighting was the culprit this time around, the lighting had to be adjusted a few times in order to get clear shots of the principles.  
 5:00 p.m. Break for dinner, go to a different restaurant this time, once again shocked the hell out of the locals but most seemed to enjoy it, I imagine the area will be talking about the day the Germans came to town for a while.  
 6:55 p.m. arrived back at the set for the final shooting and find ourselves with some slack time everyone has been working so well together that we have moved faster than we had anticipated. so now we have to wait for it to get dark to do the tunnel exit scene  
 11:45 p.m. finally dark enough to start shooting, the whole sequence goes off with out a hitch and we do it in one take. the director is beside himself.  
 Saturday  
 12:35 a.m. Shooting finished for the day and we can get out of our uniforms and have a party  
 3:30 a.m. Party over and we head to our lodgings for the night  
 7:45 a.m. Wake up call,,,,, hungover ( my bad)  
 8:00 a.m. Breakfast,, drank Coffee (LOTS!) and had cereal  
 (its amazing how loud cherrios crunch when your hung over)  
 9:30 a.m. My final sequence: I'm gonna go into detail here cause i think this was my best part the scene is this,  
 the Authorities have picked up my trail and are pursuing me vigorously. I was spotted by a local and reported, they have been chasing me most of the night and have cornered me on the edge of an open field, I'm hiding just inside the treeline looking for an avenue of escape, the dogs are howling and I can hear english voices all around, I decide to attempt to escape across the open field rather than be taken again. when I think the time is right I bolt, I hear a sudden yell and see an english soldier pointing in my directing and shouting for the other to come.  
 I am running for my life, gunfire is heard and just as I get about 3/4s of the way across, I'm hit and go down. the last shot of me in this project is my character face down near the opposite tree line with neat little hole in the middle of my back.  
 Major Zimmer is dead  
 Shot while attempting to escape by a local police officer  
 I take  
 12:00 p.m. go for final lunch with the others and then begin my drive home.

Well that was it, it took only half the time to do my part in this that I expected, I'm glad I took the time to learn this character,, my family and friends were beginning to think I was turning German for real. this was great opportunity for me and even if it never leads to bigger and better

I can say with all honesty that I was once an actor.

Again, as soon as I get the details on airing dates and times I will forward them to the group

I thank you all for the well wishes and encouragement, especially to K'Lay and Azel

K'logh/Mike



## - FAR STAR Pt II. Ch IV -

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The runabout pad was bustling with activity. A crew of about ten technicians, a mix of Starfleet and Bajoran as well as male and female, were hard at work fixing all that was amiss with the *Far Star*. They had the starboard warp nacelle completely dismantled, trying to get at the two problematic coils. There were welders hard at work fixing small blast points all around the ship, especially on the roof of the cockpit. And she could see more people moving inside the ship, working on her replicator, and her plasma relays, and who knew what else. Starfleet technicians were known for finding problems you didn't know were there. That's why they had decided to come to a Federation outpost: a good thorough shakedown of the ship. Among other things.

Q'Hettor saw Chief O'Brien coming around from behind the ship and flagged him down. He walked briskly in her direction.

"Hello, Miss QendeH. I--"

"Please, Mr. O'Brien, call me Katie. Everyone else does."

"Alright, Katie," he replied. "You may as well call me Miles. It seems we're going to be working together for a while here."

"Why?"

Well, It seems...You know, we fixed the replicator, why don't we go in and have a bite. I've got quite a few things I wanted to bring up."

"Certainly," Katie said, and headed into the ship, with Miles close behind her.

When they arrived at the small dining room, Katie punched up a menu on the replicator's command console. "Shall we order up a meal, or just a tea?"

"I'd be fine with just coffee," Miles said, and added "Black, double sweet."

"How about a tray of scones, with honey?" she asked.

"That sounds fine."



Katie ordered everything up and brought it over to the table where Miles was sitting. He helped himself hungrily to one of the large, warm, buttermilk biscuits, smothering it with honey from the small pot on the tray. He decided he was hungrier than he had first thought.

"Now," Katie said, "What was it you wanted to discuss?"

"There are a few minor problems we found with the ship that weren't on your list."

"Such as?"

"Well, your EPS taps were almost shot. We've replaced them with an upgraded model that should give you more efficient power usage onboard the ship. While we were replacing those, we found a hairline fracture in the port power transfer conduit. We're in the process of swapping that out right now. But the worst problem is your rear starboard antimatter pod."

"What about it?" Katie asked.

"It's cracked."

"Cracked?" Katie asked, incredulous.

"We found a microfracture at the cellular level in the ventral wall of the pod. The entire pod is useless and has to be replaced." The chief seemed upset by the fact that he had to deliver this news.

"Well," Q'Hettor huffed, "You must do what must be done. How much will all this cost?"

"Cost?" O'Brien asked. "I hadn't thought about that. The Federation usually performs repair work on allied vessels free of charge."

Katie almost laughed. "But the forehead should remind you, Miles," she said, indicating her cranial ridges. "We are Klingons, and as such are no longer an allied vessel. Talk to Captain Sisko, see what he has to say. I can assure you that my brother and I are both willing and able to pay for whatever repairs you make."

"And with that," she said, draining her tea, "I must be off. Thank you again for the fine work you are doing. Tell your crew to come in for tea if they like. I won't mind at all. In fact," she stood here, and headed for the door, "I insist. They look like they could use the refreshment. I will talk to you later, Chief."

And she left, leaving a very confused Chief O'Brien in her wake. But he did as she had asked, and invited the repair crew in for tea.

Back at the quarters they had been assigned on the habitat ring, Moqra met up with Q'Hettor for a late lunch. As he was changing out of his suit into a pair of blue jeans and a button-down shirt, she related the information Chief O'Brien had given her. They talked for a moment, trying to decide how they were going to use the information to their best advantage.

Moqra decided he was a very impatient person. The reason for this was the lift. Now, he knew there was only one deck in the main compartment of the *Far Star*, and that there were probably over a hundred on the station, plus the lateral tubes that the lift must have to move through, but he still felt he shouldn't have to wait this long for a lift to carry him to Ops.

Just then the lift arrived, and the doors slid silently open, revealing it's solitary passenger, Major Kira. The major did not look too thrilled to see him.

"Major, you were just the person I was coming to see," Moqra said, diplomatic charm oozing out of every pore of his body.

"Look," she said, as curt as she felt she could be in addressing a guest of the station. "I don't have much time to talk to you right now, and after the way you set me up in Quark's this morning, I haven't much inclination either. What do you want?"

"First," Moqra said, "I suppose I should apologize for that prank we played. I never would have thought your reaction to Quark's little overture of drug-induced friendship would have been so drastic, although Dr. Bashir probably should have, and Odo definitely should have, but I was just trying to be mean to the little

Ferengi toad and cheat him out of a few bars of latinum. I hope you can understand, and maybe forgive."

Kira thought for a second. "Maybe," she said, her voice marginally less grumpy than it had been a moment ago. "Walk with me, if you need to talk. I'm headed to the docking ring to welcome First Minister Shakaar aboard."

Moqra's eyes lit up, and it seemed to Kira that she could hear the wheels turning in his head. "That's exactly why I wanted to talk to you. I understand the situation between you and Shakaar, and would not want to encroach upon your free time together here, but I was wondering if there was any way I could get in to see him for about ten minutes, after all his business is done for the day. Perhaps dinner on the Promenade? My treat, of course, for both of you."

"And just what exactly is it that you want to discuss?" Kira asked, interested in dinner with Shakaar, but preferring it be with *just* Shakaar.

"Well, now, I'm glad you asked that." Moqra was all salesman at this point, rushing headlong into his spiel. "I understand that one of the main problems facing the Bajoran recovery today is the lack of arable farmland, and that the First Minister got elected to his post mainly because he promised to try and address that problem in more depth."

"All that's true," Kira said. "Are you saying you can help?"

"I think I can, Major," Moqra replied I have something the Minister might want to buy."

"What?"

Moqra looked at her, grinned and said: "Fertilizer"



## - KLUB PROJECTS -

### ARTISTS GUILD PROJECT UPDATE

STATUS: Ongoing, Accepting Submissions (& New Members)  
Project Director: Cmdr. A'qmarr ramHov vestai-K'Onor

Since my last update, I've received two items from Capt. Khaufen epetai-Juriss, CO of the Imperial Contacts Branch; his tuq Degh & the new ICB emblem. In sending them to me, he wanted it to be known that "they were adapted to the already existing symbols by Adrienne Paradis, she did the graphics... the symbols are mine." It is only right that both share credit for this effort, so... Thank you, Capt. Khaufen and Overseer Azel (Adrienne)!!

Remember, Suvwl'pu', I'm still here! I do want to see more art from our warriors (yet another hint, hint)... contact me for help & assistance in getting your crest designs "off the ground."

We also have a standing request from Dr. Lawrence Schoen, Director of the Klingon Language Institute (KLI); for portrait cover art for their journal HolQeD and other projects. In the past, Dahar

Master K'Zhen contributed many fine illustrations to KLI. Is there anyone among you who will step up to the challenge of designing such art for our honored colleagues?? If so, contact me at once so I may put you in touch with Dr. Schoen.

I'm again asking the Global Sector COs for any feedback they have about the prototype designs previously sent by my office. If any of you Sector COs want prototypes re-transmitted to you, let me know at once.

In the meantime, I am still accepting submissions AND new members. For information, send e-mail to [aqmarrksf@yahoo.com](mailto:aqmarrksf@yahoo.com)



## - 2002 KLINGON K'RISTMAS KOOKBOOK -

Filed by K'Lay K'Onor-Chang

It's time again, warriors, to dig through those replicator recipes and come up with your offerings for the Klingon K'Ristmas Kookbook. Recipes can be "real" or your own Klingon invention, and may be in any category, food or drink. This is be the fifth year for the Kookbook, put out annually at K'Ristmas time, so get your recipes in early for a good place in the book. Send any recipe along with your name to K'Lay K'Onor-Chang at [KSFCCommand@AOL.Com](mailto:KSFCCommand@AOL.Com) or land mail to:

Margie McDonnell-Welsh  
17 McFatridge Road # 31  
Halifax, Nova Scotia  
B3N 2R3 Canada

(And remember, it generally takes two stamps from the United States to Canada.)

The [recipe below](#) is our first offering of the year and is submitted by K'Logh.



- *KLINGON KITTY LITTER CAKE* -

Submitted by K'Logh

- 1 box White Cake mix
- 1 box Spice Cake mix
- 1 box vanilla wafers
- 1 box instant vanilla pudding
- 1 bag miniature Tootsie Rolls
- green food coloring
- Kitty Litter pan
- Kitty Litter scoop
- plastic flies (optional)

Prepare cakes according to directions on the box. Allow to cool. Prepare tootsie rolls by placing in the microwave for a few seconds until malleable. Manipulate soften Tootsie Rolls into "organic" forms.

Crush Vanilla wafers into small crumbs. Add a few drops of green food color and mix (you should have nice, small chlorophyll appearing crumbs)

Crumble the cooled cakes coarsely into the Kitty Litter pan (use a new pan for this, ok?) you want to simulate the color and texture of your favorite brand of kitty litter (Gritty Kitty kat litter is soft and velvety. And tastes great with milk)

Mix in the colored vanilla wafers and your Tootsie Turds.

Prepare the Vanilla pudding...while still liquid pour small dollops throughout the pan...you want that nice "Clumping" effect.

Add plastic flies (optional...but don't eat em)

Serve with the slotted litter scoop. (get a new one of those too...no one wants to taste Garfield for desert.)

There you go...bon appetite



- *ROLE-PLAY REPORT* -

CCC Summary Yo'HoD K'Obol zantai-Chang-K'Onor

The One presents the Quarterly briefing on our activities over the last Quarter.

Science & Technology Command is in a shambles, following a surprise visit from our mysterious enemy, the "Kinshaya-notKinshaya" who have been costing us heavily over the last few months. According to piecemeal reports received from the few survivors, the enemy materialized suddenly, within the detection grid, without triggering a single alarm, and bombed the main facility on Khenzia into rubble. A few warriors and even fewer scientists managed to escape with some prototypes of their current projects, and are hoping to re-establish themselves in a new location shortly, hopefully one with better security. I regret to advise that the Chief of SATCom, Cmdr. Rakqor K'Mpec, and his new Deputy were not among those who escaped. Fragmentary reports placed them both at the core of the bombardment, or on the testing range a few miles distant from the facility, and they were either killed in the bombardment, taken prisoner, or escaped into the mountains where they will try to stay alive until rescue can be effected. Our best analysis of the data indicates that they are alive, heading for the mountains and at least temporary safety. I am relying on the report of



Cmdr. Kosh Pallara-Zu-Merz, who seems to have been the last in contact with them. Cmdr. Kosh also reported that the enemy

apparently used atomics in their final assault on SATCom. We have no idea what, if anything, further can be recovered from the rubble.

Kosh and his taskforce had actually arrived at SATCom before the enemy raiders showed up, but were heavily outnumbered and outgunned. What warning they received was thanks to Lt.jg. Godon's skill in interpreting long-range scanner shadows. Kosh had planned for this possibility, and had arranged with Cmdr. KlySa'ra of Imperial Military to have several squadrons of Imperial Military warships stationed nearby in case of need. Kenara was assigned to upload the SATCom databases, and assist in rescuing personnel. When the upload was completed, they prepared to leave giving the impression of a full retreat. Thanks to careful preparation, Samwl' had been able to slave several undermanned cruisers to his own for fire control and maneuvering, giving the under strength fleet enough firepower to have at least a hope of surviving. When the enemy arrived, Kosh allowed his Security Force ships to appear to be less well trained than was the case. By so doing, he was able to take advantage of the enemy's over-confidence to drive his squadrons through the KinShaya task force, as if retreating, then turned and

attempted to grind the enemy between his squadrons as the hammer and KlySa'ra's squadrons as the anvil. Losses were high, as predicted, but Kosh was able to inflict significant damage on the enemy before breaking off and making good his escape.

Imperial Military Commander KlySa'ra, in addition to coordinating the critical defense of our retreat from SATCom and Khenzia, has been working hard to integrate the several volunteer regiments of Cardassian troops who have joined us in our attempt to fend off the predations inflicted upon the Empire by the "Kinshaya-notKinshaya" warships which have been striking at us from within the nearby nebula. Feeling that she was needed both here at veqlargh Duj mln, and at the ambush near Khenzia, she delegated the ambush operation to Lt.Cmdr. DuroQ, her Divisional XO, supported by two of her top-guns, Capt. (Marine) Kea'deC and Lt. Kerlof. They commanded a fleet of some 60 warships, split into heavy squadrons including a mix of small courier and frigate-size warcraft together with several battle cruisers and cruisers, all heavily armed. The jointly developed plan was an unqualified success in military terms, although the losses were so heavy that, against any other enemy the engagement would have been considered a loss. The "Kinshaya-notKinshaya" were either destroyed or, badly damaged, driven off. The fifteen globeships cost us more than 50 ships of all Classes. We lost over seven thousand warriors in this single engagement. We have no estimate on the enemy's body count, as we were unable to recover much more than fragments of their ships that were destroyed, and the fleet was so damaged that we were unable to follow the escaping enemy to secure the victory by tracking them to their homeports. The surviving Imperial ships of war have now been recovered and, where possible, are being repaired, hopefully in time to join the main battle fleet in our forthcoming offensive into the nebula.

Capt. Khaufen of Contacts Branch has been tractoring the "Kinshaya-notKinshaya" globeship that he and Cmdr. K'Reger captured slowly (due to its size) and has been diverted to Starbase K'Shona because of a report that an old comrade, long thought dead, had turned up on the base, with no proof of identity, and no proof of his tale of escape from prison elsewhere. Capt. Khaufen was able to confirm the identification of the warrior as his old friend Khorghan. Khorghan has now been added to Capt. Khaufen's staff, and the trip to our base at veqlargh Duj mln has resumed. The Abbot, when informed of their interrupted journey being resumed, confirmed their orders to bring the relic to the forward base, where he has also directed V-Admiral Volar of Internal Intelligence to meet with them all, to survey the ship, gather what information may be gathered, and develop a plan for the most effective use of the relic, assuming they can figure out how to make it run.

Cmdr. A'qmarr of IDS has been involved in equally productive matters, although she has not been faced with losses of the same level as other commanders. Her efforts in bringing additional allies to our aid have borne fruit. The Bajorans have agreed to send regular supply shipments to us, of medicines, staple foodstuffs and building materials, all in short supply at the forward bases. Cmdr. Reyna zantai-Kor-Zu-Merz has just escorted the first such shipment safely to our base. The only "sour" note of the mission was the discovery by the Bajorans of two containers of a substance labeled "Poison", hidden among the supplies. The Bajoran liaison, Major Kireil, was most concerned that her people would be blamed should the "poison" be used and traced back to the convoy. Cmdr. Reyna ordered testing on the substances, which confirmed to Major Kireil that the substances were not, in fact, poisons, in spite of their label. It was identified as concentrate for a Nausiccan liquor, not exactly harmless, but not truly classed as a "poison", either. The crates will be allowed to "disappear" among the Cardassian troops, who have apparently developed a taste for it second only to their fondness for kanarh. Both beverages strike me as being as flavorful and enjoyable as denebian mucus worms, but there is no accounting for taste among aliens. On other lines, Cmdr. A'qmarr reports success in negotiating open trade lines with the Ferengi, who have declined the request to join in the alliance, but have agreed to supporting us by assuming responsibility for keeping shipping lanes open and free of piracy for the duration of the approaching hostilities. Cmdr. Krysytte is to be commended for her part in arranging the Ferengi agreement; she actually sat at table with them, and ate Ferengi food. I understand she is expected to make a full recovery, soon. Lt. Koi had been detailed to pick up certain "Kinshaya" debris from our forward base and deliver the debris to Admiral Katalyia at K'Shona, but his ship was delayed by drive and cloak problems; the assignment was completed by Cmdr. A'qmarr's BOP under command of her ship's XO, Lt.Cmdr. Q'mret. Lt.Cmdr. Moqra has been continuing his "unofficial" activities on Sol III, where the "cult" of the quval'magh seems to be spreading, with temples having been built on most continents. These are being monitored. Additionally, Moqra has been continuing his negotiations with the Andorians over the Kinshaya artifacts we are now finding in such quantities, as well as certain Federation sensor technology which has come into his hands. Latest reports, however, indicate that his contact may have been removed by the Andorian ambassador, who is known to be biased against Klingons. The Andorian is close to Starfleet Admiral Blakeley, so Moqra is preparing to avoid contact with the ambassador for a while. Cmdr. A'qmarr's own assignment, to bring the Breen into our alliance, began poorly, with typical Breen distrust of outsiders. However, one of their major bases was attacked while she was in conference with the Breen High Council Chairman, by what appeared to be a

"Kinshaya-notKinshaya" attack force. The Breen were suspicious of the timing (as I would have been, also) but accepted A'qmarr's denial. They were not initially prepared to share any information on the attack with our science teams, but have been reconsidering following Cmdr. A'qmarr's invitation to their Council Chairman to visit our staging area. They are expected to arrive within days.

Admiral Katalyia has expressed her appreciation for Capt. Khaufen getting Khorghan off her station, although she was not particularly impressed with the Captain's attitude, or Khorghan's for that matter. They both struck her as insolent. Still, she released Khorghan to Khaufen without recourse to calling in troops, and she is pleased they are all off her Base. She made one interesting remark, though. She seemed to speak of the Starbase almost as a person, as if it had a life, an intelligence, of its own. Odd, that. She also reports that Il Agent T'Lara had captured the spy she had been tracking, and would shortly arrive to deposit him in Katalyia's jail cells.

Cmdr. K'Eherang of Il has at last managed to return to this Quadrant, with her crew mostly intact and ready for reassignment, following the usual Il debriefing. They should be available for the field in three weeks, or so. Q'rul Dupplm has given Intelligence briefings on the Kinshaya to senior staff at veqlargh Duj mln, and has proceeded on to IDS HQ to provide briefings on the Gorn and the Breen for senior IDS staff. T'Lara's efforts with the Terran spy she has been tracking have been successful, according to reports.

NI Chief V-Admiral Volar reports that he has begun his own investigation into the events of the attack on Khenzia, which he regards as suspicious because the location of SATCom's HQ was a secret known only to a few in the Empire, and not outside the Empire at all. He has placed the investigation in the hands of Capt. Kovan Kas-Chang, with explicit orders that maintaining the security of the Empire is to be paramount, all investigation to be subject to Imperial needs first. Being the suspicious individual he is, V-Adm. Volar has also sent an agent to attempt to get surreptitious access to the enemy globeship that Capt. Khaufen has obtained, his open invitation to examine the ship as he chooses from me disregarded. We all know he hates to use doors when windows can be forced, especially open doors. V-Adm. Volar has also met with Prior Avakhon, and has been informed of the CGC's intentions with regard to the "savior-child" on Sol III. Other NI agents have been reported to be in place to watch for warriors who talk too much, and spies who poke too much. Where they are deployed remains classified, on a "need to know" basis only.

Prior Avakhon has reported that several avenues of inquiry have been giving results,

although it is too soon to say if those results will help, or harm, our cause. My sister, TeH'Hel, has found several ancient scrolls which seem to make certain prophecies which have been confirmed by her historians. Among them are scrolls pertaining to a certain "savior", and the faith that evolved around the prophecy, which may well be the root from which the current fervor regarding the Paris' child have sprung. The Prior has developed a plan to bring the child within our sphere of influence which has the support of V-Adm. Volar and NI, as well as his own Corps, and he is pursuing that plan now, by going to Sol III himself. Over the objections of nagh gor, the Abbot's appointee as head of the Corps' fleet (the Daavit warrior who has never been successfully investigated by either NI or II), Avakhon has taken only a small squadron of Order ships with him. He has also taken the precaution of sending a covert agent well ahead. This agent is human by birth, but is considered loyal to the Empire. No further details were disclosed, on the agent or on the plan.

Admiral, we have continued to absorb heavy losses during our buildup, but I believe we are now near the necessary level of strength to take this battle to our foe, instead of waiting for him to come to us. I hope to be able to commence action within the week.



#### CGC Summary

The Abbot has left the Monastery on Boreth, to take command of the Fleet forming in the tuchta mlch, a Fleet he hopes will be strong enough to stop the incursions by the Ancient Enemy, and even, perhaps, push them back to their own homeworlds, wherever they may be. The glory is in the battles which this Fleet will fight, but the scutwork of reports and requisitions and mediations and training schedules and arguments with Yard managers are what get that Fleet ready to fight. That part of a war is not dealt with in great detail in the Warrior's Academy, but the Abbot is very familiar with the unending hours needed before a fight can even be considered. In the midst of the reports burying his desk, he has found one of special interest, from his Sword-Sister TeH'Hel. Her searches in the ancient libraries may be bearing fruit, already, as she has found a scroll which speaks of the Quvah'magh in greater detail than any known sources. At the same time, Prior Avakhon, still somewhat reeling from the changes he has undergone since being freed from his former status as a weapon, is organizing an attempt to entice the terangan parents of the child to bring her to the Empire, for protection from dissident factions, and to have her close by, in case she really is to play a part in saving our race. He has concluded an arrangement with Internal Intelligence to support the attempt to bring the child closer, and he is now enroute to Terra to take personal charge of that assignment, following in the wake of a

covert operator that even Internal Intelligence knows little about, one who will be indistinguishable from all the other Terrans on Sol III, for he is human. His true allegiance to the Empire, and in particular to the Abbot, is not known on Earth. Prior Avakhon has followed with a small squadron of fast ships. While he would have felt better to have more support, in case of need, he has stayed with a small force to hopefully convince the Parises of our good intentions, rather than making them certain we would force the matter. His Security Chief, the silent Daavit known only as Nagh Gor spoke in favour of taking more than a single small squadron, but has remained silent since the decision was made. Avakhon hopes that silence only means that Nagh Gor agrees that more ships would create the wrong impression. He may be right. And he may not.



#### IMPERIAL SECURITY

After Kosh beamed back up to his flagship the IKV mupwl' chuS (Thunder Strike), he ordered the other Dujmey (Ships) of his wo'taH QanHung (Imperial Security) taskforce to go to Doq ghuH (Alert Red), the IKV bartoQ and the IKV qa' warn w'l' (Commanded by SoghHom Samwl' and Sogh Kenara, respectively), he had been a PADD left by Thought-Admiral K'LAY; she and Rakqor had gone to a hidden location in the mountains, they would contact him when K'LAY deemed it necessary, but they had information that the enemy would return!

A fleet of several wo'taH QanHung came out of high warp, lead by the IKV yoD qeyllS (Commanded by SoghHom Godon). The fleet of Dujmey was all that Kosh could call from other resources in the Empire, at least what he could pull from their current duties and that were within range at high warp, the fleet consisted of wej (Three) D7S's, cha' DIOH Riskadh's, and loS (Four) L42 QuD (Insurrection) Class Dujmey; with the two other DIOH's at port and starboard of the mupwl' chuS and the wej D7's being remotely controlled by Samwl', it may be enough to initiate the plan.

Communications with the ra'wl' of the wo' QI' (Imperial Military), la' KlySa'ra, and myself enabled a strategic plan that should draw the enemy out, away from SATCOM, into an area of space about 50,000 qellicams out from Veqlargh Duj mln, where the wo' QI'mey stationed bases on a planet, we would keep the Kinshaya off the surface at all costs. wo' QI' forces would place their forces barring the direction any further, using formations to pounce upon the enemy, and allowing my wo'taH QanHung armada to fly through them, to then swing around to the backside of the enemy and come about and ravage them.

I ordered for positions to be set up around the SATCOM planet and to meet the

enemy Dujmey in the likeliest route that they would approach from, a gap between the natural satellites of Khenzia is what I would take. SoghHom Godon signaled that his long range scanner showed a large mass of Dujmey were approaching the system, and that they were approaching at high rate of warp. I kept the armada at high alert and ordered all weapons powered up in anticipation of the confrontation with the enemy.

We did not have long to wait, the enemy came through the gap in-between the moons as I had predicted, but there were more than what we had thought, about 15 to 20 of them, if our sensors were to be believed, but the Duj signatures were not showing us untruths; we were severely outnumbered and outgunned, but we would hold them, and then lead them away to be dealt with. I ordered all Dujmey to begin the attack, we would 'draw first blood'.

The enemy had formed their fleet into blocks of vagh (five) Dujmey, and after the initial surprise of finding us waiting for them, they began opening fire on us, there was no particular pattern, they were just out to smash through us to Khenzia; SATCOM seemed to be their objective, our destruction was just a secondary thought. We took the fight to them, attacking them in their weak spots! We would make them pay for their affront! I ordered the cha' DIOH's that were my 'wingmen' to take up guarding positions around Kenara's Duj, and I also ordered her not to attack the enemy, I knew it was tough to hold back, but it would be part of the ruse; to help with the plan, I had the mupwl' chuS strafe the closest enemy Duj.

As the wo'taH QanHung Dujmey continued to put up stiff resistance, we lost cha' D32's and wa' (One) QuD to the Kinshaya, their crews sent to the yo' qlj (Black Fleet), one D7S was heavily damaged, the enemy Dujmey were well defended; their firepower more than a match for ours. The mupwl' chuS took a direct hit on our starboard shields and bringing them down for a lup (Second), we lost a hardpoint with a disrupter, and vagh crewmembers as well. I felt it was time to leave Khenzia, I sent a transmission, unscrambled and uncoded on an open channel to Kenara's Duj; the data was safe on her Duj; she was ordered to 'flee' to Veqlargh Duj mln, hopefully the enemy had intercepted that.

The qa' warn w'l' and her escorts peeled out from orbit and headed on their way to the wo' QI' fleet, after a heavy and concentrated strafing run at the enemy Dujmey, trying a line of sight blocking maneuver with all of the wo'taH QanHung Dujmey from three sides, I ordered all Dujmey of the wo'taH QanHung armada to head for Veqlargh Duj mln as my flagship swung out of orbit; that should capture the enemies attention ...

It was successful, as my sensors read, the enemy had followed after an initial pause, they had scanned Khenzia and come up with nothing and following us was a logical choice; especially if they had translated my communication, they took the bait and were following us at high warp. The enemy had fired a couple of volleys of plasma at our backs, another B'Rel was destroyed outright, it crumpled from the intense fire to its rear, a couple of QuDmey suffered light damage to their hull's, no loss of life.

A tight small burst of a communication was received from Kenara indicating that our snare was ready and waiting. I alerted the rest of the fleet, we would be ready as well to complete the welcome package for the enemy, an idea researched from ancient tera'ngan archives; a battle strategy from their cha'Dlch (Second) world war, derived from a German tactician.

My sensors showed we were coming upon the coiled wo' Ql' Dujmey, about 50,000 qellicams out from their planet, I transmitted the 'GO' signal to the rest of the wo'taH QanHung fleet. With the enemy 'hot on our heels', still firing on our Dujmey rears, Kenara lead us through the preplanned holes in the wo' Ql'mey formations of Dujmey, I ordered the fleet to separate, hoping to confuse the enemy; we swung around and met at the enemies hindquarters! We unleashed our might into their packs, we had caught them in a 'caldron', with the wo' Ql' fleet mauling the enemy from the front and sides, the wo'taH QanHung fleet chewed on the hindends!

The battle was begun, heavy fire spread amongst the enemy fleet, heavy damage inflicted on their Dujmey, a couple had exploded into immense fireballs after being gnarled on by wo' Ql' Dujmey; but they lost Suvwl' and Dujmey as well to the yo' qlj, my armada took the battle to the enemy by flying in and out of the enemy pack after continuing a heavy bombardment from afar on their aft. Doing so might hasten some Suvwl'mey end, but it would be an honorable death.

The firefight seemed to last for a longish time, each side taking heavy damage and losses, the fight favoring the superior firepower and defenses of the enemy. The wo'taH QanHung fleet dwindled down by a quarter with the loss of another cha' B'Rel Dujmey (IKV Instigator & IKV tlq blr), a DIOH (IKV Suvwl' baS) and one of Samwl's D7's, but an enemy Duj also blossomed into oblivion as well! A well placed torpedo shot into an enemies' weak spot, their ion drive exhaust aperture, another D7S, the IKV Stryker, had their front shields taken out and their warp drive damaged into inoperability; they left the main melee and took up a defensive position, limping on impulse.

I then went after a Kinshaya Duj, swooping in toward the massive object, along with cha' D7S's (IKV tlq Qo'noS & IKV be'

qul), a DIOH (IKV joH lingta) and an L42 QuD (IKV Zan'zi), we wreaked havoc upon its defenses. After what seemed like an eternity of pounding the Duj with massive firepower, and after an exact strategical strike upon the only known weak spot, it began to destruct from the inside, our Dujmey flew from its proximity; the L42 was caught in the blast and the IKV be' chuch (Ice Woman) another D7S was struck aft by a last dying shot from the enemy Duj, it also blew apart in a conflagration of pieces. A lot of Suvwl' left for the yo' qlj in this confrontation.

After regrouping from the destruction, it was reported the other disrupter was disabled on the starboard side of the mupwl' chuS, and chorgh (Eight) crew also went to the yo' qlj as well. As a QuD Dujmey, the IKV Terthos, was venting plasma, and erupted in a show of fireworks; her crew passing on honorably. More honorable Suvwl' would be transferring to the yo' qlj before this conflict was finally over I felt in my bones...

LOG ENDS.

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#### IMPERIAL DIPLOMATIC SERVICE (IDS)

Still getting used to commanding one of the Fleet's largest vessels, A'qmarr ramHov K'Onor sat in her ready room. She had finished her final meal of the day and had retrieved a strong ra'taj from the food replicator when the message appeared on the terminal: Status Report Needed Now.

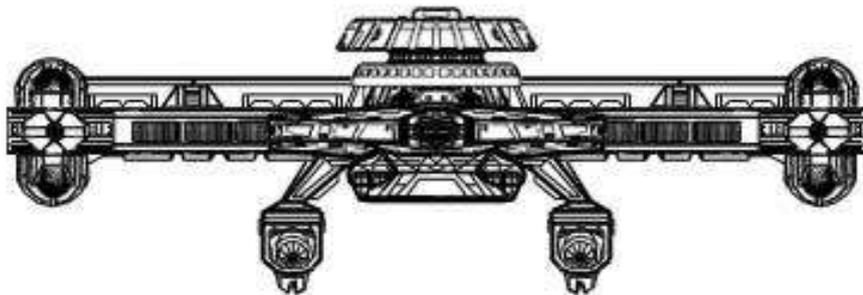
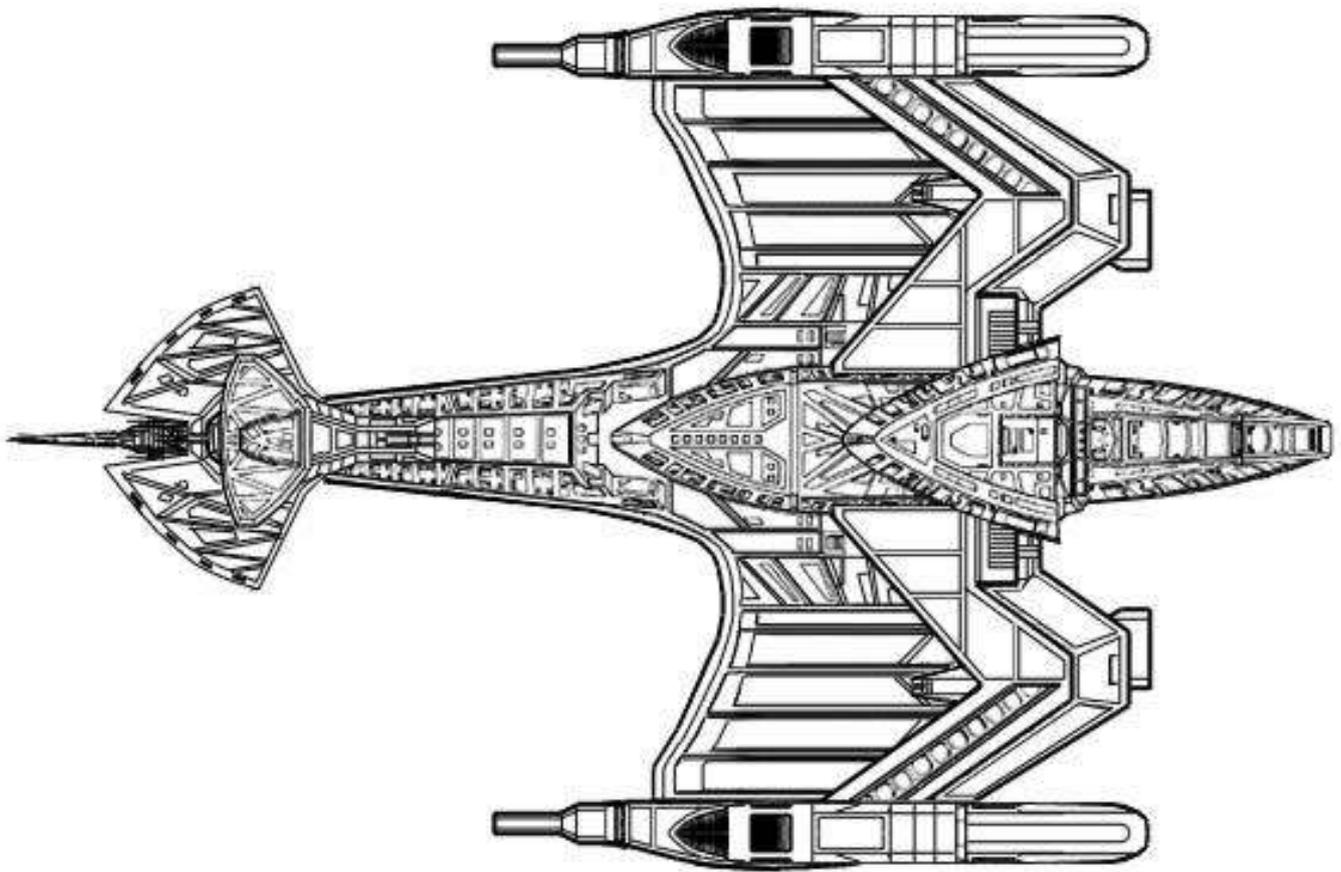
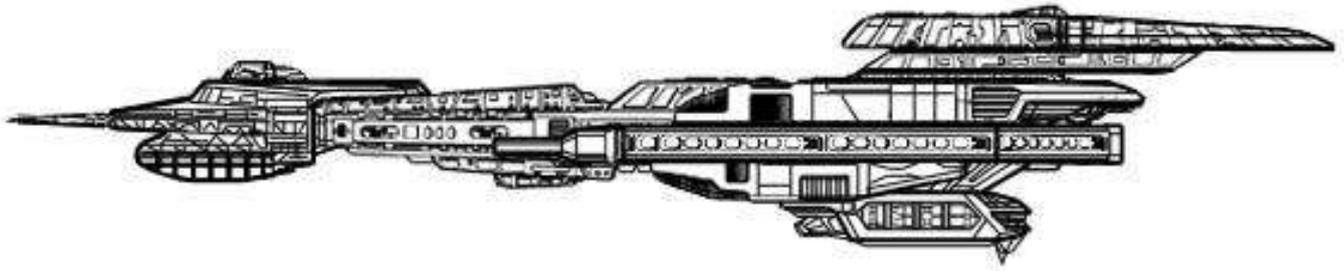
A'qmarr picked up a padd, activated it and began recording the report that Abbot K'Obol needed at once: "Lord Abbot K'Obol, IDS continues to prepare for what is to come. Commander Reyna zantai-Kor-Zu-Merz & her ship, IKV Qor yay Hem (Kor's Proud Victory), successfully rendezvoused with the Bajoran cargo transport. Despite initial misgivings from Trade Minister Nera Antos and his military advisor, Major Kireil Adami, her mission of escorting the cargo ship to veqlargh Duj mln was completed. Commander Reyna observed Minister Nera's crew inventory the food & building materials and medical supplies. However, fears were raised by the Bajorans at the discovery of two crates of poison. Major Kireil demanded that the substances be tested to insure that they weren't harmful to Bajorans. Commander Reyna was annoyed, of course, but did have the poison tested. Two test analyses indicated that the poison would not be harmful to the Bajorans. Reyna's crew also relayed to the Bajorans that, according to her ship's sensor analysis of the immediate area, there was a recent Orion & Romulan presence along their route; both ships proceeded with caution to veqlargh Duj mln. This mission was Cmdr. Reyna's first for IDS, having transferred from the IM Ground Forces

Squadron. She & her ship performed their mission well and I am pleased that she is now part of our fleet.

"As for Lieutenant Maw'qu' vestai-Karizan, he requested and received a leave of absence for personal reasons. My medical officer, Lt. Cmdr. K'velra, covertly attended to Maw'qu' along the Orion frontier and took him to a quiet 'r&r' facility in Klingon space. K'velra's report is being sent on a secure channel from my homebase in veng wa'Dlch. Commander Krysythe sutai-Ql'mpeq was negotiating with Ferengi Alliance officials to keep the supply lines open, since they aren't too keen on joining the battle to come. She, however, became ill after eating improperly prepared qeyvaq lIngta'; the offending cook was reprimanded in an appropriate manner. The negotiations were completed by my IDS Administrator, Senior Ambassador Aq'brei K'Onor, who was visiting Ferenginar. The Ferengi came to know that if the Kinshaya kill us, they'll have no one to make money from. The Kinshaya would just as soon EAT the Ferengi as trade with them. Commander Krysythe's illness is not life-threatening and she'll be back on duty very soon."

The KSF's top diplomat paused to drink some of her ra'taj before returning to her summary: "Before falling ill, Cmdr. Krysythe did 'leak' word of the artifacts retrieved from the Kinshaya attacks on our bases. The 'leaks' were made to the Federation Ambassador to Ferenginar, John David Myers. While she was doing this, Lt. Koi tai-Droklon & his ship arrived at veqlargh Duj mln, ready to take those artifacts to Starbase K'Shona. However, his IKV Thunderwolf was having minor problems with its impulse drive & cloaking device. So, instead of risking possible detection from enemy ships, the Thunderwolf stayed in orbit around veqlargh Duj mln to make repairs. My B'rel-class Scout, IKV Ql'In toDuj, was pressed into service to transport the artifacts to Starbase K'Shona. My Vessel Operations Officer, Lt. Cmdr. Q'mret, was in charge while I was away and was able to deliver the items to Admiral Kataliya within a few days.

"Lieutenant Commander Moqra vestai-QendeH, my XO, continued his dealings on Terra on two fronts. First, several more 'quvH'magh' temples have been built in North America, Europe & Australia, along with a related project in the Australian Outback; a (church-related) community he calls 'the Villages.' The community consists of three kinds of living quarters: high-rise dwellings, temporary lodging units and semi-permanent residential units with better amenities. Second, he continued his dealings with the Andorian diplomat, Sironn, with regards to the artifacts and Federation sensor technology. Our 'Merchant Prince' had discovered that Sironn's boss of an ambassador had an anti-Klingon bias, was



reluctant to share such sensor information and was contacting Adm. Blakeley of Starfleet Intelligence when Moqra lost contact with his source. The thought of having to deal with Starfleet Intelligence again is not desirable... at least, right now. I can only hope that Moqra can 'finish the job' and deliver that which we need."

A'qmarr stood for a moment, drank the rest of her ra'taj and got another from the replicator before getting back to the final part of her summary: "As for myself, Lord Abbot, the new pumwl' class Dreadnought arrived quickly and my journey to the Breen Homeworld was without incident, although the Breen Council had some initial misgivings. I hosted their Council Chairman & his aide in a conference room that my Chief Engineer adapted with dual climate controls... so the Breen could talk face to face with us without using full masks. During our talks, a Breen military base was attacked on a neighboring planet. The council chairman asked us if we attacked their base. A joint investigation, however, confirmed that it was a Kinshaya attack; which made the council chairman call for an emergency meeting. We asked the Breen to show us whatever was left after their base was attacked (for our scientists to analyze). They were selective in giving us what debris they felt 'comfortable' parting with. So, to reassure the Breen Council, we invited them to see our staging/operations base on veqlargh Duj mln. As I record this entry, we are returning to veqlargh Duj mln... with three Breen ships. The Council Chairman & his aide and two military officials are traveling in those ships. I can only hope they will find concrete proof on veqlargh Duj mln that the Kinshaya threat is real and affects them as well."

The diplomat took a long sip from her cup and concluded, "As for the name of the new pumwl' class Dreadnought you sent me, I have chosen 'IKV QI'In bath,' in memory of my friend & most trusted advisor, QI'In Hurlq 'aj, who now serves with our ancestors in the Black Fleet. For now, I end this report, hopeful that our efforts will not be wasted. (signed) Ambassador (Cmdr.) A'qmarr ramHov vestai-K'Onor." She downed the last of the ra'taj and retired to her quarters for some much needed rest.

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K'Shona Base

Admiral Katalyia Epetai K'tore-Jiraal, Commander, Reporting: Having been informed by Killon that Captain Khaufen had arrived, and that he would be accompanied by A'Kban, the aide de camp of Admiral Chang, I authorized clearance for him to beam aboard. Returning my attention to the message on the computer screen, I find that the prisoner, who had been confined to the brig for public drunkenness and disorderly conduct, was in actuality Khorghan, who had been lost in the Consortium University. But how could this be? He had been reported killed in the line of

duty. Now this? Who did they take me for? At the sound of the buzzer, indicating that someone required entrance, I glanced at my computer saying 'Not a peep out of you!' then barked a sharp "Enter."

I watched as the one identified as Khaufen and A'Kban entered and approached me. As they came to a stop at in front of my desk, Khaufen said "I am Khaufen and am here to question the prisoner you have in the brig. You are to take me to him."

I slowly stood, not liking the tone, and approached him. Meeting his hard stare, I calmly informed him, "I am the Commander of this Base and have authority over everyone on it. That includes you. I suggest you remember that when addressing me." Receiving his nod of acknowledgement, I continued "This way."

A few moments later, we arrived at the brig and the cell that held the individual identified as Khorghan. Activating the communications channel, I ordered "Khorghan, step forward. We wish to speak with you." When he was standing before us, I stated, "We will ask you certain questions. Take care on how you answer them."

At his nod of understanding, I informed him of the purposed behind our visit and about the situation with the Kinshaya. He laughed, informing me that he was very intrigued with how I've managed to get into the situation with them. This made me suspicious and my glare intensified as I demanded, in a low tone denoting that he was treading on dangerous ground, "How do we know you aren't another clone, or worse yet, one of the detested shapeshifters that we were informed of?"

Khorghan studied my stance, and remembering who I was, indicated that I had the right to ask, stated firmly, "You don't really know. But I can tell you, this is me. There will be no more clones..I destroyed the lab that made the doppelganger."

"You expect us to believe you?" I demanded in disbelief. "We are to believe that you destroyed some mythical clone lab on your say so?"

"It does not concern me whether you believe me or not. Don't ask me to try to prove that I am me. I think that'll upset you more than my presence."

"Do not use that tone of voice with me," I snarled, stepping closer to the retraining field. "Do not assume what will upset me and what will not. If I DO NOT like what I hear or Khaufen CAN NOT ascertain your identity, you will remain here. I have my ways of finding out things, and I guarantee, YOU will NOT like it." Then lowering my voice even more, "Do I make myself clear?"

Khorghan nodded before turning his attention to Khaufen. I stood patiently as they seemed to study each other for a few moments. Then Khaufen turned to me and informed me, "I can fully vouch for this

Khorghan. He is the real one."

"Fine," I stated, after studying them for a moment. "I release into your custody the one identified as Khorghan Ghlanx Chang Juriss. You are hereby responsible if anything happens. But let me warn you: I will NOT be happy if an incident should occur and neither will the BASE. Do you understand?"

"Base?" Khaufen questioned.

"You do not wish to know," Khorghan answered.

Before Khaufen could respond, my communicator beeped for attention. I opened the channel only to have Killon state "T'Lara is here." Informing him that his message was understood, I turned back to Khaufen and stated, "I would heed your officer's warning if I were you." Then turned and headed for the predetermined meeting place in regards to the Kinshaya artifacts.

I didn't have long to wait before the computer flashed that T'Lara had been successful in capturing the spy. Knowing what it wanted, I informed it 'Not at the moment'. Killon glanced at me in puzzlement, but my glare convinced him not to inquire and return to his duties. A moment later, my communicator beeped and I opened the channel, stating "Katalyia." I listened intently as T'Lara informed me of the spy's capture and the deal that she had made. A grim smile came to my face when she informed me that she was bringing him to my office to release him into my custody until his superiors could claim him. "Good work, T'Lara. I will expect you shortly."

Switching off the com unit, I turned to Killon and informed him that we would be having a 'special guest' and that he was to prepare the brig for his arrival and to use the cell that Khorghan had been confined in. At his questioning look I stated, "Yes, I know. We will have some fun with this one and maybe our 'friend' will help us in that way."

Glancing at my computer screen I saw the message: 'Let the fun begin'.

\*\*\*\*\*

SATCOM

With Khenzia and SATCOM HQ in smoldering shambles, many SATCOM personnel dead or buried in the rubble, and no telling when the devilish enemy would return to attack again, SATCOM Commander Rakqor K'Mpec evacuated as many of his personnel as he could to ships, concentrating on getting them and Top Secret SATCOM prototype equipment and information out of harm's way.

Leaving K'Lay K'Onor-Chang to call in Imperial Security to assist them ASAP, Rak'qor retrieved SATCOM data crystals, removed damaged temporal warheads from the containment building before they blew up

what was left of his installation, and then repaired his own personal land/attack vehicle (a crumpled mass of metal / Plexiglas after the Kinshaya shelling was done) as best he could. He had a plan, this to escape with the Thought-Admiral and his aide TaSou across the desert, heading towards KafuJA and the caves which were contained there in the North Central Mountains. Once there, they might, just might be able to a prototype "temporal transporter" hidden there, a device which would, if it worked, move a person or object along a time line as well as a distance line. The problem was, three brave volunteer warriors had already died trying to use it, and they had a long way to go even to reach it.

Trusting Kosh in Imperial Security to do his best to reach them before anyone had to resort to dangerous experiments, K'LAY set off with Rak'qor, braving ion and sand storms, and cursing whoever was responsible for headquartering SATCOM on such an inhospitable planet in the first place. Fifty meters short of the caves they sought, the storm finally succeeded in ripping the vehicle apart, in spite of Rak'qor's skill, tossing K'LAY and TaSou to the sand, and pinning Rak'qor in the wreckage. Worse, on the horizon, K'LAY could see the black orbs of Kinshaya ships returning. Soon, they would be searching for Prisoners of War.....or food.....which she very much feared were one and the same to Kinshaya.

Pulling Rak'qor from the wrecked vehicle with TaSou's assistance, she overrode the safety settings on the vehicle's power supply and set it to overload, hoping that if nothing else, the Kinshaya would not be able to tell if they had died in the explosion or not. Gathering what few items she could grab from the vehicular time bomb, she and TaSou dragged Rak'qor inside the nearest cave just as the vehicle exploded. When the second explosion hit, just as they crossed the threshold, she thought that there had been a secondary power supply detonation. But the mushroom cloud forming over what had been SATCOM's main HQ, and the shock wave coming at them at an alarming speed, picking up sand and rock and everything in its path, had another source altogether. She had time to throw herself across Rak'qor's body as the shock wave hit, and the front of the cave disintegrated around them, leaving them in the dark, covered up to their ridges in choking dust and rubble.

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### Imperial Intelligence

Q'rul Dupl'm briefs Klingon Forces on the Kinshaya, then proceeds to IDS HQ to brief Klingon Ambassadors on the Gorn and Breen.

Cmdr. T'Lara Juriss was sent to guard some very vital artifacts. She encountered a Terran who was working for someone who was also

interested in the artifacts. They have made a certain deal.

Cmdr. K'Eherang K'Shontan-Jiraal and her crew were pulled into the gravity field of a freak wormhole that deposited them back home in the Alpha Quadrant, a few light years from K'Shona base. They are heading to K'Shona to re-establish contact with the rest of their division.

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### Internal Intelligence

During the troubled attacks on Khenzia and the near obliteration of the near obliteration of the SATCOM, K'LAY K'Onor-Chang was apparently investigating the science division for some reason or another just prior to loss of contact. As the divisions remaining command officer, Volar K'zota-K'Onor accepted the throne of command and began his own investigation into the Khinshaya Incident on Khenzia and exploitive propaganda that initiated from the religious sect. Dispatching a returning Captain Kovan Kas-Chang to get a first hand grasp on the Khenia mess, Volar issued strict orders that the planet and its surroundings was to be considered within the full jurisdiction of NI authority and granted Kovan expressive rights to ensure the safety of the Klingon Empire at all costs.

Previously having granted monetary funds from military accounts to assist the lingering Qo'Nos mach, Special Agent Lauryn r'Dhiemn-s'Lhoell was sent to make contact with Overseer Azel Tavana. Never quite revealing her true loyalties, the two struck up a rather unusual professionalism. Her true mission was to secure safe recovery of some artifacts recently recovered and enroute to Abbot K'Obol K'Onor, however reluctance to accept the request from an unknown and possible spy, Azel learned more of her visitor than Lauryn had wished. Dubbed "Shade," Lauryn left with a welcomed return, but Azel remained full of curiosities of her new ally.

Krowgon arrived shortly thereafter on Qo'Nos mach, reuniting with Azel and commencing a long overdue reunion of friendship. Azel's station had once again turned into a popular port-of-call during the yet again another rising of battle along the front lines. Struggling to keep her station funded and without intrusion from foreign governments, the welcomed sight of her friend Krowgon brought many memories back.

Meanwhile, Volar met Avakhon to personally investigate the rumors fed on by the newly initiated Prior of Durgath. During such Volar learned much of CGC's apparent goals in delving into the sacred texts and prophecies that revolve would the Savior of the Empire, though leaving only his aide, Qrak'y'n, Volar returned to the IKV Star

Demon and left orbit. Still in search of attaining undisturbed readings of these so called artifacts of the Kinshaya, Volar sought out Khaufen Juriss, the pilot escorting said goods. With Lauryn's contacts out of commission, Mikel and K'Thug missing during their last mission in search of a mission Obsidian Order base, and his own blood brother's back turned, Volar silently vanquished all knowledge of the oath and set his eyes higher. Still...something hadn't seemed quite right with these turn of events.

\*\*\*\*\*



### Imperial Military

On veqlargh Duj mln, training of the Cardassian and Klingon troops was continuing as the Imperial Diplomatic Service hosted a War Council Meeting. A number of ambassadors, military commanders and other high-ranking officials from various worlds of the Alpha Quadrant were in attendance. The meeting was designed to garner support, both military and monetary, for the inevitable battle that was to come against a new and powerful enemy.

Most of the Imperial Military officers were aboard their ships, continuing preparations for the upcoming war when an urgent message was received at the base located in the northern mountains. It was from Cmdr. Kosh zantai Pallara Zu-Merz of Imperial Security. The message said that Kosh was bringing 12-15 Khinshaya vessels to a location approximately 50,000 qellicams from veqlargh Duj mln, and that he requested that the Imperial Military join him there for a glorious battle.

Cmdr. KlySa'ra vestai VelaH'. C.O. of the Imperial Military immediately dispatched 60 I.M. ships for the fight. She contacted her three top officers; Executive Officer Lt. Cmdr. DuroQ JurISS, Marine Capt. Kea'deC of Cadogan, and Lt. Kerlof KorVok aboard their individual vessels. She told them to ready themselves and their crews for battle, and briefed them on the plan for the attack.

Each officer, in addition to his own ship, would command a squadron consisting of a Saber Class frigate, two Class XI Great Birds, three D-7s, two light cruisers and four Birds of Prey. The ships would travel under cloak to the coordinates specified by Cmdr. Kosh. Once there, they would assume positions resulting in the formation of a three-sided square or "corral". They would then wait under cloak until Kosh arrived with the enemy. The remainder of the I.M. fleet would stay behind to defend the base and it's many important guests.

The defense fleet arrived on schedule at the designated coordinates. It was not long before Kosh's forces arrived, badly damaged but still operational. The I.S. ships led the Khinshaya

vessels into the "corral" set up by the Imperial Military. Kosh's forces then flew through the rear of the corral, at which point the I.M ships de-cloaked and attacked. Kosh's forces then turned and joined the fracas from the rear.

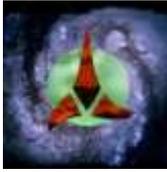
The Khinshaya ships proved to be nearly impenetrable in spite of the heavy torpedo and disruptor fire delivered by the Klingon vessels. Lt. Cmdr. DuroQ achieved a measure of success when he was able to destroy an enemy's shielding and transport an antimatter torpedo onto the vessel, which he subsequently detonated. Each of the I.M. squadrons managed to destroy at least one Khinshaya ship, but it was at a heavy cost. The I.S. forces fought valiantly as well, in spite of the damage they had already sustained. The Klingon forces generally had to be content with merely disabling their targets, if they themselves were not destroyed first.

The Birds of Prey and other smaller vessels proved to be easy targets for the powerful energy beams fired from the Khinshaya vessels, and the larger Klingon ships did not fare much better. The Black Fleet swelled its ranks with the souls of many brave warriors on this day. All of the Klingon ships involved in the fighting that survived sustained heavy damage. Great honor and glory was won for the Empire, and for all of the Houses represented on the I.M. and I.S. ships! In fairness, it must also be said that the Cardassian troops aboard the Klingon ships proved to be worthy of our respect. They fought alongside us to the death.

Three Khinshaya vessels broke through the Klingon line and headed towards the outpost. The Klingon ships were too heavily engaged to give chase, and the outpost was forced to defend itself. When the remainder of the Khinshaya ships on the battlefield were either destroyed or sufficiently disabled, the Klingon ships that were still mobile rushed at best speed back to the outpost, but the battle there had already concluded.

The wreckage of several more Imperial Military ships that had been left behind to defend the base grimly welcomed the returning fleet. The two forest bases on veqlarh Duj mln had sustained moderate to heavy damage, and there were hundreds of dead and wounded on the ground. The well-fortified base located in the northern mountains fared better. Fortunately, the War Council meeting had been held there, and most of the diplomats and other officials had escaped unscathed. Those that did not were expected to live. Repairs to the base and to the damaged ships of the fleet are currently

underway.  
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## CONTACTS BRANCH

The Tong and the Stormwalker escorted the vessel, captured after the nebula closed on it's allies. There was repairs to do, but nothing we could not handle. The new enemy of the Empire had improved their combat capabilities; if our raid had not been well planned and swiftly executed our vessels would have been disabled or destroyed. On the way to K'Shona, K'Reger and I inspected the prize, it was the first of many visits into the enemy's world. On the last trip through the KinShaya vessel, Khaufen received an urgent message: a warrior calling himself Khorghan sutai Ghanx Chang-Jur!SS had appeared on K'Shona! Could it be possible? Khaufen hailed the Tong, K'Reger heard, "This mission is heating up, we need to move closer to our prize." K'Reger was silent for a moment, then acknowledged.

Three hours later Khaufen received an encrypted message from Volar K'zota-Konor. He wished to get a look our prize! However, Khaufen was responsible for the prize, and would not comply. I did intrigue Khaufen, he suggested they meet at the destination's end. Then, Khaufen uploaded the transmission to the Tong's computer. He asked K'Reger's opinion. His answer was the shape of his friend phasing into existence! He, K'oner and Khaufen spent hours discussing not only the mission, but tactical ideas in dealing with more unknowns.

K'Reger and Khaufen arrived at K'Shona base. The warrior was indeed Khorghan! Khaufen and an aide to Admiral K'lay spoke with Admiral Katalya at length. The Admiral was not pleased, finally, she freed Khorghan into MY responsibility.

Khaufen brought his 'long lost friend' up to date on all the events occurred in the Empire; and in the process they drank the local pub almost dry of Zenorian ale. Enticed by a reunion feast to honor Khorghan, both Khaufen and Khorghan beamed to the Stormwalker. The captain of the Stormwalker hailed the Tong, on their way to the Feast Hall. Very soon, K'Reger joined them, before the celebration, Khaufen and K'Reger respectively ordered their helm officers to set course to be rid of the KinShaya vessel!

The Stormwalker and the Tong left K'Shona, the new destination was the veqlarh



Duj mln (Eye of the Demon) in the tuchta mich sector. En-route a transmission from KSF command alerted Khorghan that at the veqlarh Duj mln he would take command of a new vessel.

After the Stormwalker and Tong arrived at veqlarh Duj mln, Khaufen, Khorghan and K'Reger found that the Cardassians aboard that Star Fortress had been allotted far better accommodations than what was offered to the ICB officers! Khorghan inspected his new vessel, while Khaufen tried to get in to see the Abbot. He was told repeatedly by a lower functionary, that the Abbot was busy! Soon Khorghan joined Khaufen and K'Reger, annoyed by the better treatment of the Cardassians, the trio set down to a barrel of Bloodwine. After several flagons of drink, good fortune found them. A group of Klingons walked into the bar and two of them were well known to Khaufen, one warrior Khorghan had known for many years. The trio was invited to a private party, and Khorghan, Khaufen and K'Reger was happy to attend. An hour later, Khaufen left and went in search of that...officer in charge of the Abbot's audience. It took thirty minutes, only to be told that the Abbot was busy. Khaufen did his best to Not show on his face, the building anger inside. It was a relief to get back to his friends.

After two hours, Khaufen again left to find the Abbot's aide. This time, K'Reger and Khorghan was with him. After a brief search, they located the little man. "Follow me." he said. Surprised, but pleased, they followed.

## TROUBLE SHOOTER TASK FORCE

TroubleShooters TaskForce arrived, under cloak, at the coordinates near the Demon Rift where Khaufen said several Kinshaya ships have been destroyed.

As the other TroubleShooter ships began to decloak; the IKV QI'mpeq's bortaS, still in it's ECM Jammer Class configuration; began to create a sensor scrambling effect that acts like a Nebula.

The TroubleShooter TaskForce began to board the destroyed Kinshaya ships, took physical samples from the wreckage, including several Kinshaya bodies.

Sensor Readings and Hologram were the last things that the TroubleShooter TaskForce, before departing the area.

CCC website [Quarterly RPG Details & Stories!](#)

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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.

*Q'VEE' P'YH'G' T' K'EV' P'Z' Q'Y'AH*

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