





Battle Lines

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

Strength Through Honour



- ADMIRAL'S THOUGHTS -

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

IN MEMORY OF THE SPACE SHUTTLE COLUMBIA AND HER CREW

Over the past decade that I have been a part of the Klingon Strike Force, and for all the years before, our members have exhibited a passion for the concept of space exploration. Although most of us will only ever be able to go to space vicariously, in our role plays and reading, and via watching others do so in real life, when something happens in the space community, it touches us and the things we hold most dear on a very real level.

On February 1, 2003 just such an event occurred when the space shuttle Columbia broke apart and was lost during her re-entry to Earth, taking all seven astronauts aboard with her, including Colonel Rick Husband; Lt. Colonel Michael Anderson; Commander Laurel Clark; Captain David Brown; Commander William McCool; Dr. Kalpana Chawla; and Israeli Colonel Ilan Ramon.

Their mission had been dedicated to scientific research, and during their 16-day trip, the crew worked on more than 80 different experiments. All that remains of the Columbia, its research and our hopes for her future now though, lie spread across a Kennedy Space Center hangar in over 20,000 puzzling pieces. NASA does not yet know what went wrong, though we have already spent 137 million dollars to find out, and experts have expressed confidence an answer will be found. Certainly they have a team of highly motivated people to help in their investigations, including Dr. Sally Ride, the first American woman to fly in space.

But it is not the loss of the research or even the Columbia itself, that weighs most heavily on our hearts, but rather the loss of the seven, and the families they left behind, and perhaps of the dream they lived....and ultimately died for, and which they shared with us and the rest of the world; the dream of space exploration. Some in the KSF have expressed a wish to do something tangible to honor the STS-107 crew and / or assist their families during this difficult time. To this end, I have included an online address suggested by NASA for several charitable funds established on the families' behalf, located at: www.columbiashuttlefund.com, and for those of you who may not have online access, land mail addresses for two different kind of memorials:

The Astronauts Memorial Foundation
The Center for Space Education
Mail Code AMF
State Road 405, Building M6-306
Kennedy Space Center, FL 32899

"The Astronauts Memorial Foundation captures the technology developed in the United States' space program and applies it to the field of education. We partner with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to provide technology training to educators throughout the nation with a particular emphasis on space-related technology. In addition, at The Center for Space Education we offer space-related educational opportunities for individuals, and, in doing so, we

improve the quality of the workforce in the space industry."

And

The Space Shuttle Children's Trust Fund,
P.O. Box 34600, Washington, D.C.
20043-4600.

"The Space Shuttle Children's Trust Fund was established to aid the children of astronauts killed on the space shuttle Challenger and is now seeking donations for children of Columbia's crew. The fund was founded in 1986, a day after the Challenger exploded shortly after liftoff and killed the six astronauts and teacher Christa McAuliffe. Since then, the fund has paid an estimated \$1.2 million to provide for the health, education and support of the children the seven left behind."



This latter charity is the one many KSF members have already contributed donations to, these funds to be sent to the The Space Shuttle Children's Trust Fund by the first week in April, along with a certificate and official memorial letter from the Klingon Strike Force. But members who have not already contributed to a memorial, and who wish to make a donation, should feel free to contribute directly to any suitable charity of their choice.

Finally, there are some, in the aftermath of the disaster, who say that our ventures into space are too dangerous and should be curtailed. Most of us would probably disagree. And yet, the most convincing commentary I have heard on either side of the argument has come from the families of Space Shuttle Columbia, and it is with their words I leave you.

"On January 16th, we saw our loved ones launch into a brilliant, cloud-free sky. Their hearts were full of enthusiasm, pride in country, faith in their God, and a willingness to accept risk in the pursuit of knowledge -- knowledge that might improve the quality of life for all mankind. Columbia's 16-day mission of scientific discovery was a great success, cut short by mere minutes -- yet it will live on forever in our memories. We want to thank the NASA family and people from around the world for their incredible outpouring of love and support. Although we grieve deeply, as do the families of Apollo 1 and Challenger before us, the bold exploration of space must go on. Once the root cause of this tragedy is found and corrected, the legacy of Columbia must carry on -- for the benefit of our children and yours."

Our hearts, our well wishes and our prayers go out to the families of the seven Columbia astronauts, and to all those, past, present and future, who help make the most noble dreams of Mankind come true.

Thought-Admiral K'Lay eptai K'Onor-Chang
Klingon Strike Force Commander in Chief
Klingon Strike Force High Command
tlhngan Hlvbeq ra'ghomquv

Today, the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high we bring you home,

And set you at your threshold down,
Townsmen of a stiller town.
--A. E. Housman

Background Information on the Columbia Space Shuttle STS-107

First flight:

April 12-14, 1981 (Crew John W. Young and Robert Crippen)

28 flights 1981-2003.

Other notable missions:

STS 1 through 5, 1981-1982 first flight of European Space Agency built Spacelab. STS-50, June 25-July 9, 1992, first extended-duration Space Shuttle mission. STS-93, July 1999 placement in orbit of Chandra X-Ray Observatory, STS-109, March 1-12, 2002 Hubble Space Telescope Servicing Mission

STS-107 Final Mission Summary, January 16-February 1, 2003

Payload:

First flight of SPACEHAB Research Double Module; Fast Reaction Experiments Enabling Science, Technology, Applications and Research (FREESTAR); first Extended Duration Orbiter (EDO) mission since STS-90. This 16-day mission was dedicated to research in physical, life, and space sciences, conducted in approximately 80 separate experiments, comprised of hundreds of samples and test points. The seven astronauts worked 24 hours a day, in two alternating shifts.

Crew:

Commander Rick D. Husband, 45, a colonel in the U.S. Air Force, was a test pilot and veteran of one spaceflight. Selected by NASA in December 1994, Husband logged

more than 235 hours in space. (second flight)

Pilot William C. McCool, 41, a commander in the U.S. Navy, was a former test pilot. Selected by NASA in April 1996, McCool was making his first spaceflight. (first flight)

Payload Specialist Michael P. Anderson, 43, a lieutenant colonel in the U.S. Air Force, was a former instructor pilot and tactical officer. Anderson logged over 211 hours in space. (second flight)

Mission Specialist David M. Brown, 46, a captain in the U.S. Navy, was a naval aviator and flight surgeon. Selected by NASA in April 1996, Brown was making his first spaceflight. (first flight)

Mission Specialist Kalpana Chawla, 41, was an aerospace engineer and an FAA Certified Flight Instructor. Selected by NASA in December 1994, Chawla logged more than 376 hours in space. (second flight)

Mission Specialist Laurel B. Clark, 41, was a commander (captain-select) in the U.S. Navy and a naval flight surgeon. Selected by NASA in April 1996, Clark was making her first spaceflight. (first flight)

Payload Specialist Ilan Ramon, Israel, 48, a colonel in the Israeli Air Force, was a fighter pilot who was the only payload specialist on STS-107. Approved by NASA in 1998, he was making his first spaceflight. (first flight)



- EDITOR'S DAGGER -

by Admiral qe'San Zantai be'rawn

This marks my 14th Issue.. I say my Issue.. Really I just bung it all together and send it out!! Or do I?



Well even if I did I couldn't do it without input from yourselves.. Every single item right down to a Post Report helps to make up what we're all used to reading here.. Every time someone sends me an article/snippet to add, I breathe another sigh of relief. For there is nothing worse than asking for work.. We have generally been quite lucky for texts but images are a different matter... Know come on you wouldn't want to see a Klingon brought to his knees would you? If you do then it's likely you're some Cardassian scum as a Klingon would be dishonored for such a thought!

So send in that artwork that I know is out there!

I have been stretching out the artwork submitted, in some cases years ago... I have very little more to use. The latest Cover is a drawing by qe'laS which was a commissioned piece at Volar's request. Personally I think it's very good and has an accurate low light and moody feeling.

nlt'eb Qob qaD juP 'e' chaw'be' Suvul'

A warrior doesn't let a friend face danger alone.

- ANNOUNCEMENTS -

APPOINTMENTS:

Chris Gable / Thought-Master Volar epetai K'Zota-K'Onor appointed to the Imperial Review Board

Debra Lynn Stanley / Lt. Kenara Vedra vestai quvHubwl' appointed to Imperial Security XO

Rose Compton / Lt. Kimpla Vestai Dorig Dokmarr ZuMerz appointed to the position of GSA XO

PROMOTIONS:

Robert Cunningham / Commander Avakhon vestai Khinsharri - honorific promotion to sutai

Peter Lin / Lt. Korgath vestai-Dupplm - rank promotion to Lt. Commander

Jon Brown / Vice-Admiral qe'San zantai be'rawn - rank promotion to Admiral

COMMENDATIONS

Lt. Commander Moqra vestai Q'endeH - IDS XO - for excellence in the role play and assisting new members

Lt. Kimpla vestai Dorig-Dokmarr - for writing excellence, and contributions to the listserv and correspondence in general



- POST REPORTS -



GSA

Compiled by Admiral Katalyia K'Tore-Jiraal, GSA Commander

Due to remodeling, the reminder for the Sector Reports were not sent out. Thanks to those who sent in a Sector/Post Report without

Sector Three

Admiral Katalyia Epetai K'Tore-Jiraal, Sector Commander



Admiral Katalyia Epetai K'Tore-Jiraal: I have been busy with getting our house remodeled and up to city codes. The electrical, bathroom, and kitchen are completed and we are

currently working on the living room, dining room, and getting the shelves up in the family room. I am also looking forward to the Star Trek Convention in April that I will be attending with a friend. The guest list has not been confirmed yet, but it looks like there will be quite a few there.

Lt. Kimpla Vestal Dorig Dokmarr ZuMerz - Rose Compton: For me this trimester has had it's share of downs. Although most were not too serious. In September of '02, I fell at work, which resulted in 2 severely

broken ribs and a collapsed lung. By December, I was well on my way to recovery(or so I thought). The time off work allowed me to spend more time on the computer. This resulted in me finding and rejoining the KSF. I vaguely remember the new year coming in, as I went to work a 3 AM New Year's Eve and had to work a 12 hour shift(talk about a long day!). About this same time a new group came to town, Slanted Fedora productions and brought with them a "Star Trek" convention. They didn't get the right amount of exposure and were not well

©* The Klingon Strike Force

advertised. Most of the area missed that one, including myself. I mean really now...How can they expect me to plan to be there if I don't know they're there?

In January, I also developed an ear infection, which also managed to get into my sinus-cavities. The doctor put me on antibiotics, which just pissed off the infection and it spread to my lungs. By mid-February, I was one step away from pneumonia, and had to take more antibiotics. Finally, after 33 days straight of antibiotics; that rascally little infection is GONE. (I hope!) I've now had one and a half weeks of feeling somewhat normal. Once again, I seem to be on the road to recovery. To be honest, I'm sick of being sick! I'm more than ready to be healthy again. March is looking up. Our computers virus problem is all healed, I'm feeling better, working some overtime and by the time you read this; Ed and I will have had corned beef & cabbage at his parents (St. Patrick's Day). Bowling is almost over for the year, and Spring is on its way. 2003, is beginning to look like it's going to be a good year after all. I can now get back to the house remodeling/redecorating that we've had to put on hold and look forward to some much warmer weather.

Sector Four

by Cmdr. T'Lara Sutai Zu-Merz,
Sector Commander



⇒ *Cmdr. T'Lara Sutai Zu-Merz:*

Well, another quarter..well trimester..has come and gone. In real life, things have been cooking along. My son is still on the honor rolls, only now in Middle School. I have told him I will give him money every time he can get on the honor roll, and he can use it on something he wants. To my dismay, his "wants" turned out to be games for the Playstation 2, and more specifically Vice City! I will not make that mistake again. His grades dropped and his attitude became deplorable. In my life, I have returned to using the last name Wyss, and am now working the midnight shift so that I may spend some time with my son. I can't say that I like it, but it could be worse. I have been to the 'herd' of Drs. lately with all kinds of complaints. My knee went out; my son broke his foot in gym. I had to go for my annual mammogram, and they found

something. It was followed up with Ultrasound on which they found nothing. Then I had to go in for what I call a "professional grope" and an X-ray. After that they followed it with a biopsy...all for something so small...well, all in all, these last few months have been wearying. I have not been able to concentrate on much more than just getting by. As for club business, unfortunately I have not been able to do my role play, but I hope to get back in the swing next trimester. Other news in the club...Kosh ZuMerz and I have been bonded. We celebrated in the new chat room with many in attendance. I have also become a ZuMerz, ie. my name is now sutai-ZuMerz only. I have removed both the Rasmehlier and the JuriSS. It is an honor to be a part of this noble house, and I will do my best to honor it.

⇒ *Lt. Mordok Vestal-JuriSS:* My own divorce has been granted and will be officially over 21 February. I've got joint custody of my daughters; I see them Tuesday-Thursday from 3-7 (usually a little longer) and every other weekend beginning Friday at 3 and ending Sunday at 5 (it also usually goes a bit later than that). I've had my daughters (Ariel is now 7, Celine is now 5) every weekend except for 3 since the 1st of October. It was formed from a settlement agreement; I'm glad it's over. I'm still working in Midtown Manhattan at JP Morgan Chase for a vendor of one of their trading systems. Not much exciting to write about that other than it's in the city and was hellish on Monday during the storm. Leaving work, it was easier to get to Grand Central by walking down the street rather than trying to brave the sidewalks.

⇒ *Capt. Kishin zantai-Kukura:* Makes me think fondly of old Stalingrad! (Old soldiers never die-they just tell taller tales!) This past campaign season brought a victory I'd be pleased to boast. Human librarians do not realize it, but they are serving the aims of the Empire well. I was gratified when the head of special collections at Temple University here in Philadelphia agreed that my archive of Klingon newsletters and ephemera was worthy of collection and preservation. One snowy day in January, the man himself visited my home and carried off six large crates of materials. I was proud to be able to think that my nearly complete run of Battle Lines in its different hard copy incarnations would now be catalogued along with many other

intriguing bits of Klingon publishing glory. (A few years ago, this same person had welcomed a gift of over 300

Klingon-related fanzines. I hadn't expected that he would be so interested in the slightest, more time-specific newsletters! I feel a sense of relief now, knowing that even if I get run over by a Philly bus, these Klingon treasures are in good hands. As fannish publishing moves steadily away from hardcopy formats, distributed by snail mail to computer accessed internet sites, I think it is a good time to look to the preservation of our creative heritage.

Kai to all! And may you never stop trumpeting Imperial glory as your published deeds carry your reputations.
From Strength to strength!

Sector Five

Filed by A'Qmarr Ramhov Vestai-
K'onor



⇒ *Cmdr. A'qamarr ramhov vestai-*

K'onor: My father and I attended Veterans Day activities at Kanapaha Park (Gainesville, FL), on November 11. A photo of us appeared in the Gainesville Sun newspaper on November 12. On November 15, both of us participated in the University of Florida's Homecoming parade. My father rode on a trailer pulled by a Hummer as I walked with members of the Milton Lewis Marines unit. I was an acting Female Staff Advisor. On November 26, I initially received the Jim Yakubsin Vision Award from the Gater Detachment of the Marine Corps League. The award, named for the detachment's founding member, recognized my work during the past year as the detachment's photographer/librarian. I went with my father to the Florida State Games in Lakeland on November 11. He competed in bowling, men's 80-84 age category, for the second straight year. On January 1, I attended the local Executive Luncheon for the March of Dimes WalkAmerica, to be held on March 22. On January 23, I was told by the Commandant that he erred in giving me their Jim Yakubsin Vision Award for 2002. The error was that the award is given to a Regular member of the MCL and detachment. I was an Associate member. I was not offended by the

©* The Klingon Strike Force

mistake. The MCL detachment commandant presented me with a replacement plaque recognizing my "Leadership and Dedecation" to the detachment. I also continued her work as the groups librarian and photographer. I also continue my volunteer duties with the locan Young Marines unit; attending meetings on January 11 and March 16. I volunteered at the Hoggetowne Medieval Faire on February 7, selling canned sodas for a non-profit groups fundraising project and assisted with the same group at a mini archery range. In addition, during the months of December, January, and February, I conducted regular monthly meetings of the VFW Ladies Auxiliary and attended a District meeting in Putnam County.

GSD

↔ *Abbot K'Obol Chang-K'Onor / Doug Welsh* The past few months have been interesting. Winter in "The North" has been harsher than usual, with more snow and colder temperatures, by far. 40 degrees below is darn cold any way you measure the degrees. Some health problems continue. Cold weather doesn't help. A change of venue may be worthwhile pursuing. For all those cold or snowy days when it doesn't make sense to go outside, I've been keeping busy with some writing, and on warmer occasions, doing a little lecturing. Christmas was mixed good and bad; I saw my daughter for the first time in over two years, but my son is still among the absent. Well, time passes. Who knows what tomorrow will bring.

↔ *K'Grimm Sattr / Clayton George* - I was promoted to Lt (jg), worked with Avakhon Kinsharri (Bob Cunningham) on my latest report, kept tryint to geep in contact with KSF...with middling success. Was introduced to the world of DVDs, shoveled loads of icy snow, endured X-mas and enjoyed the Two Towers twice. Ahoy! The Matrix Reloaded comes! Did not bother with Nemesis.

↔ *K'Lay K'Onor-Chang / Margie McDonnell-Welsh* - Like K'Grimmand everyone else in Atlantic Canada.....I've been learning the fine art of chipping ice off windshields, unburying the car from belly high drifts, auto ice dancing with the snow plows, ice skating on sidewalks in walking shoes (no helmet or knee pads -

whoopie!!!), and trying to protect all exposed skin from -33 C frostbite. Abbot and I have been, for the most part, enjoying the indoors though I have ventured out a number of times to volunteer time for the Children's Wish Foundation. I'm looking forward to a few weeks back in Southern California. Other than that, more later after the spring thaw.....

↔ *Teh hel K'Onor, Dagh'Gor K'Onor & James vestal Barnaby (Ethel, Gordie and Peter)* This quarter has been domestically busy. Aside from weather, colds and flu, we've been hibernating and conserving resources -- because we don't know when or who the next storm or illness will strike. Peter's car began falling apart (literally), and had to be replaced quickly. He's also been getting a lot of exercise and fresh air blowing the snow around the yard. He's been sick and his son has been sick. I've been sick; the dog is sick; the kids have taken turns being sick; and Gordon has been Florence Nightingale to the lot of us with Peter has backup/assistant. (Flu/cold season is such fun, isn't it?) We hope you've all had a good quarter and look forward to our next gaming session.

↔ *K'logh Drakh-Chang-tl'QuoQ / Mike Wager* - Out and About with K'logh,,,, So, whats happening in these parts?

one word,, nuthin. Fandom is at an all time low here even the feddies are having a rough go of it. About the only thing note worth was Rusty Con in Bellvue Washington to which I have submitted a report on already. that pretty much covers january to now Last year was banner.

As most of you know I played the part of a german army officer last summer in a teleplay in Victoria B.C. I still have no words as to airing dates but i will announce the date as soon as I know. I also had the good fortune to get some work in Wardrobe on the set of "X-MEN II" and was lucky enough to meet Patrick Stewart, Halle Barry, and Famke Jansson all of wich stared in the picture alas though, due to security and the ever present presence of the press (say that three times fast) . I was not able to get any pictures. Yes I did take a camera, but it was taken and the film confiscated and the camera returned. it seems that scripts and inside stories have been surfacing about movies that are still in the planning stages so the security company was ordered to not allow cameras on the set or anywhere on the property for the duration. I also

had the good fortune to audition for a part in a new Sci-Fi Sit-Com called "Alienated" and it is being billed as a cross between the X-Files and the Osbourne's and although I didn't get the part I auditioned for I was selected for a number of walk on parts which have since been axed (I was still paid for them though). such is the life of an up and coming (read starving) actor well thats about all for now

GSE



↔ *Admiral qe'San zantal be'raun - Jon Brown:* Kai Komrades! I finally got my computer sorted although I still can't use Internet Explorer or Windows Media Player... Slowly getting used to Netscape 7.. It's not too bad just a bit slower. April was a bit of a disaster with some idiot writing off my Terran land shuttle. A car to any Terrans reading.. The Burk suddenly thought he was going the wrong way and instinctively turned into and in front of the lane of traffic next to him, to go the right way.. Guess where I was. Trouble was he'd turned off and couldn't have made it if he'd tried as well as that he hadn't going in the right direction. petaQ. I decided to get my car repaired at my usual garage.. A mechanic with honour (yes they do exist) who'll do it for half the quoted cost of the Insurance Co's garage. Just for that if anyone finds themself in need whilst travelling though Milton Keynes, England call Tony on 01908 274 450 (Clutch Master) and tell him the Klingon recommended him (he may laugh but he'll know who you mean). Oh then give me a call and we'll get together (07833 192 832 / wa', Hur, cha', chorgh, wej, cha')

↔ *Lt kol kai drocklon - Alberto Gorin:* stardate friday march 3 2003 - Yesterday around 4 I started to prepare

©* The Klingon Strike Force

myself for star trek Nemeses. I put on my klingon clothes which were horse riding boots, black training pants, black T shirt, (under shirt)T shirt (trousers since was evening was cool weather) and grey shirt, a small bag where my wallet and driving license goes. Since I didn't have a knife and holster for a disrupter I took with me a small laser and put it in a small phone holster. In the beginning it was strange, most the boots also to go in the car and out and step on the has pedel after sometime felt become one with everything.

To the movie; it was around 6.15 when I parked my car, a bit outside the city. After I closed the doors there was this girl passing by on a bike with a little smile where 3 responds or people thinking this guy is insane and laugh me out or like a compliment or like whats that? The cinema was in the city. At the cinema it was buisy not crowded. I was the only Klingon and the only Star Trek

figure. The movie was on above 1 stair up. Out of the 50 -100 seats, where only 2 or 3 occupied.out of the 2 or 4 people I was the only klingon only Star Trek figure and this was premier of Nemeses. After commercials the movie started at last So what do I think of the movie? I felt special effects and music fights battelfight with star ships very good, but contra was, Wil Riker is older so is Brent Spinner and Marina Sirtis. When Captain rammed the pretator ship it also felt amateur, evrything went so fast, in TNG long meetings are gone now all solved in few minutes, couldn't see all starship one pretator wich looks like large bird of prey and new romulan bird. I was against Data dying, after seen new B4 would't mind after all!!! I had a good time was a good end.

After the movie I walked around a bit in the city, was a lot of fun some people stare at me. If were more

people who went up as klingon be nice to dress up go even if theres't a star trek meeting but do not know no one not even a singel soul
I can now only imagine hows gonna be like with a next gen Klingon.

GSF

← *Lt. Koryath Dupplm - CO GSF* - I come closer each day to the end of my conscription period in the Singapore Army. I have since explored the many options ahead of me in the local university, and have decided on pursuing a degree in mechatronics or robotics. I've never enjoyed change during my short life so far, but for some unimaginable reason, I've never looked forward to the future with this much excitement. Thanks and Qapla'!



- ISLAND AIRSOFT -

Paintball can't Compare - By, K'logh aka Hans



Its 11:30 A.M and here I am on my gut in a ditch soaking wet and getting wetter. I ask myself "What the Heck am I doing?" and then I heard the angry buzz of ammo flying inches over my head, and I realize."Oh yeah! That's why" I slowly raise my weapon over the earthen berm I'm taking cover behind and carefully peer over the edge only to see a flurry of little white tracers coming straight for my nose. I

quickly duck down and thankfully I am not hit. but the risk was worth it I now know approximately where my adversary is. I try a flanking manouever and hope he doesn't vacate his position. I run at a crouch behind the berm and try to sneak up on his left side, hmmm not good, about 100 yds on the other side. I signal to my squad mate to provide covering fire so I can make the mad dash across the opening. on the

count of three I get up and run like the devil was nipping at my feet, while my squad mate stands up and unleashes a full one minute burst into the enemy position. the ploy worked! I made it to the otherside and into cover with out the enemy spotting me. now its just a matter of time and patience. After what seemed to be hours (inactuality only minutes) I have gatten close enough to see the object of my mission. I carefully and quietly rise to my knees and zero in on my target. Because his back is to me I decide to give him some warning before sending him to meet his maker. I make a slight noise and watch the man stiffen, my finger wraps around the trigger, and just as my quarry turns to fire, I squeeze the trigger and unleash dozens of rounds into the hapeless unknown man. I stand up after the deed and raise my weapon into the air as a signal to my squad that the position has been neutralized and they advance to occupy the spot. another victory won, another foe vanquished,,,,,,,,,,,,,

Hi Gang,

If the above scenario was for real, a man would be dead and they would be pinning a medal on my chest for single handedly wipeing out a machine gun nest. fortunately this is just airsoft. What is Airsoft you might ask? Well, I'm gonna tell you. Airsoft is Warfare without the unpleasant consequences. the weapons look , feel , and heft like the real thing, they even have similar rates of fire for the respective real world counterparts, but are infact glorified BB

guns. But unlike your regular every day daisy BB gun these have the option of semi or automatic fire, but the rounds (.20g plastic BBs) travel at non lethal speeds.

Pint ball has its plusses but it doesn't compare, first off paintball guns cannot fire at the rate these can and are not properly balanced for it. it is fun and the main plus is you know when you've scored a hit in Airsoft it runs strictly on the honor system. If your hit your expected to announce that and just because your hit doesn't mean your out. we work it on the wounded /dead system. the first hit is a wound, and the second is a kill at which point the 'deceased' is expected to march his dead butt back to the rest area and await the next game. so after getting knocked out right off the bat teaches one to be exceptionally sneaky this skill works well when you have those indellible lipstick stains on your shirt and you need to hide them for all time. I have the sniper almost down pat. I'm getting sneakier and harder to kill now.

On a scale of one to ten I rate the game an unqualified ten besides as the unknown groundpounded once said Full Auto!! the most fun you can have with your pants on

I am enclosing a picture of the local group we call ourselves the 'Wolverines of West Nanaimo'

K'logh Out



- FAR STAR Pt II Ch V -

© Steven Dare 2001

"Fertilizer?" Shakaar said, looking at Moqra, almost disgusted. "You're wasting my time talking to me about fertilizer? We've tried all kinds of fertilizers on those fields already, and none of them have worked. That's why we went to the use of Soil Reclamation Units. Fertilizers are meant to supplement existing nutrients, but there are no existing nutrients in that soil down there. It's dead."

The restaurant they were in was a strange one. They claimed to have ten different cooks, from ten different planets, each with a different specialty. It was a large restaurant, and it was quite busy. The menu alone was a small book that ran to ten pages, and included Klingon, Bajoran, Human, Cardassian, Vulcan, and even a few Romulan dishes, as well as dishes from numerous other Federation planets, plus beverages from across the quadrant. Moqra, Shakaar, and Kira had gotten a table near the center of the capacious room, and were waiting for Q'Hettor to arrive.

"Minister, this isn't just any fertilizer, and I'm not some Ferengi here to cheat you. This is a nutrient substance that will revitalize your soil no matter how dead it is. I guarantee it, and I'll give you every bit of your money back if it doesn't." Moqra looked out across the restaurant towards the entrance, and saw his sister enter, carrying a plant and a large case. He stood as she approached the table.

"Here we are," he said, taking the case from her and setting it on the floor at the corner of the table between him and Shakaar. Q'Hettor set the plant, a small but lush flower with

round, fuzzy leaves of bright, deep green and delicate purple and white blooms, on the corner of the table, opposite where Moqra had set the case. "We can order now."

Moqra picked up his menu and began to scan it, acting as though the previous conversation had never taken place. Q'Hettor was also busy reading her menu. Shakaar and Kira looked at each other, both of them confused and just a little angry, picked up their menus and started reading. Moqra signaled the waiter over as he read.

"Are you ready to order, sir?" the waiter asked, addressing Moqra.

"Yes," Moqra said, never taking his eyes off the menu. "I'll have an order of plomeek soup as an appetizer, an order of parthas, and an 18-ounce New York strip steak, cooked medium rare. I'd also like a bottle of Warnog for the table, and a pitcher of water as well."

As the waiter's gaze shifted over to Katie, she said "Don't even ask me, I don't know what I want yet."

Kira took another glance down at her menu and said "I think I just want a double helping of baked cardrelor, extra tender, and a cup of raktajino."

"That cardrelor sounds real good," Shakaar said, "but I'll have mine done up crisp. And I'll have a glass of Romulan Ale instead of the raktajino"

"What is cardrelor?" Katie asked

"Cardrelor is the most tender flesh of a wumpet," Kira said, "kind of a cross between a pig and a goat. It's kind of sweet, and it almost melts in your mouth."

"But," Shakaar broke in, smiling lightly, "if you're going to order it, I suggest having it cooked tender like the Major's. Crisp cardrelor is an acquired taste."

"Okay," Katie said to the waiter, "the cardrelor, tender. Make mine a double helping, too. And I want the plomeek soup, and a helping of rokeg blood pie."

Moqra was instantly unhappy, or was at least acting as though he was. "You're not actually going to eat blood pie in front of me, are you?"

"Shut up, Moqra," Q'Hettor said. "Be a man."

"I can't stand the sight of that stuff," Moqra said.

"Moqra, it's Klingon food. You are a Klingon, aren't you?"

"If that will be everything," the waiter said hesitantly, "then I'll take your menus"

The waiter took their menus from them and left, leaving them in an uncomfortable silence for a moment or two.

"So," Shakaar finally said. "This miracle fertilizer you want me to buy."

"First, let's get one thing straight," Moqra said, an expressively blank look on his face. "I don't want you to buy it. I want to give it to you. But I've got expenses to pay, and berthing fees, and I don't know what the repairs to my ship are going to cost me this time around. I have to get something back on my investment. We'll talk about price, but you'll find you're definitely not dealing with a Ferengi Shylock like Quark. I just want that said."

"I understand," Shakaar replied calmly.

"And I'm not going to give you something you can't use either," he said, taking a padd out of his jacket pocket and setting it down on the table before Shakaar. "Read the last paragraph."

Shakaar picked up the padd and scanned through it to the end of the form. "'Full refund of investment if product does not perform as indicated'? A refund clause in a trade agreement?"

"I made it a part of my standard contract," Moqra said. "I'm a fair man, Minister. I won't try to fleece you. I want to help."

"I suppose I'll take your word on that for now," Shakaar replied. At that moment, the first course of their meal came, and they all set to eating as they talked. "Tell me about this miracle fertilizer."

Moqra looked at his sister. "Katie?" he said, yielding the floor to her.

"I'm not the chemist I should be," Q'Hettor started, her melodious British accent turning heads from other tables. "But I was able to figure a few things out. Acamarian Tallyla dung is a substance excreted from a creature that actually eats the dirt in a field, instead of the plants. When an infestation occurs, acres upon acres of land can be covered in dung to a depth of three meters or more.

"It has in it all the compounds that any good manure-type fertilizer should have, but it also has in it a type of acid that breaks down harmful substances in the soil and turns them into useable nutrients. As it does this, it releases a gas that, while harmless to humanoids, is deadly to many insects.

"If you'll access file 31275 in that padd we gave you earlier, you'll find a picture of this African Violet I brought in with me." Shakaar found the picture, and his eyes widened. He showed it to Kira.

"But this plant is almost dead," Kira said, indicating the picture. "The leaves are grey, the blooms are brown, and the whole thing's drooping over to one side."

"Nerys," Shakaar said quietly, "I think that's the point they're trying to make."

"It is," Katie said. "I put five grams of Tallyla dung into this pot, tilled it in with a fork, and watered it. That was four days ago. I think you'll also find in there a reading I took from a sample of the soil."

"I must admit," Shakaar said, "the soil readings do look familiar. Bajor has some of the same problems that this soil had. But Bajor has over two million acres of arid farmland. How much of this stuff do you have?"

Katie looked to Moqra at this point, and he took over. "We can get you 400,000 cubic meters, enough to take care of between eight hundred thousand and one million acres of farmland. With as light and airy as this stuff is, that's about 9,000 metric tons."

"And the price?" Shakaar asked, seeming to shudder inwardly at the thought.

Moqra thought for a moment. "One million acres," he said, as if calculating in his head, "four hundred thousand cubic meters... Lets say, two hundred bars of latinum"

Shakaar's eyes widened. He hadn't expected nearly this good a deal. He decided to play it cool, though, and see if he could get a lower price. "That's a lot of latinum, Moqra. I don't know if I can scrape that much together on short notice."

"Hey, that's just off the top of my head," Moqra said, taking a sip of his Warnog and finishing off the last few spoonfuls of his plomeek soup. "It's not set in stone. We talk, the price maybe changes." Their entrees arrived at that moment, and Moqra took advantage of that distraction. "Look," he said, "the food's here, let's eat, and talk about something else. You think about it, I'll think about it, and after we eat, we talk price."

Kira looked over at Q'Hettor and said, "I hear you were down at the runabout pad earlier. Did Chief O'Brien tell you about the antimatter pod?"

"What about the antimatter pods?" Moqra asked, alarmed.

"There's a crack in one, dear," Katie said to Moqra, "It needs to be replaced."

"You mean I have to buy a whole new antimatter pod?" Moqra nearly cried out, sounding despondent. "Qurros better be willing to pay me for that weapon."

"Weapon?" Shakaar asked. "What weapon?"

Kira was looking around the room, wary of anyone who might have overheard. "I don't know that this is the time or the place to discuss this," she said.

"You worry too much, Major," Moqra said, a little too loudly. "Nobody cares about the new weapon we're building here on the station."

"What kind of weapon?" Shakaar asked, making a liar out of Moqra with his interest.

"It's a phased plasma inverter," Katie said, jumping into the middle of the conversation. Looking at Kira, she added, "This meat is delicious, by the way."

"I'm glad you like it," Kira responded, having lost all interest in her meal for the time being. "Well, what do we talk about next?" She was doing everything she could to change the subject.

"Hold on, Nerys," Shakaar interrupted. "I'm interested in this weapon they're talking about."

"That's what I was worried about," Kira said.

"So what is a phased plasma inverter anyway?" Shakaar asked

"It's a plasma beam weapon in which you take a volatile substance, explode it, and channel the resultant energy out as plasma," Q'Hettor explained. "In this case, we're using trilitium resin as our reactant."

Kira perked up at that. "Trilitium resin? That's quite possibly the most unstable substance known. Why would you use that?"

"Because," Moqra said, "the more volatile a compound you use, the more powerful an energy beam you come up with. We've tried it with everything from nitroglycerine to polysynthetic hydrogen. The only thing that would work better than trilitium resin would be antimatter, and containing that would make the weapon too bulky to be practical."

Shakaar looked confused. "But where would you get a continuing supply of trilitium resin?"

"From a ship's own engines," Q'Hettor supplied. "It only takes a very small amount to form a plasma beam, I'd say about three milligrams. With the regular use of dilithium-channeled matter-antimatter reaction engines, enough trilitium resin should be produced to fuel the weapon for all but the most intense and prolonged battles."

"And with *this* weapon mounted to your ship," Moqra added, "you won't be in many battles that last *that* long." Suddenly, however, it was Moqra who was changing the subject. "Well, that was a good steak. Who's up for dessert?"

"Not me," said Kira, pushing herself back from the table. "I'm stuffed."

"I believe I'm fine as well," Katie said. "That cardrelor is very filling."

"Well, before we go," Moqra said, and looked at Shakaar, "a hundred and fifty bars."

"What?" Shakaar said, confused.

"A hundred and fifty bars of latinum," Moqra clarified, "for the whole shipment of fertilizer."

Shakaar was once again stunned by the sweetness of the deal. "Well, if this stuff works as well as you say, I think it would be worth it."

"Good," Moqra said. "There's just one thing left. Before we sign any contracts, I want you to take this case." He patted the case that Katie had brought in with her. "It's about ten kilos of the stuff. Till it into an acre of dead soil and see for yourself before you buy. You should have sprouts in three days."

"Okay," Shakaar said, "I'll try it."

"And with that," Moqra said, he and his sister rising simultaneously, "I will leave you two to enjoy each other's company without further intrusion. Good night." Moqra laid a slip of latinum on the table as a tip for the waiter and headed out, instructing the waiter to charge the meal, and anything that Kira and Shakaar chose to have after he and his sister left, to his berth on the station.

They were halfway back to the quarters that they had been assigned in the Habitat Ring when Katie finally spoke.

"You should have charged more for the fertilizer," she said, barely masking the bitterness in her voice. "He would have given you five hundred bars of latinum for that shipment."

"I know that," Moqra said, "and you know I would have taken as little as one hundred. Why are you so concerned with business matters all of a sudden?"

"Do you know how much a new antimatter pod will cost?" she asked, clearly aggravated. "I don't, but it looks like we're going to have to buy one, and they can't be cheap. We have to worry about our profit margin, because we've got a big expense coming up."

Moqra adopted a very placating tone. "Katie," he said, "everything will be all right. Didn't tonight go exactly as we'd planned? Just a few more days, and we'll have the weapon. Then we're home free."

"All I can say is," Katie said, "I hope you're right."



hurts. that will teach me to sample everything The Hotel has seen fit to place coffee makers and complimentary coffee in each room, not quite rakajino but with a bit of overbrewing it comes close. a reasonable substitute. seeing as my uniform is beyond repair at this point, I shall turn the adventure over to the Good Major,,, Herr Major? the floor is yours.

Journal of Major Hans Zimmermann

Achtung!!!

Listenze here

I am Major Hans Zimmermann and I shall take over zee tour from here,, please stay behind zee Yellow line and do not feed zee inmates. zis is Verbotten, and subject to zee severest of penalties. Do I make myzself Clear? Gut! zen on wis zee show.

It is now **9:30 a.m.** Saturday Morning and I have left zee hotel annex and begin walking down to der convention center, an uneventful trip , if you can call nearly causing a pileup at one intersection uneventful (again YES!!! good reaction)

10:15 A.M. Saturday - I have stopped my adventure for sustenance, Zee food here is quite gut, not entirely up to German standards but gut all zee same. I have Bacon and Eggs, with Toast and marmalade with coffee. Zee hangover is almost kaput and I am ready for anyzing.

11:00 A.M. - I have finished breakfast and begin wandering about taking in zee sights, a lot of scantily clad females wandering about. Zis will be a good leave.

11:45 A.M. - I run into Eugene Roddenberry, it has been a long time since I saw him last. it takes him a few mnutes but he eventually zees through zee disguise and remembers me. ziz is gut again. we have coffee and talk of old times and battles. I excuse myself after a few topics because Miss Moon has arrived, zee day gets brighter.

12:45 P.M. - I am approached by Zee Convention Command, and asked if I would like to Volunteer some time to zee con. I said " but uff Course " zo,, I march off to zee volunteer room and sign zee papers and they send me to Convention Gestapo.

1:00 P.M. - I report for duty to zee Gestapo Chief and snap to attention, announcing my readiness for duty, he puts his head in his hands and begins shaking it,, saying Nien Nien Nien over and over, when I ask him what zee problem is,, he said "last year we promised our selves zat ve would not hire any more Jackbooted Nazis for security detail,, and (gesturing at me) what do they send me? an ACTUAL jack booted Nazi" I zink i haf been inzulted, but I laugh all zee same.

1:15 -4:30 P.M. - On Patrol, various duties to perform

5:00 P.M. - I'm back in zee Mess hall for dinner, things have wound down for a bit
I will resume my report after I have eaten

7:30 P.M. - Dinner is over and I zink I need to see a tailor, its getting a bit snug zese days ah vell, chalk it up to decadent living, Zo! no more security detail for me tonight It is time to socialize und get to know zee fraulines, lots to new territory

to blitz tonight. its is a mixed bag of events this evening zo I am content to just wander around and see the sights, the Masquerade ball begins in an hour and zere is plenty to see und do between now und then, such as zee Battlebois display, oh to have had zese gems in Normandy,, things might have been verrrry different. I witnessed one such contrrraption chew a bowlingball to dust in minutes!! Mien Gott! zere was dust and debris flying everywhere. very impressive. Ze Dealers room was not so big, mainly vintage clothing und renaissance wear, but some very nice weapons displays as vell but sadly, not automatic firearms, und no heavy armor. well I can't win zem all. Time to depart for the ball. Miss Moon is on my Arm , zo there will be No time for reports again tonight. I shall pick up tomorrow.

3:00 A.M. Sunday - I'm still up and I have to report zat Zee Fraulines back in the Fatherland are Nowhere near zis.....!!! and I thought we were the master race! aufweidersien all

8:30 A.M. Sunday - Ach! Mien Gott!! - Mein Head hurts and mien roommate snores. Time for coffee. Miss Moon is still asleep the 'Interrogation' took longer than i thought (evil grin) when ve say ve haf vays of making you talk,,, belive it!!! Ahhhh Coffee und a ciggarette, a gut start to zee morning. Miss Moon and I vill be parting company soon and I shall miss her. I must make a note of travelling to salem oregon zoon.

9:15 A.M. - I head down for Breakfast in zis establishments superb dining roon the Chef must obviously be german. I shall have to add him to my personal staff when I return. I have to put in a couple hours of security work today so I shall continue zis later.

1:00 P.M. - vell zat , as they say is zat, security work is done, und it is time for zee art auction. I have bidded on a couple choice articles zat I am sure herr Goering will appreciate I must also report that I took top Honors in Zee Masquarede ball for best overall und I also took 1st for best Historical. Vell I vas out bid on zee Art,, herr Fatso Goering will have to go with out zis year. too bad ;)

3:00 P.M. - Checkout time, zis will be my last entry, all in all it vas a good convention, zese amerikaners know how to put on a good party, perhaps zey are not zo bad after all. zis is
Major Hans Zimmermann
gut day und gut hunting. aufwiedersien

4:00 P.M. - Mike the mundane here, well closing ceremonies was pretty much the last thing to happen, and then I had to head for my bus connections. it was a great con and I made a few good friends while I was there, and one especially good one , I hope she makes it to Norwescon if I go. the trip back was okay, and for a moment I thought for sure I was gonna make the last ferry to vancouver Island, Nope no such luck, they caught a stowaway on the bus back to canada at the border, and it held us up for quite a bit of time while customs went through everything and everyone. so I had to spend an extra night in Vancouver, no bug deal though I found a hundred bucks on the sidewalk so it was a profitable stop over I got home the next day a long weekend but a GREAT weekend

Mike/ K'logh/ Major Zimmermann



- ROLE-PLAY REPORT -



Campaign Coordination Command - Abbot K'Obol Chang-K'Onor & Thought-Admiral K'Jay K'Onor-Chang



CAMPAIGN COORDINATION COMMAND

A disquieting time. The universe, as we know it, has been behaving in unusual ways that defy all logic, physics and explanation. Our ships and personnel have disappeared into the ether, without warning, only to reappear later, unaware that they had been missing. Other fleets, most notably our enemies', the Kinshaya, have vanished without a trace, and have not yet returned. We would normally count this as a positive sign, if not for the disquieting fact that the unexplained phenomenon seem to be spreading.....toward Klingon space.

No divisions have escaped unaffected, though those furthest away from Klingon space seem to be affected the least. **Imperial Contacts Branch** in fact has been nearly able to conduct "business as usual", if navigating into a hyper-volatile ion storm of epic proportions, and losing track of members of the division can be said to be usual. Still, at least their communications disruptions can probably be attributed to natural, if unusual, phenomenon. Captain Khaufen Jur'ISS has good news to report as well from his mission, including claims that the 'storm' has transformed some of the metal on the outside of their ships to an alloy

previously unknown, the attributes of which their metallurgy lab is checking out now. A stop for repairs also yielded a Class M planet rich in minerals, including Deuterium, crystals and precious ores, as well as plentiful and nontoxic flora. The only curiosity is that the planet, while showing evidence of a highly evolved civilization, including buildings for genetic research on a massive scale, is deserted. Captain Jur'ISS is sending teams out to investigate further, particularly the low but significant energy readings coming from a central hub. Though some officers have reported the air heavy, the atmosphere falls within acceptable parameters and it may be place for them to complete repairs and resupply if events here worsen and it proves unsafe or impossible to return home for a time.

The rest of us have no choice in the matter. We are here, and must deal with an ever growing list of glitches and disappearances. On her way to respond to an emergency Klingon distress call, Ambassador A'qmarr ramhov K'Onor experienced a communications glitch that cut her off from not only her new **Imperial Diplomatic Service** personnel back on Qo'noS, but Lt. Koi Droklon who'd been lured out by an Orion arms dealer and barely escaped, and her XO on Terra as well. Luckily Cmdr. Reyna Kor-Zu-Merz managed to get a report through the pulsing communications window before it disappeared, giving A'qmarr news that while Reyna's ship, and the base she had been touring, had been attacked by an unknown enemy, using what seemed to be 'Kinshaya shield technology, everyone had survived. They theorized also that based upon the weapons signatures, this enemy may be the same one that

attacked the Breen military base earlier. It is valuable information, proof that Lt. Cmdr. Moqra Q'endeH desperately needs to convince the Federation Council that the Empire is not preparing to fight a bunch of 'ghost warriors.' But communications out of Klingon space are becoming increasingly sporadic, and the most that a frustrated A'qmarr can do is send the information using Lt. Kimpla Dorig-Dok'marr as courier, and hope for the best. But when Moqra and Kimpla do manage to send a message, it is only to say that the Federation Council remained unconvinced of the Kinshaya's existence, believing instead that the so called enemy was merely an excuse to build up Klingon military forces. And, before they could try to persuade the council again, using Kimpla's information, communications were lost amid the echoes of Breen weapons fire, and they were forced to abandon diplomatic efforts in order to perform a level 5 security lockdown of the embassy.

Our military divisions have had similar problems. Cmdr. KlySa'ra VelaH' of **Imperial Military**, whose military prowess against the Kinshaya in the nebula Veqlargh Duj mIn narrowly prevented the decimation of our entire Imperial Military fleet, has reported repair and supply ships disappearing, literally vanishing, en route to the damaged I.M. and I.S. vessels. Certain that the Kinshaya were intercepting and destroying the ships in order to disrupt supply lines, she sent reconnaissance teams out, but no Kinshaya ships or debris or residual signs of battle were found. Communications were also being jammed intermittently. Some messages would be received in their entirety, some would be cut off midstream, and

©* The Klingon Strike Force

some would not be received at all. Still, there was a war to fight, even hopelessly outnumbered and outgunned as they were, and IM forces, including Lt. Cmdr. DuroQ JurISS, Marine Capt. Kea'deC of Cadogan and Lt. Kerlof Kovok prepared for battle. It was not until the battle began, and the combined IM / IS fleet began to suffer heavy losses that suddenly and unexpectedly, the entire Khinshay fleet vanished, along with several IM ships, including Lt. Cmdr. DuroQ's. Fortunately, The Lt. Cmdr. was onboard another vessel, and so was not lost.

Others were, including some in **Imperial Security**, who, as Cmdr. Kosh Zu-Merz verified, simply disappeared. Again, the Kinshaya were suspected. With this in mind, Kosh ordered the Alpha and Bravo Taskforces to remain in the nebula, in spite of casualties, to keep the subjugated worlds under control and to secure the newly acquired 'defensive zone'. This done, he prepared to join in the assault on the main body of the enemy's fleet. But as IM reported, as soon as the battle began, it was over, the Kinshaya ships vanishing with no explosions, no high warp executed... or even a transwarp conduit opening. They simply vanished, without debris, spatial eddy's or any plausible theory to explain their disappearance. Probes were launched, but nothing was found, and communications with our military forces continue to degrade.

They have ceased entirely, however, with **SATCOM** as K'Grimm has gone as silent as the grave, and Commander Rak'qor K'Mpec and Thought-Admiral K'Lay K'Onor Chang are still missing, though a short communications burst did get through to us in a roundabout fashion, letting us know they are alive, albeit held somewhere unknown, against their will, perhaps in the hands of the Kinshaya, in dire straits.

K'Shona Base has gone silent too, since a single communication from Staff-Admiral Katalya K'Tore-Jiraal was cut off, mid delivery.

Imperial Intelligence, who is usually able to give us some answers, might as well have been cut off, spread so thin that they cannot effectively be sure of anything except that disappearances are happening all over the Sector, this verified by the few agents still able to communicate with II HQ, notably Kha'Mish'Khal Duraqnan and Korgath Duplm who having completed his mission, escaped a Romulan fleet of ships only because they disappeared without a trace before

they could fire on him. Only the **Chaplain General Corps** seems to have faith that answers and solutions may be at hand. Avakhon Kinsharri and Teh hel K'Onor are on their way back from Terra, and bringing Miral, the Quvagh'Magh home with them, in the hopes that she will be able to help the Klingon Empire in the coming time of crisis. Prior Avakhon can only hope that time has not yet come however, for Miraal is but a child, and though she has proven her willingness to use her demonstrated abilities to work miracles, attempting to save Blackheart's life after a ship attack rendered he and Lushy near death, Avakhon knows that this crisis is but the tip of the iceberg. Others loom on the horizon, not the least of which is the loss of more communications and ships, leaving him with no answers, few ideas and fewer resources. The last thing he wants to do is go into battle with a ship full of Terrans, children and uselessly holographic medical units, especially now that he has a soul....and it's doubts.....to get in the way.

Chaplain General Corps - Commander Avakhon Kinsharri~



Our glorious return to the Empire of the Quvagh'Magh has begun. After many long and fruitless arguments, (which I would rather have decided in combat, but my new found SOUL leads me to other means now) the decision was made by the child. SHE simply asked that she be allowed to go and they agreed. Had I known it to be that simple, I would have started my task there. Along with her parents, we have a canine and a stuffed animal to calm her whenever she is afraid, which seems unlikely as she embraces so much that should frighten even the bravest of warriors.

Our trip was proceeding well until the child began glowing and brought us to an unknown in our journey. SHE didn't know why, and we were at a loss as well. We proceeded cautiously and found the reason for her premonitions. Ships began disappearing all over the sector and our communications was cut completely. After several tense and

unbearable moments most reappeared, but were so severely damaged that they will most likely not be salvageable. The most concerning to me is the newest acquisition to my staff, Lt. Commander Lusciouslipps Kataan. Her ship was among those that reappeared some half an hour later, but damaged so badly as to be worthless in space.

Only by Durgath's hand was I able to manage to even transport to the ship and found a few of her crew alive. My most disheartening sight was my XO, BlackHeart, lying in her arms dying. I got them to the ship and placed him in stasis, but I only hope he may be revived by the Medra unit that teh'Hel has arranged for us. So far it seems to be below what I had requested and was told to expect, but it will be brought up to expectations when we reach Boreth Provided we reach Boreth. Miral attempted to save him, as she had the Lt. Commander, but I feared it too much even for her powers now, and stopped her from trying to allow him to get to cryogenics. What enemy has such powers to make whole fleets disappear and return completely totaled without so much as combat to show for it?

I have placed us at a full stop and am meditating until I can find some hint from Durgath or the Abbot as to what we should do from here. Damn that Abbot and his soul quest. Had it not been so, I would have not been frozen by indecision and fear for my followers. Perhaps I should rethink this soul and ask the Abbot to remove it once more so that I may serve Durgath more efficiently. Weapons don't need a conscience.

End of report

SA

TCOM - Commander Rak'qor K'Mpec

After the attack on SATCOM Rakqor devised a escape plan. Using two modified ground vehicles Rakqor, K'Lay, T'Sou and a few other officers tried to escape to the nearby mountains. After a wild ride and terrific crash only K'lay, Rakqor and T'Sou survived.

Taking refuge in the cave that housed a experimental temporal transport device.

A follow up attack buried K'Lay and Rakqor, with T'Sou trapped but able to move, he uses the untested device to try and escape and keep SATCOM's secrets from falling into enemy hands. His condition and whereabouts in space and time are at present unknown .

Rakqor and K'Lay were dug out, (rescued?) captured and taken prisoner.

©* The Klingon Strike Force

To where is unknown. They are presently being held in a cell with no food or water.

With no visible means of escape and very little hope of rescue or survival. It appears they were left to die as not even their captors appear to be present or care. Both are very cold and weak, and to some extent injured. In a desperate escape attempt to open the cell hatch... they fail. K'Lay had a hidden com device that was not detected and taken from her and as a last ditch effort Rakqor is able to activate it.

Believing its range and their location will make its signal too weak to reach any friendly force both prepare to die.

**Imperial Diplomatic Service -
Ambassador (Commander) A'qmarr
ramHov K'Onor**



Ambassador A'qmarr ramHov K'Onor was not in a happy mood. She had one of the biggest ships in the Fleet but it was no match for a communications "glitch" that cut her off from the IDS personnel back on Qo'noS, as well as her XO on Terra. Her ship responded to the emergency call from a Klingon colony, but that was before the communications problem developed. She was feeling as helpless as a blind & deaf targ when a message came in on a very low frequency: Thought Admiral K'Lay wanted a status report on her mission. "What?!" A'qmarr almost snapped at the ensign monitoring the repair technicians' work. "How I can GIVE her a status report when I can't even contact Commander Moqra by no' Hol?" She felt like taking a more "hands-on" method of getting the technicians to work quicker but decided, instead, to go to her Ready Room, gather what little information was recorded and send that through the one slim frequency open.

"Thought Admiral, Abbot K'Obol," A'qmarr began recording. "We have been having communications problems and our technicians are trying to solve them. Before we first lost communications, we sent a message to Lt. Koi vestai-Droklon, to come to our current position. Before we lost

communications a second time, we learned that his IKV Thunderwolf responded to a supposed distress call. It turned out to be a ruse by an Orion arms dealer our merchants have had problems with for many months. In the Cait system, the Orion tried to extort Koi into giving up some 'antimatter bombs.' The Thunderwolf was fired upon and suffered extensive damage to shields & warp drive and some damage to life support. Koi's crew made some repairs, then lured the Orion with a ruse of their own. The Orion was led to believe that he'd get his 'antimatter bombs.' Instead, a spread of antimatter torpedoes & disruptors greeted his ship. Needless to say, the Thunderwolf destroyed the Orion ship. At last report, Koi & his crew have resumed course for our current position; while making more repairs to shields & warp engines."

A'qmarr got up from her chair, went to the replicator and got a full qa'vln Hlvje'. She checked on the progress of the repairs, then continued recording her department's status report. "The service records of the two new transfer officers, Lt. Jg K'elvor vestai-tuq'mar & Ens. Morgahn Lee tai-LaSrega, arrived at the same time that Lt. Koi's report was received. Lieutenant K'elvor's ship was supposed to be diverted to our current position and we are waiting on his report on the possibility of war between the Klingon colonists & the 'natives' of the planet in our sights. We want to have this report on hand in case a 'diplomatic' solution to the problem can't be found. Ensign Morgahn's ship also received orders to divert course. We are awaiting her report on a contingency plan to evacuate the colonists from the planet, in case it's needed. We also hope that she can help us reestablish communications with our diplomats on Terra."

The commander of the IDS drank the rest of her qa'vln and got a refill, along with qagh tlhQ. She ate the meal in silence, then continued with her summary: "It has been almost six months since I heard last from Cmdr. Krysythe sutai-QL'mpeq on Ferenginar. Our current communications problems has not helped this situation either. I hope I can contact my other ship and have them check on her status. As for Cmdr. Reyna zantai-Kor-Zu-Merz, we received her report during a favorable communications window last week. Commander Reyna's ship, IKV Qor yay Hem, reached veqlargh Duj mIn with the Bajoran trading vessel. The goods were offloaded as she gave the Bajoran officials a tour of the operations base.

Reyna's ship, however, came under attack from an unknown ship... with advanced technology. As the Qor yay Hem retreated to the Mutaris Nebula for repairs, the base was placed on alert with Reyna coordinating their ground defenses. Trade Minister Nera Antos and Major Kireil Adami, his military advisor, were incensed at what was happening. Cmdr. Reyna was even accused by Major Kireil of taking 'lax security precautions.' Holding back the temptation to inflict pain on Kireil, Reyna went into action as the unknown enemy fired on the base. She kept the base commander apprised of the situation and initiated security/defensive procedures, honed during her years as head of the IM Ground Forces. The base commander told Cmdr. Reyna that the weapons used against the base contained enhanced plasma energy combined with a defensive system very much like 'Kinshaya shield technology.'

She & the base commander closed communications with our ships and began their defensive plans. Major Kireil observed the activities while Minister Nera was escorted to guest quarters to rest." A'qmarr refilled her qa'vln Hlvje' and continued recounting Reyna's report: "Reyna's account states that the base was under attack by the unknown enemy for several weeks. Damage to the exterior portion of the base was extensive enough to warrant a personnel move to the more protected underground portion. Our scientists there have reported to Reyna that this enemy may be the same one that attacked the Breen military base. This was confirmed by the discovery of several partially eaten corpses that were once our outer perimeter guards.

Eventually, the enemy left the area; which allowed the base personnel to return to the above ground portion of the base to begin the rebuilding process. Reyna also reports something positive out of all of this: Major Kireil and Minister Nera were 'favorably impressed' with the Klingons' 'efficiency, organization and spirit of cooperation (especially with the Cardassians) in dealing with this new threat.' I suggest further study of Reyna's after action reports for more about this new threat."

A'qmarr paused to receive a status report from the repair technicians. "ghay'cha!" she practically barked into the console on her desk. "I need to contact Commander Kosh of Imperial Security AT ONCE! I know he's in this system. Find a way to reach either of his ships, Kawak or mupwl' chuS, or suffer an hour in the agonizer booth... at 85%!" She returned to the rest of

©* The Klingon Strike Force

her summary: "What I can report on the progress of my XO, Lt. Cmdr. Moqra vestai-Q'endeH, and our newest envoy, Lt. Kimpla vestai-Dorig-Dok'marr, is what you already know. They are supposed to convince the Federation Council that the Empire is not preparing to fight a bunch of 'ghost warriors.' That's all I know, thanks to this baQa' communications 'glitch.' However, I have confidence in the skills of our 'Merchant Prince' and, after looking over Kimpla's service record, have a good feeling about her abilities. As for myself, I did not get to stay with the Breen after arriving at veqlargh Duj mIn, because of the emergency message from the colony. Since then, I've been trying to get more background on the situation, but the communications problems we've been having has made the task more difficult. I've tried to contact the Colonial Governor but the communications are very spotty. I have tried to contact Imperial Security, as per your request, but right now no answer has been received. We will still try to reach Cmdr. Kosh or one of his aides.

"Lord Abbot, Adm. K'Lay, I wish I had better news to report from IDS. But for right now, this will have to do. ghop Qey'IIIS. It should be better than this!

Addendum:

Moqra used all of his not inconsiderable skill trying to convince the assembled ambassadors in the Federation Council, in particular the ambassador from Earth, that the Kinshaya were not winged demons or figments of our imagination, or even a convenient excuse to build up our military forces, but rather fierce aliens whose physical prowess even the esteemed Vulcans could not match. Doing it without proof in hand was a trick that not even Moqra found easy to master, however. Even his friends didn't believe him.

There was some indication his luck was changing when Kimpla Dorig-Dok'marr arrived on orders from IDS, bringing him written proof and confirmation of his premise (and greatly improving his bargaining position, or so he hoped). He was planning to use the communiques which contained an II brief detailing the tactics of the Kinshaya, reports on recent contacts and conflicts with the Races' Globeships and a copy of the Breen proposal joining forces with us against the Kinshaya when communications with IDS, the homeworld, and practically everything else turned to static. All that remained were the

echoes of Breen weapons fire, and a clear need, according to regulations, to perform a level 5 security lockdown of the embassy.

Deciding to handle things the most expedient way, if not the most diplomatic, Moqra and Kimpa parked the Far Star on a small but functional shuttle pad on the roof and headed in from there, discovering that the Embassy was without internal communications as well. Using a 'Routine Security Exercise' excuse as a cover, they evacuated all excess personnel and accessed the Ambassadorial offices where the touch of a single button would put the entire Embassy into an automatic shutdown. Amid alarms, sirens and flashing red and blue lights, Moqra sent guards to go to each floor, dropped his fist on the button and it was done. Lockdown.

Imperial Military - Cmdr. KlySa'ta vestai VelaH'



The recent battle with the Kinshaya in the nebula Veqlargh Duj mIn very nearly decimated our entire Imperial Military fleet. We had all we could do to make repairs to our remaining ships. Our crew complement was also severely reduced in size, and space surrounding many of the ships was littered with the shells of those who had bravely, and with honor, gone to the Black Fleet.

As we were making repairs, reports of strange events began trickling in through the Com systems. There were reports of repair and supply ships disappearing, literally vanishing, en route to the damaged I.M. and I.S. vessels. At first we thought there must be some mechanical error, as our communications systems were already affected by the heavy ionization and radiation that permeated the nebula, but then visual confirmation of these reports was received. Certain that the Kinshaya were intercepting and destroying our ships in order to disrupt our supply lines, reconnaissance teams were sent out. Our commanding officers reported that they could find no Kinshaya ships in the area. Much more disturbing, however, was the fact that wreckage was missing. Our scout

ships were passing through coordinates where confirmed kills had taken place, but there was no wreckage present, no debris, no bodies, and no plasma trails or other residual signs of battle. We initially thought that our equipment was faulty in light of the damage we had incurred during the battle, but we were able to confirm that the systems were operating correctly.

Our communications officers were also reporting strange occurrences with the Com systems. It was as if the systems were being jammed intermittently. Some messages would be received in their entirety, some would be cut off midstream, and some would not be received at all. We could find no evidence at all of enemy ships in the area, and so we do not think the Kinshaya were responsible. We have to date uncovered no rational explanation for these strange events.

The officers of the Imperial Military, Lt. Cmdr. DuroQ Jur'ISS, Marine Capt. Kea'deC of Cadogan, Lt. Kerlof Kovok, assembled aboard my command vessel, the taj qlj, for a meeting to try and unravel the mystery and decide how best to proceed on our mission. We were joined by Cmdr. Kosh zantai Zu-Merz and Lt. Kib'tore of Imperial Security. All officers reported similar findings, and no conclusion could be effectively drawn.

Still without an apparent cause for the disappearances, the Imperial Military and Imperial Security vessels moved out and resumed their mission. Scout ships were sent out ahead of the main fleet to search for signs of the enemy.

The combined I.M. and I.S. fleet encountered nothing for quite some time, when suddenly a couple of the scout ships vanished without a trace in exactly the same way that the supply and repair ships had. Finally, one of our scouting parties discovered a globeship. They pursued immediately, and the globeship made no effort to turn and fight, which we thought was unusual. The fleet followed relatively closely behind, hoping that the globeship would lead them to the massed Kinshaya fleet, which it did.

Hopelessly outnumbered and outgunned, our valiant warriors prepared for battle, ready to die to the last man for the Empire. The battle began, and our combined fleet, already damaged from the last battle, began to suffer additional heavy losses. A few of the Kinshaya ships were destroyed, but it was clear that victory would not be ours. Undaunted, our noble warriors battled

©* The Klingon Strike Force

on, when suddenly and unexpectedly, the entire Khinshay fleet vanished, along with several of our own ships, including Lt.Cmdr. DuroQ's qul Hov.

Fortunately, The Lt. Cmdr. was onboard another vessel, and so was not lost to us.

Imperial Security - Commander Kosh zantai-Zu-Merz



All of the wo'taH QanHung taskforces, Alpha, Bravo, Gamma and Omega were in a bad way; all had to repair their Dujmey from damage taken in battle with enemy forces, although Alpha and Bravo sustained only light damage to their vessels, a small number destroyed, and the number of their Suvwl'pu' sent to the yo' qlj were also light. Alpha (commanded by Sogh Kanara) and Bravo (Sogh Samwl' in command) had conquered enemy planets and did not have to fight the Khinshaya outright. Gamma Taskforce (SoghHom Godon commanding) and my Omega Taskforce encountered the globeships at the fourth system, we conquered the system and repulsed the strike by the enemy forces, we sent many a great Suvwl' to the yo' qlj in that glorious stand against the enemy... We also had a number of Dujmey destroyed in battle and scuttled a few to keep them out of the Khinshaya's han-, er, claws.

Alpha and Bravo Taskforce were ordered to remain in the nebula, keeping the subjugated worlds under our control and the space secure from future attacks by the enemy into our newly acquired 'defensive zone', also to hold the Tolkan planet (the second planetary system), the natives were a battle hardened race and hard to keep a handle on! Patrols of B'Rel Dujmey and scouting probes were sent out in the nebula and to the outer fringes as well, a couple of B'Rel had been... not heard from again, one had communications go unreadable and the other we simply lost all contact with! Several probes came up missing as well...

I did have a handful of un-required vessels from Alpha and Bravo Taskforce transferred to Gamma and Omega Taskforces, they were more in demand for the coming battles with the Khinshaya. The combined Gamma/Omega Taskforce, code-named the Defiant Fleet, consists of vagh (5) D10H's, cha' (2) D7S's, jav (6) D32's, and Hut (9) L42's; I have also recalled the IKV Kawak from it's posting on Shaula, it may arrive in time at high warp. The meeting on the IKV taj qlj, KlySa'ra commanding, was not particularly helpful, we did compare our sensor scans of the enemy and their tactics, as well size up our strike fleet and give detailed reports of the state of conditions of our Dujmey; which was not promising, but did give us some hope for victory!

The newest member of the wo'taH QanHung, lagh Kib'tore, I had sent out to Recon the enemy fleet to size them up, before we stir up their nest and take them on, he was assigned the XO post onboard the IKV Gozar's Destructor; a D32 toQDuj (BOP), and the IKV Destroyer and IKV tlq Suvwl'pu' were assigned his back-up. While Kib'tore was sent off repairs on the assembled Defiant Fleet's Dujmey were accelerated for the upcoming confrontation, the Stryker's injuries were fully repaired, as were the damage to the Gal'tagh, Devisor, and the Tor'volh; the mupwl' chuS transporters were brought back online, but after the meeting aboard the taj qlj.

While the wo' QI' fleet and the wo'taH QanHung Defiant Fleet repaired their wounds, a couple of resupply vessels were reported missing, and communications with tlhIngan HlvbeQ HQ were spotty at best, sometimes completely severed; the Khinshaya were assumed behind the cowardly attacks on our supply lines and communications, we would make them pay for their affronts against the Empire... We would bring the battle to the enemy once again, proving we can be "agile, hostile, and mobile"!

As the two fleets moved out, the combined Defiant Fleet split up on my command, the overall strategy of the Defiant and wo' QI' fleet was to catch the enemy in a 'vise' (an ancient tera'ngan tool), the wo' QI' in the middle of the formation and the wo'taH QanHung on either side of the vise at the points, this sounded like a strong plan at the time... When the combined

force came within long range scans of the enemy force, we were receiving odd readings, like the vessels were there, and they weren't; that would not stop us from breaking them! I knew it would not be easy though...

As we were coming within targeting range of our disrupters, then when we came closer to them and closed our vise on them, the scanners were giving us mixed up readings, the Tor'volh fired all of her forward weapons at the enemy; Gozar's Destructor and her entourage barely made it back in time for the battle. The battle was proceeding as the past ones had, we were a small force going up against a much larger enemy force at first, three or four Dujmey of our fleet to one of the enemy's, the enemy's globeships would make short work of us.

In a strike against one of the globeships, I sent an 'arclight' flight of wej of L42 QuD Greater Birds against one of the enemy vessels consisting of the Tar'voth, the Tcha'voth, and the Zo'roth; then I came in with the mupwl' chuS for the finish, one exact torp barrage against the enemy's weak spot... and it was no more. Although it seemed we were in deep, there were still a lot more of the enemy than us, it seemed like we would be overwhelmed by their number of ships... But they vanished! No sign of exiting, no explosions, no high warp executed... or even a transwarp conduit opening, they simply vanished; we kept the vise in formation, but a couple of small patrols were sent forth to investigate.

Nothing was found, no debris, no spatial eddy's, no rip in the space-time continuum; nothing we could make sense of, at least nothing to indicate a plausible theory to explain the disappearance. I didn't like it, and nothing would make me! Several probes were launched, they did not find even a smidgen of evidence to explain the sudden nothingness that once was a very large fleet of enemy vessels. I tried contacting the High Command, for they should be warned if the enemy had somehow found a cloaked wormhole to the Homeworld, communications were sent out but nothing came in, transmissions seemed spotty among our fleets as well.

A couple of probes stopped transmitting back, and a toQDuj went missing, the IKV tlq lungmey, then when a Greater Bird could not be

©* The Klingon Strike Force

located, the IKV Gal'voth; that is when we called all Dujmey back to the combined fleet, we would find out what the Khinshaya had crafted! Some sort of enemy device could have been created to do something of this magnitude, something cowardly and sneaky... the bastards! We would make them pay... soon...

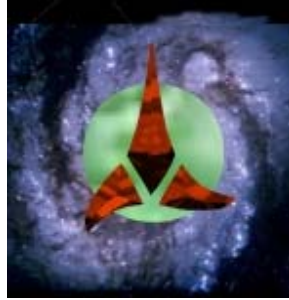
**Imperial Intelligence - NPC
Commander Hurgh K'Mer (K'Lay
K'Onor-Chang)**



Imperial Intelligence is effectively blind. I do not know if a single enemy, a coalition of adversaries, or a complicated series of so far unexplained coincidences are responsible for the rash of unexplained disappearances within this Sector, and the suborning one or more of our top people to acquire a list of agents' names, thus resulting in the imprisonment or death of many, but Imperial Intelligence has been spread so thin that we cannot effectively be sure of anything except this: disappearances are happening all over the Sector, some of our own people and some allied to us, and others waon the other side, without explanation. We cannot yet even tell in all cases whether our people are silent because they've been picked up by enemy forces, or whether they too have vanished without a trace, as has happened even on the war front, with the suddenly missing Kinshaya invasion fleet. T'Lara, co-Commander K'Eherang and XO Qwll'eren are among the MIA whose whereabouts and fate we do not know. Kha'Mish'Khal has checked in, thank the Gods, but has not been able to effectively complete his mission as his partner has vanished without a trace and it is difficult to go in alone. The report from Korgath is, in some ways, even more disturbing. He did complete his mission, and he has escaped Romulan space relatively unscathed, but a small Romulan fleet seems to be shadowing his every move, first appearing out of nowhere, then disappearing again, without leaving a single signature trace. I do not believe our cloaking detection equipment is faulty, or that Korgath is

imagining the Romulan war birds. I think, though as yet I have no evidence to prove it, that these disappearances and reappearances are tied in, somehow, with those happening everywhere else. Would that I had the personnel to investigate it fully. For now, I will attempt to re-establish contact with all II agents, and pursue the many baffling leads.

**Imperial Contacts Branch - Captain
Khaufen JurISS**



CAPTAIN'S LOG: The storm is dissipating. For the last twelve hours the squadron has weathered the fiercest part of this unrecorded phenomenon. Sensor and communications contact with the other vessels of the ICB was lost when we entered the hyper-volatile outer eddies of the storm. For a few brief minutes the Stormwalker was visible from the port mess hall, now the writhing lights of the storm's fury has masked all contact!

Day thirty three: We have cleared the storm. A full diagnostics of all systems are underway, even the Stormdragon sustained minor damage. The sensor engineer claims the 'storm' has introduced us to seven previously unknown forms of energy and radiation. Parts of our vessels that were 'previously' impervious to outside influences have been altered on the molecular level. Currently, there are two entirely unknown alloys from those units under study in the Stormdragon's quantum metallurgy lab.

Upon the Stormwalker seven warriors are dead, cause: unknown. The 'Hand of Kahless' was with our vessel and crews; the death count could have been much, much higher!

Except for the Stormdragon and the Stormwalker, no other ICB vessels are within our temporarily disrupted sensor range. Khaufen gave the command to launch the Captain's Fighter, piloted by Lt. Kaladin; the Puritanium insulated

launch bay had shielded the small but powerful craft. It's mission: find the rest of ICB squadron.

Day Thirty Six: Sensors are now operating at 87% efficiency, our two vessels have short range communications back on-line; repairs, replacements and intersystem calibrations continue. Lt. Kalle reports a star with two Class M planets only two light days distant at minimum warp; the order is given to proceed to those coordinates.

Captain's Log: There has been no contact with the rest of the ICB squadron. It is too early to expect results from Commander Konner.

Scans indicate the first Class M planet to be rich in minerals, crystals and precious ores. We have recorded twenty-six Deuterium deposits of respectable size.

Lifeform readings are off the Q'latu scale for this class of planet; flora is plentiful and nontoxic. Scans have revealed deserted installations on the surface, but no cities! Those departments not currently engaged in repairs are organizing ground contingents to study, sample and evaluate the planet's value to the Empire. Khaufen begins a grueling schedule of activity; a 'state-of-existence' he was more than familiar with.

KirroQ's Journal: After much pursuit, and 'persuasion' father has agreed to take me with his team to investigate the alien installations on the planet! Mother is torn between insisting she also accompany him and 'keeping an eye on my brother'. I win this battle! ~ It is time. I will record my adventure when we return.

Day Thirty Nine: The Captain's landing contingent beamed to the largest of the abandoned installations. The first four hours were spent 'entering' the structure; the neo-ceramic alloy of the structure was surprisingly resistant to disruptors, even at high output. Once inside four teams were created. Captain JurISS took his main engineer, Security chief and his son with him.

Immediately, they were all struck by the cleanliness of the place, as well as it's palatial size. Field sensors indicate the

©* The Klingon Strike Force

Spring 2003 Issue

structure is old, readings are inconclusive as to just 'how old'. We are also reading power, low but significant; the energy signatures are unrecognizable. All teams are proceeding outward from the cavernous central hub.

and structural configuration: genetic manipulation was carried out here on a massive scale! Preliminary analysis' have determined that genetic research and experimentation occurred here also. More will be recorded once the voluminous data is confirmed, compared and analyzed.

was always present, that. . . . 'crab apple' look of their skin. And no hair! Tonight I will sleep with my sword in my hand; there is something about these walls. . . . the longer we are in here, the heavier the air seems to get. K'tanin says the atmosphere is almost perfect for us, but still . . .

Not an hour into the exploration of the surface structures it's discovered that our communicators will not pierce the walls of place. They do work inside. . .so far. A relay team is established to establish constant contact with the Stormwalker.

KirroQ's Journal: It looks like we are going to spend the night here in this sterile mausoleum. There was nothing worth investigating anyway, just hallway after hallway, and lab after lab of strange equipment! Father says contact with the other teams investigating the other structures tell the same story. Nothing but halls, chambers, labs, living quarters. . . dead things. We did find some transparencies and holocubes that at least give us an idea of what the 'people' who worked here looked like! Like all races there is obvious differences in the appearance of whoever used to live here, but one thing

K'Shona Base - Staff Admiral Katalyia K'Tore-Jiraal

Katalyia and Killon are trapped in her office, cut off from everybody and unable to contact anyone. She can hear what's going on and is getting frustrated. All she can tell is that an "unknown entity" keeps telling her everything will be fine.

The next hour's probe revealed far more than can be recorded here. The equipment, quarters, galleys and laboratories are in pristine condition; although there may be more to this place than we have yet to find there is only one conclusion that can be drawn from the many tons of equipment

(CCC Command: Unable to contact K'Shona, however have detected high rate of communication on base. But K'Shona refuses to respond to all hails.)



- KLUB CHANGES -

Address Changes:	
GSA - Sector 1	Curtis D. Martin / Cmdr. Kosh zantai Zu-Merz 12106 SE 314TH ST. AUBURN, WA 98092-0913 koshzumerz@yahoo.com
GSA - Sector 3	Robert Cunningham / Commander Avakhon vestai Khinsharri 435 East Main St. Trotwood, Ohio 45426 major_khinsharri@yahoo.com or avalon37@Hotmail.com
GSA - Sector 4	Dennis S. Higgins / Lt. Mordok vestai-JurISS Imperial Military 127 West Road, # 2 Pleasant Valley, NY 12569 higginsden@aol.com

Email Changes:	
GSA - Sector 5	Gill Curry / LCmdr. Luciouslips vestai-JurISS-Chang - foofooclaws@juno.com

Chris Gable / Volar K'Zota K'Onor - volar@tampabay.rr.com

New / Returning Members:	
GSA - Sector One	Morgan Anke / Ensign / Morgahn Lee LaSrega Imperial Diplomatic Corps (address withheld) EnsignTyson@aol.com
GSA - Sector 3	Rose Compton / Lt. Kimpla vestai Dorig-Dokmarr Imperial Diplomatic Services 1321 Esplanade ave. Davenport, Ia 52803-4155 novjup@aol.com IKV Bringer of Justice Global Sector B
GSA - Sector 5	Mathew Fetzer / Ensign Kib'tores tai Kaleth Imperial Security 1960 Taylor Drive Perry, FL 32347 mathewfetzer@hotmail.com
GSA - Sector 6	Morgan Pohlen / Ensign KirroQ tai JurISS Contacts Branch 4315 Owasso #8 Tulsa, OK 74105 lxidor_the_Reality_Sculpter@yahoo.com
GSB (Australia)	Eduardo Martinez / Ensign Dk'vout tai Koloth Imperial Military 15/32 Anton Drive, Hillsdale, Sydney, NSW 2040, Australia



- ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS -

Cover Artwork by qe'laS ©2000 [Alien Phaces](#)
Credits for individual articles appear under the relevant titles - *rettho'*
Other Artwork by *Ke'reth Makura*, *K'Zhen Zu-merz* or created/modified by *qe'San be'raun*.
Last but not least everyone who has contributed to the club.
nlt'eb Qob qaD' jup 'e' ch'au'be' Suvul' - A warrior doesn't let a friend face danger alone.

EPHAT' STY' IES' MAS' 'I' MET'YT' LAHTY'

© NOTICE: The Klingon Strike force/Department of Inspirational Media (D.I.M.) reserves the right to any copyright not already owned by Paramount, any Licensed users of Star Trek material/information or any other concerns. This newsletter was produced purely for recreational purposes and in so doing has not intentionally made any attempt to supersede these copyrights. Star Trek™ and related marks are trademarks of Paramount Pictures. All rights reserved. All other trademarks and copyrights are the property of their respective owners.

*The KSF reserves the right to use any material submitted for publishing in Battle Lines within it and for the purposes of publicizing the KSF and BattleLines.

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