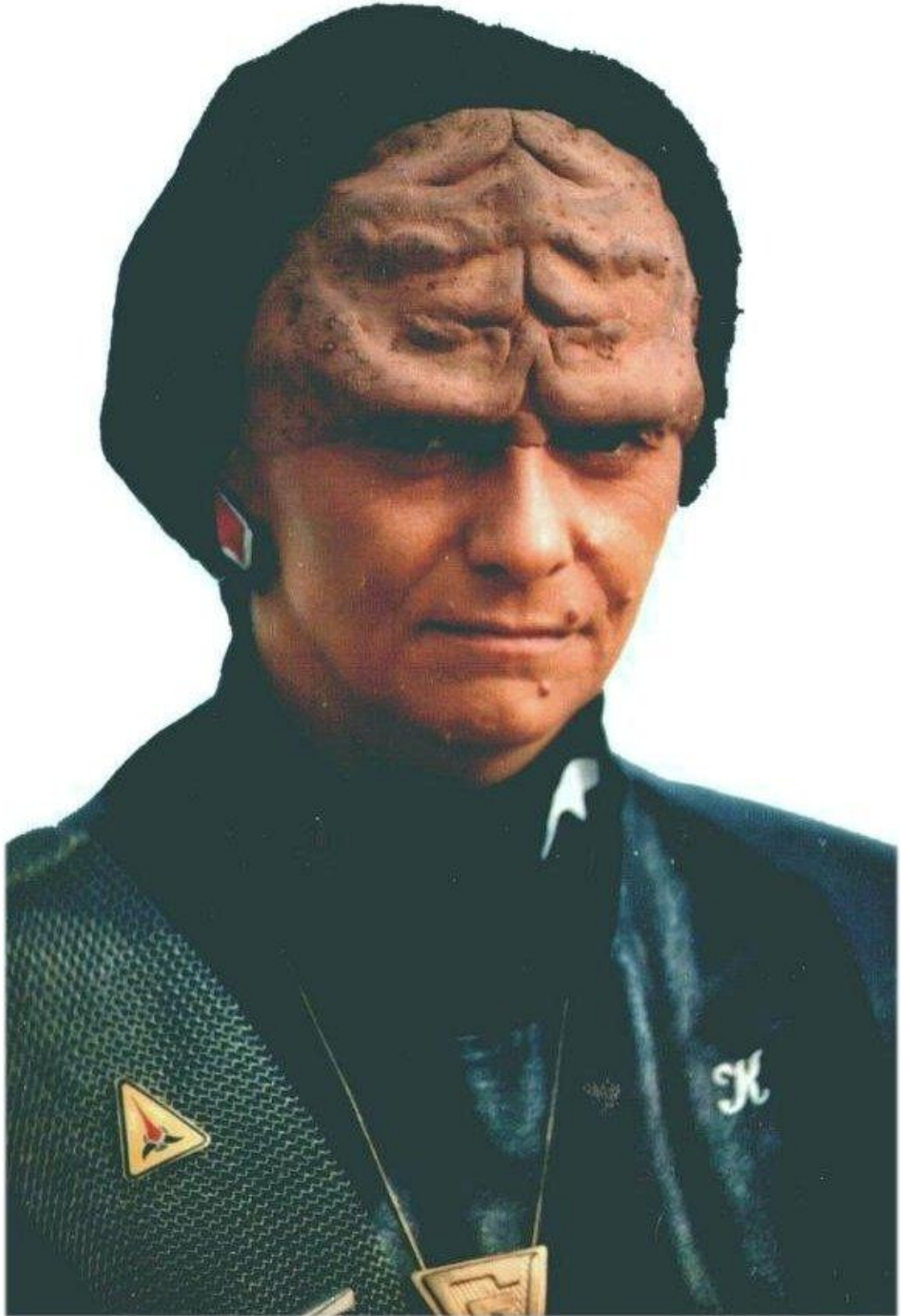




Battle Lines

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

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- ADMIRAL'S THOUGHTS -

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

It's summer time once again, and as usual, KSF members are busy doing all those things that one either cannot do in the winter, or don't have the time to do all year long; moving, yard work, family vacations, travel and so forth. Often, at this time of year, people send me frantic e-mails to apologize for not getting all of their KSF duties done on time. I usually respond, as I have this year, with this piece of advice: the KSF is here so we can all have fun. Sometimes that fun takes the form of talking with other members in chat on a Monday evening. Sometimes it means



reading listserve messages with the morning news. Other times it's the escape and adventure of a role play, or a joke or friendly hello shared with someone in another Sector. The KSF at it's best is a "get to", not a "have to". So, my advice to you all this trimester is this: enjoy your summer. Send a post report sharing your activities with us, if you want to, but don't sweat the small stuff. Orders and responsibilities will still be here when the summer is over, and so will we. In the meantime, **HAVE**

FUN.....and that's an order. (smile)

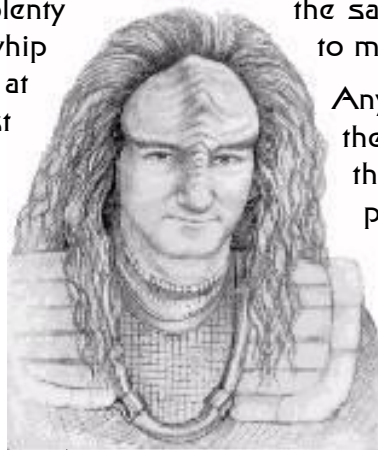
Thought-Admiral K'Lay epetai K'Onor-Chang
Klingon Strike Force Commander in Chief
Klingon Strike Force High Command
tlhIngan Hlvbeq ra'ghomquv



- EDITOR'S DAGGER -

by Admiral qe'San Zantai be'rawn

Here we go with my 15th Issue! I hope you enjoy it. I'm pleased to say I've had plenty of input for this issue and the whip didn't have to come out very much at all. Talking of whips I just discovered the other day where the expression "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours" came from. Apparently it's a naval expression from the time of the cat and nine tails. The duty dishing out the punishment was performed on a rota.. If a crew member was up for a whipping then they would come to an arrangement with the person holding the whip



that if they merely scratch their back they'll do the same when it's their turn. Sounds true to me! Do you know different??

Anyway back to the issue. Kimpla had the idea of including members profiles in the way of interviews. So although profiles have been included before Kimpla is looking for the rank & file members. We're hoping this will really kick of from the next issue but she has produced one on herself for this issue. She has also put together a Brief profile of Captain James T. Kirk.



- ANNOUNCEMENTS -

APPOINTMENTS:

Lt. Commander Moqra vestai Q'endeH has been appointed Sector Two Commander
 Anne Zecca / Cmdr. A'qmarr ramHov vestai K'Onor - appointed to the position of Sector 5 XO

PROMOTIONS:

Rose Compton / Lt. Kimpla vestai Dorig-Dokmarr Zu-Merz - rank promotion to Lt. Commander.
 Doug Welsh / Fleet Captain K'Obol zantai-Chang-K'Onor - rank promotion to Vice-Admiral.



- POST REPORTS -



GSA

Compiled by Admiral Katalyia
 K'Tore-Jiraal
 GSA Commander



Sector Two

Filed by Moqra
 Q'endeH / Steven
 R. Dare
 Sector 2 CO

Moqra Q'endeH / Steven R. Dare - Well, in the last trimester, I had the honor of being asked, very near the end of the trimester, to be the Sector CO for Sector 2. I accepted the honor, and now I've been Sector CO for about a week. I sent out an e-mail, introducing myself to all of the people in my sector, and that's about it for the Sector business on my end. Pretty thin.

In other areas, work continues on my game. "Malacria" will be a fully realized fantasy world with more depth of detail than any world D&D ever put out, if things continue the way they've been going. Thanks are owed to all my friends here in Omaha, who selflessly give their time to my project, based on only

their belief in its viability and their desire to get a free lunch on Saturday.

Additionally, I have started to assist one of those friends with the background work on a computer game. As soon as I finish typing this report, in fact, I've got work to do putting the script together for that game. It's going to take a long time to get it all done and put together, but in the end it should be great. We hope to sell it and get filthy rich.

And that's life, other than the cleaning and the cooking. I expect my next report will be a lot longer, because I will have more to say about my sector, but for now, I'll sign off.



Sector Three July 1, 2003

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

Admiral
 Katalyia Epetai

K'Tore-Jiraal, Sector Commander:

I have been busy renovating the house and it is mainly done except for a couple of coats of paint on the kitchen cupboards. They went from a not so pretty brown to a light blue, which brings out the other colors in the kitchen-plus they match the decor. Also, I have had to replace the water heater, which I wasn't too happy with. The Star Trek Convention that I was planning on attending in April was rescheduled and is now being held in September. I and my friend will be attending the event.

Lt. Kimpla Vestai Dorig-Dokmarr Zu-Merz: Bowling ended in April. Out of eight teams, ours came in last. Not too bad...considering we only bowled half the season. We start again in August and hope to do better this year. That should be too difficult since we won't be starting off with 16 losses. (geez!) In May, my brother, his girlfriend and their dog came to visit. It was the first time he's ever been to my home, so I was a little "excited". They were here over Memorial weekend and we had a great time. The day after

my brother left, Ed (K'Stor) left for New Jersey to visit with his family. My dogs and I had a difficult time adjusting to a suddenly empty house. (Somehow we survived.) June has been filled with chiropractic appointments (an attempt to put my bones back where they belonged after may fall)and working outside. Since the weather has gotten nicer, it seems there's always some sort of yardwork needing to be done. This year we added 6 new lavender rosebushes, six red hibiscus and 2 Rose of Sharon. For those who are not familiar with Rose of Sharon, it grows red, white and blue, all on the same shrub. The corn around the bird feeder is waist high and the grapevine is showing a multitude of future grapes. We also have a baby peppers and tiny green tomatoes on the vines. In the next month we will spend our time taking care of all our plants, new and old, as well as working on some ideas for next year. We're toying with the possibility of some type of Ivy along the fenceline. Camping season is upon us, so the house remodeling has been put on hold for a while. We are all set to start on the bathroom, as soon as we have some extra time. For now, I think that brings you up to date on my Tri. I hope you all had a good one also.

⇐⇒ *Ktraft*: Life continues to go about the same for me. I am still grateful I have a job and I do not see that changing. I am waiting to hear if I passed my license test(estimate 4-6 weeks). I thought I had a good grasp of the material, but it certainly didn't seem that way as I was taking the test. I hate tests. I think I've developed a severe dislike for Haley-just kidding. It is surprising though how much I FEEL for the Experimental model being that I THINK a lot about the Cognitive model:-) My be'nal is just finishing up a 4 month intensive training as a Paralegal.

Now the part comes in the job search(which she dreads). She's a smart lady-unlike me-and I'm sure she'll find something soon enough. I have been trying to spend some time researching census records on Ancestry.com. It isn't proving that worthwhile. I did find my grandfather living in Michigan in 1930. My aunt Margaret was 5 and my uncle Bob was about 9 months old. Not very helpful. There also seem to be more Taft's out there that I can't find a link to our family. There are more of them than I believed existed, but none of them fit my genealogy. I did get an EMAIL from someone on my Grandmother's side. Their group has done some VERY extensive research and traced the family back quite a way to "the old country". I think I need to in PA for most of my research, but I'm stuck up in MN:-(I did get an EMAIL from someone who's mother was a Traft, but that family is in a different tree(at least so far). I was able to find more things about HER ancestry than my own. I think I'm in the wrong family:-O

⇐⇒ *Trekkan*: As of the 29th of June, I will be relocating to Reston, VA. My company has relocated my department there and I am accepting a promotion but it requires my relocation to Reston as well. It has been an honor and privilege to serve with you!

SECTOR 4

filed by Capt. Kishin Kurkura - Sue Frank



⇐⇒ *Capt. Kishin Kurkura - Sue Frank* - We've had so much rain here in Terran 4, I'm starting to grow moss in my armpits!!! And to think, last year we were concerned about drought conditions...Our dirtball outpost is getting pretty swampy. I don't mind though--always did like mud:-)

I just found about a TV show so cool I have to check and ask if any of my fellow Klingons have fallen over it yet. It's an episode of Frasier with the title "Star Mitzvah." Frasier's son is about to undergo his coming to manhood initiation in the Jewish tradition, the "bar mitzvah" rite which presents him to his community as a "son of commandment".

Frasier, who is not Jewish, wants to demonstrate his affection to his son by giving him a fatherly speech in Hebrew. Weird Noel who works in Frasier's office offers to translate his words and coach him in how to deliver them in fluent Hebrew if-- Frasier will attend a Star Trek convention Noel can't get to and collect a precious autograph for him. Frasier agrees, but then blows it, gets stuck in traffic or something and misses the whole thing. As he apologizes to Noel, it becomes painfully clear that Noel is a classic fan geek who also happens to be aKlingon:-) But Noel puts a good face on his disappointment and agrees to help Frasier anyway. Frasier goes off to the ceremony and goes to the platform beside his son and the rabbi and starts to address his son. He doesn't know it, but his handsome speech is coming out in a language not Hebrew:-) Wanna guess? The 10-year old boy in the congregation recognizes it right away! Looks like I have a chance to go to the Pennsic Wars this year, a dream I've nurtured for years. it's the Society for Creative Anachronism's annual two-week campout in western Pennsylvania. I think an underground Klingon presence is just the thing to keep those belly dancers and knights on good behavior.

A note to Admiral K'Lay and all who aided the KSF offering to the fund to benefit children of the astronauts who perished with Columbia--KAI!

I hope this finds you all brave and merry!

Till next, I salute you-- From Strength to Strength! Kishin Kurkura

⇐⇨ *Cmdr. T'Lara ZulMerz* - Susan Wyss - Hello again from sector 4! During the last trimester I have gone through some personal medical problems relating to work, so it has been a little rough. On the bright side, my son and I took our spring break down in Orlando and went to Islands of Adventure and had a blast! It was a time to relax and forget about the worries of home, and that's exactly what I did. We had good weather the entire time. My folks came down to visit as they always do, and my stepdad took my son to the Space Center for the day (which gave me a much needed day to relax). The trip was planned well....I had gotten a 5 day pass online for less than the price of two days....so we were able to go to the parks for 3 or 4 hours every morning and get home before the heat got too bad. I spent a little more money than I had planned, but it was well worth it.

In May, my son was in the school play for the first time and loved it! He will be going back again next year to the drama club. In June, school came to a close and we got ready for summer with all its plans. The first week of July, he went to sports camp, which he does every year. Right now, for 2 weeks, he is at the Grand Canyon with my stepdad in an Elderhostel program where grandparents and kids do things together...kind of a getting to know you better time..with adventure added. Then, when he returns, he will go back to sports camp for another 2 weeks, and then spend 3 weeks with his dad. I get some extra down time this summer! Til next time.....
T'Lara

GSD

Post Reports: posted by Abbott K'Obol

GSD has been busy this summer, with all officers heavily involved in real life and summer activities.

⇐⇨ *Abbot K'Obol* - Doug: has been handling reservations, organizing details and juggling preparations for two conventions, one a Masonic convention in Halifax, the other a Star Trek convention in Toronto which will feature, among other stars, Leonard Nimoy and Denise Crosby. Meanwhile Margie (K'Lay) has been volunteering time at the Children's Wish Foundation, finishing off her immigration paperwork, and planning a trip to Texas to see her son, Thomas (KSF Member Maw'qu Karizan) get married. Margie and Doug have also been travelling back and forth between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to care for Doug's mother, recently hospitalized with a stroke.

⇐⇨ *K'Logh* - Mike: meanwhile, who pops into KSF chats on a weekly basis, has informed us that his regiment (Canadian Legion of Frontiersmen, Vancouver Island Command) has awarded him the 'Exemplary Service Medal' on July 13th 2003. Hoorah for K'Logh! Gordie (Nghah'Gor) and Ethel (Teh hel) have spent the first part of their summer helping family move into and out of various apartments, and are taking a much needed vacation at home.

⇐⇨ **Peter** (Barnaby) on the other hand, works long hours in the summer (as road work becomes nigh unto impossible in the winter time) so he's barely been home.

⇐⇨ *M'Red* - Sean: has settled into his new place and started a new job which is taking up his spare time. And Clayton (K'Grimm), though he has been with us just a short time,

may be leaving if he can't find any land members to correspond with. (Land mail members are as scarce these days as e-mail members used to be 6 or 7 years ago. It's a sign of the times, but we try to accommodate all as best we can.)

GSE Post Reports:



Filed by Adm qe'San

⇐⇨ *qe'San* *be'raun* - Jon Brown - As far as my real life persona health issues have been better this year but other things have stunk.. I'll not go into them... who wants to get depressed.. (and that wasn't a question).. Good stuff - My daughter (16-17) has just started her A levels and my son (14-15) his GCSE's.. Testing times for all. I have been working on my magic for some time and have now created and developed my own trick.. I'm not aware of anything out there that's similar. So who knows it may well be 100% original.. (I can dream can't I?) .. It is great seeing your name up there. The Magic distributor that took it on sold one every few hours after I dropped some stock off. Altogether he sold 3/5 of his stock and I had a call saying he wanted more and he'd moved it up to Star Buy. At the moment he hasn't started to market it so things are looking good on that front.

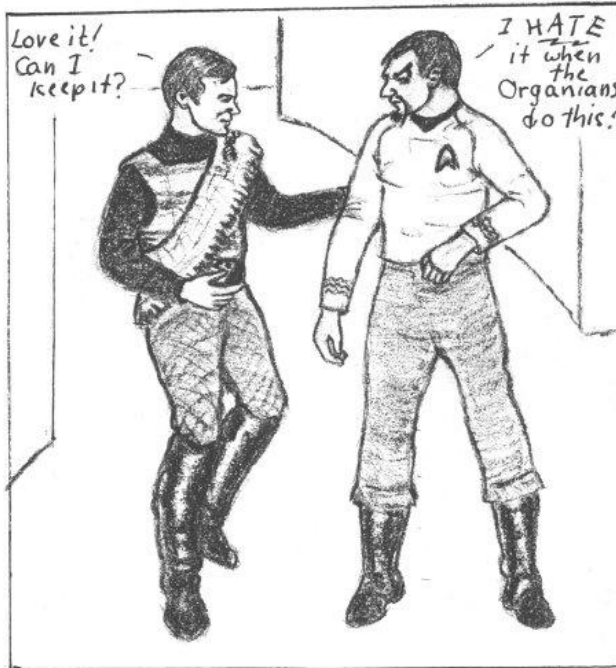
⇐⇨ *alberto gorin* - wel i have eh first ben to barbeque we have that evry year was in klingon costume,do no one saw the klingon costume and ben to a star trek meeting have some pictuers,

for post report be bit to late so do next time star trek meeting was smal one wanna join 2 others if funding is there cause i add more ram memory 256 and want replace 46 for or 256 or 128.



- A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY -

of Captain James T. Kirk by Kimpla



James Tiberius Kirk was born on March 22, 2228 in Riverside, Iowa on the planet Earth. At age 13 (year 2246), Kirk was one of nine survivors in the massacre of some 4,000 colonists at Planet Tarsus IV. He had an older brother, George Samuel Kirk, whom only James called Sam. James lost his older brother and sister-in-law, Aurelan, on planet Deneva due to the invasion of the Denevan neutral parasites in 2267. However Kirk's nephew, Peter, did survive. Samuel Kirk had two other sons who were not on Deneva at the time of the tragedy.

While still attending Starfleet Academy, Kirk served as an ensign aboard the U.S.S. Republic. One of Kirk's heroes at the Academy was legendary Garth of Izar. Years later Kirk helped save his hero when Garth had become criminally insane and was being treated at the Elba II penal colony. (Another of Kirk's heroes was Abraham Lincoln, 16th President of the United States on Earth.) After graduating from Starfleet Academy, Lieutenant Kirk served on the U.S.S. Farragut.

Captain James T. Kirk is best known for his historic five year mission of exploration (2264-2269) as Commander of the first starship to bear the name Enterprise. Because of his intense passion for his career, Kirk had a difficulty in maintaining a long-term relationship with any woman. Nevertheless, Kirk became involved with Dr. Carol Marcus a few years before he began his command of the Enterprise. They had one child, David Marcus, but Kirk was not present during his upbringing. Kirk had no further contact with David or Carol until 2285, when he rescued the two from one of his forgotten foes -- Khan Noonian Singh. The developing father-son relationship was tragically cut short when David was killed by a Klingon officer during a rescue attempt for Kirk's longtime friend and shipmate, Spock.



- FAR STAR Pt II Ch VI -

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Captain Sisko was just settling back with a cup of coffee and his copy of Jake's story that he had never had time to get back to when the comm system chimed to life in his quarters.

"Captain," came the voice of the ops duty officer.

"There's an incoming message on a priority-one channel from Starfleet Command for you."

"Put it through," he said, getting up and going to his viewscreen.

The face was one he had never seen on a viewscreen before. But he knew Admiral Alynna Necheyev on sight, and a lump of dread dropped into the pit of his stomach at the thought of having to deal with her.

"Admiral Necheyev," Sisko said, trying to sound

lighthearted. "What can I do for you?"

"You can explain this communique I just received," she said, hard anger clear in the tones of her voice.

"Am I to understand that you've assigned Federation resources to the task of building a weapon for the Klingons?"

"I assure you, I can explain that," he said, without doing so.

"Well!?" she said, anger and expectation stirring in the tones of her voice. "I'm waiting to hear this marvelous, magical explanation that will make me believe that this is anything but treason."

"Oh, my, this isn't treason, Admiral," Sisko said, starting to get a little flustered. He knew how bad the

situation looked, but he also knew something no one else knew. And he had sworn not to reveal. "Perhaps you had better speak with the Klingon in question," he said, and tapped his combadge. "Computer: Connect me to Moqra QendeH's Quarter's."

"Moqra here," came the reply after a moment.

"I have a Starfleet admiral on line asking about our project," he said, keying a security access code into his comm terminal. "Could you activate your viewscreen and help me explain things to her?"

Moqra activated his screen, and the image he got was split, as were the other two screens involved the instant he accessed the line. Now each of them, Necheyev, Sisko, and Moqra, could see the other two on their screens.

"What's up?" Moqra asked, his formality from earlier gone now, when Sisko felt it was most appropriate.

"Captain Sisko believes that you can say something that will convince me not to court-martial him for giving aid and comfort to the enemy," the admiral said, bitter acid burning in her voice.

"I don't want to, but I can," Moqra said, saying nothing more.

"I suggest you do so," the Admiral said.

Moqra began speaking. What he said astonished both Starfleet officers quite deeply.

"Are you sure about this?" the admiral asked.

"One hundred percent," Moqra replied, smiling benignly. "My sister's run it through three different computer models, and I haven't found a better engineer than her anywhere in the quadrant."

Admiral Necheyev considered her options for a moment, and then spoke, decisively. "It's not like Klingons to lie and subvert. I'll believe what you say is true, for now. However, as much faith as you have in your sister, I have more faith in the people at Starfleet Science. I'm sending a special emissary to act as supervisor to this project. All I can say, Mister QendeH, is that this had better go the way you say it will."

"Admiral," Moqra said with a smile and a small, almost facetious bow, "I guarantee it."

"Very well," she said. "Necheyev out." And with that, the screen jumped back to full-screen view, with Sisko and Moqra looking at each other. Sisko looked relieved. Moqra, however, had a small, worried frown on his face. Sisko noticed it quickly

enough, and inquired about it.

"Oh, it's nothing, Captain," Moqra said, smiling in spite of himself. "Just that I have a nagging feeling I know who she's sending. And I don't like it one bit."

"Who do you think it is?" Sisko asked

"No, no," Moqra replied. "You speak of the Devil and he appears. Best to just forget it for now. I will talk to you tomorrow, Captain." And with that, Moqra pressed the contact that terminated the communication.

As he turned back into his room, Sisko wondered at the conversation he had just had. He had never met anyone, Human or Klingon, quite like Moqra QendeH. And he was absolutely sure that, by the time this situation resolved itself, he'd wish he'd never met Moqra at all

. Oh well, he thought and sat down to read Jake's story.

Back in his own quarters, Moqra was talking to Katie in conspiratorial tones.

"I don't care," he said. "Someone could find out.

This admiral Nuthatch, or whatever, she'd only send the best. And you know who that is."

"He won't find out," she said emphatically.

"And what if he does?" Moqra nearly roared. Then he softened again. "I'm sorry. I don't mean to shout. It's just that there's so much riding on this. If we fail, we'll never be welcomed in the Empire again. We'll be totally dishonored. They can't take our lands from us, since they don't know where they are, and our house was lost when we were born, but still, we do a lot of business with the Klingons. That'd take a chunk out of our profits. I just...worry."

Q'Hettor came up behind Moqra and slipped her arms around his waist, resting her chin on his shoulder. "I know you worry," she said, "but believe me, there's no way anyone's ever going to find out the truth about those plans. I guarantee it. Now go to bed. I'm going to go check on the progress on our weapon."

With that, she got up and left the room, heading down to the cargo bay where work was already underway. Moqra sat there for a while, lost in thought. Slowly, very slowly, a small smile worked its way onto his face.



- KLINGON PERSONNA -

Lt.Cmdr. Kimpla vestai-Dorig-Dok'marr Zu-Merz

Lt.Cmdr. Kimpla vestai-Dorig-Dok'marr Zu-Merz, is of Klingon/Human heritage, born to the House of Dok'marr and recently aligned with the House of Zu-Merz. If anyone is interested her geneology is written up in "The Budget Guide To The Klingons, 1995. She now proudly serves the KSF in the IDS Division. She is in command of a Bird of Prey, the IKV Bringer of Justice. Her mate; K'Stor; is of Klingon/Cardassin heritage and her First Mate on the IKV B.O.J.

The Alter Ego:

As Rose Compton, I'm 42 years old and live in GSA Sector 3, Iowa. I work for Purina Pet foods (Dog Chow/Cat chow) I first joined the KSF in 1993, but had to drop out for personal reasons. Then in 2002, I rejoined. Kimpla first got her name from this big, old, ugly Chevy Impala that I used to drive. It was big enough to be a Bird of Prey and carry it's own crew.

In my spare time (LOL) I enjoy cross-stitch, reading, gardening, football (GreenBay Packers), bowling, camping and woodworking. I like most types of music and Sci-Fi is my favorite tv channel.

Ed; my mate of 5 years; and I have recently taken on a large project as we are remodeling & redecorating the entire house. We are owned by 3 large, very spoiled dogs ranging from 60 lbs. to 95 lbs.

I'm always interested in hearing from other KSF members, new and old.



- INTO THE NEW UNIVERSE -

(An individual role play turn)
by Karl Holtz / Qwll'eren Dupplm

(Thought-Admiral's note - It is rare that we include an individual role play in BATTLE LINES as there simply isn't enough room for all the well written role plays turned in. However, once in a while, a role play comes in that is so well written, so intricate, and so deserving of special space that we want to share it with a broader audience than might be reached on the message board. The role play below is one. Congratulations on a report WELL written, Karl.)

The deep, booming, Klingon Opera titled Subpu'el ghe'tor was rolling through the cabin as the occupant of that cabin attempted to come at his problem from another angle. The Kinshaya just weren't acting right Qwll'eren thought to himself.

The IKV Qib Veqlargh had been diverted to the old Kinshaya region and for the last several months, the trusty old intelligence vessel had wandered deeper and deeper into Kinshaya space. Infiltration tactics against the Kinshaya were old and well proven, but the unexpected

appearance of sophisticated surveillance probes in places the Kinshaya traditionally never patrolled made this difficult and more dangerous than usual. The Qib Veqlargh had almost been caught twice before it learned how to avoid them. Unfortunately, avoiding them meant avoiding important information. Probes were modified and launched of course, but little information was returned before they met their demise.

The only piece of information gathered of any use was a wavering temporal field detected by one probe just before it was destroyed.

Unfortunately, the IKV Qib Veqlargh had to move on, the number of vessels in the area looking for the Klingon spy vessel had increased to uncomfortable levels. The next several weeks spent hiding and evading patrols saw Qwll'eren and the crew of this vessel in the deepest of deep space, far from prying eyes and far from anything of interest. Thus it was a great surprise to find a Vorcha cruiser out here in the middle of

nowhere.

The vessel was adrift, but appeared undamaged. A low powered scan confirmed this, but shed no further light on the situation. There were no signs of life, though the vessel was powered, albeit at a very low level. Qwll'eren decided to lead a party to the vessel. A force field of a type never before seen prevented beam over, so a shuttle was sent over. An engineer in the party donned a shuttle Vac. suit and space-walked to an external panel that, after a few moments gave the team access to the shuttle bay. The team found the shuttle bay half full of parts for the vessel. No small craft were present in the bay, just stacks of parts. The team was able to determine from the parts and the unfinished appearance of the shuttlebay that this vessel was incomplete and should still be in drydock, not out here in deep space. The team investigated the shuttlebay control room and cargo manifests. What they found stunned all present. Here they were aboard a G model

Vorcha. As the € model Vorcha was just coming off of the drawing board, this had to be a forgery or from the future. The team proceeded with their investigation.

Several PADDs containing cargo manifests had been dropped on the floor and each contained an unusual energy signature that PADDs that were carefully set down did not contain. The silence of the ship became noticeable, even oppressive. There was no crew, no life signs of any kind in tricorder range, not even a body thus far. More careful scans ensued, everything recorded, before the team made their way to the door and stepped out into the corridor.

The away team made it's way toward the bridge of the ghost ship. En route, as they came to doors, they opened them, made a quick scan, and moved on. Half of the team looking for traps and other dangers, the other half looking for clues to the mystery. At no point was any sign of life found.

Some of the messhall tables contained food trays, but were spotlessly clean, sterile even. Each with the same unusual energy signature as found in the shuttle bay. By the time the group reached the bridge, it was determined that not only was there no crew, but there was no life of any kind. Not a microbe existed. Dirt that likely held a potted plant was now sterile regolith. No organic matter of any kind could be found.

The team reached the bridge and found that the ship was still on combat alert. An investigation of the vessels logs and data was fairly convincing that this was not a forgery. So, what happened?

The vessel, IKV poHtaj, captained by a QuSva Satiq, departed the shipyards at H'Rez. The last vessel to make it out of the yard before it fell to the advancing enemy. The last major system of the empire to fall. According to the vessel's logs, the IKV poHtaj was one of three of a new class of warship and the only one capable of warp speed when the enemy approached. It left the yard before it was complete. It spent

several weeks finishing it's work as it made it's way to the Federation system called Chaidik, managing to stay just ahead of the advancing enemy force. At Chaidik, the captain ordered the navigator to plot a course.

What was interesting was that the course was given in four dimensions. The vessel was designed specifically to travel through time with the aid of any sufficiently strong gravity field and the captain planned to use Chaidik's sun for a trip back to stop the "Wejghol" before they fully organized, to stop the war before it started. In fact, an examination of the bridge control systems hinted at what the vessel was capable of; A means of opening Transwarp Conduits (with a very limited map of known conduits); Temporal Navigation with engines and structure designed for the task; a Phase Cloak; shield penetrating Transporters; Quantum Torpedoes, Disruptors, and something new called Proto-Energy Torpedoes; and a kind of High Yield, Low Energy, Regenerative Multi-Phasic Shielding.

In short, it was the kind of vessel about which one might exclaim "I have GOT to get me one of THESE!"

The ship's log showed the ship attacked by three Kinshaya vessels, decloaking, as it was making it's temporal run (since when did the Kinshaya have cloaking devices?). The lead ship fired a weapon at the IKV poHtaj, and though captain QuSva Satiq had the shields up and hoped the new shields would stop the Wejghol's Resonating Proto-Particle Cannon. They didn't. Qwll'eren had to access the vessel's security logs to understand what happened next. The wave of energy passed right through it's shields as if they were nothing and proceeded through the vessel disintegrating every living thing, the crew, plants, Every Living Thing!

The IKV poHtaj completed it's temporal run, out of control. Now, here it was, 12 years before it left H'Rez. Qwll'eren put together a prize crew from the IKV Qib Veqlargh and spent a day getting the poHtaj completely under control, restocked and resupplied, and understood enough to allow the vessel to fight if it must. Qwll'eren then left the IKV Qib

Veqlargh to continue it's mission with a copy of the IKV poHtaj's logs and specs just in case something bad happened to the poHtaj on it's way back to Imperial Intelligence HQ.

The IKV poHtaj had parted ways with the IKV Qib Veqlargh and had traveled only a couple of parsecs when the agent manning the Science station called out "HoD!"

The strange, un-natural silence that followed would have un-nerved any who noticed. No one aboard the IKV poHtaj noticed the silence, or maybe they did. Everyone suddenly didn't feel quite right, but no one could put their finger on the cause of the problem or for that matter what the problem was. Was there a problem? There must be, something didn't feel right and a Klingon always trusted his instincts. Having established that there must be a problem, Qwll'eren turned to the science station "report!"

The confused agent at the science station took some minutes looking for something before announcing in great frustration "I saw a particle wave approaching us, but it is gone now. Sensors say there is nothing there, nothing happened to us, but I know what I saw sir!"

Qwll'eren set the agent to work to try and identify what it was he saw and then turned to the communications station and also asked for a report.

The reply was confusing and disturbing. There was suddenly NO Klingon military traffic. There was very little Federation comm traffic as well, but Romulan traffic suddenly doubled and the transmission patterns were enough to cause every heart on the vessel to sink. Klingon military traffic was suddenly replaced by Romulan traffic. Something had happened to the Empire, it ceased to exist it seemed.

An hour later the particle wave had been identified as "probably" a Chronoton wave. The discussion that followed led the crew to conclude that a time weapon had been used and that extreme caution should be used in all contacts, friendlies, may no longer be friendly, enemies may no longer be

hostile.

The trip home was the most disorienting and disheartening voyage Qwll'eren had ever taken. Cardassian military comm traffic was gone, though a Cardassian voice was heard once on Romulan channels. Breen comm traffic had always been hard to track, but so far, nothing. Ferengi and Tholian traffic seemed unchanged.

There was no sign of Borg or Dominion traffic, that was a relief.

The closer the IKV poHtaj got to Klingon space, the more clear it became that Romulan space included the Klingon empire and possibly Cardassia, Bajor, and a large chunk of Federation space. The exact extent of the Romulan Star Empire could not be known, but clearly it was a major galactic power. Did the Romulans detonate a Chronoton weapon? They certainly did benefit from all of this, but that was not proof. A more important question was, who were the "Wejghol"?

These and other questions would have to be answered later as a Romulan Vas'Deletham heavy cruiser was spotted on long range sensors.

Before Qwll'eren could get to the bridge, the poHtaj was cloaked and ready for combat. Though the poHtaj was more than a match for the elderly Vas'Deletham, Qwll'eren elected to spend the rest of day shadowing the vessel, learning all it could from a safe distance, slowly working in close until, nearly 24 hours later, the time seemed right to make contact.

Working to a point just ahead of the Romulans, the IKV poHtaj decloaked, jammed long range communications, and armed weapons while obtaining a weapons lock and raising shields.

The Romulan Captain did not recognize the vessel and was surprised to see Klingons. Many of the younger crew members on the bridge did not seem to recognize them. Not a good sign.

As the Romulan Cruiser was powering weapons and raising shields, there was no more time for chit chat. Two minutes later, a boarding party beamed over to the Romulan vessel to investigate what

was left of the lifeless hulk. Prisoners were captured, surviving computer records downloaded, and extra supplies looted from the vessel. The pirate tactics were required Qwll'eren reasoned as Klingon resupply bases were now likely non-existent. Less than an hour later the warp core of the vessel was detonated to cover up the evidence of the poHtaj's passing. Meanwhile the crew of the poHtaj left quickly in case other vessels came to investigate.

Qwll'eren took the poHtaj on an indirect route to the I.I. base on Peynagh, but found the base did not exist. That made sense as Peynagh was the newest I.I. base. The crew of the poHtaj put their heads together and recalled the oldest I.I. base. It wasn't really a base, it was just I.I.'s first attempt at a top secret base, but the environment was too hostile.

Building the base was too hard and operating it would have been difficult.

In theory, it was perfect, but in practice, impractical. Phase I of the base construction was completed before the base was "mothballed" or set aside for some future emergency. It barely qualified as an outpost, it was so small and so poorly equipped, but if anything old still existed, hopefully, this would.

K'Mer base was just a big asteroid in a binary system consisting of a white hot A2 spectral class main sequence star in a dance of death with an even hotter and very radioactive blue B3 spectral class star. The two stars, in erratic orbits, did not allow planets to develop. K'Mer base was on the largest asteroid to survive in this hostile environment and computer simulations predicted it would be destroyed in another 600 years. The two stars would collide 1,360 years after that. Aside from an event that might be of interest to astronomers two millennia from now, there was nothing of interest here, no minerals, no strategic value... The radiation did interfere with long range sensors, but not so much that you could mask a fleet, in fact, combat sensors were hardly affected. It was just boring, perfect for an I.I. base and hopefully, would be a good home for the poHtaj until it could figure out what to do

next. Assuming the base was there. Assuming they could find it.

The base was top secret and it's location would not be known to the databanks of this vessel. It's orbit was as erratic as the fiery incinerators it danced with. Only vague recollections of some of the crew could help locate it.

In the 10 days it would take to reach the system, so uninteresting it didn't even have a name, the crew took turns shifting through the data gathered from the Romulan vessel and interrogating the surviving crew members. By all accounts, history seemed normal until the Praxis explosion. What changed is unclear, but the Klingons did fight instead of negotiating and the Romulan / Federation Alliance did win, wiping the empire off of the galactic map forever, according to the prisoners. Some Klingons attempted to fight a guerilla war, but the Romulans anticipated this and targeted all potential leaders of a resistance movement early in the war and ambushed vessels attempting to fight such a war. What few Klingons survived were just slave labor now. Klingons had become what they feared most, a dying culture.

Nor was there any comfort in the knowledge that the Federation was dying as well. Political infighting between humans and those who opposed a human dominated government, led by the fierce, proud Andorians, erupted into a civil war the Romulans were only too happy to help with. The Federation still existed, but the Romulans seemed to have the upper hand.

Upon arriving in the vicinity of K'Mer base, the cloaked poHtaj began a slow careful search, finding a Romulan robotic observatory within the first few hours of the search. A decision was made to disable it rather than destroy it, by timing a radiation burst from the navigational deflector to coincide with the arrival of one of the frequent mild to moderate ion storms created by this pair of dangerous stars. The observatory was far

enough away that it would not normally be subjected to the full effects of an ion storm. This, combined with the moderate nature of the ion storms generated by these two stars suggested that it's shielding would be vulnerable to such an attack.

It would only take a few hours to modify the navigational deflector, but no ion storms were projected to hit the observatory for another 2 weeks, so the poHtaj went back to it's search, careful not to give itself away.

Four days later an asteroid that seemed to fit the sketchy criteria for the base was located near the thin Oort cloud of the system. Barely larger than three Vorcha cruisers, the black surface glassy and smooth from several near misses with it's two hellish keepers, the asteroid showed no signs of being a base. No one could remember whether I.I. bases of this time period used sensor absorbing Hovinga Iridium alloy. It didn't really matter at this point anyway, the observatory would pick up the active sensor scans. Another method to search for the base would have to be employed.

Twelve micro probes were prepared, each with a low powered transporter transponder and a small sensor pack. A team of I.I. agents worked with the computer to predict where the base might be if it were within the asteroid. 12 locations were selected and one by one each micro probe would be beamed in. If it materialized in solid matter, it would, of course be destroyed as it materialized, but if it landed in a hollowed out space, the crew of the poHtaj would be able to see what the sensor pack could see and beam in if such was possible or modify the pattern of probes to take advantage of whatever was seen.

Three probes later, a dark, dusty control room was located. The sensors stated that a thin, unbreathable atmosphere was present, temperature was -28 degrees C, there was no artificial gravity. Vac Suits and Grav Boots would be needed would be needed, but they succeeded, they had found K'Mer.

A search of the poHtaj turned up 36 empty Vac Suit lockers before

enough to allow a 6 person landing party to operate could be located. The beam over was uneventful. Lanterns were placed and the landing party stood quietly in awe of the perfectly preserved antique base.

Qwill'eren noted that dust covered everything and the dust appeared undisturbed. Disturbing the moment, Qwill'eren ordered two people to check the reactor, two more were sent to check life support while Qwill'eren and one other checked the control systems. The tech with Qwill'eren pulled out a piece of the base computer and held it up for Qwill'eren to inspect.

"Do you KNOW what this is?" he asked Qwill'eren excitedly.

Shaking his head, Qwill'eren simply said "no".

"It's a silicone chip, I can't believe it! This is just one step after vaccum tubes. When you said it was old, I never thought you were talking this old."

The tech was still working while he babbled, so Qwill'eren let him babble while he moved off to record the layout of the instruments and scan the nearby outer walls of the base to check for structural integrity. As he finished, the two who went to check the reactor came back with the news that the reactor could be used, but it would be detectable to sensors of any passing ship and the circuitry was poorly shielded. The good news was that there was enough reactor fuel for a couple of years of operation if it was still pure. A sample had been gathered to take back to the poHtaj for analysis. The life support team reported in as the engineering team finished. Life support was in good shape and ready to go. Maximum life support capacity was 27 people.

The teams beamed back to the poHtaj and began developing a plan to refurbish the base using the spare parts available to them. The base was structurally intact, it seemed, so the refurbishment should not prove to be a major problem. A second plan was also started to expand the base into

something usable with only scrounged parts and building materials when time permitted.

The next seven days saw poHtaj's skeleton crew take turns keeping watch and on the small asteroid turning it into a usable hideaway. The power generator and it's fuel tanks were replaced with an auxiliary generator from the poHtaj. It would only operate for a few months, but it would not be detectable, a more important consideration. The computer was left intact, but when powered up, showed it had nothing more than a few basic programs. The sensors and communications were both very limited, but stealthy, thus useable. Life support was working well, though the food packs had to be thrown away. Leaving a 2 person crew behind to man the base, the poHtaj left to disable the observatory.

Approaching the Romulan automated observatory without being detected required care, but was something the poHtaj should be able to do with ease, as long as these Romulans were no more advanced than the Romulans they knew and loathed a month ago. The tricky part would be to disable the sensors in such a way that no Romulan would suspect a thing and just as importantly, to disable only the subspace sensors that could detect their activity, but leave the others intact in the hope that the Romulans would not rush to replace it. Twelve minutes before the leading edge of the ion storm hit a transmission was detected, not from the probe, but from the IKV Do'HoS; it was under attack near Qo'noS.

"So" said Qwill'eren, "we are not alone, there must be other survivors from our time line."

"Will we help them?" asked the agent manning communications.

"No, we can not help them, we are too far away and we have a mission to accomplish here" replied Qwill'eren. "Instead, as soon as we have disabled this observatory, we will move to the Beta Lankal system and send out a signal to any who might survive."

"Shall I prepare a probe to transmit the signal?"

"Yes, after we have finished here" said Qwlleren. "We will launch it from outside the system on a collision course with the sun of that system. Program it not to transmit until it is near the sun."

The agent at communications smiled "Dominion tactics sir?"

"Yes, use Dominion frequencies and Dominion code AIB."

"Sir? Why?"

"Dominion code AIB was difficult to break, but everyone who was in the Dominion War would know it. Since the Federation does not appear to have made it to Bajor, there was likely no emissary to open the wormhole,

thus no contact with the Dominion, thus no one should be listening from this time frame and they would not know what they heard if they did."

"Storm front contact in 60 seconds" said the navigator.

"Stand by to active the beam, multiple pulses" said Qwll'eren.



- HALL OF WARRIORS -



- ROLE-PLAY REPORT -



Campaign Coordination Command Summary - K'Obol Chang-K'Onor & K'Lay K'Onor-Chang

We are trying to regroup our forces after a chroniton wave swept over Klingon and adjoining space, leaving some things untouched, some things damaged, and carrying the rest into the unknown space of a different universe.

In all the Strike Force, as far as we can tell, only **Imperial Contacts Branch** Commanded by **Khaufen JurISS**, remain in the universe we came from, and not all of those entirely escaped the chroniton wave. **Khorghan Chang- JurISS** reported deaths among the crews, as well as submolecular transubstantiation of alloys on all of their vessels. During the repairs required after the 'storm', short range sensors located a Klingon vessel of indeterminable age on a nearby planetoid, in which they found what may be an artifact of some kind, protected by a force field. Khaufen's crew has found it's own artifact, a highly advanced genetic manipulation facility which it continues to explore. More than a century old and yet mysteriously well preserved, the facility appears to be housing specimens of life that may still be viable.

Communications between all the rest of the Divisions have been garbled at best, but currently we have heard *from* most, if not all of our Division Commanders or their officers. The only notable exception is **Imperial Military**, first to be hit by the leading edge of the wave. We can only hope they have transited somewhere that our communications have not yet reached, and will make contact as soon as they can. We have not been as successful in transmitting messages as we have been at receiving them.

Thus **Imperial Security** and it's CO, **Kosh Zu-Merz**, were unaware of the chroniton wave, and instead assumed some unknown Kinshaya technology had warped the space-time continuum, causing the shift. We know from their messages that Kosh, **Kanara quvHubwl'** and **Samwl' quvHubwl'**, who were also drawn into the new spatial-timeline, re-established communications, but contact has been lost with others, including **K'Grimm Satir**. Searches for him and other IS personnel have given rise to more questions than answers. Kosh was able to detect debris from an old battle, but could not identify the vessels. A sensor 'ghost' was also recorded, but it's identity was similarly impossible to pin down. The first planet they reached with a known Klingon population was barren when they got to it, leaving them little choice but to push on to the

Kazh system, thirty parsecs from Qo'noS, where they hope to gain additional forces and information.

Their hope will not be fulfilled, as we now know from **Imperial Intelligence** agents **T'Lara ZuMerz** and **Kha'Mish'Khal Duraqnan** that Qo'noS in this universe has been destroyed, leaving only a debris field and the intact moon of Praxis to hold it's former place in that solar system. Kha'Mish'Khal was able to steal a ship and escape Qo'Nos in the nick of time, and was taken aboard T'Lara's ship just as the wave hit. T'Lara managed to save him and her ship, no little feat while materializing in the midst of an planet sized expanse of spinning asteroids. But where to go now that there was no homeworld to return to?

Choosing a seldom used Imperial Intelligence base on the Romulan border code named K'Mer Station, **K'Lay K'Onor-Chang** and II CO **Rak'qor K'Mpec** directed the remnants of the Strike Force there, planning to reopen the base for occupation and help guide the remnants of the KSF home. But a detour of their own landed them in the hands of unfriendly Romulans, forcing the resourceful **Captain T'Aiya Lire** to extricate them, and leaving **Qwll'eren Dupplm** to reopen the base. Confiscating a Vorcha cruiser not yet invented in our universe, Qwll'eren attacked a Romulan ship, extracted intelligence from captured prisoners, and set out for K'Mer Base, armed with a great many facts no one else yet knew. Once there, he cobbled together life support, disabled a nearby Rom observatory that might detect them, and transmitted a message which would hopefully lead the KSF to their new home.

Some were already on their way. **Ambassador A'qmarr ramHov K'Onor**, CO of the **Imperial Diplomatic Service**, might be a diplomat without a homeworld, but she is likely to be among the first to reach the only bit of the Klingon Empire there is in this new universe. Like Kosh and Imperial Security, A'qmarr has found no trace of a Klingon presence since transiting the wave. The colony she was sent to investigate is no longer there, and no evidence of its existence was found. Both **Commander Moqra vestai-Q'endeH** and **Lt. Kimpla vestai-Dorig-Dok'maar-Zu-Merz**, made it out of Terran space, but they barely missed a Federation-type 'warship' and Moqra lost contact with Kimpla shortly after their escape. They have separately reported their intention to rendezvous at K'Mer, but communications continue to be sporadic, and riddled with sensor glitches.

Others have suffered sensor glitches and anomalies too. **Borg Ql'impec** and the **Trouble Shooter Task Force** encountered a Federation ship, the **USS Marques**, just as the wave struck. After interpreting the wave and garbled messages from the other side as a threat, Borg fired a preemptive strike at the Federation ship and took its Captain, **Marcus O'Rylieus** hostage. It wasn't until after the wave passed that Borg realized a second **USS Marques**, this one intact, sat between him and K'Mer base. Getting past this one, after blowing up her counterpart, while following orders to keep a low profile, was going to take considerable skill.

Getting to K'Mer for **Katalyia K'Tore-Jiraal** and **K'Zhen ZuMerz** might well take a miracle, for the base they were currently on, **K'Shona Base**, had passed to Romulan control. Their immediate predicament was, to say the least, hazardous, and if not for their bravery, and an "Entity" that had transited to the new universe with them, both might have lost their lives within the first few minutes.

But the only genuine miracle around was still light years away with **Chaplain General Corps' Commander Prior Avakhon Kinsharri**, who had his own needs for divine intervention. Three of the Prior's six ships had been destroyed in the wave, among them **Lusciouslips JurISS-Chang's**, the only good news being that Lushy's body was not amongst the wreckage, and so perhaps, had somehow survived the wave. **Blackheart** still lived too, but his best chance of survival lay on Boreth, through a procedure which could only be done there. His only other hope was with Miraal, the Quvagh'Magh, who at least was in mental contact with him. But Miraal was only six, and her mentors, Davvit warrior **Ngah'Gor** and priestess **teH Hel** were only starting to learn from her, and whether Miraal's abilities could assist here in this new universe remained to be seen.

The only certain thing now is that we must look to ourselves for assistance, for in this universe former friends may be enemies, and former enemies may be allies. Only time will tell.



Chaplain General Corps - Avakhon Kinsharri

The CGC has faced many obstacles in the recent past, but NONE as bad as it's about to be. So far there is but one who knows where they are and of what this is all about. Unfortunately, that one is a six year old child that has little way of making the adults understand exactly what she can do and why she's here. IF only they would listen to her, perhaps they would learn more than anyone has begun to know of the Klingon race up to now.

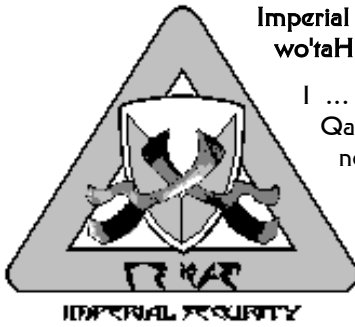
As has been foretold in the scrolls, she has knowledge she couldn't possibly know of at her age, yet to her it is

common fact and not ancient history to be taught and revered. SHE has become the teacher to her teacher, **teh'Hel**, opening paths and enlightening her to the past. She has also found her way towards her new abilities. Such abilities that, should they fall into the wrong hands, would spell the end of the Empire as it's known in any reality. She has won the hearts of even the hardest among them, a Daavit warrior whose strict codes and few words have won him fear and respect among those he is associated with now. He also has means and ships unknown to the Prior that may yet prove to be that which saves the Empire in this new world they find themselves in now.

The return to Boreth has become fraught with dangers unimagined so far. our Daavit Ship's Captain is holding onto what small bit of sanity is remaining in this new found place if incongruities. He has little faith in that which he cannot readily affect and this has placed him into a wondering stage he is unused to being in. **teh'Hel** has been amazed by the things she thought she was teaching the child only to find that the child is teaching HER of the past and things unknown of it. Communications with our homeworld and other planets known to be in Klingon space are non-existent and ship to ship is almost impossible at this point. The senses of all involved are reeling at the thought of what is happening. It seems that none, save the child has any clue as to what has befallen them. **Nagh Gor** is concerned for his XO as his ships are among the missing.

Entire ships have disappeared, and then just as suddenly, reappeared battered and nearly destroyed, and by an unknown enemy. Missing time and memories of that time are unavailable it seems. All who have survived seem just as confused as those they return to. So far three ships have been lost from the original six that began this journey. Their whereabouts unknown at present, but fears of their destruction rank high among those remaining. Lt Commander **LusciousLipps** ship is also among those that came up missing and returned some twenty minutes later so badly beaten as to be unable to save. As many of her crew as possible was saved, mostly by a stubborn weapon turned concerned religious icon, **Avakhon**. His devotion to his friends, crews under his command, and those faithful of **Durgath** that he leads has bewildered many, including himself. He fights with inner demons to understand the reactions and emotions he now feels towards those he leads, and has come to trust. **Blackheart** among these, and when he becomes severely injured and is near death, **Avakhon** rescues him and makes him a promise to return him as a **KHINSHARRI**~! Bold in deed, but perhaps over stated in actuality, since he can no longer go to Boreth and have the transformation performed. What the future holds for this one is unknown at present, but he has been contacted mentally by the child and places his hopes upon her for that future.

There are forces here that do not bode well for our Empire, but that is the future. Only a child can know that and she is unable to get those around her to believe.



Imperial Security - Kosh Zu-Merz - wo'taH QanHung ra'wl'

I ... and the rest of the wo'taH QanHung force ... are not in normal space! Or, at least, not our normal timeline, in which the tlhIngan HlvbeQ and the wo' tlhIngan exist in which we know them; they are not there

(or here)! How we arrived where we are, the enemy, the Kinshaya are responsible! Tampering around with newly created technology that seems to be experimental and has 'side effects', warping the space-time continuum, and has deposited some of the ship's of the tlhIngan HlvbeQ into another space which we are not native to. Reports had been recieved that a Bajoran trading vessel and a Breen military base had been attacked by the enemy.

The combined wo'taH QanHung Omega Taskforce and the wo' QI' Fleet, with two other wo'taH QanHung vessels assigned to a recently conquered world of the enemy's, it seemed the enemy's space warping cloak has hit only portions of space in the wo' tlhIngan, or maybe because of specific details in the configuration of the HlvbeQ vessels, there was a link that hit our Dujmey...

Sogh Kanara and Sogh Samwl' (commanding the IKV qa' warn wi and the IKV bartoQ, respectively), still in 'mopping up' operations on the conquered Kinshaya planet of Tolkan, were also drawn into this different spatial-timeline that we are currently in, not the planet as well mind you; just our occupying troops and the Dujmey in orbit of said planet, not all the troops crossed over and not all of the Dujmey either.

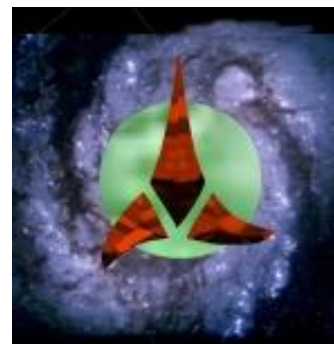
lagh K'Grimm, commanding a SSP (Security Scouting Patrol) that was sent out to 'poke and prod' the enemy fleet, has also crossed over but is out of contact, he is in command of the IKV QeH Qa' vatlh be', the two other Dujmey in his patrol were destroyed in the last battle with the enemy but he and his Duj returned to the Omega Taskforce.

Communications with the other Dujmey of the tlhIngan HlvbeQ have been garbled and infrequent at the best of times, we had received one from an IDS Duj though (la' Aqmarr ramHov K'Onor and the IKV Qar yay Hem, la' Reyna commanding), our Comm systems seem to be not compatible with this space we currently find ourselves and our Dujmey in, there has been a couple of transmissions received that were received that informed the crossed over units to make best speed to the defensive outpost Korba du Re'; even at high warp velocity it would takes us four to five standard days to reach.

Warping through the wo' tlhIngan we kept our sensors at maximum and the Comm officers were on high alert as well, for any sign of communications, no matter how trivial, sensors only detected some debris from some long ago battle; the configuration of the vessels could not be identified, whether it was of tlhIngan origin or not. A sensor 'ghost' was also recorded, it's identity not

recognized either, it's configuration seemed to be a mix, some parts were possibly of tlhIngan in origin; other systems appeared to compare to Cardassian designs, perhaps it was an Orion vessel... No sort of communication traffic was found to be either.

When the planet was within long range scans it was determined that there was no tlhIngan force on the barren planet, as if there never was or it ... ceased to be, perhaps erased, but it definately did not exist in this space; a paltry few of other tlhIngan HlvbeQ Dujmey arrived, we compared our information on our ... crossing over. It was decided that we would repair to the Kazh planetary system, it being only 30 parsecs from Qo'noS, it is hoped that we will gather more forces there and then move on to the homeworld itself, more strength in numbers and firepower; that is our hope...



Imperial Contacts Branch - Khaufen JurISS

Executive Officer, K'oner reporting:

The Captain's landing party continues to explore the sterile depths of what appears to be a highly advanced genetic manipulation facility. One of the first command nodes,

found by Ensign S'lagh, revealed a curious subspace quantum substantuation power grid; still active at a low level. Oddly, the operation protocols were found to be remarkably simple, despite extreme difficulties translating the language that accompanies the ethereal-like chevrons that marks specific command pathway sequences. A mineripper, type II was beamed down to deal with the disruptor resistant alloys in the walls and doors. This opened up areas that defy casual description. (The currently recorded sensor logs, computer results, extrapolations and quantum mathematical constructs of these findings are appended.)

Four more situation reports now confirm there is no doubt that nine out of twelve facilities under investigation are entirely devoted to Genetic Manipulation. Each installation is huge, roughly three square kilometers in diameter. At site number five the landing party has begun investigation of the living quarters for whomever once lived and worked here. Their first report on the southern sector is confusing; the Lieutenant in charge claims to have found domestic plants, and not overtaking the structures as one might expect. Instead, the flora inside these alien facilities are obviously decorative and neatly trimmed. Even though sensors cannot penetrate the alloys used to build these places, the readings have concluded that absolutely 'nothing' connected with and inside the genetic facilities has suffered the expected deterioration commonly found at sites more than a century old.

At the site Khaufen personally established, they have found perfectly preserved higher and lower lifeform specimens of

genetic manipulation, and it is a certainty that a number of these specimens are alive! So far, fully eighty-three of the specimens found belong to the race believed to have worked and lived here. Three teams at each location are now searching the habitat levels to uncover more information about these beings. Captain JurISS personally reported they have identified two intelligent species and thirty four sub-species that are thought to be extinct today!

One of the first power distribution, found by Ensign S'lagh, revealed a curious subspace quantum substantiation power plant; still active at a low level. The operation protocols were remarkably simple and easily learned, despite difficulties translating the language that accompanied the ethereal-like chevrons that marked specific command pathways.

Steady reports are streaming in from nine of the twelve squads dispatched to secure and investigate similar sites on this world. Three teams have not yet been able to affect entry into the primary structure at their location. To facilitate their efforts three more 'rippers' were replicated and beamed to their respective locations, and the Marine presence at each was doubled.

During my last communication to the surface, the Captain demanded an update on the analysis of the sub-molecular alterations caused by the unidentifiable energies from the storm as well as the results of the comprehensive autopsy performed on the dead.

The executive science team refused to relay their findings over even an encrypted com band, but they did report that they still know absolutely nothing about the writhing energy funnels that effected these changes. As to the dead, the results are inconceivable and thus suspect at this time. After verbally eviscerating the responsible officers I ordered them and the materials to be transferred to the StormDragon for further analysis and detailed documentation. Not beamed, but by shuttle as the risk of possible quasi-subspace interactions with the unidentified samples and our transporter buffer was unwarranted. A fist of heartbeats later the communication's officer reported contact with Kaladin, aboard the Stormdagger. He has found the rest of I.C.B. squadron!

His transmission included a preliminary report from Khorghan. He reports similar deaths among the crews, as well as submolecular transubstantiation of alloys on all of their vessels. During the repairs required after the 'storm', short range sensors indicated a wreck on a nearby planetoid, a Klingon vessel of indeterminable age. Inside, they found an unrecognizable box, rectangular in shape and standing upon one of the small sides. Scanners were unable to penetrate the artifact but they were able to ascertain that the artifact is protected by a force field of unknown design. Khorghan states that the artifact is blue in color, appears to be made out of wood and it has a small transparent blue projection on the top in the shape of a ten inch high cylinder, with a six inch radius. During the examination of this artifact, a panel or door opened and a humanoid emerged. The last sentence of Khorghan's

report states that the male biped is of no known race to Alpha Quadrant science, and that the subject was non hostile.

This must be reported to the Captain; giving Command over to the K JurISS, myself and a security team beamed to the primary site and began our search through the facility for Khaufen.

K'Shona Base - K'Zhen Zu-Merz & Katalyia K'Tore Jiraal

The chroniton wave caught Staff Admiral Katalyia and K'Shona Base by surprise, throwing her and her aid Killon to the ground and into darkness as it passed. When they recovered, they were surprised to find that the computer was working.... and that they were not where they were suppose to be. Worse, in addition to the unseen Entity that had seemingly moved into K'Shona a while ago and adopted its personnel, the base was now inhabited by more sinister life forms.....Romulans! How in Fek'lar had *they* gotten on board??

The Entity, who provided assistance as and when it would, had locked the base down as soon as the incident started, but in addition to locking the presumed enemy inside, it had also locked the only source of assistance Katalyia could scan, DaHar Master K'Zhen and her ship's personnel, outside. Knowing that the Base was under attack by Roms, or at least had somehow been boarded by them, and wanting to assure K'Zhen was still in control of her ship, Katalyia sent a coded message to the DaHar Master and received the proper reply. There was, at least one ally she could count on then. Advising caution, she allowed entry to K'Zhen's ship, and turned back to the business of keeping herself alive and out of Romulan hands. Informing K'Zhen she would be heading toward Engineering to retake that section first, and would meet her at the halfway point, two decks down from the docking bay, she and Killon were on their way out the door when an alarm went off, warning her that the Romulans had gained access to the outer office. Motioning Killon to take a position behind the downed filing cabinets, she did the same and informed the Entity to allow the four Romulans who had come to investigate, into the office. As the last one came further into the room, the door suddenly slid shut with an audible click. The Romulans turned toward the door and the closest one tried to open it, only to find that it wouldn't budge. Katalyia smiled as the entity electrified the computer console and the sound of sizzling flesh was heard.

Coming out of hiding, Killon and Katalyia fired their disruptors, leaving two dead, one seriously injured and one left to interrogate. Katalyia asked the question uppermost in her mind: "Who are you and what are you doing on my Base?" The Romulan answered, eventually, after losing an ear, but it was hard to reconcile the information he gave with what she knew to be true. The Romulan, who identified himself as T'von, insisted that the base was now, and had long been, Romulan!

For her part, DaHar Master K'Zhen, after engaging the Romulan ships seeking to destroy Adm. Katalyia's vessel

as she was heading for Starbase K'Shona, proceeded to acquire docking instructions from the base. But there was no response, though she was sure Katalyia had made it to her destination. She switched to Katalyia's private frequency, receiving a static filled reply for her trouble. "Quvatlh!" She cursed under her breath. "All right, we try a more direct approach. Move toward the station, normal docking speed; if they don't want to be rammed, maybe that will wake them up..."

After a few seconds, more static, but this time a voice was trying to come through, Katalyia's, overriding the unexplained static, and asking for an old recognition code. Why Katalyia would be looking for the old Magna project codes K'Zhen was not sure, but she gave it as prompted and a minute later the bay doors began to open, and at last the IKV lightning could proceed to dock. But the scene that opened to her was not the one she was expecting. There were a number of small Romulan ships in the docking bays, and Romulan life signs throughout the base.

Not waiting for explanations, K'Zhen selected several of her best warriors and prepared to beam into the Engineering section where Katalyia would meet her. By the time they arrived at a point halfway to Engineering, Katalyia had already captured a Romulan named T'Von, and was using him to clear the way.



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

If she had been human, Ambassador A'qmarr ramHov K'Onor would've been suffering from a bad headache. She was commander of the Imperial Diplomatic Service

and the second largest ship in the fleet--second only to her linefather--yet her skills as a diplomat had to be curtailed for security reasons: The universe she knew was not there. The crew of IKV QI'In bath were working their hardest to get the dreadnought on course to the "rendezvous point," DSS K'Mer near the Romulan border, but being out of touch with her diplomats was enough to give A'qmarr a serious wuQ. Still she knew that Thought Admiral K'Lay & Lord Abbot K'Obol expected her to submit an updated report. She went to the ready room, where her computer console was waiting, and began putting her report together.

"Computer," she spoke, "encrypt the following report. Use encryption code 'K'Onor-omega-004.'" Pausing for the system to comply, A'qmarr gathered her thoughts and, when the screen signaled its readiness, began:

"Thought Admiral, Lord Abbot, the Diplomatic Service is managing to comply with your orders. We have only been able to get telemetry data from IKV Thunderwolf and Qor yay Hem; saying that their ships are still functioning. We are attempting to contact them again. The status of our other diplomats is still unknown."

"Commander," a voice interrupted A'qmarr, who told the computer to pause the report recording/encoding. Approaching the door, she saw it open to reveal her Operations Officer waiting to speak. "Report, Commander," she said. "We have received a coded message string from Cmdr. Moqra on the Far Star. He and Lt. Kimpla made it out of Terran space. IKV Bringer of Justice barely missed a Federation-type 'warship.' Moqra lost contact with Kimpla not long after she returned to Bringer of Justice. IKV Far Star reports sensor glitches and now, lost contact with Bringer of Justice. Moqra is en route to DSS K'Mer." He handed A'qmarr his padd as she responded, "Good, Commander. Have communications try to reestablish contact with Moqra & Kimpla. Continue to use KSF encryption codes to tell them to rendezvous with us. We need to know the status of Lt. Koi & Cmdr. Reyna. Then we all have to rendezvous with the Strike Force at DSS K'Mer." She retreated back to the ready room and resumed recording her report.

"Computer," she said, "resume recording, using same encryption code. Lieutenant Commander Moqra vestai-Q'endeH and Lt. Kimpla vestai-Dorig-Dok'maar-Zu-Merz were overdue to report in after the chroniton wave hit. We just received a message from Cmdr. Moqra, saying that they were able to leave our embassy in San Francisco and escape Terran space. He reported that Kimpla's ship, IKV Bringer of Justice, escaped direct confrontation from a warship--possibly Federation-styled. IKV Far Star has had intermittent sensor glitches and now, they've lost contact with Bringer of Justice. I will transmit the reports we've gotten from Far Star, however spotty, and let your technicians go over them. However, it's my opinion that both ships are headed to our rendezvous point at DSS K'Mer."

The ambassador paused and got a baqghol Hlvje' from the replicator. She sipped from the cup and continued her report, "IKV QI'In bath has not been immune to the problems. The colony we were sent to investigate is no longer there; no evidence of its existence was found. Our science & weapons departments worked together and found that no weapon could've made such a displacement. We are convinced that an astronomical event caused a chroniton wave to form and 'sweep' over our space, altering it into something we don't yet know. We have received your message and will proceed to the rendezvous at Warp 5, under cloak & at Yellow Alert. We will maintain comm silence but compile reports as per your previous instructions. May Durgath's wisdom guide us all to the meeting place soon. "Ambassador A'qmarr ramHov vestai-K'Onor, IDS Commander, out."

She stood up, baqghol Hlvje' in hand, and toasted her missing comrades, "I pray that you have not entered the Black Fleet much too soon. I hope to see you all at the rendezvous soon." Ambassador A'qmarr drained her cup and returned to the bridge for a status report.

The Federation: USS Marques, NCC-77162 - Captain Marcus O'Rylieus

USS Marques, NCC-77162 Captain Marcus O'Rylieus
Secured Channel - Alpha-1-3-7-2-DELTA

Unidentified person, please be advised that you are transmitting on a secured Confederation Communications frequency. We have received your latest transmission perhaps in error and direct you to realign your array to redirect your signal. If you are unable to reroute communications, or are unwilling to do so, an Alliance vessel will be dispatched to...assist you in doing so. Again, please be advised to discontinue all further attempts to breach this secured frequency in lieu of the Overseer Accords of 2377 which states that any and all violations into secured Confederate communications will be met with extreme prejudice.

END TRANSMISSION....<encrypted comm string>

TroubleShooter TaskForce - Fleet Captain Borg Ql'mpeq

Alternate Universe / Timeline

Recently, the IKV Ql'mpeq's bortaS underwent a major upgrade to all systems while Captain Borg Ql'mpeq remained on Qo'noS to attend to matters involving the High Council. That changed three weeks ago when, after the completion upgrades, proceeded to take the ship and the crew on a two week shakedown cruise.

One week into the cruise, the universe suddenly started to change, and no one could say how not sure how, other than the universe they found themselves in, was an alternative universe! or maybe a different timeline or both from the one they knew.

The Trouble Shooters began picking up a lot of very odd messages; most with visual but no sound. Finally able to pinpoint one strong source, Borg set an intercept course under cloak. Some garbled communications came through from Thought-Admiral K'Lay but the content of the message could not be deciphered other than the coordinates, K'Mer Base, where presumably all remaining KSF personnel were to rendezvous.

The problem with that was that there appeared to be a hostile Federation ship between Borg's position and the Base, a hostile ship called the USS Marques under the command of an unknown Captain O'Rylieus. Eager to test out his new systems and hearing what he perceived to be a direct threat, Borg made a decision, and soon the Marques, who appeared all but in front of him, had found itself under heavy attack from a battleship, Class F Vor'Cha. Jamming the USS Marques transmissions, Borg decloaked his ship and attacked. When the Marques's shields started collapsing; he beamed Captain O'Rylieus aboard and placed him in the ship's brig. That done, he proceeded to make it look, by all appearances, as if the USS Marques had been attacked and destroyed by a Romulan vessel.

Under cloak, the IKV Ql'mpeq's bortaS set course for K'Mer Base, placing Captain O'Rylieus in one of the cryogenic stasis chambers until he could set about extracting information out of his mind (which is a terrible

thing to waste, but oh well.) These were extreme situations.



Imperial Intelligence - Rak'qor K'Mpec,
K'Lay K'Onor-Chang & Qwll'eren
Dupplm

Qwll'eren Dupplm and the IKV Qib Veqlargh had been diverted to the old Kinshaya region and for the last several months, had traveled deep into Kinshaya space far from anything else. Thus it was a great surprise when they came upon a Vorcha cruiser out in the middle of nowhere. The apparently undamaged vessel was adrift, with no signs of life. Qwll'eren had a team sent over to investigate. What they found astonished them. The cargo manifests revealed they were aboard an G model Vorcha, even though in the world he knew, the E model Vorcha was just coming off of the drawing board! Further investigation showed that the vessel, IKV poHtaj, had been able to travel through time as well as space! A preliminary operating systems check described a means of opening Transwarp Conduits; Temporal Navigation with engines and structure designed for the task; a Phase Cloak; Quantum Torpedoes, Disruptors, something new called Proto-Energy Torpedoes; and a kind of High Yield, Low Energy, Regenerative Multi-Phasic Shielding. The ship's last log showed it had been attacked by three Kinshaya vessels as it started its temporal run, one of the weapons passing through the shields and disintegrating every living thing. The dead ship completed its temporal run, out of control, and now, here it was, 12 years before it left its home port of H'Rez.

Qwll'eren and crew spent a day getting the poHtaj restocked and resupplied, and understood enough to allow the vessel to fight if it must, and leaving the IKV Qib Veqlargh to continue its mission, took command of the new ship. They had traveled only a couple of parsecs when a particle wave was detected, and communications abruptly ceased. When they returned, Klingon military traffic had been replaced by Romulan traffic. Something had happened to the Empire, somehow it had ceased to exist.

An hour later the particle wave had been identified as "probably" a Chronoton wave, the discussion that followed leading the crew to conclude that a time weapon had been used and that extreme caution should be used in all contacts. Friendlies might no longer be friendly, and enemies might no longer be hostile. The trip home showed more changes. Cardassian and Breen military comm traffic were gone, though Ferengi and Tholian traffic remained. There was no sign of Borg or Dominion traffic, which was a relief. But the closer they got to Klingon space, the more clear it became that Romulan space included the Klingon empire and possibly Cardassia, Bajor, and a large chunk of Federation space. The exact extent of the Romulan Star Empire could not be known, but clearly it was a major galactic power. Had the Roms detonated a Chronoton weapon? There was no way to tell.

Qwll'eren spotted a Romulan Vas'Deletham heavy cruiser and began shadowing the vessel, learning all it could from a safe distance, until, jamming communications, obtaining a weapons lock and raising shields, he decloaked and fired on the vessel. A short time later, the encounter over, he took prisoners, downloaded their computer records and looted extra supplies as, if their historical logs were accurate, Klingon resupply bases were now non-existent. By all accounts, history diverged after the Praxis explosion, these Klingons choosing to fight until the Romulan / Federation Alliance wiped the empire off of the galactic map. What few survived were slave labor now, Klingons becoming what they feared most, a dying culture. It did not help that the Federation had fallen too, engaging in a bloody civil war after the Klingons had been vanquished, which the Romulans were only too happy to help with.

Less than an hour after boarding the vessel, Qwll'eren took his new knowledge and detonated the rest, covering up the poHtaj's passing, and went in search of a base to call home. Peynagh did not exist, but a "mothballed" emergency base known as K'Mer Station might. Small and poorly equipped, on an inhospitable asteroid in an even more inhospitable system, it barely qualified as an outpost, but it might do as a home for the poHtaj and her crew until they could figure out what to do next. Assuming the base was there. Assuming they could find it.

Finding it turned out to be easier than getting it up and running, and for the next seven days the poHtaj's skeleton crew were kept busy turning the small base into a usable hideaway. The power generator, cannibalized from the poHtaj, would only operate for a few months, but it would not be detectable. The computer was intact, if empty of all but basic programs, and sensors and communications, while limited, were both stealthy and useable. Life support was working well for up to 27 people. All that remained was to disable a Romulan observatory that might detect them, and to do so in a way that the Romulans would not detect and thus not rush to replace.

While thus engaged, a transmission from the Do'HoS was detected, indicating the vessel was under attack. It was time to go to ground, and take as many people with him as he could. Finishing with the task at hand, Qwll'eren sent a message of his own, in Dominion code that no one in this universe could have any knowledge of. If the signal made it out to anyone in the KSF, it would lead them to their new home.

K'Lay replayed the latest message from Qwll'eren Dupplm and a plethora of others, most garbled, that she had received since their ship had been hit by the chroniton wave, from Kosh ZuMerz, Khaufen JurISS, Katalyia K'Tore-Jiraal and an unknown Federation ship, the USS Marques, that Borg, who had materialized out of nowhere, seem to have fired upon. No one, least of all she or Rak'qor, seemed to know what had happened, other than

the wave seem to have transited an unknown number of KSF personnel from the universe they knew, to one they did not. T'Aiya, the Vulcan/ Antosian Captain of the vessel, did not offer an opinion either, which, for Vulcans, probably meant there wasn't enough empirical evidence to offer one. The only thing she did know was that the only safe harbor, K'Mer Station, was the one Qwll'eren Dupplm was now readying, on the borders of what used to be the edge of Romulan space. She had done what she could to direct what was left of the KSF fleet there, before making a side trip to DS9 along with way, in hopes that they might know more, the possibilities spinning out in all directions in her mind. Never, though, in her wildest dreams, had she or Rak'qor, or T'Aiya, expected to find Romulans in charge of DS9, Romulans who not only demanded to board their ship, but claimed they had entered Romulan space without authorization!

T'Aiya, quickly thinking, had put both Rak'qor and K'lai in restraints with two deactivation chips that could be easily hidden, and then identified them as fugitives, brought in for the bounty. Adding that their databanks had been damaged while passing through an ion storm, T'Aiya bought them some time, but whether or not she had convinced the Romulan of her story, she could not tell. If there was going to be a chance of escape, they had better do it soon.

Meanwhile, T'Lara ZuMerz, returning from her bonding to Kosh ZuMerz, entered orbit around Q'onos. There she was to meet Kha'Mish'Khal, who was carrying out an investigation into the recent disappearances of several people there. But she had barely entered orbit around her home port, when her ship, the IKV Stronghold, was rocked with an incoming energy spike, and all she could hear over the comm system was Kha'Mish'Khal's voice, amid explosions and electric static. Reacting on instinct and training, devoid of answers, she directed him and the 80-year-old Ragnoc shuttle he had just stolen through the ionosphere, beaming him from the damaged ship and onto hers just as something swept over the planet and everything in sight. They watched in horrified awe as the energy wave vaporized first the old shuttle, and then everything in its path. Shock waves went through the ship, lights went out and the power failed. When the lights returned to normal and the sirens stopped, she and Kha'Mish'Khal stood with their mouths agape. Where Q'onos used to be, was now just floating debris.... an asteroid belt. The only thing they could see that resembled a planet was Praxis. Trying to reach anyone, anywhere who could tell them what had happened, proved fruitless until a garbled message from Thought-Admiral K'Lay came through the static, directing them to the emergency II base of K'Mer Station, near the Rom border. Leaving the debris of everything they had known behind, T'Lara and Kha'Mish'Khal headed into the unknown.



