



# 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*

As most of you know by now, back in the middle of September, in an effort to increase interest and participation in the RPG, CCC and I created a Yahoo group called "KSF Klin Zha" which would allow all members to role play with each other via an online listserve dedicated to that purpose. It was an experiment. And, it was not an easy change for me personally.

I'm one of the "old school", one of the ten year plus denizens of the KSF who remember when Keel was Thought-Admiral, when no one had e-mail and when we role played via land mail, one report a quarter. It was a slower, simpler time, and I have never been fond of change, for change's sake. That said, I am aware that time marches on, and I know of the meaning of the Klingon terms: komerex and khesterex. Komerex is "the structure that grows" and its opposite, kesterex is "the structure that dies". Klingon history shows that there are only these two kinds of structures, only these two kinds of Empires, the kind that can grow and change, as the need arises, or the kind that, like so many Klingon clubs have done in the past, stagnate and die.

The KSF has no intention of becoming khesterex, and so, when it became clear that

change was needed, we did so. Now, at the end of the first trimester in the new role playing system, I'm pleased to report, the change has been GOOD!



Since it's formation in mid-September, to the end of the Trimester on November 15th, the listserve recorded over 100 role plays from 36 active and participating players. Divisions and players who had gone inactive years ago have reactivated. Players who had never played are now contributing. New "divisions" have grown, grass roots fashion, to fill the role playing needs, including a Romulan and a

Federation group. More Divisions are interacting with each other than ever before, CCC is handing out game moves to add "real life" consequences to the orders, and several of our officers play in more than one place. DivComs have been writing to land mail members to get their reports and we've made arrangements to post their RPGs to the Klin Zha list for all to share.

In short, the RPG has become, like the KSF in general, Komerex, the structure that grows, and I am pleased and proud to hail its success, and our own. Kai Kassai Klingon Strike Force; MajQa, Suvwl'.

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 are with another issue of *Battle Lines*, the third and final one for this year. I remember last year at this point saying that "I personally can't believe this year has gone so quickly" Well this year has gone even quicker. And it definitely doesn't seem like 4 years since all the palaver for the Millennium.. It was a nice little earner though.

Anyway to the Issue you have in front of you. This Issue sees the final part of FAR STAR by Steven Dare which believe it or not started it's run in the Summer of 2001 (Thanks Steven). I hope you have enjoyed it and will enjoy the rest of this issue.

I'd also like to take this opportunity to wishing everyone an honorable New Year for 2004..

## Happy New Year!!

**- ANNOUNCEMENTS -***PROMOTIONS*

Cmdr. **T'Lara** sutai-Zu-Merz - honorific promotion to **zantai**

Ens. **teH Hel** Mo'Klar K'Onor - rank promotion to **Lt(jg)**

Capt. **Khaufen** eptai-JurISS - rank promotion to **Fleet Captain**

*COMMEND*

Lt. Commander **K'logh** sutai Chang-tIQwoQ - **Commendation**  
for many contributions to the RPG

Lt. Commander **Kimpla** vestai Dorig-Dokmarr Zu-Merz - **Commendation**

for defense of KSF morale, high level of Sector communication, frequent chat presence, role play coordination and KSF listserve participation.

*APPOINTMENTS*

By now, most of you will have been in contact with Kimpla ZuMerz / Rose Compton. I know this because for the past several months, if the KSF was doing something, Kimpla was involved in it, and has among other things, taken it upon herself to write every member in the club for various reasons. In hectic times when the chain of command may be slow due to other time consuming duties, Kimpla has shown herself capable of answering questions, ferreting out information and triaging member needs in a most effective way. I applaud her efforts, and because of her extensive communications and command efforts on many fronts, in addition to her current job as GSA XO, I am appointing her to two new positions; the Sector level position of KSF Morale Officer, and the newly reactivated Division Command of Imperial Medical Services. The RPG at the KSF Klin Zha Yahoo Group is going so well that we've decided to reactivate a Division with a long history in the KSF, one that, we feel will be of particular use to us in the "new universe". Kai Kassai Kimpla.



## - POST REPORTS -



GSA



## Sector One

← Commander K'Eberang zantai-K'Shontan-Jiraal, KSF/Sector

One: Has been a horrible slacker this quarter, and there are probably some convinced she's fallen off the face of the earth. Managed to avoid being

sent to the hospital with a bad reaction to some antibiotics (nothing that IV fluids and some morphine couldn't fix), and is certifiably insane by deciding to participate in NaNoWriMo for the second year in a row.

← Cmdr Kosh Zu-Merz: Hoch qavan! This is my first report in a long while, sorry, but my place of residence has become more concrete... I will be here for more then four or nine months! {{:7) My E-mail shouldn't change either... I won't swear to it though! {{:7)

I do not recall exactly when this quarter started, but I'll start at the end of July...

I visited the office of my soon to be new residence, the Signature Pointe apartments, a one bedroom with a fireplace and a large washer and dryer, it also has a two sink bathroom (which is not of the norm) and a ceiling fan; which was good for the summer, now I suppose I will put the fireplace to use here very soon... The move went pretty good, nothing of monetary or sentimental value broken beyond repair, I did have to re-assemble my computer desk though, it wasn't built to be moved in two pieces I guess! My two felines (Sandra & Nikko) have gotten along good, Nikko I am taking care for an ex-roommate who moved out of the house I was living in into small apartment and was ... not taking care of his personal situation or belongings in a timely matter as he should have, so Nikko is enjoying his stay with me; he is kind of a cool looking cat in my opinion, he has kind of a ... lion or Egyptian sphinx posture about him when he lays down or sits.

Near the beginning of July I rode the train down to Salem Oregon and then to Mollala, for the Fourth of July. I went and visited with my Mother and her significant other (Ken), they were visiting Ken's relatives and were roughin' it in their RV, I went to a fair and a rodeo, it was fun! For the Fourth's fireworks we watched them in the backyard of Ken's relatives, that was fun as well, there was quite the spread of

a feast and I did the meet and greet, not something I am always comfortable with.

In August I settled in to my new pad, getting things set up as I wanted them, I can be a stickler for organization and detail... I also went down to Salem again, for my Dad's Day of Honor (his 60th) and mine (my 36th), his is one day before mine (he also has a brother who has the same birthday as him, my Uncle Bill), the family went to a brewery/restaurant in MT. Angel (pretty good dark beer, but at that time in the season they had stopped producing dang them! {{:7); my Dad was gifted with a 2003 Harley Davidson! He was so surprised when he was shown it (it was rolled into the ground floor of the restaurant as we were at the upper level for the birthday party), he had to grab on the railing at the top of the stairs! He looked like he was actually going to faint! He use to have a motorcycle a long time ago but sold it when I was very young. From what I hear, he has been riding it most everyday, he retired from his job at a cannery six or seven months back.

September pretty much came and went, nothing real big happened, I did send out a birthday card to a cousin in Maryland, Labor Day I pretty much did nothing.

October was a crazy month for weather around here! We got loads of rain and it flooded in some counties, and I got more of my personal belongings out of storage... on the day it rained the hardest! I had to lay down towels and newspapers to bring the wet boxes in and set them down on the carpet, the knucklehead of an ex-roommate (Rick) brought my stuff by in the back of his truck, but the bottoms of several of the boxes had gotten soaked, luckily nothing was water-logged; It also got colder around here as well, our high's of 60's and 70's couldn't last forever I guess...

Something odd occurred last month to me, it started when I signed up to donate blood at the Supermall in Auburn, I went through the normal filling out and reading of forms and answering questions, the blood drive was held by the Puget Sound Blood Center. I found out, because of spending sometime in Europe (Belgium and Spain) when I was stationed over there while I served in the USAF, there is a chance I could develop or contract CJD/vCJD... it is a very rare brain disease, which is fatal; it sounds like something out a movie! But, I was temporarily deferred from donating blood because they could not test for it, if you spent "six months or more" in Northern Europe from 1980 through 1990, or elsewhere in Europe for six months or more from 1980 through 1996"; I may be indefinitely deferred from

donating blood, I have done some research online and have this website if anyone else is concerned or has questions of this disease: <http://www.cjdfoundation.org>

There are other websites out there about this weird disease, and I have yet to call an 800 number I was given, I do not want to or wish to freak anyone out about all this, I wish to inform others about this as I have never heard of this until last month. This disease is linked to the Mad Cow Disease that hit Europe and threatened to make it's way over here, eating contaminated beef may cause this disease, weird...

My place of employment, NYK Logistics (UWDC, one of three warehouses in the Pacific Northwest) became real busy as our seasonal accounts ramped up in activity, and a new guy that started with us October as a full time employee decided that he did not want to work there, and not in a very professional manner either; he called in and said he was going to be late one day... and then didn't show up for work or call again! Really put us back at work for a bit, my supervisor had to call the guy to see what was going on and to see if he was coming back to work or not! A real responsible guy eh... not! Things have gotten better though, we have another body, he used to work in the Yamaha account, but we are still transferring distribution accounts from one computer system into another; not an easy task! At least I get to utilize a scanner gun now, it's almost the shape of a phaser or disruptor! {{:7} Except there are buttons and a screen on the top of the gun and I don't have a holster... bummer! {{:7}

I suppose that's all I got for now, preparing for Thanksgiving and Christmas now, tentively planning trips and seeking out gifts, and dealing with the colder weather. I am also trying to tie up the loose ends in the KSF RPG and bring a Freddie ship into the alternate timeline from the USS Dauntless RPG! Qapla'!

### Sector Three



Compiled by Admiral Katalyia Epetai K'Tore-Jiraal  
Sector 3 Commander

← Admiral Katalyia Epetai K'Tore-Jiraal:  
This quarter I attended a Star Trek Convention with my friend Cherrie. I had a fabulous time and met stars from Star Trek,

Babylon 5, and Buffy the Vampire Slayer. The most fabulous time was when we attended the Dinner with the Stars event, which has a photo op while you're there. I got pictures with all the stars that attended with the exception of Grace Lee Whitney (Yeoman Rand) and Spice Williams (Vixis) and Todd Bryant (Claw). Also, the talk Rene gave was very interesting. As a filler, while we were waiting for the autograph line to get through, Dave, the promoter of the con, called us up by rows to have our picture taken with Rene. I thought that was cool as it was unplanned and Rene agreed to it at the last minute! It was great fun. Also he drew a little cartoon of Odo in his bucket thinking 'I Love

Lynda' or what your first name was. If you were a guy it was like. It was really cute and the money you paid for your personalized cartoon went to charity. I can't remember now which one he was supporting. I am looking forward to going to next years, which will be in April. The guests have been confirmed (some of them) and the hotel has been committed. It will be held at the Merriott at KC International airport. I'm already counting the months for the next event!

← Lt. Cmdr Kimpla vestai Dorig-Dok'marr. GSA XO:  
I've had such a busy summer that even as I write this I can't believe the season is over. I tried a lot of new recipes, on and off the grill. I did a lot of gardening, too. The peppers and tomatoes were great. I even went so far as to home-can my very own salsa. ( a first for me). Personal note for next year... Tamer peppers! LOL. Due to the milder summer temps this year, the rose garden was truly a site to see. (So were my hands after working around them.) I think I need to buy some of those chain-mail gloves for next year. But the gardening is done for the year and the roses are covered for the winter.

Bowling is going a tiny bit better this year. Of 8 teams, we're in 6th place. I did say a tiny bit better... LOL

Ed and I just celebrated our 5th anniversary on 10-31-2003. Yeah, that was a little spooky! <G> but we survived. For Halloween, we went to Ed's parents home. There was a ton of little (and not so little) trick or treaters. Ed uncle was also in town from Atlantic City, for a visit. That made it even more special for us and a good time was had by all.

Along with my usual KSF mail, I've put some time into contacting our off-line members. So far I've received only a few responses, but never fear, I don't give up easily. I've been involved in a few of the KSF projects and have recently been given the position of commanding the Imperial Medical Service. All I can say is don't get hurt! With all the reports, rpgs, mission statements on & on & on...I don't have time to stitch you back up to get you back into battle. Speaking of which, I'd better get that mission statement finished before I find out exactly what a painstick feels like. LOL

← CMDR Avakhon Vestai Khinsharri: Ok here ya go! I've been busy of late working a part time job with a used computer store and trying to fill some larger orders to be sent to Africa to Missionary schools and such. Kept me pretty busy with my Mother in law having cancer surgery (removed part of her colon) and my stepson having a similar surgery only 4 weeks earlier. Both are now fine and doing very well after such operations. I'm finally settling into this position as CGC Div Comm and the fact that I AM the one whose supposed to do all the compiling now and not the Abbot! Helps that I have one of the finest groups in the KSF for a crew AND a great boss to boot. (Does that qualify for my frequent compliments miles yet?) Just kidding, but they are wonderful folks here in the CGC that have accepted me as one of their own....NOW once this documentary is filmed I can go back to the REAL world

where people aren't Klingon and there are just NORMS everywhere...WOW what an unbelievable concept huh? Welllll enough insanity for now! It's Halloween and I need a fantasy break from my regularly scheduled fantasy life to file a non-existent report to a mythical Empire hierarchy desperately in need of humor! Later, prior (to my being here) out!

→ *Daklar Master K'Zhen epetai Zu-Merz* - Post Report 9311.18 - A somewhat ominous turn of events happened this July; it was discovered that I had a malignancy, and in the space of two weeks I had surgery; they took their "pound of flesh" and kicked me out of what I call Romulan captivity a day and a half later. On my return visit to the surgeon I was told I will not need any radiation treatments or chemo. So I guess I get to keep my hair..

I have been teaching the Klingon language to members of the KSF list; for me it is a great pleasure, and I hope some of our members are enjoying it as well. I have resumed playing in the rpg after a quarter/trimester or two of laziness, and enjoy interacting with other KSF members.

I continue to scan and edit years of my artwork and hope eventually to have it all on CDs. It would go a lot faster if I didn't feel compelled to edit so much. But it is satisfying labor.



### Sector Four

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

→ *Lt. Jg Ch'Hbulhu vestai Kormel* - D.Stayduhar: OK, here's my report, as brief as it may be ( was

out planting 1 foot pines on Sunday, and can't move to save myself).

What have I been up to? Well, the past few months have been hectic. Aside from working full-time for Verizon, and starting classes full time, I have been active in 2 Star Trek clubs, (IFT, and joining KSF in Sept), working for charities (current is red cross SoCal relief fund), and watching TV in my spare time. Other than that, there really isn't much to report. Not enough time to do much else.

→ *Capt. Kishin Kurkura* - Sue Frank: My great adventure recently was spending a week in August with a friend at the Pennsic War (an event sponsored by the Society for Creative Anachronism) at a campground in Western PA. 12,000 people sharing the dream of entering a different time together and making it feel real-in this case, medieval times. Lots of firelight, "garb" suitable to the period, knights in armor actually battling for a castle, much belly dancing and period music!

Kings rise to their positions by right of conquest. A sort of wild chivalry operates in all goings on. Beauty (of character as well as of body) and strength (ditto) prevail here. While I was there, it rained hard for three days but didn't seem to spoil the fun for anyone. Otherwise it was stinking hot and humid. I beat the heat by choosing Middle Eastern garb and dumping buckets of water on my head every chance I had. The moon approached full with Mars riding bright on its hip. One night, all the merchants kept their booths open late into the night. Fires and candles burned everywhere. Pipes and drums sounded and dancers sprouted wherever there was exciting music and a little light. This Klingon felt right at home!

I salute you all- From strength to strength! Kishin

→ *Cmdr. T'Lara sutai-ZuMerz / Susan Wyss* : Just a brief report this time.....I am well, although continually tired from being on the midnite shift. My son is doing well in school. He is in band, chorus, the school play, as well as being on the school council. His grades are still in, or close to Honor roll, and he is keeping me very busy with all the times he has to be at school. We carved our usual huge pumpkin for Halloween, and I took him to 3 apartment complexes to trick or treat. Needless to say.....he has enough candy for a year now!

Well, that's all for this time..... The next report will follow both Thanksgiving and Christmas, so we should all have a lot to say. I want to wish you all Happy Holidays! T'Lara



### Sector Five

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

→ *Lushy*: Well for me its been a hectic 4 months. I've had

2 art shows and I've had 3 more poems published. During this I've been back home to England for a 4 week visit in June. It was wonderful. Personally, things are kinda dark for me in my private life and without good friends, I KNOW I wouldn't get thru it. THANK YOU HUNS...you know who you are. Lushy's on to new ventures and in her wake leaves utter chaos as befits her pussycat heritage...I'd like more of the KSF to correspond with me. Despite the rumors LOLOLOLO in a sweet-natured thang...LOLOLOLOLO. Well enough of me..Onto glorious battles.

→ *Ensign Kib'tore tai Kaketh - yln HoS 'ej chaghl*: Well, last month I turned 18 and have been busy at work trying to straighten everything out so they know when I can work. I really don't have much free time so I haven't even posted in a little while, hopefully that will change.

→ *Cmdr Rakgor Sutai-K'Mpec*: I was called for jury duty(Nov 1), and spent 3 weeks on a trial. This came at a very bad time and made me do some really stupid things.

The worst!! I forgot to put coolant in my race car and I took her up to operating temp. I was in a hurry to be ready for this weeks time trials. I never knew I damaged the engine heads or block. Until last Sunday , started fine , sounded good, till I put the hammer down in gear on my first run. Stalled!! ( I am not still 100% sure yet what failed. been hold my ridges and drinking copius quantities of black ale) Would not run ,,, back to the pits to find my oil filled with coolant. This has set me back about 6 to 12 months at least. Not to mention the \$\$\$ I am crushed and disheartened. I was so excited and focused on the day after x giving... I spent over a year getting ready..... The work ..the loss... the wasted time and the fact that this has stopped me from upholding my club duties. I am having my XO take over for awhile... till things get back on track.

## Sector Six

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

← *Lt.Jg Kerlof Vestai KorVok*: Greetings Fellow Cyber Warriors and all other denizens of the great void of space. This last Trimester has found me involved on many fronts doing allot of community work and sending care packages to the troops over in the Iraq. As a retired soldier, living as I do right next to the world's largest army base, I guess that was a given...On the home front things are going swimmingly. My lovely and gracious wife OK Nan and daughter Sara and son James are all doing very well. Even the three hounds and one Sugar Glider (small marsupial Flying Squirrel thing) are keeping the household demolition's to acceptable minimums. Life is good. On the fun front I continue to both paint and write as well as plan a games Con to be held as soon as I know when the aforementioned troops return (a few of them are on the planning committee). The other things I'm working on and on is a new suit of chain mail to fit my ever expanding err...personality. Hope this report finds all my fellows as happy as am I.

P.S. Why is it this reminds me of those 'what I did during my summer vacation essays at school?

← *Captain Khaufen JurISS*: I had a very good summer. My son, Morgan stayed with me for three months. He was happy to see me as well. We talked, played AD&D, as well as the Yugio and Magic card games. Morgan is a formidable card player. I only won one game out of many. He and I scrounged the necessities together and went to see 'X-Men 2' and 'The Matrix Reloaded' at the Drive In. It was an awesome experience, being out with my son. Unfortunately, I was only able to see my daughter, Lara, for a short time. I hope that changes.



## Sector Eight

GSA Sector 8 Command - Borg Ql'mpeq

igh Honour

← *Borg Ql'mpeq* - Michael C. Robbins : I recently became the owner of a male kitten / cat that I've named Blue, for obvious reasons. My cat has blue-point ears, a blue-colored tail, blue-colored paws, and blue eyes.

Back on July 30th - August 3rd; I traveled to the Big D.. Dallas, Texas; for this year's North American QUEEN Convention which was held in Irving, Texas.

On October 26th (a Sunday); a wildfire soon became known as the Otay Fire got started about 2 miles north of my location. By nightfall, I went without any phone service for the next 24 hours. I would have also been without any electric if it wasn't for a Honda gas-powered generator. By Wednesday - October 29th; The Otay fire was fully contained, but not before destroying 46,291 acres, 1 home, and 5 outbuildings (barn/storage shed). Then late on October 31st; the Electric Power was restored to my area of San Diego County.

← *Azel Tavara* - Adrienne Paradise : Had nothing new to report.

## GSD

← *KLay* : It's been an eventful fall here in Halifax. The Abbot and I survived Hurricane Juan....but a good portion of our building did not, including the roof and our master bedroom. We got to camp out without power or phones for several days and sleep in the dining room amid all our things for about 6 weeks. Then before the managers could get that taken care of, a fire swept through part of the building and kept them so busy we're still not entirely back to normal. It was an adventure. On the good side, I was able to go home to the US to see my youngest son Thomas / Maq'qu married, and enjoyed a reunion with my kids. We're looking forward to my youngest daughter Kelley coming up to spend Christmas with us too.

← *The Abbot*: The Thought Admiral has described, well enough, the effects of Hurricane Juan on our home city and province. The thing came ashore accompanied by reports from the weather types that it was only a Category 1 storm and would slow down even more on making contact with land. It didn't. In fact, it sped up, making it nearly a Category 4 storm. The damage to the trees and forests will take generations to heal. One of the finest Victorian Gardens in North America, here in Halifax, was devastated, with hundreds of rare trees and bushes destroyed. Point Pleasant Park on the harbour mouth lost thousands of trees. What was old growth original forest is now a bare plain.

Prior to the storm, we had to make a lengthy trip to my home town to provide some care for my mother, who suffered a slight stroke the end of June. She refused to allow anyone to tell us until we arrived, three days later, to help her move to a different apartment in her building. A

very nearly full recovery has been made, although she is concerned about some residual weaknesses on her left side. Funny how well-spoken people sometimes say things AFTER a stroke that they would not have said before one. Damage to certain parts of speech centres or moral centres or something. Very funny. But she has mostly stopped saying those words, now.

However, all events since the last report were not bad or devastating. In August, two national conventions I was co-ordinating started on time and finished five days later, under budget and reportedly a roaring success. As a reward for punishing myself by working on them, I took a week off to go to Toronto for SFX, a youngish Convention sandwiched between Toronto Trek and WorldCon (which was in Toronto this year), and represented the KSF at several venues, including interviews with several groups doing extensive interviewing in the fan communities. We were privileged to receive a short visit from Mr. Spock. Yes, that was MR. Spock, not Dr. Spock. Leonard Nimoy flew in for the afternoon on Saturday, and not only entertained us with reminiscences and videotape, but good conversation as well. And then he signed doggone near anything you wanted to put in front of his face. Your Abbot was couth. He bought a portrait of Leonard to have signed. I will admit to being somewhat thrilled by meeting him, even if I was in the tenth row. As many of you are aware, I am also a member of KAG Kanada (not affiliated with KAG or KAG International), where I serve as a Fleet Commander and a member of the Board of Admiralty. At the KAG Kanada General Assembly held at SFX, I was promoted to the rank of Vice Admiral in KAG Kanada. So now I get to wear two sets of rank pins on my costumes.

K'Obol/Doug Welsh

← *teh Hel, Nagh'Gor* and James Barnaby: Personally it's been a hectic year in a few months. At work I've transferred two superiors into the office -- including household effects -- and two superiors out of the office including their household effects. Arranging quotes from movers and then dealing with misdirected, misplaced shipments of same. I've dealt with their checking out (for two) and checking in (for two). I took care of one temporary fill-in, including finding him accommodations and working with his landlord to iron out problems like the tefal coating coming off the landlord-supplied-pans. In between all of that, I took a 3 week vacation -- one week everyone was sick except Peter and Jennifer, second week everyone recuperated and the 3rd week it rained! Ever wonder why you keep going to work? I do, then I remember.....I like to eat, and I like to be warm and dry and I hate the whining I do when I have neither! and the whining everyone else does about my whining! So I work to avoid the whine!

At home, all four girls graded, and all four spent the month of July with us. Two never left. Gordon's girls are now settled into the house permanently and into their new school (Grades 9 and 7). We're now doing the "they're your boyfriend!" "no they're not!" teasing that goes on when you

have teenage girls around who just naturally attract boys! Blond hair, blue eyes, killer smiles, and terrific personalities -- patience! patience! patience! -- the phone doesn't stop. If the boys aren't calling, the girl friends are calling to find out if the boys called; or calling to relay that the boys are too shy to call; or -- well you get the idea! We're loving it but the adjustments have been very difficult for some and are definitely on-going for all. Jennifer will be 15 a week from Saturday and Jessica is 13. Jessica plays flute and Jennifer plays the strumstick (whenever the urge grabs her). Dorothy (a red head) at 17 has a steady beau who is currently in the Canadian Navy Reserves on the West Coast for 5 months. As a grade 11 student she's concentrating on her studies as she has a boy friend! and is a "Leading Air Cadet" and continuing her violin playing. Emma (a brunette) is 15 and going through some health related problems -- nothing serious but worrisome -- involving new/better shoes, inserts, specific exercises, massage therapy and physio therapy, blood tests and urinalysis. She's handling it well, but as a grade 9 student, who plays sax and cello, and is athletic and very active, she's annoyed that it's getting in her way! Karen (23 and a brunette) is still living in Whitehorse and keeping in touch sporadically and indirectly. She's an adult now so we can only think of her often and hope she's well and happy and safe.

Gordon and I have been stressed (see above) and like most, if not all of you, scrounging around for the necessary funds to look after our obligations (moral -- school photos and school ski trips for example -- and real ones). Our health, so far, is holding up, though our blood pressure readings tend to undermine that fact! The dog, Daphne, is about the only relatively stress-free entity under our care. Her health issues are finally under control and she's a normal, happy, 3 year old puppy/dog/child, who can, we're proud to say, do a relatively good "yes" "no" and "go away" sounding of the human words. She's gotten very good at grumbling under her breath too all the while keeping one eye on us to make sure we're not taking note of her breach in etiquette!

Peter is finished work now on the highways and is home until the weather improves next spring. Not to worry though, I've bought 3 new faucet sets, weather stripping, caulking compound, a new vent/hose assembly for my clothes dryer, and he's already been into the crawl space and up in the attic checking on our weatherproofing after Hurricane Juan and before the winter sets in! He will not be laying around enjoying his time off for a while! Seriously though, we don't know what we'd do without Peter when it comes to caring for The Mausoleum/Spider Hall. He's a god-send and we really do appreciate him! His son, Connor, 13 and in Grade 8, and a brunette (just to keep things even with the info on the girls) is a sweetheart. They are both very easy gentlemen to have around.

Hurricane Juan, by the way, left the house itself intact but dug a 2 foot deep by 2 foot wide trench through the backyard and turned our wheelchair ramp into a river as he left town. Peter arranged gravel and Peter, Gordon and 5



kids, filled the trench in and tamped it down. The oil man is safe to trod the path twixt house and ramp again without fear of breaking his leg and we no longer have to straddle the hole to get to the shed for shovels, rakes, etc. Some folks, like the Abbot and the Thought Admiral, are still dealing with the after-effects of Juan's destructive course. We were among the very, very fortunate.

Until next time, have a Happy Thanksgiving on Nov. 27th, and a Happy Hannukah, Happy Yule, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year -- since I think the next one of these is likely due in January? Take care all and may the Blessings of the Season, however you choose to celebrate it, follow you into 2004 and keep you safe, happy and healthy!

☞ *K'Grimm Satir* - The recent trip to Toronto was fascinating, expensive, expansive, loads of fun and very interesting. I dropped into various comics shops, the offices of Rue Morgue magazine, and snagged loads of free swag, including the THE HILLS HAVE EYES DVD and a very cool Hallowe'en T-shirt], saw MATRIX REVOLUTIONS in IMAX, enjoyed digging thru tons of dusty used book shops, and came home with three barrel bags full of new things and stuff. ). I went up the CN Tower, saw two passenger jets fly under me, went back down, bummed around ChinaTown, and was startled by the fact that Toronto is over run with black squirrels as big as dogs.



GSE

☞ *qe'San be'raun* - Jonathan Brown: The whole year has been ... Hmm.... What's that expression Terran's like using now... Oh that's it... The Whole year has been full of Challenges... :-)

The Last few months in particular were really stressful and I had to but heads with a head mistress.. She didn't recon on the truth honour and the power of a Klingon House... We kicked ass...

So in that respect the year ended on a real high... I just hope this year is better.. Looking to buying a new

Computer.. Although I believe it'll mean that I won't be able to run the Klingon Language Lab as that doesn't work on XP.. If someone else knows different, please let me know. Anyway it's seems to be an offer I can't refuse. The UK Government now allow employers to sell computer equipment to their staff free of income tax and VAT (purchase tax). Effectively this will save almost 57% on the selling price. So the £1,474 package will only cost £636. HPi350 P4 2.8GHz with Hyperthreading technology and a 120Gb hard drive 512Mb, DVD+RW and 17in TFT etc how can I pass it up.. especially with kids screaming for another one for their exams.

Just had some bad news as my brother was just rushed into hospital to have some more cancer removed. They thought they'd got it all last year but it seems not.. They keep changing their mind about what they're doing next... Doesn't look good.. Although I know he'll be ok.. I know others have been affected by cancer so I won't ask anything more than when you have a happy thought pass it along to one of them..

I had to send him a teddy the other day... He's name is "FAR TED" and when you squeeze him it lets of a loud \*\*\*\* ... oh go on smile... and then pass the happiness on.. It can be very infectious.

☞ *Alberto* : Lets make update on my self:

Start with gonna get new computer in 2 or 3 weeks, cause this old Packard bell comes to a end. System in bios you configer to boot from cd rom system does`t read cd rom Some how most of files have ben are gone either can I run windows XP cd rom Its pentum II from 5 or 6 years old Am not gonna throw it away do

- 2, I made new bird of prey Green chrome dark green chrome lights, Lights have now are smaller and lot cheaper Wil send some pictures take 2 or 3 weeks when have new computer
- 3, might go to hospital do not know when not that bad
- 4, saw bit of Apollo on tv.

That's it.. Qapla' .. Stil a life



**- KLINGON SOAP BOX -**

by Kimpla

Greetings Warriors.. I looked up some information that I would like to pass along to you. Allow me to introduce you to ... Webster

He defines;

**CLUB;** (n) Association for a common object.

**COMMUNICATION;** (n) means of exchanging messages. ACT of giving., esp, information, letters, or messages.

**COMMUNICATIVE;** Free with information.

**HONOR;** (n) sense of what is right. reputation; high respect; renown.

**HONORABLE;** (adv) holding a position with out pay. Giving service without pay.

**POST,** After

**REPORT;** (n) Make or give an account of.

**KSF DEFINITIONS:**

**POST REPORT;** Communications (see above) in regard to the REAL you. (The Human Member of the KSF). It will serve two purposes... 1) We as a club will know that you still wish to remain active, no matter how busy life really get's and... well ..2.. is obvious.. I'll leave you alone ... til next TRI!

15-20 even 30 minutes out of every 4 months should not be a hardship. A short one or two paragraph note about what you've been up to in the last 4 months is all that is asked and expected from a COMMUNICATIONS club and it's members. What you ask....., should you write about???... Let's see.....

Work promotions, anniversaries, Gardening, storms, new addy's.. (Yeah some of you need to work on this one...I'm tired of havin' my mail returned!) new additions, (babies, pets ...what-ever) conventions, travels, The 15 bags of leaves that I got out of my small front yard this week, or the Flat tire that I had on the way to work. It don't have to be exciting or glamorous. It just has to tell us (Command Sectors) that you are there and alive.

By the way,... Thank you BORG. This Tri, you went above and beyond the call. And it has been noted!

**I do realize that real life rears up from time to time, and you can't do this.**

Next TRI... let's experiment.....

Reports will be due by 1-31-04 (Ed's Note: or for some of us that's 31-01-04)... Just tell us what ya' did over Thanksgiving, X-mas and New Years.... At this point I can already write mine, It's just the routine for me..(same way I spend every year)..... How about you? As Klingon's you should be up to this challenge..YOU can for the most part do it BEFORE it's due! It's an easy one.

How many of you will Comply?



**- KLINGON K'RISTMAS KOOKBOOK -**

It's that time again for the Klingon K'Ristmas Kookbook! Many recipes have been sent in by KSF members, but it's never to late to add more. If you have a recipe for this year's Kookbook, send it to Margie McDonnell-Welsh / K'Lay K'Onor-Chang at: 17 McFatridge Rd. Apt 31 Halifax, NS. Canada B3N 2R3 or to KSFCCommand@aol.com

K'Lay



## - FACTS ABOUT KADRAK -

Klingon Name: *Kveld Q'Kadrak Sutai Azhir*

Accepted by the Command Staff of the KSF as a soldier of the Empire: signed the 28th of June 1989 by Kors and Keel Kadrak's character is of Heroic Fantasy and Gothic inspiration... with a life at the service of the Empire filled with adventures and bloodshed (blood of enemies). The complete profile, written in the form of an epic poem was published in THE AGONIZER vol II, N°1 (edited by Kishin, winter 1990, pages 70-74)

The Q'Kadrak Clan is a strange family on Klinzhai: since the dawn of time, this Clan was devoted to the studies of supernatural, black arts... and many members of the family are the Klingon equivalents of Terran warlocks, werewolves, ghouls, vampires... Though, the Q'Kadrak's spawn are loyal to the Empire and devote their strange talents to inflict pain and fear to enemies of the Empire. A brief story of the clan was published in "Let's Trek: The Budget Guide to the Klingons 1995" (ed Pioneer, page 75) On Earth, Kadrak has assumed the identity of Martine Blond, born of the 31 of July 1959, cat-breeder and sculptor living in the section of Europe named France.

I remember the early days of my involvement in KSF, when members were communicating with the ancient method of "snail mail"... for a few years afterwards, my communications lines went dead, and I realized warriors living in more advanced sections of Earth were now in contact thanks to computers...

So, for all those years, I remained a loyal KSF soldier, but in the shadow. I got my first e-mail device in 2000 and re-established communication with my brothers and sisters on this planet: thanks to Gennie who guided me to the KSF list.

Last year, I got my first genuine PC (and had to learn how to use it). My first mission was to become a webmaster by my Feline Club, and since then I have launched a few sites on the web.

Warriors interested may visit: <http://bombay-breizh.chez.tiscali.fr/> an on line magazine about the Bombay breed: felines known as the miniature black panthers (go ahead: the site is bilingual: French and English). The Bombays are my love, my sword (claw and fang?) brothers and sisters, members of the Anti-Treeble squad: they love to tear apart furry things in their little games... and they are joyful companions (don't leave them alone with a purple bottle) <http://bombays.chez.tiscali.fr> That's the site for the catteries of my club... sorry, it's in French, but you go there mostly to admire photos of gorgeous Bombays and Burmeses.

My own cattery is depicted at <http://bombays.chez.tiscali.fr/morticia.html> The sites are probably quite visited, and not only by cat lovers, considering that, from the sites my e-mail is often spammed and scammed (tons of porn mails, from people who probably don't know that a "pussy" is a feline....) With interest and skill growing in PC activity,

my future project as a KSF member would be to join occasionally the Chat and the RolePlay... I have dormant for year the project of the Dark Fleet Club: that would be adventures in the



afterworld where worthy Klingons go after their heroic death on this Universes...

As a sculptor, I design artefacts from the Klingon civilization... ancient things of the time before Space Age... so, it has a barbaric feel... One of my better known creation is an "ornamental Klin-Zha set", in full metal, created as a limited series of 15 copies... I was most honored when one of those sets was purchased by a group of fans as a wedding gift for John Ford: now, this Klin-Zha set is history... By the way, if any warrior feels like having the same, I still have at home the last set waiting for a Klin-Zha champion eager experience the same gameplay feel as John Ford....

That's a brief summary of Kadrak's career up to now, but this career is far from over...

As the Terminator says: "I'll be back..."

Q'apla





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## Chapter 7

Katie wandered slowly through the corridors of the docking ring, enjoying herself immensely, in spite of the pressures on her at the time. She loved the Cardassian architecture of this place, the angles and curves. In a way, it was similar to Klingon design, but it was also so very different. She loved studying architecture, and found herself stopping numerous times to make a close-up examination of some buttress or bulkhead. Because of this, it was about half an hour before she made it down to the cargo bay from the quarters she shared with her brother.

The minute she walked through the door, however, she stopped dead. There it was - her weapon. Oh, Moqra could call it his all he wanted, but she was the engineer here, and it was most definitely hers. At this point, it wasn't even halfway completed. The main emitter, a flared cylinder about a meter and a half long, had already been replicated and was lying on the floor near where the front of the finished weapon would be. The targeting frame was already set up, its various rods, sliders and swivels being put in place as she watched. The main reactant chamber was assembled and suspended from the ceiling of the cargo bay by thin cables on a pulley and winch system. There was a surprisingly large network of coils and tubes just waiting to be snaked into place. Now all they needed were the phase suppression coils and they could really go to work on assembling the final product.

She wandered around the outer edge of the cargo bay, just looking at her weapon, seeing it from all angles. The Starfleet engineers who were working on the project paid her no attention whatsoever, except perhaps a casual glance. They were the utmost of professionals, and Katie appreciated that. It meant that they'd just do their jobs and keep their noses out of the blueprints. Miles, however, might pose a bit of a problem.

At that moment, the doors to the cargo bay slid open. Well, she thought as Chief O'Brien came bustling into the bay, and remembering what her brother had said to the Captain, you even think of the devil and he appears. He saw her and made a beeline for her. He was holding a padd in his hand.

"Katie," he said in his light Irish brogue, "We have to talk"

I knew it, she thought. He went nosing around in the blueprints. Aloud, she said calmly "Why?"

"Well, I was going over the blueprints to your weapon, and I think I found a problem."

"What's the problem, Chief?" she asked, looking over his shoulder at the padd he was holding.

"Well, I was looking here," he said, indicating the part of the weapon that actually channeled the explosion energy into a beam, "and I think you need a third phase suppression coil to make this work. If you don't have that third coil, I think the assembly will become unstable."

Katie looked carefully at this, scrutinizing the padd. "No, I had thought of that," she said finally. "I know it seems that it could benefit from further suppression, but a third coil would re-invert the plasma field, and that could tear the emitter apart."

"Well, then, we can use stronger alloys to build the emitter," Miles said.

"Stronger than tritanium?" Katie asked. "No, we can't do that because then the emitter would be too heavy and the targeting system wouldn't work right."

"Well, then, we can put heavier components into the targeting system," O'Brien said. "There's got to be some way to-"

"Chief!" Katie interrupted harshly. "I really appreciate what you're trying to do, but I ran all these simulations myself. This is the only way to do this. There's also a conduit that channels the energy between the reactor assembly and the emitter, and that can be compromised if we have a third coil re-inverting the plasma. In addition, the casing itself isn't strong enough to withstand the force of a third coil. Now, any one of these things, we might be able to compensate for, but all three? It would make the weapon far too heavy to be of any use to anybody, not to mention unstable if one of those over-stressed components should happen to fail."

"Alright, alright," O'Brien said, waving his arms in surrender, laughing just a little. "I'll take your word for it. But I have another recommendation - don't mount the coils parallel to each other." He tapped a few contacts on his padd, showing her what he had in mind. "Mount them at about three degrees from each other, and you should get a bit more suppression out of them."

Katie took the modified plans from Miles, looking closely at them. A look of fear dawned across her features -- she didn't think modifying the plans was a good idea at all. She composed herself, and started running simulations on the padd. She made note of all the figures, all the changed results, and decided it was a safe move to make.

She turned back to the Chief, handing him the padd. "Do it," she said. "Let's get as much suppression out of those two coils as we can." She forced a smile as he turned and walked away. When he had left the cargo bay, however, she began to fume. She was no longer interested in looking at her weapon. She went back to her quarters, never stopping once to look

at the architecture.

Katie came bursting into their quarters, yelling for Moqra. He appeared in the door to the bathroom, a towel around his waist, drying his hair.

"We have a problem," she said urgently. "Chief O'Brien--"

"I know," he interrupted calmly. "He stopped by here looking for you. I sent him on to the cargo bay."

"What did he say to you?" Katie asked.

"That he'd found a problem with the weapon and wanted to talk to you about it."

"He found a problem all right. He found out about the third phase suppression coil."

"Well, what did you tell him?"

"All the stuff we went over when we were running simulations. I don't think he agreed with me, but he let it go and is staying with my blueprints."

"Well, as long as he works with your blueprints, then this weapon will function exactly as we hope it will."

"But he found something else."

"What?"

"He said to adjust the angle of offset between the two coils, that will provide better suppression of the phase variance."

"What did you tell him?"

"What could I tell him. I cheerfully and enthusiastically told him to make the change."

"Well," Moqra said after a moment's thought. "Starfleet has officially dipped its finger into our honeypot. Let's just hope that one taste is enough."

It was around noon the next day when the comm system chirped to life in Captain Sisko's office. "Dax to Sisko," it said.

"Go ahead, lieutenant," the captain said to the air.

"Sir, a Romulan Warbird has just de-cloaked off the docking ring. The captain has hailed us and would like to speak with you."

"I'm on my way out," Sisko said, getting up slowly. He had been trying to regain some of the good mood he'd had before Moqra showed up, and had been unsuccessful. The arrival of Romulans at the station could not possibly improve things.

He walked down to the main floor of Ops and said "On screen, Dax." The image of a Romulan, dressed in the traditional silver armor of the Empire's military, came to life on the viewer overhead.

"I'm Captain Sisko, of Deep Space Nine. What can I do for you?"

"I am Captain Relan, of the Nevek. I bring with me interviewers to obtain more information about the Dominion, as per our agreement."

Sisko looked confused. "But you know everything. You were just here a few months ago, and we haven't been to the Gamma Quadrant in that time."

Relan looked a little edgy. "Well then," he said after a moment, "this shouldn't take too long. Where shall we dock?"

Kira looked to Sisko, and Sisko reluctantly nodded his approval. "I'm routing you to upper pylon three," she said, punching commands into her console.

"Excellent," Relan said, and the screen blinked off without warning.

"Benjamin," Dax said, "are you sure this is a wise move?"

"What choice do we have?" he replied. "We do have an agreement with them -- free trade of information on the Dominion in exchange for the cloaking device on the Defiant. I don't see any way we can refuse their interviews. And, as Relan said, it shouldn't take long."

Two hours later, Benjamin left the briefing room exhausted. He had never realized how tiring being interrogated was. He made his way back to Ops and told Kira she was next on their list. But he stopped her short as she was heading for the lift, grabbing her elbow and pulling her close.

"Don't lose your temper, Major," he said quietly, and let her go. "That's an order." She nodded to him and stepped onto the lift.

"Benjamin," Dax said, "you've been gone for almost two hours. What were they asking you?"

"Surprisingly little, Old Man," he said. "I noticed they asked at least twenty questions twice, and a few a third time. It was like they weren't even looking for information - like they just wanted to spend the time here."

"Oh, speaking of spending time," Dax said, "The Romulan captain has asked if he might be able to send some of his crew on board the station for some shore leave."

Sisko thought about this for a moment. "Not more than twenty at a time," he said, "and they'd better be on their best behavior or the whole lot goes."

"I'll tell Relan," Dax said.

"Good," Sisko said. "I'll be in my office."

It seemed as though they swarmed out of nowhere, silver suits gleaming dully in the subdued light of the Promenade. Odo was watching them. He stood guard against the havoc that twenty Romulans could cause on this station. He saw them

wander into Quark's, and noted how quiet they were being. He wandered down the Promenade to see into Quark's. They were all in there, quiet as mice, drinking Romulan Ales, for the most part. Odo was instantly suspicious - no Romulan in his experience was ever this well-behaved. Then he saw trouble coming.

Worf was headed into Quark's.

Odo tried to stop him, but it was too late. Worf stopped dead in the entrance to Quark's, staring at the sight there. Even from ten feet away, Odo could hear a growl rumble in the Klingon's chest. He sidled up to Worf and placed a hand on his arm, letting him know that Security was here. Worf nodded to Odo and walked calmly into the bar. And then the unthinkable happened.

Worf was looking off to his left, scanning the room. The Romulan officer never even saw him as he stood up and stepped into the lane of traffic. He turned around and slammed right into Worf. The officer's ale went all over both of them. Odo would have jumped out of his skin if he had any, and he ran into the bar to break up what he assumed would be the inevitable fight.

But there was no fight. A look of disgust passed across the Romulan's features, but was replaced almost immediately by an apologetic manner. "I'm sorry...sir," he said. "Is there anything I can do to help make up for the damage I've caused?" He looked to be holding back some nasty comment or other, but he said nothing more.

Worf, for his part, was taken completely off-guard by the Romulan's manner, as was Odo. "No," Worf said simply. "I will merely change my uniform."

"Very well, sir," the Romulan said, bowing a little, "and, again, my apologies." He stepped past Worf and Odo and went out to the Promenade.

Worf turned to head back to his berth on the Defiant and change his uniform, but Odo held him back. "Wait a minute, Worf?"

"What is it?" Worf asked.

"Does this scene seem a little suspicious to you?" Odo asked.

"Indeed, it does," Worf responded. "I have never seen a Romulan behave that way towards a Klingon."

"Neither have I," Odo said. "I think I'd better talk to the Captain about this."

"Yes, I believe that would be wise." He tapped his combadge. "Computer, locate Captain Sisko."

"Captain Sisko is in his office," the disembodied voice replied.

"I'll get a fresh uniform," Worf said, "and then meet you in Ops."

A door chime sounded in the Habitat ring, and a deep voice answered "Come in!" The door slid aside, and a Romulan stood there.

"Dave!" Moqra shouted and strode over to the door to shake hands warmly with the Romulan.

"Why do you insist on calling me that, Moqra," the Romulan said, smiling in spite of himself.

"Because a close, familiar relationship is the only foundation upon which a business relationship can be made," Moqra said, and then smiled. "That, or outright treachery." He turned back towards the bedrooms and shouted "Katie! Come meet Davon."

Katie came out of the bedroom, wearing blue jeans and a t-shirt that had the words "Merchant Princess" silkscreened on the front of it. She stopped short, however, when she saw Davon. "You didn't tell me we were going to be dealing with Romulans on this sale," she said.

"Keep it civil, Katie," Moqra warned. "Dave's a friend. I've dealt with him before while you were back home. He's the most forward-thinking Romulan I've ever met, which may not be saying much, but he's almost as forward-thinking as you and I, which is saying a lot."

Katie cocked her head to the side, sighed a little, and smiled. "If Moqra trusts you," she said, "then I guess I do too." She approached him and offered her hand.

"Why would a Romulan officer behave like that, especially to a Klingon?" Sisko said. He was as confused as his other officers.

"They had to be acting under strict orders," Worf said, "with threat of severe punishment for disobedience."

"What I don't understand," Odo added, "is why they only sent down nineteen officers when you authorized twenty."

"Wait a second..." Kira said and began punching up data on her display. "Nope, the records show that twenty Romulans came aboard the station. I had security posted at the airlock of upper pylon three to monitor that aspect of the Romulans' behavior."

"So," Odo said, "if twenty Romulans came aboard, but only nineteen made it to the Promenade, then I would say the question of the day is, where is the other Romulan?"

"Computer," Benjamin said, "scan the station for Romulan life signs."

"There are nineteen Romulan life signs aboard Deep Space Nine."

"Are there any anomalous life sign readings on the station," Dax added

This one took a few seconds, as the computer cross-matched the number of each race on board the station with how many there were supposed to be. "Two anomaly," the computer said. "One missing Romulan life sign. One Talaxian life sign present where no Talaxians are registered aboard the station."

"Talaxian?" Captain Sisko asked. "Computer, where are the Talaxian life signs located?"

"Habitat ring, level 4, section 6-A, room 12."

"Whose quarters are those?"

"Talaxian?" Moqra said looking at the device Davon wore on his wrist. "No, you gotta set it to the life signs of a race that's going to be where you want to hide. Here, let me set it to Human for you." Moqra pushed a few buttons on the device, and it chirped softly.

"Well, Moqra," Davon said, "Down to business. We know you're building a weapon, and we want it. We usually just take the things we want, but the Senate decided to try and appeal to the merchant in you."

"I'm all merchant, Dave," Moqra said.

"How much is it going to cost us, Moqra?"

"Well, now, there's a lot to consider," Moqra said, sitting back in his chair. "I've got to pay for the repairs to my ship -- do you know how much a new antimatter pod costs?" He didn't let Davon answer. "It was treacherous as hell getting the plans off Dantos. And if we don't give it to the Klingons, we'll suffer discommendation. You know what that will do to my business."

"How much, Moqra?" Davon was being as relentless as most members of his race.

"What would a Talaxian be doing in Moqra's quarters? Dax asked

"There could be a struggle." Odo said. "Check for signs of heavy activity"

"Computer," Sisko said, "do the Talaxian life signs indicate any intense activity?"

"There are no Talaxian life signs aboard this station."

"Then who's in Moqra's quarters?" Kira asked

"Two Klingons and one Human."

"Captain," Odo said, "that could be one of the Founders trying to get the plans to the weapon."

"Let's get phasers out of the weapons locker. Odo, Worf you're with me. Security team to Habitat ring, level 4, section 6-A, room 12."

Moqra thought for a second, but finally shook his head. "No," he said. "I don't want to set a price until the thing's been built and tested. I want to know what it can do before I decide how much you need to pay me."

"Okay, Moqra," Davon said. "You're the boss. And you always have driven a hard bargain, as the Earth saying goes. Hey, speaking of bargains, if you're ever in the Koronis sector, check out Koronis-IV. They use pure latinum coins as their base of exchange, but they're so backwards, they have no idea what it's worth! I made twenty bars in two days just by trading currency."

Moqra smiled lightly at this, and was about to speak when the door to his quarters slid open and a security team stormed in, weapons drawn. Worf followed, then Odo, then Sisko himself, all with phasers drawn.

Moqra was on his feet instantly. "What the hell is the meaning of this?"

"Well, here's our lost Romulan," Odo said, grabbing Davon's arm and pulling him to his feet. "Let's go. Down to Security."

Moqra grabbed Davon's other arm and pulled him back towards him. "And why exactly do you think you need to do that?"

"Commander," Worf said, "this man has cloaked himself in some kind of field to trick our sensors, snuck into the Habitat ring, and came here to you for who knows what reason. I actually don't know why you let him in."

"Because he's a friend of mine," Moqra said indignantly, "and I seldom get to see him. And what do you mean, he snuck into the Habitat ring? I haven't seen any guards posted, or any signs that say 'No Romulans.' This is a huge mistake you've made here, Captain. I suggest you take your men and leave." The anger was clear in his voice.

The Captain looked around, as though waiting for the answer to this dilemma to fall from the sky. But no answer came, and finally he decided to take the high road. "Very well," he said. "I apologize for the intrusion. Commander - Constable - let's give these people their privacy back."

The security team left the room, with Worf and Odo following. Captain Sisko was the last to go, but he turned back at the last moment. "One other thing," he said. "Why did the computer read him as Talaxian, then Human?"

Davon looked stunned by the question, but Moqra wasn't phased. "This device on his wrist," he said, grabbing Davon's arm to show Sisko. "I developed it, with Katie's help, and Davon was helping me test it. It emits false life signs. The Federation has them, too. It's not a new technology. We've just improved on it a bit."

"I can say this for you, Moqra," Sisko said, exasperated, "you're full of surprises." And with that, he left.

"I should be going, too," Davon said as the door slid closed. "There will be others wanting to take my place on shore leave."

"Alright, Dave," Moqra said, standing up to shake his friend's hand again. "Hope to see you soon." And so the Romulan left as well.

END



**- TOK'S LAWS -**

Some Samples from the Project

**UNIVERSAL:** "Any supply vessel carrying Bloodwine has the right of way."

**HISTORY:** " Look beyond the moment, hear beyond the clash of battle, scent the horizon; what victory is found with one eye closed ?" (Krakow, Second Dynasty, Klingon Warrior Sage.)

**MARINE:** "The most dangerous thing in any combat zone is an officer with a map."

**SECURITY:** "Tell a Klingon there are 300 billion stars in the universe and he'll believe you. Tell him a disrupter has a low charge and he has to fire it to be sure."

"The moment you think it couldn't get any worse..... DUCK!" (qe'San be'rawn)

"Shoot first, ask questions later- you may not get a second chance." (ch'HulHu Kormel)

"Shoot first! The end." (K'Obol Chang-K'Onor)

**LOVE:** "A wise Klingon never klings on another Klingon's Klingon."

"The Comm system never fails until you want to send or receive a message, and always works when there is one you want to avoid." (Thought-Admiral K'Lay)

'Life is a bowl of cherries--as long as YOU are not the CHERRY! (Katalyia K'Tore-Jiraal)

"The heart of a Klingon can weather any storm." (T'Lara Zu-Merz)

"Never kiss a Pakled, even in self defence."

**GENERAL:** "Power tends to corrupt; absolute power negates any such trivia."

" Never decide to buy anything while talking to a Ferengi."

"There is nothing more honorable than victory."

"The Comm system never fails until you want to send or receive a message, and always works when there is one you want to avoid." (Thought-Admiral K'Lay)



**- ROLE-PLAY REPORT -**



**▲ CAMPAIGN COORDINATION COMMAND ▲**

The spatial disturbance that flashed across the galaxy has now exited known spaces, as far as we can now say. The most recent "event" of which we have had word was from Capt.

Khaufen, whose ICB team had just split, part to remain in the Beta Quadrant, developing the large deposits of heavy transuranic elements found on the planet he named "Mother Lode", and part to return to the Empire to repair and refit ships damaged in a hyper-storm. The necessary personnel changes resulted in promotion for

some officers and changes in duty stations for others. The returning squadron was caught in what was likely a harmonic wave, some distance behind the main effect in both time and distance. When his ships exited the anomaly that caught them, they had sustained further minor damage, but they had also exited in the Alpha



Quadrant, a mere fourteen hours from Qo'noS at warp six. His report indicates such large, and easily accessible, deposits of heavy metals that the Empire's entire needs may be met for the next number of years from this one source. A valuable discovery, and one which may be needed, if our enemies in either universe become aware of our present weakness.

Prior Avakhon Kinsharri~, our Chaplain General, has been missing since the Event that so badly disrupted our Forces. He has now been located, although he was badly wounded at the time and had been placed in a stasis chamber for later attention. Due to the confusion, "later" did not happen for some time. Lady TeH'Hel is monitoring his condition in conjunction with Medra, the Emergency Medical Hologram program we modified from the UFP original some time ago. Both he and his "agent" who is codenamed "Blackheart", are in need of specialized treatments involving complicated ritual as well as careful application of treatment specifics. As a former Prior myself, I can testify to the "complexity" of the required ritual. The Lady TeH'Hel mumbled something about "getting advice from Cymele" when we spoke. I'm sure she meant inspiration, or something. I mean, not even Durgath gives actual "advice". Well, not often. Nagh'Gor is also wounded but ambulatory and at work overseeing repairs to the few ships who transitioned to the new universe with the wave. They have not heard from K'Grimm, but the Lieutenant had been sent off on a mission for the Prior, prior to the wave striking. We can only hope he is well, at present.

Admiral Katalyia and the Da'Har Master K'Zhen have both reported and are personally well. Admiral Katalyia found herself, post-wave, on a K'Shona Base which both was and was not her own K'Shona Base. She and the "entity" which has been inhabiting her Base both transitioned. As the wave passed and space settled, they found themselves on a Romulan Base. They have managed, with the aid of the Da'Har Master and Capt. Borg, to take control of the Base from the Rom, set up a cloaked, self-replicating minefield

around the Base and are preparing to move it to a location where it can be secured from Rom attention and be used to support our presence and activities in this new situation. It is unfortunate that defensive actions were necessary to protect the Base from Romulan forces, as our presence in this universe is now confirmed to them, but we expect that the benefits of having a fully operational Starbase in our hands will offset. The Da'Har Master K'Zhen has been given a "guest", Confederation Capt. Jeremy Probert, a survivor of an earlier encounter that Capt. Borg rescued and brought along. The Federation in this place is ... different than the one we are accustomed to dealing with, and may be more interested in working with us. Cmdr. Kimpla has rendezvoused with the Da'Har Master K'Zhen and her hospital ship, "borrowed" from the United Confederation of Planets, will accompany the party to K'Mer Base for assignment.

Borg Q'l'mpec and the Trouble Shooters, meanwhile, have landed Marines on this new version of K'Shona Base and have helped secure it. In addition, he has erected a "fence" of sorts around the immediate area, using cloaked, self-replicating mines. It is his job to make sure that no Romulans will be leaving this new version of K'Shona Base until Katalyia gets it moved to a safer place, if there is any safe place in this universe.

From what intelligence II has been able to glean from their communications, there may be no central area that the Romulans don't have some presence in. It seems that the Romulans here have held this space for several hundred years, and though they have grown somewhat complacent due to a lack of enemies in their space, our presence here has not gone unnoticed. Some in their Senate have dismissed reports of us as rumors, but at least one Senator has not, sending several Romulans, including the Tal Shiar out to look for us.

In addition to ferreting out Romulan intell, Imperial Intelligence is still attempting to contact this universe's version of agents and contacts that, at

home, were useful to them. Success has been limited so far. The CO and Exec were both arrested by Roms when they docked at what we knew as Fed Base DS9. Their traveling companion, Antosian-Vulcan Capt. T'Aiya Llire managed to avoid arrest by blending with the station's present owners, and eventually was able to free Rakqor and K'Lay from "durance vile", which is all one can say about Rom prison styles. Q'rul Dupplm has been assigned to survey this Sector and locate sympathetic local support, if it exists, and to also locate whatever Klingons survive in this universe as groups, although we hear rumours of Klin-like slaves. I must wonder about the ability of slaves to assist us, but the rumours may be exaggerated. Korgath Dupplm has reported in, bringing with him confirmation that one of our stronger bases in our own world, Khitomer II, is here no more than space rubble, destroyed generations ago. The former CO of our version of this base was found in a life-pod, subsisting on freeze-dried gagh. We can only wonder at his ability to survive on dead food. T'Lara has found a potential source of information in one of those places she likes looking, the dark and dingy places where little grey Orions are known to hide. This one has already heard rumours of a "band of renegade Klingons shooting and fighting their way across usually peaceful Rom space". I believe this means we have little hope of staying out of the Rom searchlights. T'Lara and Kha'Mish'Khal are bringing the imp to me. I will advise you if he provides anything useful.

Cmdr. Kosh's report highlighted some of the more extreme effects of the destructive powers of that rogue chronoton wave that affected us so badly. His squadron was traveling from the tuchta' mlch sector towards Kazh when they were hit. When stability resumed, they were within a parsec of Sherman's Planet, near the Federation border! Before he was able to leave that area, he encountered Cmdr. K'logh who had also been transitioned but without the enormous spatial shift. K'logh was carrying his usual run of "odd" cargoes which he had "liberated" from unfortunate carriers. One of those

cargoes turned out to be a bio-weapon that nearly destroyed his crew and damaged Kosh's crew as well, before being contained and vaporized. Unfortunately, replacement personnel may be difficult if not impossible to locate for some time. They may be able to make do with some assistance from the crew of the Federation ship USS Dauntless, which appears to have transited into this universe the same way we did. Their captain, one Soltar Pallara, is part Vulcan, but his Klingon half will compensate for that. He also is nearly alone, and may be willing to work with us.

Ambassador A'qmarr has had little success in establishing contact with our embassies and staffs. It would appear that few of them transited with us. One of her few staff, Kimpla Zu-Merz, has transferred to Medical, as that need is more immediate. Lt. Koi has not been heard from. Cmdr. Reyna Kor is also unaccounted for at this time. Lt. Cmdr. Moqra QendeH has checked in and may be on the track of something that may assist us in making contact with our own universe, perhaps even allow us to return one day to our homes, a discovery as simple as an electronic filter. He's heading to Ferenginar. For some reason, he continues to like the Ferengi. The Ambassador's last report also made reference to a human she found amid the rubble and destruction of a former human colony in Rom space. She believes the colony was destroyed by the Rom. The survivor, one James Sheridan, may be able to tell us much about the Rom in this universe. The Ambassador is due to arrive at K'Mer Base within the week.

In conclusion, Thought Admiral, we are still scattered, fragmented, but we are making progress in contacting our surviving people, in bringing our limited resources together, and in understanding this new universe. We even have genuine hope of returning to our own homes.

Qapla'!

Imperial Contacts Branch - Khaufen  
JurISS

Captain Khaufen JurISS sat in the Command seat, and reread the distress call. He weighed the consequences of the decision he had to make. He mused to himself, 'if this is true, the Empire may be in trouble. On the other hand, the findings on the planet below, designated Mother Lode, would be of great value to the Empire. The raw materials alone were sorely needed. Khorghan Chang-JurISS's report on the planets of this system are very encouraging, rare elements, deuterium and precious ores abound.

Khaufen ordered the recall of all warriors on the planet surface. He had the Squadron alerted to their imminent departure. After the losses from the hyperstorm, it is necessary that vacant posts be filled, and quickly. The Captain asked K'oner to review the records and skills of the officers available, then poured over them himself. After several hours, he made his decision. Khaufen ordered Kerlof KorVok, Kib'tore Kaleth and t'Arra cha'Lorn to the Bridge. There, he gave them their new orders and assignments: Kerlof was to assume command of the IKV Doppleganger, Kib'tore was to be his First Officer and Security Chief, and t'Arra was to become the STORMWALKER's First Officer. Khaufen was pleased at their responses. He had chosen well. K'oner however, was not pleased about this and it required explanation for her to realize that a greater responsibility had been given into her capable hands. KirroQ JurISS was even more displeased, as he felt it was the end of their mission and adventure.

Imperial Contact's Branch was teeming with activity, striving to complete repairs. The Squadron would soon go to high warp. Only six hours before the departure time, Khorghan and K'Reger asked to talk to Khaufen. In the STORMWALKER's Battle Room, with K'oner and t'Arra present, they wrestled with the consequences of leaving their discoveries and prospects. After two hours of discussion, and some argument, Captain JurISS gave Khorghan and K'Reger leave to remain in the Klingon Beta Quadrant. They would protect the Empire's interests

and further explore the resources available in this star system.

The time had come. Kerlof and Kib'tore reported full readiness. t'Arra, deep into the procedures of the STORMWALKER's Bridge, readied herself for what lay ahead. The Captain gave the order, "Warp speed, Action!" Stormwalker Squadron jumped to warp, as Khorghan and K'Reger's vessels returned to their original mission. "t'Arra, report readiness among the Squadron to go to maximum warp." Khaufen said. Moments later, t'Arra replied that every vessel was ready. "Order them to maximum warp, as long as their engines can take it." The Captain replied. I.C.B. was on it's way back to the Klingon Empire.

"Captain, we have interphasic variances in the subspace field stabilizers." Engineering Officer Kaska's voice boomed over the Comm system. Khaufen JurISS depressed the flashing, amber colored, triangle shaped control on his Command panel. "Understood." He swiveled the chair to his right. "t'Arra, contact the other vessels. I want to know if they are experiencing the same thing, then initiate a sensor sweep; is this an internal problem or due to a subspace phenomenon." t'Arra acknowledged and complied swiftly. The engineer's voice once more filled the Bridge. "Kaska here, Captain. I'm reading unrecognizable subspace field integrity harmonics in the Squadron shield linkage, and multispatial displacement in multiple locations outside the Squadron." The Captain replied sharply, "An outside influence?" Without pause he once again he turned to his new First Officer. "t'Arra, inform the Squadron to reduce velocity to Warp Factor six, and get me those sensor readings!" Then, without warning two IDN relays blew out, showering sparks in all directions. "Captain!" The voice of the engineer yelled out of the transceiver. "The shield linkage is destabilizing. We are experiencing chronometric interference and increasing subspace sheer. Warp generator containment is down to 67%." Before Khaufen could reply, he heard another shout. "Captain! On screen." Khaufen turned

his head. A dark blue and green vortex was forming in their path. The colors moved, stretched and roiled. Before the Captain could speak again, they were engulfed. Khaufen tried to shout orders, but nothing came out! He could not even move. Around him t'Arra and his Bridge crew was becoming brighter, then thinner, then even more bright. Khaufen could see several of them looking directly at him, their expressions frozen on their now intensely bright faces. The whole Bridge filled with that light; then, we all became the light.

Reality came crashing back to the Captain and he was thrown into the Weapon's console. He could feel the STORMWALKER moving, he thought, 'the inertial dampers must be damaged'. All around him there was the sound of Klingons trying to clear their minds and get back to their posts, and not a few groans from the injured. Khaufen could feel that he had at least three broken ribs, the pain was exquisite. He forced his muscles to respond; imposing his will upon the nanites, commanding them to repair the damage. As he gained his feet, Khaufen shouted over the voices. "Stations! Damage Control Team One to the Bridge." He made it to his command chair and punched in ship wide communications. "All sections report damage and operational status. I want your assessments sent to First Officer t'Arra's console, immediately." Then, "t'Arra, if sensors are still working I need a situational report from the rest of I.C.B. Squadron." Khaufen was interrupted by another shout, "Captain!"

The Captain spun around, the main screen showed a large vessel directly in their path! A flurry of orders burst from Khaufen's lips, then a hail of expletives mixed with scathing curses. Captain JurIS slapped the InterFleet Comm Control, hoping it worked. "All vessels, break formation, we are on a collision course with another vessel. Action!"

The STORMWALKER had no problem avoiding the ship, even considering she was operating on Auxillary power. "Dead stop." The

Captain ordered. "All vessels, assume attack position around that craft, but do not fire without my command. Acknowledge." Swiveling his chair, Khaufen spoke to t'Arra. "I can only see one of our Squadron on the screen, use the secondary lateral sensors and find out how many of us survived." t'Arra, shaken and in pain, assumed the secondary Science station.

Khaufen evaluated the vessel two thousand kallicams before them. The outline of the ship they almost collided with looked familiar. Then, again, "Khaufen!" Boomed out of the console speaker. "It's me!" In astonishment Khaufen said. "Lushy?"

She wasted no time in replying. "I knew it was you!" Then Lushy JurISS-Chang rapidly began to ask questions and telling Khaufen about her now restored ship. t'Arra waited for the right moment, then interrupted the Captain's conversation. "Milord, all vessels are intact, minimal damage. Repair estimate for the entire Squadron is seven hours. All vessels are functional on auxiliary power; weapons, shields and crew report reduced battle readiness." t'Arra paused for a moment, then added. "Captain, sensors say we are now in the Alpha Quadrant! I estimate fourteen hours to Qo'noS at warp six." Khaufen replied to t'Arra, "Well done. Order the Squadron to stand down and begin repairs." 'The Alpha Quadrant!' Khaufen thought. 'Kahless was indeed with us this day.' Then he heard Lushy's impatient voice again from the console.

Imperial Intelligence - Rak'qor K'Mpec and K'Lay K'Onor-Chang

Imperial Intelligence spent the first weeks after transiting to the new universe trying to find intelligence agents; intelligence information having to take a back seat until the agents themselves were located. That was not an easy task. Intelligence agents, by the very nature of the job, are scattered across not only Klingon space but neighboring territories as well. When the wave hit, it did not take everyone at once, and it deposited those it did take

great distances from one another. Some are still MIA, including former II CO K'Eherang K'Shontan-Jiraal.

Before we could mount a search for each other, we had to find ourselves (a task, as the Terran cliché goes, easier said than done.) Vehmen Vra'al summed up our collective feeling the best, describing it as "Jamais vu", the opposite of Déjà vu, the feeling that something should be familiar, but isn't. What medical scans we can do without proper medical facilities show that our officers have suffered no physical ill effects from crossing over; everyone seems to have been "reassembled" correctly. The same cannot be said of anything else. In short, we are the same, but everything else is different, and it's taken time to understand how different it is.

For example, Rak'qor K'Mpec, K'Lay K'Onor-Chang and Antosian Vulcan Captain T'Aiya Llire headed for Deep Space 9 after the wave hit Llire's ship, not realizing until they docked at the facility that ownership of DS9 had passed into Romulan hands. K'Lay and Rak'qor were thrown into the brig and it was only T'Aiya's Vulcan lineage that saved her from the same fate. Managing, with T'Aiya's help, to escape the station, all of K'Lay and Rak'qor's intelligence gathering had been of the negative variety until T'Aiya beamed a pair of Rom engineers from the engine room of her ship and back to the station before she went to warp, a maneuver that left their tricorders behind. Rak'qor and K'Lay set to work to download as much information as they could from the the devices, and those they were connected to, before distance and security measures shut down the link. They discovered enough to make even their Klingon blood run cold, and it prompted them to send an encoded communication to all KSF ships within range, ordering them to rendezvous at K'Mer Base, a small, II emergency facility near the Romulan border which they could only hope existed in this place. The coordinates, at least, were known to all II agents.

First to report in, and first on the scene there was Q'rul Dupplm, who managed

to confirm the existence of the small emergency base, and get it up and running and repaired enough to handle at least some of their incoming personnel.

Next to report in was Korgath Dupplm who'd been evading Romulans in the old universe when he and his modified Ferengi trading vessel entered the new one, materializing right in the middle of a massive amount of destruction, remains of a Klingon outpost that had existed in our universe, but which had been destroyed in this one generations ago. Likewise, ch'HulHu Kormel, the CO of that station, Khitomer II, had been listening to reports of disappearing vessels and outposts in Klingon space when the chroniton wave hit his location, leaving him barely enough time to reach a small b'rel class scout, the only ship remaining at the station. When the wave passed, ch'HulHu and his ship were dead in the water, having lost both warp and impulse engines in transit. Forced to abandon his ship in favor of a life pod, ch'HulHu survived on freeze-dried gagh field rations until Korgath rescued him. With his former base destroyed, and the whereabouts of his own officers unknown, ch'HulHu joined forces with Korgath, and both headed for K'Mer.

Meanwhile, T'Lara ZuMerz and Kha'Mish'Khal Duraqnan whose standing orders, when in any unknown situation, is to gather intelligence, have decided to find out what they can along the way. Nothing felt quite right anymore. The stars were not where they were supposed to be. Neither, for that matter, was anything else, and T'Lara was determined to find out why. She finds some of the answers she seeks in a dingy darkened bar on a lone asteroid in the middle of nowhere, from an Orion who looks a great deal like a little grey she knew back home. Orions were the 'gatherers' of the universe, and if anyone knew anything about what was going on, she is sure he would. For his part, the Orion Solen was a procurer of things others wanted. Routinely he was a transporter of information, and he knew from the moment T'Lara walked into the bar that here was a golden opportunity. He'd

heard rumors about a band of renegade Klingons, shooting and fighting their way across the usually placid Romulan space. Could this be a representative of that group? And if so, surely he knew someone who'd like access to that information? It merited further investigation. He requested to be taken to her leader. T'Lara wasn't at all sure the Abbot, who had just arrived on K'Mer Base, or K'Lay and Rak'qor, who were enroute, were going to want to see Solen, but clearly they needed information, and he seemed to be the only one she'd found willing to trade for it.

Deciding she needs information more than she needs the decommissioned ships she's located at a Romulan ship's graveyard, K'Lay postpones her plan to liberate a few vessels and heads directly to K'Mer, sending Q'Rul Dupplm on another mission even before she arrives. She orders him to make contact with local Klingons and any resistance movement that might exist (or create one if it didn't) and to look for other races willing to help them. She can't argue with Q'Rul's theory; Beaten down though they might be, Klingons are still Klingons, not sheep, and somehow, they've got to be convinced that resistance is not futile. Whatever rabble they can rouse may, ultimately, be their only hope.

Imperial Security - la' Kosh zantai-Zu-Merz

While being in stranded in an alternate time and space bereft of a Klingon Empire, it had been bad enough that the first populated planet, that was supposed to be brimming with millions of Klingon warriors, had been found to be devoid of life! After a fruitless hunt for any intelligent life on that rock; I and the crew of my flagship the IKV mupwl' chuS, went into maximum warp on my command to the Kazh system as were our orders. When Warp 9 had been reached, strange events began to unfold, the space around my flagship had begun to destabilize, our acceleration increased beyond the norm! After seemed like hours to my crew and me, we found our coordinates greatly differing from where we had started from!

After getting most systems back online and running a second time, my sensors indicated to me that we were near our border with the Federation, referring to our normal time and space I mean, my ship had traveled to within a sector of ... Sherman's Planet! This had been a strange trip indeed! I ordered new coordinates set in, as received from Thought-Admiral on a coded and semi-secured Comm channel, for us to make our way through Romulan infested space to K'Mer base, one that was also present in this timeline as it was in ours; I warned my crew that we would have to be stealthy in our journey to the rally point for our forces in this universe, what was once ours was in Romulan hands and their presence was heavily concentrated in the territory we would be plowing through to reach our intended destination.

As my flagship had gone not but a parsec ... we had encountered another tlhIngan HlvbeQ vessel ... from our own universe! It turned out to be la' K'Logh, an oft encountered scourge of open space lanes and unlucky non-aligned merchant vessels (the unofficial pirate of the Empire and the tlhIngan HlvbeQ), I had read many a report on his activities which impacted the security of the Empire, although we almost were on the verge of blowing each other's vessels to kingdom come; we really only were greeting each other in a time honored fashion between Klingon vessels ... K'Logh challenged me with weapons fire! My front shields had been damaged, I resisted the urge to pay him back in kind when I knew who I was confronting, an ally and compatriot in this universe would be invaluable!

After K'Logh had discovered who I was I repaired to his ship to discuss our plans and coordinate our defenses, I had found out that an ancient contagion had been let loose onboard the IKV K'Orellian K'Law! Losses had been steep on K'Logh's ship and the virus had been transported over to my ship as well, it had been finally contained using a HAZMAT suit by a courageous Suvwl', a science officer had been turned into a puddle of cellulose, I had the container of the intruder beamed out into space and

then blown to smithereens; using disrupters and a well placed photon torpedo we had gotten rid of the unwelcome guest!

As we were just 'licking our wounds' from that last encounter ... then a Starfleet ship appeared out of nowhere! It was well the Steamrunner Class vessel had been out of commission when it appeared on our short range scans, had it been powered up and running we may have well fired upon her, thinking it was a trick by Tal Shiar agents of the Romulans! I received a transmission from the USS Dauntless, commanded by a Captain Soltar Pallara (a lost House member of mine, from the past?), who is half Klingon and half Vulcan, obviously he was bewildered on how he and his ship and crew came to be so far in Klingon space; I invited him to come aboard the mupwl' chuS and I would explain it to him, I suspected he and his vessel had crossed the border to investigate the strange occurrences in the Klingon Empire and had been caught by the chroniton wave.

My mission still remains to reach K'Mer and eventually meet with Thought -Admiral K'Lay, our forces must consolidate if we hope to survive and possibly get back to our normal timeline, Kahless permitting... and my mate willing!

Imperial Diplomatic Service - A'qmarr  
ramHov K'Onor

It was shaping up to be another rough week for Ambassador A'qmarr ramHov K'Onor. She had tried to find the rest of her diplomats, with little luck. Her communications technician had managed to get a message from Lt. Commander Kimpla Dorig-Dokmarr Zu-Merz. An urgent need for a qualified doctor meant that Kimpla would be returning to the practice and leaving IDS. The ambassador was very aware that the Empire's warriors, especially in this convoluted universe, were sorely in need of the healer's touch. She sent her personal commendation for Kimpla to Thought Admiral K'Lay through her last known access channel, then prayed to Durgath that she could be heard.

Hours seemed to pass as IKV QI'In bathl, the ambassador's dreadnought, made its way under cloak at Warp three. While A'qmarr longed to push the engines to their optimal limits--in the name of getting back quickly to the K'Mer base, she knew that the Chronoton wave that caused her current situation were unpredictable at best. She had her entire science department going through all the data collected from the initial pass; they were to share their findings with communications, so a more reliable way to send messages to Thought Admiral K'Lay could be found. Lieutenant Koi & his IKV Thunderwolf crew had not checked in with the head of IDS in over two standard months. A'qmarr wondered if they ran into serious trouble from Romulans, since they seemed to be the dominate force in this universe--much to her mild dismay. She also wondered about Commander Reyna and her ship, IKV Kor's Proud Victory. She was nowhere near celebrating victory, not as long as any of her personnel were still unaccounted for! The ambassador "strongly urged" her communications department to increase efforts to contact Koi and Reyna.

Ambassador A'qmarr was about ready to use the nearest science technician for Marine target practice when a signal was heard on the comm panel. "It's from the Far Star," the ensign monitoring the panel announced. "Commander Moqra has sent a series of log entries on a narrow beam." "Well done," the diplomat said with relief. "At least someone I can depend on is still out there! Patch it through to my ready room." She left the bridge in the hands of her Chief of Operations and entered her ready room. She activated her console and began her report to Thought Admiral K'Lay. "Thought Admiral," A'qmarr began, "there are times when, it seems, Durgath is trying to test our resolve. This is one of those times. We are working to restore communications with Lieutenant Koi & Commander Reyna, which were interrupted when the Chronoton wave hit. Lieutenant Commander Kimpla has answered the call for qualified doctors to assist our injured. My personal commendation for Kimpla's work with

us will accompany this report. We were able to receive the latest log entries from Lt. Commander Moqra. It seems he may be using an encrypted, tightly-focused beam; which merits further analysis." The ambassador paused her recording to read Moqra's accounts and eat some leftover qagh tlhQ. "Major Hurric," she activated the comm, "what is the status of the human who survived the Romulan destruction of that colony, S'vana?" "Bruised, Commander," the Force Leader answered, "with two cracked ribs. He will recover in sickbay then, when he is mobile, he'll be moved to the brig." "No, Major," the head of IDS insisted. "Keep the human in sickbay! He may have information about the Romulans that will help us. Besides, I am still a diplomat! We need to know how to survive in this convoluted universe." "Yes, Commander," the Marine replied. "I will alert you when he is awake."

A'qmarr finished reading her division XO's report and returned to getting her summary report down. "Lieutenant Commander Moqra had power go out in the Far Star not long after losing contact with Kimpla. Life support was affected. His sister Katie was able to clean out several filters on the engines and found chroniton particles. Katie, according to her brother, thinks that another chroniton wave--inversely modulated--might be the key to reverse the process. Their investigation is leading them, at last report, to Ferenginar. Knowing Moqra's past 'experience' with the Ferengi, I am somewhat confident that he can find out what can be done to help the rest of us survive... and, perhaps, see if Katie's theories can work. "As for ourselves, we've mostly traveled under cloak. The remains of a human colony, S'vana, destroyed by Romulans has yielded something interesting: a human survivor. He was found with a spent phaser, bruises and some cracked ribs. He may be of value to us. I plan to use diplomacy, not torture, to find out what he knows. Diplomacy, I feel, still counts for something... even in a universe as this. Ambassador (Cmdr.) A'qmarr out." She activated the transmit feature on her console and sighed, un-Klingon like. Major Hurric's voice was heard, "Commander

A'qmarr, the human is awake." "I'm on my way," the diplomat replied. "Does the human have a name?" "Yes," the Marine said. "James Sheridan."

Trouble Shooter Task Force - Borg Ql'mpeq

Concerning Captain O'Rylieus and the USS Marques; after telepathically interrogating Captain O'Rylieus over a length of seven hours, thirty minutes. Captain O'Rylieus was placed in his quarters back aboard the USS Marques. To Captain O'Rylieus, it'll all seem like a bad dream.

Several days later, while enroute to StarBase K'Shona. The IKV Ql'mpeq's bortaS came across another Con-Federation StarShip that was severely damaged and dead in the water. The starship's ID read, USS ThunderChild, NCC-63549-E. The only surviving crewmember was the ship's captain; Captain Jeremy D. Probert, who was beamed aboard and placed in stasis unit. The IKV Ql'mpeq's bortaS had travel the distances of one parsec, when the USS ThunderChild exploded.

The Battle at StarBase K'Shona, gave me the chance to really put this new F class Vor'cha Battleship and it's Battle-Armor system to the ultimate test. The IKV Ql'mpeq's bortaS quickly went to work destroying several Romulan D'deridex-class warbirds, thus clearing a path for the IKV Lightning and the IKV Silent Shadow to escape from the Romulan-held StarBase K'Shona. I transferred Captain Jeremy D. Probert to the IKV Lightning.

The Defense of StarBase K'Shona took on several parts to complete. Operation Romulan BedTime: involved using a neurozine / axonol gaseous mixture, to basically put the Romulans on StarBase K'Shona to sleep. Operation Secure StarBase K'Shona: involved deploying a total of 100 Imperial Marines from the IKV Ql'mpeq's allotment of Imperial Marines, to act as StarBase K'Shona's Security Force. Operation Romulan Roundup: involved placing 75 Romulans in stasis units, then moving the frozen Romulans to the Imperial

Marine's Cryo Storage Room. And finally, Operation Picket Fence: involved creating a fence around StarBase K'Shona at a safe distance, using cloaked self-replicating mines.

The IKV Ql'mpeq's bortaS is taking a side fact-finding mission to visit StarBase Reclaw, then visit StarBase Sompek, to see what each starbase might have in the way of inventory, before returning to StarBase K'Shona.

Chaplain General Corps - EMH Medra's summary log

CGC ships suffered significant casualties after the fleet was hit by the chroniton wave. During the confusion and harried triage, someone found a severely wounded Avakhon Kinsharri and made the decision to "store" him in cryogenic stasis until diagnosis and treatment in a qualified medical facility could be arranged. They did not comprehend the extent to which he was capable of regeneration, did not expect him to awaken within the cryogenic storage unit, and thus did not hear him when he did. Even those who did hear something did not connect the sound to their Prior who had woken up to find himself in a storage locker surrounded by bodies in cryo units stacked each on the other like cord wood. Realizing the futility of struggling in his weakened condition, Avakhon waited several hours until the energy powering the units slowly restored his strength. Crawling out at last, he manages, if not to get out of the locked facility, at least to summon someone who can do so from the outside.

Klingon Emergency Medical Hologram (EMH) Medra arrived at the sealed compartment within minutes of her program being remotely activated. A short time after removing the security personnel from her way, and extracting a hallucinating Avakhon Kinsharri from the hold, she beamed them both to sick bay and began performing a battery of tests on the sedated warrior. When she was through, she summoned Teh hel Mo'Klar K'Onor to report to sick bay as well. The news was grave.

Unless he receives replacement blood from another Kinsharri, Avakhon will die, and the only one on board qualified to perform a Khinsharri transforming rite on the only potential candidate, Blackheart, is teh hel.

Teh hel had been expecting this ever since the warrior Goddess Cymele came to her quarters in a vision, and after convincing her that she was neither an intruder nor a figment of her imagination, had warned teh hel that one of her fellow travellers would be injured and would require healing that no one else knew how to do. The warning could have been for no one else. Nagh'Gor Raziell-K'Onor was busy with repairs, some of which would likely be dangerous, but he was alive. K'Grimm Satir had been sent on a mission by Avakhon, the details of which were known only to the sedated Prior, and to K'Grimm himself, but as far as she knew, K'Grimm was safe. Which meant that the Prior's life was in her hands, as was Blackheart's.

Taking a deep breath, teh hel began giving order to Medra, instructions based upon the advice of a goddess she was not even sure she believed had been there. They would need a drop of blood from the Kuvagh magh, along with herbs, chemicals and ceremonies which would have to be followed to the letter, not only on Avakhon, but Blackheart as well who would, if the ritual operation was successful, be changed forever into a Kinsharri.

K'Shona Base - Katalyia K'Tore-Jiraal

Killon, my prisoner, and I reached the junction of the Engineering Section and I motioned for Killon to halt the Romulan. I cautiously glanced down the corridor and spotted K'Zhen doing the same. Seeing that the corridor was clear, we entered the hallway, coming to a halt in front of Engineering. Doing a scan on the room, we detected there were 15 Romulans as well as our engineering crew.

Needing a diversion, I informed Killon that he was to enter engineering and draw their attention, reminding him that

the entity would look out for him. Nodding, he shoved T'Von into my grip and entered the room. After a few moments of silence the room erupted into noise and K'Zhen and I entered the room. Knowing that Borg was in the area, K'Zhen reached the communications board and managed to get a message out to him. I warned T'Von that he would be the first to die if he tried to warn anyone.

Forcing him further into the room, I could hear Killon as he continued his running fight, rounding up the engineering crew as he went. Soon there was a strong firefight going on at the far end of the room, leaving this area clear of Romulan interference. K'Zhen returned a moment later and informed me that she did get through to Borg. Then we finished sabotaging every bit of equipment, while informing the entity that Killon would be joining us and that it was to blow the bay doors, take down the gravity processors and not allow them to be reinstated.

The Entity stated it understood and informed us that Killon had neutralized the Romulans in the area. A moment later he joined us, with the engineering crew right behind him. Motioning to one of the officers to watch T'Von, I informed my officers of the plan and Killon that he would be staying behind to prepare the Base for the move. After receiving nods of understanding from all, we finished with the systems, laying traps and rerouting systems. When everything was completed, we cautiously made our way down to the Docking Bay.

Leaving the Base in Killon's hands, we headed toward our ships, T'Von and one officer coming with me. I guarded T'Von as Koran (NPC) strapped him in. I indicated that he was to stay with the prisoner and I activated the shuttle. Receiving word that everyone was ready to go, I activated the com system and informed the entity to blow the doors. A moment later, the bay decompressed violently and everything that wasn't nailed down was blown into space. I watched as First K'Zhen's hip, followed by the others left, my shuttle bringing up the rear. Borg's ship

momentarily came into view, before returning to a cloaked status, amid the remains of Romulan ships. I commended him on his prowess and informed him that he needed to continue defending the base as we went for re-enforcements, and that the Base Defense Ships would aid him.

Knowing that my shuttle would not be able to keep up with K'Zhen, K'Zhen suggested that I bring my shuttle aboard her ship. I agreed with her informing her that we would be able to do so after clearing the debris field. We could not risk it before then, as the entity needed time to scramble the Base's sensors so we wouldn't be picked up. We carefully maneuvered our ships through the debris field. Once we were clear, I opened the com channel only to have it short out. Koran inquired if I needed assistance and I reminded him to watch the prisoner.

No sooner were communications restored and I was informed by K'Zhen she was opening the shuttle bay doors, than I noticed my sensors were showing what appeared to be a ship approaching our position. A moment later, K'Zhen was informing me of that the ship was a Federation ship and it was transmitting their message using a Klingon code. To give me time to get my shuttle on board, K'Zhen sent a challenge to the ship. Noticing that this seemed to confuse the Romulan, I gave no indication that this wasn't normal procedure. I wanted him to think we were expecting them. I was no sooner in the bay than the doors were slammed shut.

When the bay was pressurized, I stood and went to where Koran was guarding the Rom, and guarded him as Koran removed the restraint. Despite being on board a Klingon ship, under guard of two Klingons, he tried to escape. But he didn't get far as Koran drew his disruptor and fired at him, hitting him in the arm, removing the lower portion of it. I reached down and grabbed the back of the Roms uniform shirt and jerked him to his feet. Shoving him into Koran's grasp, I ordered one of K'Zhen's men to escort Koran and his prisoner to the brig and one of her officer's to escort me to the bridge.

Upon my arrival, I found that we had closed the distance between us and the Federation ship. K'Zhen was in deep conversation with the captain of the Federation ship demanding that they identify themselves. Knowing we have not fired on them or they on us, I asked K'Zhen if she knew who they were. K'Zhen answered in the negative and informed me that they were asking if we needed assistance and that another ship was decloaking. After a moment we could clearly see that it was a Klingon Bird of Prey and one that we had dealt with before and was a line-sister to K'Zhen. Kimpla had come to offer an escort to Base K'Mer.

Kimpla explained that they had picked up our signals, and suspecting that we needed help had made all haste to reach our destination. Needless to say, she was surprised at the size of K'Zhen's ship, not realizing that it was a Vor'Cha size ship that sent one of the signals. She quickly formed the escort in front of us and we headed toward K'Mer.

MEANWHILE ON K'SHONA BASE: ( Killon reporting by orders of Katalyia, Base Commander) I watched as Admirals Katalyia and K'Zhen and the defense squad exited the docking bay, now made useless when the entity blew the doors. Hearing the alarms, I knew that the Romulans would not be able to do anything about the breach and returned to the control room so the entity could take the gravity systems off line.

I returned to the engineering section and cautiously entered the gravity control center. Even though several Romulans had been neutralized, I still didn't know how many were on board. The entity was doing a superb job in masking the life signs including mine, so they would not know there was a Klingon on board. Locating the controls, I started neutralizing the gravity and once it was neutralized to the point where the Romulans would be helpless, I cut it completely. Once again the sirens sounded and pushing away from the controls, I drew my disruptor and took careful aim. Once that was completed the job, I returned

to the medical section, to set up a listening post and to remain hidden.

The entity was diverting the Romulan's attention to other sections of the Base and I smiled as I heard one incoherent report after another as they tried to figure out why the base was having these malfunctions. It was also keeping the normal communications operating so the Romulans would not realize that the systems shorting out were being done by an individual working against them.

I locked myself in the CMO's officer and tied myself to the chair so I could manipulate the controls as I kept watch on the Romulan's activities. I knew that Borg was guarding the outside of the base with the Defense Squad that was left behind. A moment later, I was informed that all was secured and that they did not know Borg or the defense squad was outside. A moment later, the entity informed me that we were receiving a message from Borg.

I ordered the entity to secure a line and send it through. Borg informed me that he had a plan to neutralize the remaining Romulans and needed my permission to set it in motion. Making sure that he understood who was in charge of the base, I asked him what the plan was and listened carefully as he explained it to me. He would be using some type of nerve gas to put the Romulans to sleep then beam aboard with an attack team of Marines to secure the Romulans into status chambers and clear the noxious fumes. Then we would finish the preparations of getting the Base ready to move. He would beam aboard an environmental suit for my use.

I agreed and asked the entity if it would allow it. The entity informed me that it could only scramble the sensors once to hide the transport without being detected and inquired if the medical environmental suit would work. Borg informed me that it would provide me with the necessary protection. Informing Borg to stand by, I unstrapped myself and got into an environmental suit. Returning to the command console, I strapped myself back to the chair and activated the com system. The entity informed that the station was prepared and all access to the rest of the suits were not available.

I informed Captain Borg that I was in a suit and was ready for him to beam the canisters aboard. I reminded him that the base was without gravity and that it could not be reactivated until the Base was moved. He informed me that it would not cause a problem and he would take the necessary measures to ensure that the canisters would remain in place. I informed him that everything was ready and told the entity to drop the shields and scramble the signals. When a light on the control console went green, I informed Borg to commence beaming the canisters aboard.

A moment later the environmental alarms rang and I saw a fine fog was working its way into the room. I turned back to the screen and watched as one by one the Romulans dropped in their tracks. A few minutes later, the entity informed me that the Romulans were neutralized. I informed the entity that the atmosphere would be cleared after we got the Romulans into the status chambers and informed Borg that they were neutralized and he was to beam his men aboard and place the Roms in

the chambers. Informing him that due to minor damage I had to remain where I was to monitor the systems, he was to have the group leader report to the CMO's office. As he heard me talking to someone he asked who the 'entity' was. I informed him that it was an ally, suggesting that he not upset it, as it has a temper, and it was best not to have it get into a 'snit'. Informing me that he understood, he informed me that he was beaming his men aboard shortly. I acknowledged him and returned to monitoring the systems as he started beaming them aboard.

Romulan Group - T'Azar Llire

For several hundreds of years, Romulans held a firm, rather uneventful hold on the alpha quadrant. So when sporadic reports of missing ships and sightings of Klingon warbird came in, no one paid serious attention to it. The subject had become the brunt of jokes and the topic of idle chatter.

The senate pretty much glossed over the incoming reports of Klingons, except for one man, Deihu (senator) Aeov Rhian. He had been paying very close attention to the point of assigning two Tal Shi'ar agents, Major T'Azar Llire assigned to the IRW Devous commanded by Commander Talar Salak and Kellian tr'Shikyrie, commanding the IRW Areinnye, to investigate the sightings.

Currently it had simply been a game of cat and mouse. No sightings have been confirmed and the debris left in the wake of these Klingon ghosts has yet to be thoroughly analyzed. Something was up, and Deihu Rhian was determined to put the pieces of this puzzle together.



## - WONDERS OF THE EMPIRE -

First Entry For Wonders of the Klingon Empire Project - By Kosh zantai-Zu-Merz

KADAR: tlhIngan HlvbeQ neH  
HovpoH0312.07  
qavan!



The following historical record is as honestly reported as it was received..

Playback begun.....

"Kosh Zu-Merz ... recording ... this tale occurred when I was just a young un' in Kahless's Legion of Scouts (K.L.S.), an organization still around that instills the principals of honor, trust, survival, and ... "fun" into young tlhInganpu'." Kosh sat upon his favorite black stained Sargh hide lounging quS (chair), he raised his tankard of Green Dragon to his lips and took a sip ... it was to the correct "twelve-to-one ratio diluted form" ...it numbed his lips and tongue just right but not bad enough to not continue his recording of his first camping/exploration outing with the Legion; it was a long time due, he had more after this. He coughed slightly, the drink almost went down the wrong pipe! He sat the tankard down on the nearby wooden table.

Speaking of 'pipe', Kosh lit his favorite bone carved one, the one that had a topless be' on the 'elbow' of the pipe, and brought up to his lips lighting it, he took a puff of the Terran produced (grown in the Pacific Northwest still to this Stardate) tobacco ... it had a sweet cherry flavoring, he blew out a trio of smoke rings, he was also visually recording this for his future puqpu' ... if his mate did not wear him out first! Bang!" Kosh heard a loud noise come from a nother part of the sprawling Zu-Merz estate, he believed it was members of the juH practicing battles. Anyways, where was I ..." he plopped a boot up on a long wooden table in the room and grabbed his tankard once again. "As to the fun part ....."

Kosh's right hand slipped! He frantically attempted to dig his left hand into the side of the cliff, then he brought his right hand back on the cliff, he did not find a solid purchase yet, he tried over and over to find a grip on something ... there! His left hand gripped a very small branch, it stuck out the side of the cliff like ... like a helping hand, Kosh thought. He gripped both hands on it! He looked over his shoulder to see the raging river below in the canyon, "Kirk's Folly" it was named, it would be his "Death Place" Kosh thought, if he was not more observant of the cliff's surface and his gripping upon it! While his left hand gripped the branch he whipped the sweat from his forehead with his right arm, he had the sleeve of his legion uniform open and rolled back along his forearm, he liked his wrist free.

"What the yIntagh is the hold up?! We need to make it to the foot area of Kang The Merciless's colossus statue before nightfall!" That rousing motivational speech was screamed out by their Legion Commander of Legion 106 ra'wI' Wyllym E. Donygun, it surprised and impressed many parents that the

olden tlhIngan was still a Legion Commander, but he was a good leader for young tlhInganpu' and he was well respected and honorable, not to mention that the yo' qlj (Black Fleet) wasn't ready for him yet! "Is that you Kosh?! Get a better grip on the side of the trail and carry on! The rest of the 'troop is waiting on you!" ra'wI' Donygun was right, so Kosh set his grip better and started down the 'trail' (the path was

little more then a Standard Foot wide, a series of handholds were carved out of the side of the cliff). The trail they were on followed along the Cobra River, about 1 Standard Mile up from it! It was not a trail for weak hearted races that's for sure!

I hope those targ ribs we have in our packs will taste as good as they say they will cooked over the Eternal Bonfire at Kang's feet, if I (I meant we) make it that far... Kosh made his way more slowly, making sure his grip on the side of the cliff was more sure, then stepped up the pace a bit. "Good Kosh! I knew a little motivation would get you moving! Keep up the pace!" More encouragement, Kosh thought, it didn't make the side of the cliff easier to hold on to! At least the weather had held off the downpour of rain that had been predicted by a local meteorologist, were they ever correct?

"Kirk's Folly" Trail System was 100 miles in length, the section Kosh was on was only 20 miles long, and it ended at their camping spot for this trip, their trips normally lasted a Hogh (week); a day or two to get where they were heading and two days to get back from their starting point, only one day to explore. Kosh brought his digital recording device this time, he would record his seeing of Kang The Merciless colossus for the first time! It was crafted out of solid baakonite and polished every seventh day by a band of Cleric's of Kahless, they also kept lit a roaring bonfire centered at the feet of Kang's idol as well, in tribute to someone who had outfought Captain James Tiberius Kirk, controlling the USS Enterprise with but a handful of Suvwl'pu'! This would be a once in the lifetime event, Kosh thought.

Legion 106 numbered about 30 young Suvwl'pu', with ra'wI' Donygun and his wa'DIch (Wyne K'lvie) and cha'DIch assisting him, they conducted their weekly guardmounts (their trips following afterwards) out of an old Lodge of Kahless, also a weekly gathering place for Kahless's faithful; from their the 'troop would take their Legion bus to a staging point for their trips; like the time they explored the ruins of a set of pyramids which corresponded to the Pleiades star cluster, but that is a nother tale. Kosh was in the point position and they were less then a mile away, but the sun was definitely on it's way to setting, Kosh hurried his pace up a bit more.

Kosh almost slipped a second time but kept his hold along the side of the rock wall better this time, he was getting the hang of it, it would be better the trip back. The Legion made their way closer and closer to their destination, no more incidents of anyone losing their footing along the narrow trail, they were nearing a bend in the trail, Kosh was first to go around the turn ... then he glimpsed the colossus ... it was huge! It was glorious as well, the polished surface of the statue catching the redness of the last rays of the suns as it neared the horizon, Kosh quickly dug his visual recorder from his rucksack and with one hand dug into the wall he made a recording of the colossus, from his perch along the wall. The rest of the trail ended downward in a slope 100 yards away.

The end of the trail was a cove, the beach where launches of wooden crafted sea skiffs occurred a thousand years or so ago, Kang's legs were spread to either side to the opening of the small bay, his boots were the size of large houses!

Kosh recorded up from Kang's boots up the length of the idol, the sunlight shone bright off Kang's face, making hard to get a clear shot of. The statue seemed to be a mile high! It's original height was measured to be 300 meters high! It was still impressive to young Kosh during his time period, erosion and time had taken it's toll and it had sunk into the ground a bit, the area that it was built in was subject to quakes after all, but that is one reason it was built here; to send a message to all tlhInganpu', that honor lasts! Kang's arms were angled downward, his hands laying one on top of the other, holding on to the hilt of a sword, an image of Kang in the control center of the Constitution Class Enterprise came to Kosh then, the laser scans of Kang had been very precise; even down to his moustache! Then Kosh had felt a closeness of a different sort...

Kosh turned his head to his right side, he got a glimpse of an angry tlhIngan! ra'wl' Donygun to be exact! Kosh could feel the heat from his breath, not to mention the unpleasant smell as well, sometimes even later in his life! "Have you seen enough young Kosh? Or are ye going to paint a picture where you stand?!" Kosh had caught the look flashing in his ra'wl' pu' eyes, not to mention the smiling visage of

Donygun, not a pretty sight you could imagine, this made Kosh swallow hard and quickly stowed his recording device; he beat feet down the slope then, faster then even he could have thought possible on a tiny path! He did not slow down until he got to the end of the trail, then he looked up, and up, and up; the idol was towering above him, it left him in awe.

He had removed himself enough from the end of the trail to allow the rest of his Legion to see the sight for themselves as well, but the closeness he had felt from his ra'wl' returned, he turned slowly around to spy Donygun again; he had done the only thing that came to his awe-addled mind at that precise time ... he crouched into a defensive stance as he had learned from training classes, Donygun blinked his eyes then at Kosh. He then ... threw back his head and let forth a very loud laugh! Kosh was not certain whether to feel offended or relieved, he chose to straighten himself and waited Donygun's next reaction. After what had seemed like an eon, Donygun finally settled himself down to a chuckle, rubbing his sides with his hands, he looked at Kosh before him once again, this time he smiled ... but with only amusement in his eyes and face!

Donygun straightened himself then too, and spoke calmly to the young Suvwl' in front of him. "My young Suvwl', ye do try me so! This is what makes life interesting." He reached out a hand and laid it upon Kosh's left shoulder, gripping it somewhat tightly, Kosh winced slightly, but he did not

attempt to run; the ra'wl' of Legion 106 smiled again, was this a new habit of his? "Let us make camp, Leader of Storm Patrol, eh?" I had just been promoted! I had only been in the Legion for a couple of months, been handed the position of Asst. Patrol Leader after the last had fallen ill and left the Legion, and now he was to lead the Storm Patrol! Kosh stood straighter then, Donygun's hand followed the change in his height, then released his grip altogether, but then patted him on the same shoulder; the last time the hardest, almost knocking Kosh down! "Storm Patrol Leader ... establish a perimeter around the camp now!" That startled Kosh, but got him moving ... to his ... Patrol now to command!

Legion 106 ra'wl' Donygun told the tale of the building of the idol of Kang The Merciless, how thousands of Suvwl' had labored, had feasted together (like this), and even fought one another; the construction of this great memorial to an honorable Suvwl' helped the tlhIngan race to recall their strength's, and not to forget who they were when the battles and wars were over. Some of the Clerics retired to their small fortification, Donygun brought out a bottle from his pack, Bloodwine someone muttered in the heat from the bonfire upon our forms, our ra'wl' just chuckled and we passed it around the troops; I slept soundly that night, dreams of my future to come ...

The sun fell and the Legion was clustered about together, patrol squads had been put in place, the targ ribs and the tales were glorious, a time Kosh would recall from time to time ... especially with his recordings of them ...

Looking up then to the mantle set into the wall to his right, Kosh made out the image of his young self and his ra'wl' then, Wyllym Donygun, Kosh would one day take over as the Legion 106 ra'wl' ... but that was for another recording... for a nother time; Kosh commanded the recorder to stop and he took a large gulp of his Green Dragon, emptying the tankard. Kosh then took a nother drag on his pipe, bringing the tobacco to an end, he then emptied it into a nearby recycler, he then heard a shout from inside the juH it was time for a feast of ... targ ribs and tera'ngan beer sausage, he grinned to himself at the memory of the camping trip.

Kosh also looked to the image of the sunken battleship (underwater in a harbor of an island chain, oil still leaked from it's wounds) and the name inscribed on the hull, USS Arizona, the image was from a trip he had taken to see the site of an attack against the country of the United States of America by the country of Japan, during the tera'ngan war of World War II; on December 7th, 1942 2,390 honorable Suvwl' were slain. It was a day that would "live in infamy" for the country of the USA, one that would be compared to another attack that would take innocent lives as well, on September 11th, 2001; one that would initiate a war to free a people from tyranny.



**- KLUB CHANGES -**

**Address Changes**

**GSA Sector One**

Sarah Tate / Cmdr. K'Eherang zantai-K'Shontan-Jiraal  
[wraith3@earthlink.net](mailto:wraith3@earthlink.net)

Curtis D. Martin / Kosh ZuMerz  
25125 62nd AVE. S #L104, KENT, WA 98032  
[koshzumerz@yahoo.com](mailto:koshzumerz@yahoo.com)

**Sector 3**

Rose Compton / Lt. Kimpla vestai Zu-Merz  
[Kimpla@aol.com](mailto:Kimpla@aol.com)

**GSD**

Mike Wagar / Lt. Commander K'logh sutai Chang-tIQwoQ,  
2550 Highland Blvd, Nanaimo, B.C. Canada, V9S-3N8  
[kloqh@pacificcoast.net](mailto:kloqh@pacificcoast.net) or [kloqh@yahoo.com](mailto:kloqh@yahoo.com)

**New Members**

**Sector 4**

David Stayduhar / Lt(jg) ch'HulHu vestai Kormel Imperial Intelligence  
348A East 8th St, Erie PA 16503  
[RMacThomas@aol.com](mailto:RMacThomas@aol.com)

**Division Changes**

Clayton George / K'Grimm Satir transfer to Chaplain General Corps  
K'Logh Chang TiQwoQ transfer to Imperial Security  
Kerlof KorVok, Kib'tore Kaleth and Lushy Chang transfer to Imperial Contacts Branch



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

*nlteb Qob qaD jup 'e' chau'be' Suval'* - A warrior doesn't let a friend face danger alone.



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