

- ADMIRAL'S THOUGHTS -

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

In memory of Earl D. Jones / Mar.Capt. Kolar vestai-Rasmehlier
(March 27, 1944 - August 21, 2004)



One day, in August of 1998, I received an application to join the Klingon Strike Force by an interesting man by the name of Earl Jones. As is my wont, I sent him a membership packet, assigned him to a division and a sector, and welcomed him into our glorious horde. Since this was back in our early internet days, before the listserv and before the chat rooms that we enjoy now, I also told him about the Hot Blood Bar where many of us liked to meet, chat and leave messages for one another.

Pretty soon Kolar Rasmehlier (as Earl became known) was a regular in the bar, holding court in his courtly way, mediating differences, passing the purple ::shudder:: bottle around, impromptu role playing, and finding ways as only he knew how to do, to make most of us there feel like we were pretty special. In the six years he spent with us, he wrote role plays, took consorts, sang Klingon opera and joined in the comradeship. Even after he went on to found another Klingon group, the Broken Lands Alliance, he stayed with the KSF and kept in touch.

Earlier this year, he sent me a letter, saying that he had cancer, and did not have long to live. Even though he was a member of many groups by this time (BLA MUFON, SCA, KAG, AmtGuard and a dozen more), he apologized for not being able to keep up with his duties and his friendships in the KSF, duties he took seriously and friendships he valued. I called and we talked for some time. Though he was in pain, he gave me the same courtesy and warm friendship that he had always given, and had hoped to write some last words to the KSF. In the end, he did not have time nor energy to do that, as he passed away before it could be done, six years to the day that he'd joined us. What I can do though, to honor him and to share who he was with you is grant him the posthumous rank and title of:

DaHar Master Kolar epetai-Rasmehlier

and share some of his previous writing here, in the form of his personal background and character profiles and bits and pieces of his writing picked up from his website.

(See below)

I leave you with his words, and a salute to a good man and a great warrior: kai kassai Kolar. batlh Daqawlu'taH. You will be missed.

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

- ANNOUNCEMENTS -

PROMOTIONS

Lt. teH Hel vestai Mo'Klar K'Onor - rank promotion to Lieutenant Commander

Lt. Nagh'Gor vestai-Raziel-K'Onor - honorific promotion to sutai.

COMMENDATIONS

Staff-Admiral Katalyia epetai K'Tore-Jiraal and **Commander Kimpla vestai Dorig-Dokmarr Zu-Merz**

A commendation for all of their hard work....past present and future done to reactivate and restructure the sectors.

Fleet Capt. Borg zantai-Ql'impeq

A commendation for continued zeal in role playing in spite of real life medical difficulties that would have stopped most Terrans.

- EDITOR'S DAGGER -

by Admiral qe'San zantai be'rawn



This issue is in honour of a Great Warrior Earl D Jones and one of his alternate persona's, Kolar. He was loved by many more than just the members of this club.. He will be sorely missed. Kolar will probably be right in the thick of the

Black Fleet at this very moment.

I'd like to take this opportunity to wishing everyone an honorable New Year for 2005.. Even if it is a bit late.

Happy New Year!!



- PERSONAL & CHARACTER ROFILES: -
- EARL D. JONES -

My name is Earl D. Jones, also known as Ulric Grimmheld, Kolar Rasmehlier, K'lar Rasmehlier & Hidi Toshinaga. I have always had a passion for Viking culture,

since my ancestry is Danish Viking. I also have a passion for Star Trek, Anne McCaffrey's Dragonriders of Pern series, and Robert Asprin's Horse Clans series. One of my most favorite writers is Robert E. Howard, creator of the "Conan" series, and my characters often resemble Howard's hero. I fell in love with the head-long plunging style and the larger-than-life hero types.

My own writing tended to be seldom and sketchy until a few years ago. Since then, I have enjoyed an abundance of inspiration, hunting and pecking my way through with some of the best writers in the field. I have managed to publish only a few short Sci-Fi stories, but things are looking up. I

also have some ability with ghost stories and Science Fiction.



I am one of the original "trekkies" from the 60's. I often appear at conventions, in full Klingon costume and makeup, as the commander of my own international Star Trek Fan Club based on Klingon culture. I am known to fellow Klin as Kolar Rasmehlier, a nasty old battle-hardened veteran Klingon Marine who probably should have died honorably many years ago. I have signed almost as many autographs as Worf (Michael Dorn), and have been captured on film with Gowron (Robert O'Rielly), Barbara Marsh and Gwyneth Walsh (the Duras sisters Lursa

and Be'tor), and even being kissed by Lt. Saavik (Robin Curtis).

As to my personal facts, I am a balding father of three and grandfather of 6, happily married for 33 years. I currently live in Felicity, in a rural area of southern Ohio. I was born in the small town of Mt. Sterling, KY, in 1944, and moved to Cincinnati, Ohio after 12 years. I graduated high school in 1963, just in time to enlist in the US Army and wind up in Viet Nam during 1965 and 1966. I came home in June 1966, and met my wife at a Civil Air Patrol meeting, in 1967. We were married on June 1, 1968.

Since then, I have been the president of the Ohio UFO Investigator's League, and Overlord of my own Viking Mercenary, SCA household, a blacksmith, weaponsmith, and continuing student of medieval history and culture. My occupation varies as the need arises. I have been a martial arts instructor, carpenter, stone mason, brick layer, pipe fitter, Robotics consultant, Commercial Artist, School Teacher, Auto Mechanic, Engineering Draftsman and Designer, Clothing and Dress Designer, Blacksmith, Weaponsmith, Calligrapher and Illuminist, Cartographer, Photographer, Professional Hunter and Fisherman, Private Detective, Demolitions Expert, Military Strategist and Tactician, Small parts assembler, Painter, Plumber, Farmer, Rodeo Cowboy, Architect, Geothermal Energy Consultant, Cabinet and Furniture designer and builder, Horse Trainer, Farrier, Skellital Material Carver, Encyclopedia and Vacuum Cleaner Salesman, Postal Clerk, Councilor (for a number of reasons, to both adults and children of all ages), and a few other things.... I am the embodiment of the "Jack of all Trades", scenario.

Education: I am a High School Graduate, Having both Diploma and GED Certificate, and I have the equivalent of an associate degree in Robotics and in Mechanical

Engineering, and Applied Arts and Architecture, with a minors in CAD/CAM and Psychology, Aero and Astronautical Engineering. However, I have never acquired any form of official college degree or certificate. I am primarily self taught and my experience comes mostly from OJT.

Years interest in Star Trek: My interest started, when I saw the first run of the first pilot film, on NBC, in the 60's. I am one of the earliest, if not oldest "Trekkies". Actually, my interest began even before the first showing of the pilot, when a friend of mine, who was an engineer for NASA, contacted me and told me he had been working on futuristic material for a new TV series, that involved actual "Space Technology". After I saw the first showing of the pilot film, I was hooked.

Hobbies and Interests: Many of my hobbies and interests are reflected in my list of possible occupations, above. Aside from that, I am a published writer of Sci-Fi short stories, and am currently writing, online, in two books, which are a combination of Historical Romance and Sword and Sorcery. I will soon be starting a third book, online, which will be strictly Science Fiction. I am a member of KAG, and A.U.R.O.R.A., (which is a support group for Robert O'Reily), and I have been doing considerable Hollywood quality Latex work, building headpieces for several of our KAG Klingons and a few other species. I can do some reasonably good quality productions of almost any life form, in Latex. I am also currently designing an entirely new version of alternate housing and transportation, to go with a proposed new life style, for living and working underwater.

- KOLAR RASMEHLIER -

Here is the character profile and history of Kolar Rasmehlier. It is to be understood, that if anything is left hazy or needing of further explanation, you are free to point it out, and ask for more detail, in future missives. I DO like to talk, especially about myself. I am a natural story teller, and am in my glory, when I can elaborate on such things.

For purposes of line name explanation, the name, "Rasmehlier", is an older dialect, from the Broken Lands barbarians of ancient Qo'noS. In later periods, they were referred to as the loQs. Occasionally, there is still a throwback which appears, despite all the advances of modern Klingon genetic technology. This would be the equivalent of a Neanderthal being born into modern society of today's Earth. Everybody has seen or even met at least one. The heavy protruding brow, the sloping forehead, the sagittal cresting, overly long arms and stunted legs, and the barrel chest. You would say that this man was a barely civilized ape. Most of today's indications of the trait, is the single eyebrow, which covers both eyes, and a definite brutish nature.

A any rate, the translation of the Line name, means "One who strides the bridge, in command.", Or roughly shortened to "One who rules the bridge". This is understandable, due to the fact that primitive Klingons were

avid sailors, considering there was more water on Qo'noS than Earth, and only one major continent. Even the single major continent, was gapped by a great inland sea. It is much the same, even today. However, the Broken Lands, are still separated from the empire held lands by the gigantic wall, which has been there since before the great Kahless united the klin. At present, the gates are open to allow passage back and forth, and peace rules the continent. However, in times of civil strife, which has been often enough throughout Klingon history, the gates can be shut, and virtually shut off the broken lands from the rest of the empire. The line holdings which borders the Broken Lands side of the great wall, on the North, and controls the passage from the surrounding planetary ocean to the great inland sea, belongs to the House Rasmehlier.

Within the Broken Lands, which covers the northeastern top third of the continent, (approximately 1/6 of the continent), are the families of some 15 lines. The following is a simple list of 15 line names, starting with the Rasmehlier line, which controls the northern gates of the wall.:

1. Rasmehlier, 2. Keaghtar, 3. Brocharris, 4. QornaQ, 5. Qorvazh, 6. DurQec, 7. Vors, 8. Ranme'a, 9. Tor'dis, 10. Ma'llis, 11. Nargllis, 12. JaruQ, 13. Mahk, 14. Qaaluhr, 15. loQ'traal.....

These line holdings surround a large parcel of land which is claimed by all, but occupied by none. This land is maintained as a hunting reserve for the benefit of all lines of the Broken Lands. A mutual agreement of all the Broken Lands lines, keeps all local civil strife from the reserve area. The only battles between the lines, which are allowed to take place in this area, are the battles of honor, which demand death as payment. This is decided upon by the council of the Broken Lands Line heads, and is fought by a champion from each of the disputing lines. The trail is decided by right of arms, and to the victor goes what in earth's Norse history would be called Danegeld, or weregeld. The losers pay a price set by the council. Therefore, there are no civil wars among the Broken Lands lines.

Now, on with the history.:

On what would be Star Date: 2/4403.27, during one of the periods of civil peace, when the Great Barrier wall saw free travel from both sides, a son was born to the *epetai Dujkar*, and his young mate. Now, *aj Kagga epetai-Dujkar* was in charge of seeing to it that the census of the broken lands was reported to the Emperor, so he and his mate *Larriss*, journeyed, as soon as possible, east to the capital, to display the new son to the Emperor. It was a matter of honor, that *Kagga* had managed to develop a personal relationship with the newest Emperor.

While traveling toward the capital, the convoy was attacked by renegades, who disputed the rights of the new Emperor to rule. Not being able to touch the Emperor directly, the renegades sought to display their displeasure by assassinating the Emperor's closest friends and family and supporters. However, once the brutal butchery of *Kagga* and *Larriss* was accomplished, the renegades decided to steal the baby, and sometime later, left him at the doors of one of the many lineless houses which dotted the empire. The only identification left with the babe, was the name *Golar*. The house masters, not knowing whether it was the babe's name, or the name of the person who left the babe, gave the name to the babe. *Golar's* history officially began at that point.

There is little except studies and labor for the youth of the lineless houses. Life is a drudge, for a youngster, and the only outlet for the pent up raging energies of a young Klingon, is the floor of the *Klin Zha Kinta Arena*. *Golar* joined at the age of 6. By the age of 9, *Golar* had gained a fair amount of notoriety, as a fencer in the game of *Klin Zha Kinta*. *Golar* had amassed an almost unheard of number of game kills. On his 9th birthday, he celebrated his 36th game kill, against the Lancer of the opposing team.

The game had been played by a well known commander of the broken lands, against an admiral of the Imperial Navy. The admiral had chosen the well known gold team from house 31, of *GrozeQ*, while the Commander had picked the green team, of House 57, of *Qemar City*. The admiral, being ranked as a master of the game, was considerably rankled at the prospect of being beaten by a lowly Commander, but his honor demanded that he take his loss with grace, and offered the commander an additional boon.

Commander, *Kurrls sutai-Qaaluhr*, immediately asked that the admiral help him acquire the adoption of the young fencer, *Golar*. This the admiral did, and *Kurrls* took *Golar* home to the Broken Lands holdings.

Golar, now the member of a well known house, immediately changed his name to *Kolar*, and became the Commander's son. He started at the warrior academy, and although an grand student, did little to add to the family honor, as a naval officer. Thinking that ground forces might be a better choice, *Kolar* was transferred to the Marines, and continued his training. Although a successful officer, displaying all the leadership abilities that could be wished for, *Kolar* again did less than was hoped for to further the family honor and political standing. As a final choice, *Kurrls* suggested that maybe *Kolar* was meant to be a scholar.

Back to school, went *Kolar*, with his sights set on a number of highly technological studies. *Kolar* became an exemplary teacher, of both technological and military sciences, but still, it didn't help the *Qaaluhr* name one iota. It seemed that only warriors had any political favor.

By this time, *Kurrls* was becoming a rather disgruntled aging warrior, without having realized his political ambitions. He died, still trying to prove his worth, during a raid on a Romulan outpost. *Kurrls*' younger brother, *Kaalris*, took over the leadership of House *Qaaluhr*, until another son, also named *Kurrls*, could come of age.

Kaalris, who had never liked *Kolar*, tried to have this blot on the family name assassinated, but *Kolar* proved to be hard to get rid of. The assassination was unsuccessful. *Kolar*, who had reached the ripe old age of 49, by which time any respectable Klingon should be dead by one means or another, decided that his destiny lay somewhere besides with the *Qaaluhr* family.

Knowing that *Kaalris* had tried to have him assassinated, *Kolar* marched into *Kaalris's* office, and offered him an alternative. *Kaalris* was more than ready to accept any out that wouldn't show dishonor to the family.

"Uncle," ventured *Kolar*. "I know that I have proven to be less than what the family wanted, and to save the family further embarrassment, I would ask an undeserved favor."

"Speak it," returned *Kaalris*. "I am amenable to anything that will amputate your cancer from this family, before it sucks the life from us all!"

"Simply this," *Kolar* continued. "I would have a ship, and the wherewithall, to hire a crew, and ask permission to leave the family, and start my own line. This would serve both of us well. If I am successful, I will repay the costs with interest, and will never again claim any connection to House *Qaaluhr*. I will take over the holding bordering the great barrier wall, and place myself between the Broken Lands and the Empire territory. With luck, there will be another civil war soon, and I will be killed before I can repay your loan. You will of course claim the holding and ship, and all I may possess as repayment, and the family will be greatly enhanced in worth. If I manage to survive and am successful, then you will be repaid with interest, and the

family will be greatly enhanced in worth. Either way, you can't lose. and either way, I will be gone from the family."

Without even thinking, Kaalris accepted, and immediately started proceedings to help set Kolar up as requested. Kolar was furnished with an aging battle weary D-32, and with the money managed to hire a minimum crew. His first battles were to subdue any residents of the requested holdings, and set up his house. In this, his attention to his past studies proved beneficial, and he raised his base almost overnight, with little or no opposition. Those residents who had previously held land in the area of question, were more than ready to accept a strong leader. They had been pushed from all sides, almost to extinction. Kolar merely had to explain that he would be responsible for their welfare, and see that they were no longer pushed, and would help them to be able to do some pushing of their own, and they were his.

Immediately, his ship, which he named cholghumwl', (Harbinger), for it warned of a new beginning, was fully staffed. he became a privateer, and trained his crew incessantly, until they knew everything he could teach about battle tactics. They acted without thought or question, as long as his lead proved fruitful, and in a short time he repayed his uncle in full. Even the Emperor heard his name, and the name of the ship, which continued to return prize after prize.

After three years of successful raids, and a list of prizes and kills that left some of the best Captains envious, Kolar received a summons from Imperial Intelligence, and a proposed mission. Kolar was asked to undertake the capture and return of a renegade admiral, who had convinced a large number of Captains to follow him, in an attempt to usurp the throne. Admiral, KeHaq epetai-Qemar, had amassed a total of 18 ships of varying classes, and had ventured to the border of the Federation neutral zone. From here, he continued to try to persuade others to join him, and would run across the border, at the approach of any fleet, large enough to stand a chance against him. Kolar accepted the mission along with a fat purse for refitting his ship.

For the next 3 months, Kolar closeted with his engineers and his books, and acquired further details on any technological advancements that became known to the Empire. During those three months, the infamous General Chang, aboard a proto type ship, which could fire while under cloak, attacked and was destroyed in orbit around Camp Kitomer, by the equally infamous Federation Captain, James T. Kirk.

The proto type ship was lost, but not the technology that produced her. Kolar and his engineers studied and upgraded the technology, until they managed to produce a system of double shielding, more powerful and efficient engines, and weaponry for the Harbinger. and the ability to fire under cloak. As an additional surprise package, they added another gun turret, under the belly of the ship, between the wings, that although short ranged, could deliver a surprisingly powerful punch, and had a 360 degree firing arc.

On Star Date 2/9503.27, Kolar celebrated his 51st birthday, by ordering his ship out of the dry docks, enroute to find the Qemar Fleet. Unfortunately, it was not the surprisethathe had wished for, and he was met by the fleet's advance scouts, two days before he reached the neutral zone. While he fought with the scouts, they managed to get word to the rest of the fleet, and when the Harbinger continued on it's way, leaving three blasted slag heaps floating behind it, it was to find the quarry gone.

Kolar busied himself, destroying the fleet's remote base, in an attempt to draw the fleet back into Klingon space. Thanks to the Harbinger's ability to enter atmosphere and land, the ship's marines had little to do other than clean up stragglers, after the ship made it's airborne attack on the base. Ship's disruptors and photons, nearly turned the small planet into a scorched over cinder.

Kolar's plan yielded some success, as several of the ships returned to revenge the death of their base. First one, then three, then nine of the ships, returned to be met by crackling blue bolts of killing energy, and photon torpedoes. Most of the ships never saw where the fire came from. Kolar was fighting traitors, and not what would be considered worthy enemies. His main goal was the efficient destruction of a threat to the Emperor's throne.

After three more long months of quiet and patient waiting, The remaining three ships of the Qemar Fleet pulled into Klingon space, to reestablish another base. Admiral KeHaq was sure that nothing waited for them, after three months, and received the surprise of his life, when he was hailed from cloak, by Kolar.

"Admiral, your fleet is so much slag and debris, littering the space around your destroyed base. The Emperor wishes to have you returned alive, if possible. I offer you one last option. Rather than butcher your remaining people, like the traitors they have been named, I will allow them to escape, along with the rest of your crew, if you will surrender to me now. As soon as your crew has transported to the other ships, and have departed, and you have locked down weapons, I will allow you to self destruct, and save some of the honor acquired by your past service. Or, if you would rather, I will transport aboard your vessel, and meet you in single combat, with bar'leth. If you refuse, I will add the smokin'g remains of you three ships, to the debris which already orbits this planet. Those are your only options. Decide now."

Having no other recourse, the admiral chose to meet Kolar in single combat, but with his other two captains serving as witness. Kolar was to bring two of his own personnel aboard with him, as witness, and the winner take all. Kolar had no reason to accept the terms, but he decided to do just that. Transporting aboard the Qemar Flagship, Kolar was greeted with respect and courtesy. Offered his choice of the weapons displayed on the admiral's honor stand, and met with all ceremony, on the hanger deck. The reasons and challenges and retorts were formally restated, and without further ado the admiral attacked. In short order, both men were slightly blooded, and the admiral having drawn the best, felt sure that he would win. He started what could only

be called a ballet of death, intending to end it with his weapon taking Kolar's head. But, at the very last instant, Kolar dropped to the floor, spinning, and drew his blade across the admiral's belly, spilling his entrals over his boots in a mortal wound. To the admiral's credit, his surprised gaze turned from his steaming entrals, back to Kolar, and he saluted. Then the admiral knelt and Kolar took his head.

Satisfying the admiral's last request, the two remaining captains then transported to their own ships, and backed off to a safe distance, before sending their reports to the Emperor, via subspace transmission, and then self destructing their own ships. Kolar ordered Admiral KaHaq's head to be preserved in salt, and then took the Qemar in tow, and headed for home.

Returning to Go'noS, Kolar had the Qemar settled in orbit for inspection, and placed the admiral's head in the

command chair of the bridge. It was the last honor he could pay a worthy enemy, traitor or not.

As reward, Kolar was given a commission in the Imperial navy, where he served for another year, before attending a meeting with IMF Command, in which he was guaranteed his ship, if he would take the position of fleet level marine commander, with the rank of Colonel, sutai, to help inspire the dwindling IMF forces. Kolar agreed. He continued in this capacity, until star date 2/9808.19, when he was approached with another proposal, from the Emperor's own Klingon Strike Force. His rank and status to be reassigned as seen fit by KSF.

Kolar Rasmehlier
IKV Harbinger,
epetai, House Rasmehlier



- POST REPORTS -



→ **Captain Kosh zantai Zu-Merz:** Is it that time again?! I could swear, I just did this... maybe we outta do these every three months, eh? That I recall what I did! {{:7}}

July? I rode the Amtrak train down to Oregon City (Oregon, just North of Salem, the capitol), my mother picked me up, her and Ken were staying in a motorhome in Mollala, I saw the rodeo there; that was fun, it did shower a bit the last day I was down though.

August ... I took Amtrak again and saw my Dad and the family down there in Salem, my Dad's and uncle Bill's birthday's are on the 25th (the day I went down), mine was the day after (37th!), on the 27th I went to the Oregon State Fair; not much changing, but I don't recall the reptile petting tent. I went there with my Dad, step-mother, grandma and nephew (Conner, who is 2 yrs old), he got a kick outta the two monster Hummers; one was painted with Spiderman artwork and the other with a knight and dragon, he liked petting a couple of snakes and a turtle ... not to mention the regular petting zoo.

Salem's weather was true to form, it showered down heavily three frickin' times on us! My Dad also has a chicken now, to lay eggs for him, he built a chicken coop for it, he did

have another before with it ... but it turned out to be a rooster; which it was found out to be, it crowed one morning! I guess that's one way to find out... I think he has another chicken by now, as well.

September... The very first week I took a plane down to Desert Hot Springs (Southern California), via Palm Springs, it was about 99 degrees that day! I really didn't do too much while I was down there, enjoyed the weather and seeing my mother again. I watched the Monday Night Football game (Dallas Cowboys and...?) at Mother's, a local watering hole, I sang (attempted) Elvis's "I Want To Be Your Teddy Bear", didn't suck too bad.

On the day of my flight out, in the Palm Springs airport, I ran into a guy I knew from when I was stationed at Torrejon AB (Spain), back from 1990! He had lost some hair, but I recognized him, he work's for the Transportation Security Administration (U.S. Department of Homeland Security)! The places you 'bump' into people from your past... I just found his card, I still gotta E-mail him.

October... Not sure about where I stand in relations, as being this or that, but a cousin of mine had a baby girl, Elise Marie Ball. Maybe some day these young 'uns can one day be great Klingons! One can only dream... {{:7}}

This month, it sure seems I have been putting in more hours at work, I am working this Saturday again, putting the items in the Leeson account into our Provia computer system; not a whole lot of fun, as I have done other accounts

before! Provia certainly wasn't designed by Vulcans... I am getting compliments on the cookies I bake and bring into work, usually on Fridays, helps the last day of the week go by faster!

I am enjoying the new episodes of "Enterprise", the second new one was pretty good, although I think we were lead to believe Trip and T'Pol were getting married, by the commercials they were showing; the story arc with Brent Spiner looks interesting... I am wondering how much William Shatner is asking for to be on "Enterprise"...

I am just finishing a pretty good Star Trek novel, "The Dominion War", a collection of stories by different authors, seems they fill gaps or what was left out episodes of DS9; there is even a couple that precede the "Nemesis" movie. I am going to start reading the novelization of that movie as well.

I do regret the slowdown of the frequency of my role plays in the club's RPG and the other two I am in, I apologize for that, RL work is the culprit!

I haven't figured out what to be this All Hallows Eve...
Qapla'!



Commander K'Eherang zantai-K'Shotan-Jiraal:

I think there must be a support group somewhere for people like me. I am going to school, working with 175 highly energetic children between the ages of three and nine, as well as participating, for the third time, in the insanity that is NaNoWriMo, the National Novel Writing Month during the month of November. (for those who don't know, NaNo is an online contest wherein you take on the challenge to write a 50,000 word novel in a month. I'm hoping to finish for the third time).



Sector Three

Compiled by Admiral Katalyia Epetai K'Tore-Jiraal

Sector 3 Commander



Admiral Katalyia K'Tore-Jiraal, Sector

CO: Nothing much was happening, until the month of October got here. The week of October 18th thru the 22nd, found me in Davenport, Iowa visiting Rose Compton (Kimpla) for a week of fun activities that she had planned for us to do during my visit. Monday, the night I arrived, I got to know her three dogs and met Ed for the first time, watching a bit of TV. Tuesday, we got up and once the morning routines were over with (The dogs convinced me they hadn't been out yet, but SURPRISE they had been), Rose and I went to Pioneer Village looked around and then out to Buffalo Bill's boyhood home. Both places were very interesting. That evening, I accompanied them to their bowling league, and cheered them on. Wednesday, Rose and I went down the Amana Colonies and visited three of the colonies, walked through a graveyard, and met Dave Pasbrig. As we BOTH forgot our cameras, that meant buying one of those pocket one time only ones, so we could get some pictures of the Village and take a picture of us, along with Dave, who we met at Main Amana, together. Dave showed us around Main Amana and we had dinner at the Brickhaus, before Rose and I had to

head back to Davenport. I really enjoyed the visit with Dave.

Thursday, we went to Rock Island and went through the Arsenal Museum and visited the Confederate Cemetery that is on the island. The museum covers the weaponry used in all the wars that the United States has been in, from the

American Revolution to the present. I found it very interesting. That night, I took off for Chicago, Illinois. Now, those who have known me for a while, know that I am a Barry Manilow fan. You got it! I went to Chicago, IL to attend a Barry Manilow concert! After a long drive, I finally arrived at the concert. He played some of his classic music, plus a couple of new ones. You have not experienced the William Tell Overture, until you watch 5 people, on stage, singing it!

Hopefully, this concert is one he decides to release onto DVD! I had great seats—Front Row can't get any better! I really enjoyed the concert, but the highlight of the night, was getting to meet with Mr. Manilow after the show and have my Picture taken with him! You've read right—Picture! But it turned out that he had an idea that he didn't let you know about. He had a member of his staff—there were four of them—taking pictures of me and him while I got to spend 3 minutes with Mr. Manilow. Everyone got their picture plus up to 13 to 14 additional pictures taken of them with Barry. We raised over \$4,000.00 dollars for his charity with this event. Needless to say, I was in FAN HEAVEN. I didn't get back to Davenport until 3:45 AM. Rose was starting to get worried until she saw my lights light up her living room!

Friday, we went down to the East Village and looked around, took my Barry Manilow pictures to get developed and went bowling. As to the scores—well after 5 years of no bowling, I did pretty good. Broke a hundred each game except the last and the highest was 136. Saturday, I packed up and headed for home. Needless to say, I had a GREAT time. (Can't you tell by how long my Post report is????)

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Rose Compton... Kimpla D-Dok'marr Zu-Merz,

Sector XO: Upon returning from my vacation in July, I found that my veggie garden was in chaos. In my absence, my 3 dogs decided to keep an eye on things. (The process of keeping the rabbits out...meant the dogs being...IN). I ended up with one small pepper, the size of a US quarter and two tomatoes that ripened in the kitchen window. The dogs did a great job of keeping the rabbits out, even if they did trample every plant in the area. <BG> I guess that'll teach me to leave them again! (No...they did not get punished for it!)

During July, I attended a hog roast with a Hawaiian theme. It was a great star filled night spent with friends and new acquaintances. August brought the start of a new bowling season. This year, Ed and I have new teammates and (so far) we are doing much better. It also brought a lot of overtime, which continued into September. The little bit of spare time that we had was put into keeping the flowerbeds and yard on track. We did manage to squeeze in a few hours to work some on the house-remodeling project we have going on. (Or should I say on going?) In October, I had the pleasure of entertaining Lynda Phillips. (Our very own KSF Admiral Katalyia.) We spent a fun filled week getting to know each other better and visiting several area sites. For me, the highlight of little 'treks' was a special trip to the Historic Amana Colonies to meet with Dave Pasbrig. (AKA KSF KyRai Qugh). After a tour of the Colony, we had a

fantastic dinner and good conversation. Kat, Ed, and I also managed to get in some exercise (other than all the walking we did) and bowled a few games on one rainy afternoon. I'll leave it to the Admiral to explain the scores. (oops!...Did I day that?) <BG> As we move into November, I look forward to the Holidays and spending time with the family and friends.

↔ **Ktraft:** Life continues to remain the same for me. Go to work Monday through Friday. Do my volunteer work three or four times a week. Spend time with my precious wife Julie as much as possible. Visits with our stepson Nick once or twice a week for lunch/dinner. Nothing special to speak of that I can recall. Everything pretty much runs together. A bit more news: My wife and I will be taking a trip to Paris, February 3-11. If there are any members who have some words of help for when I'm there an EMAIL would be appreciated. Error! Bookmark not defined.

↔ **Captain Avakhon Khinsharri:** Ok YOU asked for it! I would like to report the sighting of numerous columnar items at approximately evenly spaced intervals. These seemingly linked items were also exhibiting a linkage system of wiring that seemed endless. Further investigation found these items were composed of a single cell cellulose material, fashioned into a circular fashion, tightly woven and measuring about 1/3 of a meter in diameter, and 10 meters in length. I noted that these items were also buried for some unknown reason in an upright position, which appears quite effective at supporting the previously mentioned wiring, but has no other noticeable effective purpose. It would appear somewhat luxurious as these items would easily stack into a neat formation of their own and take up considerably less space in this fashion. I can only conclude this is done as some sort of tribal boundary so as to alert locals and travelers of their presence and the need to note and adhere to the presence. I also noticed that some were sporting various notations of events that were to occur or had already done so in recent past. My conclusion is that this is also done with tribal approval, as it seemed to be on every one of these items in the surrounding area. Something called a GARAGE SALE was of obvious importance to the locals and seemingly was an invitation to perform ritualistic in individual's abodes as they were listing separate locations for each of these. I send this report for future investigation by our forces in the KSF as brave warriors would need this vital information should they encounter this phenomenon in their visits to this planet. This concludes my POST report and I hope it was of sufficient clarity so as to allow you to understand the requested information. In reality, I have discovered the collectibles business and spent most of the time (working if you will) going to garage sales, yard sales, and flea markets finding treasures and artworks and buying and selling them for profitable ventures. I have a partner that has been doing this for over twenty years that is teaching me the collectibles business and I have enjoyed it immensely. Basically, I've found a means to work, if you want to call it that, about two days a week, make about a \$100.00 a day more or less and spend more time with my family. It looks like I may soon be traveling regionally for this business and

may get to visit with folks around the country. Possibly go to a Convention or two...Prior out!



↔ **Capt. Kishin zantai-Kukura - Sue Frank:** Hallowe'en is close--my favorite Earth Day. I like to invite the neighbors in for chicken stew, beer and Rice Krispies treats. We give out candy to the kids, but we get costumed too. No one knows I'm a Klingon because I usually disguise myself as some sort of Terran--this year a Scottish bagpiper with regalia I lucked onto on Ebay. (Speaking of ebay, it's a way cool place to hunt for Klingon cool stuff. People often have things like Star Trek memorabilia on offer. Replicas of the classic disruptor go for around \$60.)

I've taken up the doumbek, the goblet shaped Middle Eastern drum. Never too late to learn something new, right?
I salute you all--
from strength to stength!
'Shin/Sue

↔ **Cmdr. Krysythe sutai-Ql'mpeq - Ingrid Maack:** This is transposed from a letter received by T'Lara. I'm in Massachusetts now, and was wondering if you were still my check in person. (I am) Have you seen any movies lately? I saw Spiderman 2 in the movies, and Spiderman 1 on video. I just wrote to Borg, and have to write to him again as I heard he had a heart operation. K'Lay told me that. Well, I'll close for now.

Q'apla!

↔ **Lt(jg) ch'HulHu vestai Kormel - David Stayduhar :** What ch'HulHu has been up to...

I have been rather busy with work for the past 3 months... due to work demands I have worked a lot of overtime (bed for social life, but good for wallet)...

Had a lot of rain due to the hurricanes, and at one point, our basement had 6" of water, that ruined a lot of stuff stored down there.

Also started rebuilding my Ravenloft gaming collection, and hope to get into gaming with a guy from work...

Sad note, my bestest bud, Tasslehoff Furrfoot, passed away on Oct 9, at 10 yrs of age, as a result of kidney failure... was the best cat anyone could wish for, and will be missed...

↔ **Lt. Mordok vestai-JurISS - Dennis S. Higgins:** Hi, I am still working believe it or not. I started as a Project Manager under contract at IBM. Previously, I had been working as a Systems Analyst/Business Analyst. The girls have got their first report card for 2nd and 3rd grades. They are both doing really well, neither has been late or missed a day. I think I am going to enroll them in the Klingon Junior Star Academy soon!



Sector Five

↔ **LCmdr. Luciouslips sutai JurISS-Chang:** lushy has had a hectic

3 months ..finding out shes going to be a granny..her daughter hasina is high-risk but seems to b ok..babys due may 2005

My RPG group is going great Kimpla is my greats ally and pal :) much thanks goes to her for her endless help and friendship...as goes to Klay too..without you guys id be lost :):)

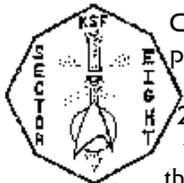
Lushy will be getting into more trouble no doubt in the RPG..but Lushy has accepted the BONDING to KLOGH..soo Klogh come get me LOLOLO

↔ **Admiral Volar epetal-K' zota-K' Onor:** What? No it's not! No! It is not report time again!!! I'm telling you it's not. I have it written right here in my book, you see...oh...it is October. Well now when did that happen?! As you can see, this has been the typical conversation I have had with myself since August (perhaps longer). Lots of things have been going on since the last report, and I assure you it's probably entertaining for those watching! I started school against, and as the day I write this I have decided that I was in the wrong school for too many reasons that I wonder why I didn't pick up on them before (that was rhetorical). So, in light of this "Coming to Durgath" realization, I should be starting in January at the University of South Florida as a junior Criminology major. Yup, that's right...I stuck with a major!!!

Speaking of majors, I've gotten the chance to do a lot of very cool things over the last few months. I've done a prison visit and some courtroom observing in cases that were absolutely "move of the week" worthy! These experiences have taught me a lot, and we won't even go into the various research projects that I began (and will finish once I get back into the classroom). One particular class I am looking forward to is Forensic Sciences at one of the national laboratories that just happens to be in this area. Yup, I'm a strange one (like I needed to tell you that). I figured after over a decade of time in the KSF, I'm sure a few crazies and dead bodies won't be much of a problem for me to handle! Hold it...that came out wrong in some many ways....no, your Admiral shall not be handling any of the dead crazy bodies...promise!!! Oh boy, now I'm in trouble!!! Enjoy the holidays everyone!!!

Sector Eight

GSA Sector 8 Command - Borg Ql'mpeq



↔ **Borg Ql'mpeq / Michael Robbins :** Sector CO - Well, my recovery from open heart by-pass surgery has been quite an ordeal for me. I checked into the hospital back on August 29th, after a week's worth of coughing, trying to throw-up, and shortness of breath. After the doctors did some tests on me, found out that I was in need of open heart by-pass surgery.

I had the surgery on September 7th (would've had the surgery on September 6th, if it hadn't been a holiday). I was released from the hospital on September 21st (which I thought I was finally going home). But I sent to a convalescent hospital for ten days as part of the final stage of

my recovery. I was released late on October 1st. I would like to say; thanks to everybody that sent me Get Well Wishes!!

San Diego County set a new record of 182 days without rain, then wouldn't you know *L* it rains for 4 straight days. Mother Nature can be funny like that, at times.

PS : From my hospital stay; I do have a recommendation for those whom might be interested, in having a Klingon bed, of sort. Buy the same mattress that hospitals use.

↔ **Adrienne Paradis / Azel Tavana Zu-Merz :** Nothing New To Report.

↔ **Jil Conway / K'Ven Jurek :** This quarter has been very eventful, starting with the death of my mother in early July. I have spent numerous weekends driving upstate to her home as I settle her estate. The good news is that I think I have a buyer for her home, and that the deal could be finalized by early November. I have also move to a new residence, lots of room, lower rent, and noisy neighbors. Ah well, two out of three... Rpg progress has picked up a little but is still sporadic, some of which is due to my own chaotic schedule. I quit my job last month so now I'm fully self-employed. Know anyone who needs a bookkeeper?

GSE

↔ **ge'San be'raan - Jonathan**

Brown: I'll leave my post report for the next Issue.



↔ **Lt Kha'Mish'Khal Vestal Kor - Darren Carmichael:** Life is good brothers and sisters. It spirals out of control like a B'rel class caught in a level 5 gravity anomaly, but life is good. A warrior enjoys the anarchy that a 18 month old small warrior brings. My

son fights like Kahless himself and has great joy in his heart, bites, eye pokes, forehead in the nose, thumb in the neck and all I do is laugh with joy. Work is full of people with honour, and still my world is full of Ferengi. My martial arts organisation the Ki-Shin-Tai Ryu is going on a storm and I am beginning to make profit, I once spat at such a prospect but I am more pragmatic in old age.

A warrior need only know three things:

- 1) To live well. with honour, joy and to enable others to do the same.
- 2) To fight well. the inner foes of the soul, as well as the outer foes of everyday life look at life as a challenge, face life as a warrior, battle it with joy.
- 3) To die well. without regrets, without a tear which gives pain to those who love you, with panache. If you live well and fight life's enemies well your last bed will be one where you can breath your last and enter Sto'Vo'Kor. You need not a sword in your hand to go their just a sword for a soul and joy and love in your heart.

This is the true way of the warrior and this is what i have learnt since my last post.

← *Alberto* : It koi kai drocklon stardate december 3 2004 time index 6:05 pm: i have`t post a lot and am stii in stil here to and am try out something wich is <http://klingson.meetup.com/79/> is first time am organaizer. the first member whos in amsterdam have`t ben on board.so chnage we have to set for other date cause i do not a location in amsterdam i also put me in the star trek meetup from work we have a christmas dinner am thinking be in klingon outfit pair of walking shoes

good human music, Dennis Fermin,
burningfermin@juno.com

[WWW.thedennisferminproject.com](http://www.thedennisferminproject.com)

<http://thedennisferminproject.com/music.html> i bought the album

thats it so fair

oooooh plan to walk airboen walkday with klingon flag pit mi self a flag holder,\ was one here sel T shirts.i would like have a black T shirt with KSF logo on it or mi name or klingon so if he read this e mail to a.z.gorin@chello.nl

yes,joke joke

english and klingon are deeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep in me i work

as service community at a children charity handicap children and groups family can stay,we have 5 housses. i help them with beds. its building can split by a door. we have 2 woman from india they clean the kitchen.and one went to other side and alarm was stil on i hear it.i ren you had to unlock fromt door came back and they asked in dutch if they could enter i said enter when ready twice.and after i yelled qaplah think they got scared at supermarket i when paid and done qaplah the poor girl have`t got a cleu what i am saying

yes also ben to

<http://www.utopiasite.com/modules.php?name=News&file=article&sid=85> and i have e mail adress of caughtn armstrong admiral forrester and i had lunch with one of stargate actors david shoot mi self,jee when i get mi pictuer,

qaplah



- K'GRIMM AND CLAYTON -

By Lt. (jg) K'Grimm vestai-Satir

Clayton Geroge : O.K., K'Grimm, sit down and let's get this (censored) done.

K'Grimm : Why the {c}! do they want to know all this ?

Clay: {C}! If I know K'Grimm, They just do. So I'll do you, then you do me, OK? I'll send Kimpla the tape and she can transcribe it.

K : Fine (belches)

Clay: O.K They know your rank and name

K : My name is K'Grimm. Period. All this "vestai-Satir {c}" is just Klingon {C}! I grew up without it.

Clay: We'll get to that. Your house is the house of Satir, adopted.

K : purely convience. Just a key to get me in the door.

Clay: Alliances ...

K : Still working on that - I've made friends and they have friends, so inside the Empire there are connections. Outside the Empire, most of my alliances are either unmentionable or ephemeral as fog, so..... (shrugs)

Clay: Position and division?

K : So far, I've been kicked around from pillar to post. Currently, I'm in the Chaplin General Corps, Answerable to Major Avakhon Khinsharri and ... beyond that, we're still organizing.

Clay: Ship name and/or title?

K : My ship is the "Angry Bitch". No IKV pronouny thing, just "Angry Bitch". I have her berthed aboard the IKF Friskyclaw. As to what I'll be doing ... (Shrugs)... We'll see.

Clay: Any stuff you think the KSF should know about you?

K : (sighs) Fine. My father was some horny weapons master aboard a lost ship (IKV Fierce Blade) and my mother, Vitch'Ka was a dominatrix and bondage queen aboard the Dead Soul Scoiety' Whore ship, the Spider. I have a brother and two sisters I haven't seen in years. I know what I have to know, and I've been around enough to learn how to take care of myself. I stole the pieces of the 'Bitch' from the scoiety, built and modified her myself and she's my home. No Crew, just me. I'm here because I got sick of being on my own. I never learned how to laugh like a Klingon -- I'm about

as much fun as a stone statue – and that’s why I’m here. I’ve got enemies all over the place and if they come sniffing around, it’d be nice to have someone watching my back. O.K. ?
Now, let’s do you, Clay.

Clay: This should be fun.

K : Give it up – name, age, basics, all the good {c}.

Clay: The name’s ... Clayton W. George (not George W, Clayton), the birthday’s September. 26, 1963. do the math. White male, ... picture John Belushi and Uncle Fester Addams, cross-transported into one body and given a Harlan Ellison attitude and sprinkle on a bit of Norman Bates, the Crypt-Keeper and the Phantom of the Opera.

K : Uh-Huh. Sector?

Clay: I live in Pictou, Nova Scotia. Figure it out.

K : Work or Profession?

Clay: Writer and/or Disabled Epileptic Nut-Job.

K : Spare time absorber?

Clay: We don’t have room for it all. If it’s weird, tiny-niche or dark and scary, I’m all over it. Anybody that likes Mike “Wizard of Speed and Time” Jittlov and Goth/death music and Bizarre magazine AND Bloom County/Outland is all over the place.

K : Personal life?

Clay: Un-married, no kids, no interest in any of that. No pets. Not even a stuffed bird. I had a cat. It died.

K : Where’d you get my name/

Clay: K’Grimm is Grim! Next??

K: Anything else?

Clay: I’m So not computer-fanatical. I still write letters, not e-paragraphs with greeblies flashing around them. I use envelopes, stamps and pen & paper. I have an e-address, But I look at it the same way Dr. McCoy looks at a transporter. Write, but expect to get my paper mail address and disparaging commentary about “mouse monkeys.”

K : That it? All this {c} flushed?

Clay: Yup.

K : Great. Send it. I’m going back to the Bitch and finish installing the new sound system. Time to annoy some arrogant Empire-oids with loud, ear-raping music.

Clay: Do what you have to do, dog. I’m out of here.

Transcript Ends



- THE DISCWORLD ENCOUNTER -

Lt (jg) Kohn vestai K'Tarra

In the cosmic vastness of the Multiverse there are nothing but stars; slowly evolving, expanding, and exploding like a personal fireworks display....but wait....from the center of this particular view we have....life. The view expands to include a giant sea turtle swimming casually through space in no particular hurry to be anywhere; but that may soon change. The turtle is ten thousand miles long from nose to tail and appears to not have any concerns but one; but that too may soon change. The turtle’s main concern at the moment would appear to be the weight of the four elephants currently riding on its back and, in turn, that of the Discworld itself....but wait....from the other end of the Multiverse comes....a Klingon Battlecruiser?

“Commander” came the alert from my Tactical Officer
“sensors are picking up an object to starboard.”

“What kind of object?” I replied.

“Unable to identify.”

“On screen” I ordered.

My Tactical Officer, whose name was Kleth, worked until the view was altered to show the object as ordered.

“The object is 16,093 Kellicams in diameter, a little more than 1/5th larger than a Class M planet” announced Kleth
“and, although mobile, is moving at an extremely slow speed. I can detect no defenses at all, but sensors are picking up many life forms, mostly humanoid. Atmosphere similar to that of a Class M planet.”

“Cloak the ship, set a course, and plot an orbit” I ordered.
“I want to study this....thing.”

"Yes Commander" came the replies from Helm and Tactical as they carried out my orders.

In just a few moments we were in orbit around what appeared to be the edge of the world.

"Target the largest city" I ordered.

"There appear to be a number of large cities, but I've located what seems to be the largest; co-ordinates coming through now."

"Get ten men and meet me in the transporter room." I told Kleth. To my Helmsman I said "On my order de-cloak the ship, beam us down, and cloak the ship again as quickly as possible. I don't trust this, it's too simple."

"Yes Commander" came the replies.

Moments later I was in the transporter room where Kleth and ten others were waiting on the platform. As I stepped up I activated my communicator.

"Now" I ordered.

The streets of Ankh-Morpork are always busy no matter what time of day or night, but there is one place in the city that gives the illusion of being perpetually quiet; one may almost say dead, that is until a slight buzzing sound disturbs the silence.

"I can't see anyone Commander" Kleth announced "but the Tricorder is picking up multiple readings, all humanoid, at a range of no more than 100 meters, and moving as we move. Sir, they appear to be following us."

"Understood" I acknowledged. "Stay on the alert and keep me informed" I ordered as we all drew our disruptors.

We continued moving a short distance when we heard a sound in front of us. Then we were charged at by about a dozen people, coming from all sides. Seeing no danger we immediately holstered our disruptors so we could enjoy ourselves. When the fight was over a short time later there came the minor problem of disposing of the bodies.

"What do you think, Kleth?" I asked.

"Tricorder is picking up some kind of river in the area, seems as good a place as any."

"Agreed" I replied.

So we each picked up a body and headed towards the river.

When we got there we naturally thought of throwing the bodies in, but when we did so we were quite surprised to see them bounce a couple of times before finally sinking. As we were near the river anyway we decided to follow it. We walked for a few minutes until our path was blocked by a small building so we walked around to find the door and, after being slightly intrigued by a moving statue at the door and the name of the place being 'The Mended Drum', we went inside. After being greeted by silence as we opened the door, we went to the bar.

"Very strange clientele Commander" Kleth observed "mostly humanoid; albeit some shorter than others, some more of

those stone creatures and even what appears to be a monkey."

Somehow the place managed to get quieter. Then the 'monkey', which was actually a Wizard Librarian transformed into an orangutan during a magical accident, made its way over to my Tactical Officer, stretched out a four foot arm, and hit him. During the fight we noticed quite a number of Grrrrs, Oooooks, and even an occasional Eeeek! When that was over we sampled the local ale, which was weak even by human standards....but drinking fake ale is better than drinking water, and the Librarian decided to join us as well.

"Looks like you've made a friend there Kleth," I observed.

"Yes." He replied, "He's very good in a fight, may even make a decent Klingon" which prompted us all to laugh.

After that we continued our exploration with the Librarian still with us. Meanwhile Lord Vetinari, the Patrician and ruler of this city, had been informed of the arrival of the Klingons....via various sources, and had already started dealing with the problem at hand; by not only calling for Mr.

Downey the Master of the Assassins Guild, but also Mustrum Ridcully the Arch-Chancellor of Unseen University.

"As you can see by the evidence," stated the Patrician, indicating the reports of the bodies that eventually washed ashore just outside the city gates "we have a small problem."

"I don't really see why" replied the Arch-Chancellor. "I've never liked the denizens of the Shades and anything that cuts down on their number is okay by me; and as for the Mended Drum? Well that place gets wrecked twice a day in any case, so a bit of extra wreckage isn't a major problem."

"I see, and what is your opinion of this Mr. Downey?"

"Well while I'm inclined to agree with Mr. Ridcully on certain aspects, the fact remains that we have intruders in our City that are carrying out un-authorized killing."

"That's right Lord; and while there only seem to be about 12 of them, there may be many more waiting to mount an attack at any time." Stated Captain Carrot of the City Watch.

"I see. And what would you suggest that we do with them?"

"I say, for the most part, leave them alone" replied Captain Carrot. "This would obviously appear to be a scouting party of some kind, so let them scout. I'll take a patrol of Trolls and keep them under surveillance, so if they are here looking for a fight, I'll supply them with one they won't forget in a hurry."

"And you, Lord, have the Palace Guards....but despite this I am willing to supply you with a personal guard of Assassins, should the need arise."

"Thank you Mr. Downey, I shall keep this in mind. And what of you Arch-Chancellor, what shall you be doing?"

"I'm inclined to agree with Captain Carrot, Lord. I too shall have them watched....but carefully. They have our Librarian so it's personal now."

Meanwhile the Klingons had continued to follow the river around and found themselves at a large stone building, which on closer inspection with help from the Librarian, turned out to be a school. Realizing what kind of school this was, Commander Kohn contacted the ship and ordered the pln'a' HoS to beam down to their co-ordinates (pln'a' HoS translates to energy master; basically a Klingon Wizard). The pln'a' HoS (who's name was blQ'a' Hub) beamed down a few minutes later.

When blQ'a' Hub beamed down he was dressed resplendently in the traditional Armour polished to a high shine, but with the addition of gold braiding around the edges. He was wearing a black cloak made of Dragon leather with Dragon scales on the shoulders and down the back to form a spine. He had a six-foot black staff that had a black Dragon on top with wings unfolded and illuminated green eyes pulsating with power. The staff was also fully carved with sigils from top to bottom and they too were illuminated and pulsating with power.

The Librarian then took us to an old part of the school, which turned out to be the Library.

"This place is unbelievable" stated blQ'a' Hub.

"Oook" agreed the Librarian.

"Oook?"

"A what?"

"Oook!"

"I'll see what I can do."

blQ'a' Hub started concentrating and within a few moments a strange, yellow, curved fruit....known as a 'banana', materialized in front of the Librarian; who then started sniffing it and then started eating it.

"Oook."

"You're welcome, but you seem to have strange taste in food."

And with that, blQ'a' Hub created a few more bananas for the Librarian; and then some traditional Klingon meals for his fellows.

"Feel free to join us" came my invitation.

After sniffing everything, the Librarian grabbed a pipus claw and used it as a spoon for the gagh.

"Oook."

"Yes, I know it's still alive, we like it that way."

"Oook?"

"Yes, your food is still strange."

Suddenly we heard voices and then the air started to crackle with power. We turned towards the door and saw a group of Wizards heading toward us. Instantly blQ'a' Hub created a wall of energy that succeeded in blocking the door so that we could assess the situation.

Obviously what was needed here was a show of force, so we called for their most powerful Wizard. Within a few moments a Wizard stepped forth that was wearing long flowing robes, holding a tall staff with many sigils carved into it, and wearing a pointed hat that appeared to have hooks stuck in it.

"I am Mustrum Ridcully" he announced. "I am Arch-Chancellor of this University, and I demand a showdown." So blQ'a' Hub let him through the door and everyone else stood back at a safe distance.

The ensuing battle went on for some time with each participant countering his opponent's spells while chanting in the traditional language of their own cultures, but in the end it was blQ'a' Hub, the Klingon Wizard, that was the victor.

The rest of the Klingons saw this as an excuse for a fight, so they gathered together the remaining Wizards and had a free for all.

By this time Mr. Downey, the Master of the Assassins Guild, had heard about what was going on and was organizing a group of Assassins to go over to the University to deal with the problem. What he wouldn't have been able to know about (until it was too late) was that Klingons are also trained Assassins....it is a necessary skill when getting a promotion over your superior's dead body.

After the fight the Klingons left the University in search of more adventure, while the Librarian stayed with his fellows to help sort things out. It wasn't long before they stood before a large palace guarded by....well....guards. This made the Klingons happy because it meant another fight; of course this made the guards un-happy for exactly the same reason.

After the fight, which only lasted a few minutes, the Klingons noticed Captain Carrot and a small patrol of Trolls. Having a fair idea of what to expect we drew our disruptors and simply blasted the Trolls into dust, leaving Captain Carrot to fend for himself. We then holstered our disruptors and then I took care of Carrot.

When that was over we entered the palace; and were then immediately surrounded by men wearing black robes with hoods. As one man we all drew our d'k taghs and activated the side blades. The Assassins took this as their cue and converged on us.

The Assassins discovered, too late of course, how difficult it is to stab someone in the back while they are wearing Armour, and thus were easily defeated. So when that fight was over we continued into what appeared to be a throne room, with a man dressed in black sitting on a chair at the foot of some steps leading up to what appeared to be a golden throne.

"I am Lord Vetinari, the ruler of this city. Why are you here?"

"I am Commander Kohn, leader of these Klingons. We are here because we were bored." Came the reply.

"With all you've been through" ventured the Patrician "surely you are no longer bored?"

"You're right" I replied.

And with that I activated my Communicator

"Beam us aboard" I ordered.

Moments later we were standing on the bridge of my ship.

"Move us into attack position" I ordered, "then fire a photon torpedo at our last co-ordinates."

A few seconds later both orders were carried out and we saw a small explosion on the surface of the Disc.

"Resume previous course" I ordered.

"Aye Sir" came the reply.

And moments later we were speeding towards our next adventure.

THE END
(1997)



- ROLE-PLAY REPORT -

▲ CAMPAIGN COORDINATION
COMMAND ▲

Vice-Admiral K'Obol epetai-Chang-K'Onor CCC CO

Imperial Military has brought useful news, and even more useful, an abandoned B'Rel Class scout located in the Rom ship graveyard that K'ven Jurek and Da'Har Master K'Zhen were checking out.



While it was damaged, the IM team was able to bring it to life again, enough life to get it out of the graveyard and on its way to join our strength.

Capt. Kosh's team, approaching the graveyard from a different angle, located an old UCP Oberth-class converted battleship. Their difficulties in evading discovery are not improved by being so short-handed, since the viral toxin struck them down, but this vessel is also in transit to join us.

The two forces have each brought support we badly need if we are to continue to be free, here.

K'Shona Base is undergoing repairs to the damage caused during its recent "relocation". Admiral Katalyia's staff has encountered strange Klin warriors who appeared to think the Base was under my command. They were cured of their "misunderstanding" and are now in custody awaiting further investigation.

Fleet Captain Borg reports he has secured safe release for 1,292 Klin in total, snatched from under the noses of the Rom Execution Squads. He has



estimated Rom casualties in excess of 55,000 during the recovery mission. He regrets that his ships would not hold more refugees, but he wisely took the time to arm the remaining Klin before returning to K'Shona. The Execution Squads will find a warm welcome awaiting their next approaches to Runculus, D'Korvam IV and Bu'Uli.

IMS Commander Kimpla reports initial difficulties were encountered with K'Shona's "Entity", who appeared unsure if her staff's efforts were helpful or not, but relations are now "normalized". Her EMH has run tests on the virus and they have developed a small amount of vaccine, though not enough by any degree. They still need the QuvaH'magh. Cmdr Reyna Kor Zu-Merz has refitted her command as a hospital ship to assist in dispersing the serum, when we can produce enough to start widespread inoculations. The Rom prisoners are still held, but their number has been reduced, due to the effects of the virus. It is so deadly to them that they may not live long enough to produce any kind of antibodies at all. Research continues.

Prior Kinsharri~ and Blackheart are still unavailable, but High Priestess TeH'Hel continues her efforts to complete the healing and recovery of both warriors. The Daavit is still unaccounted for, officially. It is known, via somewhat exalted sources that he and the child are in good health, and

proceeding with the attempt to bring the Empire of the Daav into the conflict on our side. Additionally, the Rock Crusher has developed a potential weapon; initial testing resulted in the complete destruction of a targeted planet in an uninhabited system. He has hopes of employing the weapon against Romulus itself.

Our diplomatic efforts have brought mixed results. The Confederation is even more strangled by petty bureaucracy than the Federation we know. The Confederation High Command have declined to move on our requests for aid and support, and initially accused us of commencing the genocide first. After careful negotiations with the Vulcan Admiral, and the clear support of Governor Sheridan, they have at least decided to view our evidence in full before deciding against us, and have joined Ambassador A'qmarr on board her flagship. Their support is still, at this time, unknown, and it must be admitted that it is even possible they will join the Romulans against us. The Terrans of the Confederation are justifiably upset at the idea of deliberate biotoxic warfare. The Eugenics Wars in this universe were more severe than in ours, where they were bad enough.

Imperial Intelligence had succeeded in getting access to Rom comms systems long enough to determine the Rom were about to "deal with the Klingon problem" in a way that chilled the blood of all warm-blooded sentient, and had a like effect on cold-blooded races as well - The Rom had decided to eradicate ALL Klingon survivors of their universe. All of them. Males. Females. Children. All. T'Lara Zu-Merz, Korgath Dupplm, Kha'Mish'Khal Kor and

ch'HulHu Kormel were assigned to protect and evacuate the Klin population from the Rom first target, their Romulan version of what we knew as Risa. They were too late. Our agents were only able to witness what the Roms had done, and the details were seared into their minds, forever. They managed to organize a retaliatory strike on a Romulan Imperial Intelligence Command Centre, infiltrating Lushy JurISS-Chang and K'logh Chang-tIQwoQ, agents we knew to be capable of carrying our revenge. Lushy was brought, by a very co-operative Romulan, to meet K'logh, under guise of buying smuggled gems. She was infected, along with her Romulan "guardian", with the toxin that K'logh and his crew carried without effect, being themselves survivors of an accidental exposure. The dying Roms sealed off their facility, but not before the toxin had attached itself to some departing crews. Lushy, in captivity, fell as sick as the Rom. K'logh was forced, by the approach of Rom support ships, to leave Lushy behind, knowing only that, if she were dead, she had died a warrior's death, killing hundreds of Roms to escort her to Sto-Vo-Kor.

From reports recovered from taped Rom comm traffic and decoded with the help of tharavul, we have since learned that the Romulan Senate has appointed a Viceroy to deal with the "Klingon Threat", and we have learned that his chosen way of "dealing" with that threat is to physically exterminate every Klingon he can find. It was his fleet's arrival at the Romulan Intelligence Command Centre near Sirius that forced K'logh to leave before recovering Lushy. The Viceroy found K'logh lingering in the area, and called him, not believing K'logh's offer of assistance, he took the opportunity to send us a present, Krowgon Drexia, who had been captured shortly after our arrival in this universe. Krowgon was in poor condition, but alive. The Viceroy had Krowgon implanted with a subcutaneous transmitter, and intended to use it to send a message to us. In exchange for the anti-toxin, he would give us Lushy, and stop the executions. Unknown to him at the time, one of his officers, Sub-Commander Maiek, found Lushy, put her in an escape pod, and pointed her to an orbit near the last

position of the K'Orellian Klaw, K'logh's "privately-owned" ship.

The War continues.

Qapla'

Medical Summary; last tri; 2004



After sending two members of the crew to K'Shona base, I then had to return and rescue them from the alien entity, who resides within the base.

The entity was not taking kindly to the repopulating of the base or the repairs to the medical unit. After some discussion, we came to an understanding. As long as no one attempted to modify, repair or work on the computers, we were allowed to refit the medical bay without further interruption.

The EMH unit on 'Genesis' ; Medra; ran several tests on the virus. Using the blood samples available to us, she managed to develop a small portion of vaccine. The blood sample belonged to the child Miraal and seemed to have a natural ability to cure itself of the virus. At present we do not have enough vaccine for our entire unit, so we are being forced to pick and choose who will receive the life saving inoculations and serum. We are attempting to locate the child and get her to the base, on way or another, for further samples. In the mean time, we've developed an inoculation against the virus, using the samples of two other members but it is not guaranteed to kill the virus, just prevent it from killing our members. They would still be carriers of said virus and a fatal hazard to any they come in contact with. At this time; any and all our allies are on their own to survive the plague that has been let loose in this universe

Commander Reyna Kor Zu-Merz, has been ordered to refit her ship to become a traveling medical unit, assisting in the evacuation of allies, as well as delivering medical support during battle.

I have inventoried all the extra supplies available to the force and have divided them into three groups. Shortly, they

will be delivered to three areas. K'Mer base, K'Shona base and divided among the medical ships.

The Romulan prisoners are still being held on board Genesis, in stasis, with one small change. After scanning the minds and memories of each, gathering what information was there, they were placed back in stasis and infected with the virus. Of the seventy-three that survived the mind scans, six were immediately lost to the virus, reducing the number to sixty-seven. The six stasis units have remained sealed and in working order incase needed for further use or study.

We continue our search for Miraal, as her blood is needed to produce the serum to save our people. Without her, our efforts maybe in vain.

TroubleShooter TaskForce

Fleet Captain Borg Ql'mpeq - CO

OPERATION : Runculus Evac : The TroubleShooter TaskForce was sent to attack and destroy the guard installations defending the Romulan mining colony of Runculus in the Yel'Camac system, to evacuate the captive Klingon prisoners forced to work there.

Arrived on the outer edge of the Yel'Camac system, after three days travel-time. Runculus was the fourth planet in the system. With the TroubleShooter TaskForce in position, the IKV Ql'mpeq's bortaS engaged it's top secret cloaking device, and enter the Yel'Camac system heading for Runculus. The guard installations were destroyed before they knew what happened or what hit them. The rest of the TroubleShooter TaskForce, soon joined the IKV Ql'mpeq's bortaS at Runculus, to begin the evacuation, which went quickly.

After 3 days travel-time; the TroubleShooter TaskForce and the Klingon refugees from Runculus arrived in the general area of StarBase K'Shona. And began beaming the Klingon refugees to K'Shona.

OPERATION : Bu'Uli Tev Evac : After beaming the Runculus refugees aboard StarBase K'Shona; The TroubleShooter TaskForce to cloak, set course for the Bu'Uli system and with a communication blackout will be

in effect for the duration of this mission. The TroubleShooter TaskForce cloaked, and set course for the Bu'Uli Tev system. And after 4 days travel-time; the TroubleShooter TaskForce arrived at the outer edge of the Bu'Uli Tev system. Bu'Uli was the three planet in the system.

With the TroubleShooter TaskForce in position, the IKV Ql'mpeq's bortaS, once again, engaged it's top secret cloaking device, and enter the Bu'Uli Tev system heading for Bu'Uli. The guard installations were destroyed in the same manner, as the ones at Runculus were. Soon, the rest of the TroubleShooter TaskForce, to joined the IKV Ql'mpeq's bortaS at Bu'Uli, to begin the evacuation, which went more smoothly

The IKV Ql'mpeq's bortaS had some business on the side to take care. D'Kor'vam system, was only 12 parsecs away from the Bu'Uli Tev system. The target is the Romulan Central Defense Complex over D'Kor'vam IV. Normally, the D'Kor'vam system would be crawling with Romulan WarBirds. But they were elsewhere.

Decided to give the Romulans, something else too worry about. By firing the first volley of quantum torpedoes, at the Central Defense Complex, while (Top Secret). After that, it didn't take long before the Central Defense Complex was shattered in a million pieces above D'Kor'vam IV. Before departing; there was one last thing to do, fire a Seedy torpedoe of the Bloody kind towards the surface of D'Kor'vam IV. The moment the torpedoe hit the surface of D'Kor'vam IV; the IKV Ql'mpeq's bortaS was exiting the D'Kor'vam system.

The IKV Ql'mpeq's bortaS rendezvous with the rest of the TroubleShooter TaskForce. After 4 days travel-time arrived in the general area of StarBase K'Shona. Since Star Base K'Shona was full. Decided to have the 646 Klingons from the Bu'Uli Tev system beamed onto K'Mer Base. Let the Abbot deal with these 646 Klingon refugees, for a change.

SUPPLEMENTAL : The IKV targh jejwI', IKV QoreSmar, IKV gholmat,

IKV chargDor; each extracted 192 Klingons. The IKV beQmoHwl' and IKV 'Iw tlhuthwl' each extracted 500 Klingons. The IKV Hekh Sopwl' and IKV Ban-tar; each extracted 600 Klingons. The TroubleShooter TaskForce was only able to extract a total of 1,292 Klingons; 646 Klingons from Runculus, and 646 Klingons from Bu'Uli; wish there was room to take on more. A rough estimate of 55,000 plus Romulans died at D'Kor'vam IV. and more will die at Runculus and Bu'Uli.

Before heading back to K'Shona; the TroubleShooter TaskForce beamed down an nice assortment of Klingon weapons. At least, the Klingons being left behind, will be able to defend themselves now.

Qapla! 'ej bath reH!

Imperial Military

Contact was made with Cmdr Kosh and DaHar Master K'Zhen.

After a brief conference it was agreed to divide the graveyard between us to scan for salvage while keeping a low profile and utilizing null areas in the security sweeps.

When an apparently functional B'rel-class scoutship was detected in our sector of the graveyard, I ordered Security Officer Mavek, Science Officer Glesa and new Weapons Officer meH'poq to transport to the ship and determine its functioning status. I wanted to know what systems were intact, what weapons were functional, and what supplies were onboard. They were also to report anything threatening or unexpected.

The away team materialized into near-darkness on the bridge of the scoutship. In response to Mavek's command for 'lights', the bridge stations came slowly to life. Mavek ordered Glesa to Engineering, and meH'poQ was directed to determine sensor strength and weapons.

Accessing the Tactical Station, meH'poQ reported that sensors were at forty-one percent of normal, and

portside weapon banks one and three were offline due to lack of power. Calling up system schematics, he then started diagnostics on the different plasma conduits where there seemed to be several failures, reporting that he might be able to reroute some of the power, but the stability of the setup would be questionable.

Imperial Intelligence

K'Lay K'Onor-Chang - CO

The orders for Imperial Intelligence had seemed, if not simple, at least straightforward, and K'Lay K'Onor-Chang had not been overly worried about completing them efficiently. Her people were well trained, and the need was great. But as experience should have taught her long ago, nothing was ever as simple as it seemed, and fate had a way of throwing what her Terran mother used to call "monkey wrenches" into the works of even the simplest of plans. This one had gone terribly awry.....



Intell last trimester had indicated that the Romulans in this universe, in response to the offensive Klingon incursion into their space, had decided to eliminate the problem by eliminating every Klingon they could see, starting with their own. Their plan was to wipe out the Klingons as a race. After all, here, the Klingon peoples had been reduced to slaves and servitors, and there were always more of those. What mattered what species they were? K'Lay had given orders to T'Lara ZuMerz, Korgath Dupplm, Kha'Mish'Khal Kor and ch'HulHu Kormel to save a huge group of Klingons on this universe's version of the pleasure planet Risa, each warrior given specifics on an area to hit simultaneously. The Romulans had acted first however, executing the Klingon population on that planet in a bloodbath that had left every male, female and Klingon child dead, some in ways that would haunt the worst nightmares of the Terran side of her mind for years. It was no one's fault; they were just too few here, and they had angered a no longer sleeping giant.

They had struck back, with the help of Lushy JurISS-Chang and her IS counterpart K'Logh Chang-rlQwoQ, infecting the entire Romulan Imperial Intelligence command center where Lushy was being held, with the biotoxin that K'Logh had inadvertently brought with him into this universe, a biotoxin that as yet, there was only one source of antidote for.....Miraal, the Quvagh Magh. But the cost had been high. Lushy had knowingly and deliberately infected herself by arranging to go to K'Logh's pirate ship, so that she could be the carrier of the plague when she was returned to her Romulan "captors". And K'Logh, who, posed as a trader, had bravely infiltrated Romulan space and thwarted Romulan security to bring the infection to Lushy, had had to watch as they took her away. Worse still, he had been unable to save her as the illness took hold within her and within the Romulan population with frightening speed, and the Roms shut down all access to their planet....to traders, to their own people, and to any travel at all. Knowing he was her best chance of survival, he had still been forced to leave orbit as the planet was quarantined, and long range sensors indicated incoming Romulan ships. As for Lushy, knowing herself cut off and alone, she turned to her Caitian adepti healing powers, and hoped she could find a way to heal herself. Physically catatonic, her mental self was actively looking for answers in the universe she'd left behind when she mentally stumbled across someone unexpected.....Quark! With nothing to do but heal and satisfy her Caitian curiosity, she began to explore what he might be doing.....

Meanwhile, Imperial Intelligence and Romulan Intelligence had two sides of the same growing problem on their hands; an indigenous Klingon population being annihilated by Romulan Security, nearly as swiftly as the local Romulan intelligence population was dying from plague.....and she had the only source of antidote, the one bargaining chip that might provide a truce until they could find their way back home. Could a deal be struck between them? There was only one way to find out.....

wo'taH QanHung ra'wl'

HoD Kosh zantai-Zu-Merz
IKV mupwl' chuS HoD

This report still finds the bulk of the Imperial Security forces in the Alternate Universe... where the Imperial Romulan Empire rules... but we are working to remedy that!

My ship, the IKV mupwl' chuS (Thunder Strike), is in the Rom ship graveyard, looking to find resources for the KSF fleet 'stuck' in this universe, I have sent out ISST's, nothing of consequence found as of yet! Just one Oberth Class vessel, converted into a battleship, the UCP must be at the bottom of their collective barrel!

The virus still pervades my crew, not to mention myself, we the carriers of an infectious invader... a curse from this convulated timeline! If only I could find the 'planet of a thousand festhalls! But... I am only kidding. If only the holosuites were working to their full capacities!

End report.

USS Dauntless
Captain Soltar Pallara

While travelling to a Carraya IV, in the alternate universe, reported to hold a number of Klingon slaves and a Romulan colony... we were attacked! A Romulan ship ambushed us! We are fighting 'to stay afloat'... as I send this! Another enemy vessel has been sighted...

I was just dealing with the returned previous captain of the Dauntless, Captain Ian Monz, and a female guest of his, when the lounge section of the Dauntless... exploded! The proprietor and her 'accomplice' were in cahoots! They were concocting a recipe of sorts... a brew I may have approved. Especially with the way it took out the replicator in the Outer Limits...

ROMULAN STAR EMPIRE



Viceroy
Aeov
Rhian,
Romulan
Senate

At last we left the intrepid Romulans plans had been initiated to sterilize the Klingon populations that served beneath the Romulan peoples,

however news of such genocide leaked into the newly arrived Klingon Strike Force by the way of a Caitian Intel Agent, known simply as Lusciouslips, who'd taken to seducing high ranking officials at the Sirius Facility. In a preemptive strike against the Romulan government, the Sirius Facility was contaminated with a low grade, airborne viral infection that quickly spread throughout the complex. Transmitting a distress signal and quarantining the facility reduced the likelihood of a galactic epidemic, however upon investigation after the quarantine a rather sick and unresponsive Caitian was found bearing a Klingon emblem. Returning to the facility of his recent promotion, Viceroy Aeov Rhian ordered full military support and medical services to converge on Sirius, while Sub-Commander Maiek brought Commander Tomahoc up to speed with new orders to "seek & destroy" the Confederation support to the Klingons.

Soon after the Viceroy's arrival to Sirius, a Klingon cruiser baring the marking of a vessel known as the Korelian Klaw decloaked and offered their assistance. Disgusted at such a ruse of a Klingon offering assistance, Aeov reasoned that the situation could be salvaged despite the loss of life and comical value it was starting to afford him. Having uncovered the Caitian agent, and suspecting that she must be of some importance to a "pirate" willing to risk his hide before Romulan gods, Aeov offered a bargain. He would retain the Caitian in exchange for the antidote and contact to his leaders, though Aeov's medical division was fast at work on such an antidote. As a sign of good faith, he would return to them one of their own warriors who'd been intercepted and confirmed their displacement in this timeline. Upon his delivery of the Viceroy's message and the return of an antidote, the Caitian would be released.

Meanwhile, Major T'Azar and Commander Talar on the IRW Devorus were instructed to implant the Klingon prisoner, one Krowgon Drex, with a communications implant set to deliver the message to the Klingon leaders. Placed into his body, Krowgon was transported to Korelian Klaw and the vessel departed. Shortly afterwards, Command Tomahoc's strike team

reported engaging a Confederation vessel named USS Dauntless. At last known report, the strike team were taking fire, while inflicting serious damage to the Dauntless.

Back at Syrius, with sections of the facility now cleared and others quarantined, Sub-Commander Maiek happened upon the Caitian prisoner. With full knowledge that medical services was coming close to their own antidote for the remaining survivors, he had equally been privy to Aeov's agenda in that the Caitian would perish for her crimes against the Romulan people. Having attained an early stage of the antidote research, Maiek slipped into the holding area and incapacitated the guards. Releasing the cell's force fields and administering the antidote to the agent, Maiek prepared her for transport aboard a small shuttle in orbit set on auto pilot for the last known trajectory of the Korelian Klaw with a message of his own.

IMPERIAL DIPLOMATIC SERVICE
- A'qmarr K'Onor



The good news
Ambassador A'qmarr
ramHov K'Onor
received from
Thought Admiral
K'Lay, her
linefather's mate,
was tempered by
the reports she'd

received from them. Being advanced in honorific to "sutai" was a great honor but the thought of Klingons becoming an endangered species made her warrior's blood boil with anger. Two of her more reliable sources had fallen after bringing her this news. One had breathing problems, the other had been killed by a Romulan spy... but not before giving her a message & a vial from Commander Kimpla.

The Romulan Empire was planning genocide against the Klingons of this still strange universe. "Sterilizations," "reductions," "eliminations," they were all verbal red flags for murder & genocide. A'qmarr's old Starfleet colleague, Captain Anne Zecca, told her that Earth's past was littered with such actions. From the colonization of

North America to Nazi Germany to the Eugenics Wars, genocide had been done for so many excuses.

Now, the head of IDS was again facing representatives of the Confederation High Command, this time on the USS Telemachus. Accompanied by Force Leader Hurric and the human James Sheridan, A'qmarr had done her best to convince these Confederation bochmoHw'l'pu' of the seriousness of their situation. "Admiral O'Hare," she spoke almost in a low growl, "do not underestimate my warnings. If the Romulans and their Cardassian lapdogs try to eradicate my Klingon brethren, what's to stop them from waging genocide against humans? Ferengi? Vulcans? Even Bajorans? Governor Sheridan survived the Romulan destruction of his human colony S'vana. What's to say that they won't attack your homeworlds, your colonies?"

Admiral David O'Hare responded, "Ambassador, the Confederation Starfleet has been stretched thin already. We can't offer you much." "Then," A'qmarr snarled, "it's time to take a warrior's approach! The Romulans forced us to fight back and we will! We will survive, Admiral. There is a biotoxin that one of our military ships picked up while being swept into this universe. This biotoxin is virulent to most species in both universes, but Romulans are very susceptible." "You realize, Ambassador," Admiral T'Lan of Vulcan said, "that you are proposing your own genocidal solution to the problem." "Admiral," A'qmarr addressed the Vulcan. "I'm not proposing. It has already begun."

She paused to let the words sink in, then continued, "The time for diplomacy is over. We need transports & troop support to help us free our fellow Klingons; supplies to sustain them; and places to retreat to, so that our military can prepare for the Romulan counterattack that will surely come. As for the biotoxin, my colleague in Imperial Medical Services has been working on an antidote to the biotoxin." She produced a small vial from her belt pouch and held it up for them to see.

"Imperial Medical Services," A'qmarr concluded, "is the only source for the antidote, which cannot be duplicated by anyone else... including your Confederation. What I hold is the key. Without your help, the biotoxin may destroy us all."

The IDS Commander handed the vial to Admiral O'Hare. "How was this made?" he asked. "I can't tell you," she replied. "I am not a doctor or a healer. I am a diplomat & a warrior. It is time for your Confederation to choose sides. Will you join us in stopping the Romulans from destroying my people?"

"I know what the Romulans can do," Sheridan spoke up. "I'm willing to help Ambassador A'qmarr stop the Romulans' plans of genocide. Even if it means putting my own life at risk." "Thank you, Governor Sheridan," A'qmarr replied. "You would make an honorable warrior. I welcome you as an ally." The Vulcan admiral said, "The Confederation High Command does not like the actions your superiors have done but, given the Romulans' penchant for duplicity, it would seem that supporting your side is the more logical choice." O'Hare spoke slowly, "I can, at least, ask some of my colleagues to meet you. They may want to help secure the things you seek."

"You still don't fully understand how serious this situation is," A'qmarr said to O'Hare. "I see it in your eyes. This cause is far from quixotic. It's about survival... yours and mine." The human admiral regarded the Klingon diplomat with eyes as piercing as a Daqtagh. "Show me, Ambassador," O'Hare said. It was all A'qmarr could do to keep her "inner warrior" under control. "All of you," she spoke with controlled anger, "will join me on my ship. I will show you that this mission is serious." She looked at her Marine Force Leader and got a nod, that all was ready. The Confederation High Command stood almost as one as Admiral T'Lan replied, "We will go to your ship, Ambassador. You will show us." A'qmarr activated her communicator and gave the order to beam up the Confederation personnel.

- KLUB CHANGES -

Name Changes

GSE Darren Carmichael / Lt Kha'Mish'Khal vestai Kor

Address Changes

Sector 5 Cliff Bailey Jr. / Cmdr. Krowgon sutai-Drexal
Imperial Intelligence
13520 Hayworth Drive
Potomac, MD 20854
IKV Shadow Stalker

cliffbailey@comcast.net

Sector 7 John Barnes / Ensign toraq tai Martok
Imperial Military
2908 W. 1800 N.
Clinton, UT 84015

korthos.aqa@gmail.com

GSE Chris Rogers / Capt. Kovan zantai-Kas-Chang

rogersc_uk@yahoo.co.uk

New Members

Sector 3 Martin T. Ameling / Ensign Samuel James tai Kragen
Imperial Security
4410 Hickory Rd APT 2D
Mishawaka, IN 46545

genkmar359a@sbcglobal.net

Sector 4 Damian Gunjak / Lt(jg) meH'poQ tai Chang
Imperial Military
1 fairfax village, Harrisburg,PA 17112

tapez_meh'haj@yahoo.com

Sector 5 Mark Apel / Ensign K'taj tai K'Pel
10 Woods Dr.
Midway, GA 31320

ktaj_kpel@yahoo.com

Returning Members

GSE Carl Roehhead
88 Stourbridge Road
Kidderminster
DY10 2QB
UK

chesso_2001@yahoo.co.uk



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

nlt'eb Qob qaD jup 'e' chaw'be' Suwal' - A warrior doesn't let a friend face danger alone.



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