



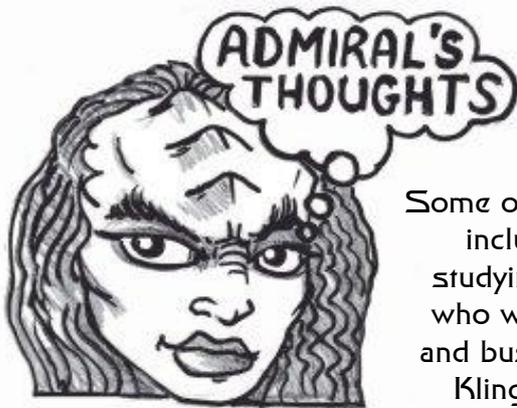
Battle Lines

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





- ADMIRAL'S THOUGHTS -



Spring has come, and with it the urge to leave the hibernation of winter, start fresh projects and watch new life begin to grow. As it is with the rest of Terra, so it is with the Klingon Strike Force.

Some of our old members will be spending Spring doing real life things, including Admiral Volar, who will be up to Solen's Orion ears in studying in this, his last year at university, and Morale Officer Kimpla, who will be off in pursuit of some R & R time on her own after a long and busy winter campaign taking care of us, not to mention bringing the Klingon Scavenger Hunt to a successful and rewarding conclusion.

(Congratulations to all the winners! I know you've received some great prizes.) Some of our old members will be busy doing KSF things, including the Abbot and I for CCC, who have launched the new club RPG TIMELINE, a time travel saga played via the Klin Zha Yahoo Group listserv, where the Strike Force will act as Temporal Police to save our part of the universe. We have new members too, who we welcome into our fold.

It promises to be an exciting season, and we look forward to renewing our ties this Spring with all of you....in the role play....on the listserv...via email... and in chat.

Qapla'

Thought-Admiral K'Lay epetai K'Onor-Chang
Klingon Strike Force Commander in Chief



- EDITOR'S DAGGER -

by Admiral qe'San epetai be'rawn

Kai Suvwl'. Yes. it's late.. and to get back on track the next Issue should be available shortly around Halloween.

This issue was nearly postponed completely but I didn't see that as fair to the time and effort warriors put into sending in Post Reports.. Do remember though that they were written around March time but still worth reading.

nlteb Qob qaD juP 'e' chaw'be' Suvwl'
A warrior doesn't let a friend face danger alone.

Admiral qe'San epetai be'rawn



- ANNOUNCEMENTS -

PROMOTIONS:

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

Kosh zantai Zu-Merz - rank promotion to Fleet Captain

COMMENDATIONS

Kimpla sutai-D-Dokmarr-Zu-Merz - for juggling so many "hats", and for tirelessly performing her varied duties for the membership with a smile (well, sometimes with a whip and a chair, but with a smile too!).



- POST REPORTS -



GSA

Compiled by Admiral Katalya K'Tore-Jiraal
GSA Commander

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



Sector One

← Cmdr. Kosh Zu-Merz: Hoch qavan!

I must be havin' fun, if these months keep flyin' by as they seem to be doin'...

November... Took Amtrak down to Salem Oregon and joined in Thanksgiving feast with my family there, no problems, good food.

December... Busy month as always! Took Amtrak again down to Salem for Christmas, but I had problems getting back home! With all the straight days of rain (can you say liquid sunshine?), the railroad tracks were washed out with a mudslide between Tacoma and Seattle, people had to be bused out of Portland, I think I made it home by Midnight on a Sunday night as it was several hours later then I should have been getting back into Tukwila; man was I hurtin' at work the next day.

Then on the 31st I flew down to Desert Hot Springs California, to spend the new year with my recently hitched mother, I was stuck in Phoenix Arizona for an hour, found out later on the plane that there was problems with the landing gear in the nose; so they had to switch planes. Warm weather, went to a smallish get together in the rec. club in the senior trailer park on New Years, it was alright. People did wonder why there was no 'ball drop' on the West Coast of the USA anymore.

January... Flew back up from SoCal (Southern California) on the 3rd, switched to second leg of journey in Phoenix Arizona, they have a great little bar there in the airport great sausege dog! It sure took forever to get everyone on the plane and the luggage as well, I swear we took off almost an hour late! Then, just finding the right carousel where my luggage was supposed to be... what a joke! Nothing was said on the plane where it would be either! I must have canvassed that stinkin' luggage area four frickin' times! Then, I had to wait probably another hour to get on a Shuttle Express van to get home (The airport is in SeaTac, I live in Kent), at least I got to ride in a towncar for no extra charge... only had to share it with one other person!

February... Fixed computer shut down problem, would shut down after four or five hours of operation, I purchased two cheap items, a small fan for inside the case, and a heat spreader for a ram chip, I might purchase another. Learned to go through "Control Panel" on my computer to scan something on my all-in-one! I still have ti fix the color on my print outs though, it is too dang light! I have tried nearly everything that I can do with the MFD and ink cartridge, short of purchasing another one, cursing it does not seem to work! I did have one flat tire on my bike this month, it always seems to be the back one (no weight jokes!))! I put one of those tubes with the "slime" in it, if it does get punctured, you can see the green stuff come out, and it can seal itself back up if the hole is small enough! It may be about 3 bucks more... but it is well worth it! I did get the tube punctured once already, by nitwits (I am using a nice word here, in place of another I really want to use!) who drop glass bottles on sidewalks and don't clean up the mess! I did have to pump into it a couple of days... but it sealed up! I don't have to bring in lunch for the 1st of March for work, it is Pacific Cascade Distribution's one year anniversary!
Qapla'!

← David Christensen - Thought-Admiral Keel epetai K'ta-ri/ret : I haven't made one of these in a decade so tho I could make a very, very long report, I won't. Suffice it to say that the 'ol Admiral has three terrestrial years to retirement from this Terran slave labor camp I serve within. I swear the humans I have to report to wouldn't even be acceptable fodder to a Denebian slime devil. Such is my fate.

My life has been active this past year conducting a weekly boardgaming group out of my home with a total of 74 members. I provide the games (all 120 of 'em and counting...) and I host a maximum of ten people. A lot of fun. I began by posting an ad on craigslist.org and an ad on boardgamegeek.com and the inquiries began flooding in, just like in the good 'ol days when I started the Klingon Strike Force and placed my first ads in various fan mags.

I had a recent attempted burglary of my home but they didn't make it past my security bars but still they managed to do \$3000 worth of damage to my home. Sucks. I had a fancy burglar alarm system put in today and it works well.

I spend a lot of time online nowadays but rarely play any computer games even tho I have a substantial collection. I am online collecting high quality science-fiction art for use as desktop backgrounds. I have about 475 pieces now. I also love visiting jibjab.com and joecartoon.com

I also started up a new online relationship with a woman 13 years younger than me whose name is Grace and we are getting together either this weekend or next depending on our schedules so I've got something to look forward to.

We're having a terrific winter out here in Seattle. Warm weather, sunny skies and no snow, no ice, no winter. I can only hope it keeps up!

Just let it be known that in many ways and at many times, I miss the Klingon universe and fandom but on the other hand, I don't miss the political turmoil and power struggles I had to deal with in the KSF. Also, should any current members of the KSF be interested, I still have all the files, artwork and fun items I always included in my letters with members and I'm willing to share it with current members if they email me to find out more. The only thing I do NOT have are copies of the KSF newsletters I did. Old software won't work on current operating systems. I was traumatized when I found this out. If anyone wanted copies now, I'd have to get photocopies and hardcopy them to you.

David Christensen
aka: Thought-Admiral Keel epetai K'ta-ri/ret
Founder/Klingon Strike Force



Sector Two

← Michael Robbins - Borg QI'mpeq reporting.

My 2002 Hyundai Accent recently got a new engine from a '05 Hyundai Accent. I started another Yahoo! Group that devoted to Owners of Hyundai Accents, like myself.

Back on January 22nd; I started my (doing the math *L*) 11.. 12.. 13th (geez!?!? has been that long!?!?) year as a member of the Klingon Strike Force. (yeah! I guess I've been here, that long!) Other than

seems to change everyday. Management seems to have no idea what they are doing.....sigh.....what else is new. We have been selling candy til it comes out our ears here....lol. In April, my son, along with the rest of the high school chorus, is going to Nashville, Tenn. for 5 days and 4 nights, and it will cost each student \$800. But he is looking forward to it. He just recently tried out for and made it into the All-County chorus.!!

He was one of four out of the many who tried out from his school. On the 18th of March, he is having his Day of Honor shared with 5 friends at the local skateboard park, Then we will go to Alfonso's Pizzeria afterwards. He loves that, as he is Alfonso as well....lol.

Well, that's it from this area.....see you all next Tri!

☞ Sue Frank / Capt. Kishin zantai-Kukura

Greetings, Officers of the KSF!

We've been distracted from Imperial business at this outpost looking after our aging parents. I'm mighty proud of my father who flew a bomber in the Ploesti oil field raid of '43. He's recovering from a double bypass surgery, his latest "mission." I'm not ready to howl for him yet:-)

My Middle Eastern drumming is getting better. Can't say that much about my Middle Eastern dancing.....

I hope this finds you all well and merry!

Til next, I salute you--

From Strength to Strength!

'Shin/Sue

☞ Robert Cunningham / Captain Avakhon zantai Khinsharri

OK but remember YOU asked for this.... I will recant the stories of my recent past with honor and glory to the Empire and Durgath...

The times were less than one of honor, for our troubles had been multiplied by our recent return to the land of my birth, the lush Valley of O-HI-O, and it's sprawling suburbia's and massive consumerism driven strip malls and multitudes of Flea Markets. She who is my mate, having witnessed wonders that gave her pause to consider her desires of that passion of photography, did acquire a most excellent and opulent gift of a digital 35mm camera, for which she delighted in it's use and found numerous times and subjects to which she attests to having in excess of 8,000 pictures in her archives now. This was the result of a long awaited windfall from the current government of that country we are currently occupying. It was also one of sorrow for our fortunes were such that we could no longer remain in that land, because of a foul Ferengyi deception and the poisoning of our water resources prompting our relocation to HER homeland of St. Joseph, MO. This all occurred between those months of MAY(in which we were wed and moved TO Ohio) and September of the previous year of 2005....

Our return to MO. was greatly aided by my Klin family and for ALL of that,I am truly grateful,even if I cannot speak of it to others herein, by their own requests of anonymity. Durgath has sent his minions to oversee their lives and aide them in return for their loyalty to ME...

We arrived in St.Joseph the first week of November, and had an exciting trip here FROM Ohio. I can NOW truly attest to that ancient belief that DUCT TAPE truly holds the universe together! In our travels, it was necessary to secure the cargo hold of our trailer, and we attempted to do so with straps, rope and bungi cords, ALL of which APPEARED sound and secure. NONE of which lasted 100 miles from our point of departure. Stopping in a small town in Indiana, we purchased two rolls of the aforementioned wonder tape, WRAPPED the entire trailer with it, and were able to travel at reasonable warp speeds for the remainder of our voyage without incident OR loss of any items so secured....(Future note to all Fleet Captains, I intend upon seriously suggesting use of this item for emergency repairs and an Engineering necessity in all ships of the Empire and POSSIBLE shielding concerns in the future, so BEGIN HOARDING it with al due haste!Thank goodness I bought STOCK in 3M !!!)

The holiday of Thanksgiving was one of great mirth and festivity here, as my NEW family celebrated it's traditions with me and it is also the very near the time of my mate's birth anniversary and we did celebrate it with great abandon by my creating a card for her that was appropriately sentimental towards her event. Shortly thereafter I was blessed by news that I would once more be joining a workforce of Terrans in another Empire known planetwide as(insert drumroll here) WAL-MART ! !

To their credit, they recognized my warrior's skills and placed me in a position of ULTIMATE authority, as a transaction and commodities exchange technician Class 3 and I impressed those around with my fierce warrior ways of, as they termed it,"Customer relations".

Having heard of the imminent arrival of the terror of a tyrant known as X-Mas, heralded by his servant called Santa and his toy-making minions of an Elven army and his coming season of dread and havoc wreaked upon those whose name they

did not dare speak, I was sent to assure the masses that huddled DAILY in my care in ENDLESS lines to which they seemed intent upon forming, that there was indeed, NO need for panic of abject fear while I was aboard. BEING the Prior of Tolar'tu, I was accustomed to assuaging the hearts of warriors in the heat of combat and bringing forth their warrior's spirits to see the battle through, so a horde of TERRRANS fighting and screaming around me at all hours was not even moderately disconcerting to me. I managed to acquire the talents needed in this skilled profession with what was termed by my superiors as "taking to it like a DUCK to water!" It came as NO surprise to ME, after all I AM a warrior, a Klingon and a KHINSHARRI~ !!!

I will report that while I completed my missions with honor and GLORY to the Empire of Wal-Mart, I was pleased that they had decided to retain my services after the crisis passed and am currently still embarking on daily missions of which I can only speak of in coded transmissions at present for fear that their may be spies listening in and reveal those of that Terran Empire's plans for the future engagements and battle plans to which I may be privy.... (Another EVIL tyrant is afflicting those here, and his name is TAX RETURN, which I presume is a code name that implies his stature in this governmental state. I can say NO more in an unsecured channel)

On a personal note, I celebrated my OWN birth anniversary on the 30th day of the Terran month of January, to wit my mate did her best to insure that it was known to all as Happy BOB-Day and I did such as say this to all those whose paths I crossed that day... Also OUR daughter will be celebrating HER 14th birth anniversary and her Right of Ascension on the 18th of the Terran month known as February and I wish her honor and glory to that day....

This ends my report of which was requested and I will end transmission until such time as it is required again to inform those whose need for such information becomes overwhelming.. Prior out!

☞ Joe Manning / Lt. Klaad vestai K'Tarra

All is well as the Doomsayer begins its normal patrol of the Dover Sector of the Ohio Quadrant. Prior to entering the Ohio Quadrant the Doomsayer encountered a small convoy of Ferengi transports hauling minor trade goods to the Mining Colonies on Klandathu V. As a reward to my crew for their glorious combat skills during our encounter with Romulan ground forces on Grimaldi Prime, I allowed them the pleasure of attacking one Ferengi Cargo Transport and destroying it, but only after they returned with the spoils of their victory. A keg of Bloodwine was shared by all and we reveled with our tales of the fight.

My Helmsman now informes me that we have entered the Dover Sector and we prepare the ship for the upcoming Peace Conference. As this will be the last Peace Conference, we will carry the flag of the Klingon Empire to this Conference and uphold the glorious traditions the Conference has set. Our hearts remain Klingon and we will toast the victories of battles long ago with our brothers. It would be a fitting end to have you present at this, the last Dover Peace Conference, to share the Bloodwine with myself and my crew.

Klaad

GSD

☞ K'Lay K'Onor-Chang and K'Obol Chang-K'Onor / Margie & Doug Welsh

The Abbot and I have been busy moving backwards and forwards through time in both real and game life. We spent many an hour this last trimester, researching material to see if we could move back in the Klingon TIME LINE for a new RPG. We've also been busy researching and buying the necessary computer equipment (cables and ethernet cards and router, oh my!) to see if we can bring our antiquated computer dinosaurs into the 21st century. We were in luck (either that or Durgath took note of all those computer shop techs the Abbot sacrificed) and we've managed to leave dial-up in the past and are now on high speed. Now if only AOL and Yahoo would cooperate with each other..... Ah well, one miracle at a time. One way or the other, we're online and ready to play.

☞ teh'Hel and nagh Gor - Ethel Clarke and Gordon MacKinnon: Wow! Where did the last quarter go???

Looking back it's all a blur! RL has been good to us -- good friends, good food, a little money, pretty good health.....all in all no complaints! For the life of me though, I cannot figure out where the time has gone, or remember how we spent it!

We hope you had a safe and happy winter! Hurray for spring!



- KSF GRAPHICS -

Some now available at cafePress.com



Graphic 22 (above)



Graphic 35 (above)



Graphic 19 (above)



Graphic 1 (above)



Graphic 13 (above)



Graphic 18 (above)



Graphic 25 (above)



Graphic 4 (above)



Graphic 10 (above)



Graphic 7 (above)



Graphic 11 (above)



Graphic 12 (above)



Graphic 16 (above)



Graphic 27 (above)



Graphic 32 (above)



Graphic 36 (above)



Graphic 37 (above)



Graphic 6 (above)

 <p>STRENGTH THROUGH HONOR</p>	 <p>STRENGTH THROUGH HONOR</p>	 <p>STRENGTH THROUGH HONOR</p>
<p>Graphic 14 (above)</p>	<p>Graphic 24 (above)</p>	<p>Graphic 28 (above)</p>
 <p>STRENGTH THROUGH HONOR</p>	 <p>STRENGTH THROUGH HONOR</p>	 <p>STRENGTH THROUGH HONOR</p>
<p>Graphic 33 (above)</p>	<p>Graphic 39 (above)</p>	<p>Graphic 3 (above)</p>
 <p>STRENGTH THROUGH HONOR</p>	 <p>STRENGTH THROUGH HONOR</p>	 <p>STRENGTH THROUGH HONOR</p>
<p>Graphic 5 (above)</p>	<p>Graphic 15 (above)</p>	<p>Graphic 17 (above)</p>



Graphic 20 (above)



Graphic 21 (above)



Graphic 23 (above)



Graphic 30 (above)



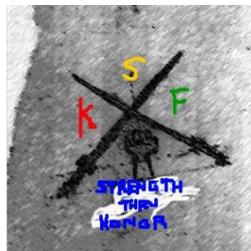
Graphic 34 (above)



Graphic 2 (above)



Graphic 8 (above)



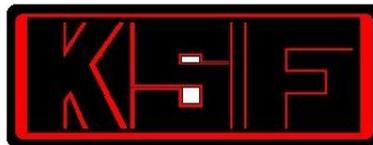
Graphic 9 (above)



Graphic 29 (above)



Graphic 31 (above)



Graphic 38 (above)



Graphic 26 (above)


 - *ROLE-PLAY REPORT* -



Campaign Coordination Command
 Summary - Vice Admiral K'Obol Chang-K'Onor
 TIMELINE - The Next RPG



Warriors, ask yourself this; What would happen if the TIMELINE of Klingon history changed? What would happen to the universe? To the Empire? To us?

What would have happened if the Organians had never been there to enforce a treaty between the Klingon Empire and the Federation?

What would have happened if Commander Kruge had managed to steal and use the Genesis Device?

What would have happened if Praxis had never exploded?

What would have happened if Kirk had not escaped Rura Pente and no one had uncovered the plot to destroy Gorkon's fragile peace?

What would have happened if Captain Picard had not been there to stop the Borg's invasion of Earth in 2063, and after assimilating Earth, they had set their sights on us?

Key events shape our history and small changes can render catastrophic results. What would happen if something altered what WAS....and created a future where nothing we know exists....and the only ones who might be able to put things to right was members of the Klingon Strike Force? What would YOU do if saving the most important things in your life meant giving them up? The answers await you in TIMELINE.....the next RPG game.....

This trimester, Kahless has summoned all of the Strike Force members, "originals" and "doubles" alike, into his presence, to introduce them to a warrior and a concept few of them could have previously imagined. The warrior is K'Netl' zantai-K'erl a Klingon Starfleet Commodore from the Twenty-Seventh Century, assigned to the Temporal Corps. He has come to recruit one of each of the warriors who have been duplicated, and to train them to help police the timelines, to change things back that were altered improperly, and to achieve temporal stability in the universe. He takes them directly from the Throne Room, to another place, seemingly out of time, to prove his words are real. There they meet other "time police" and see how the Temporal Corps keeps track of what the true

reality is.

All temporal "mutations" are corrected as soon as possible after they appear, but a new one has cropped up, and if left unchecked, this one will unravel the timeline in Klingon space, and the history we are familiar with will never have happened! The timeline in question is in the early days of Klingon / Human interaction, specifically the just before the Treaty of Organia. In the altered timeline, Organia is destroyed by the Federation to deny it to the Empire! A team of Temporal Agents must be inserted into the era, with all the equipment and accouterments of the time, and must do whatever is necessary to make sure history unfolds as it is supposed to. We have been asked to make up this team, and there is very little time to lose. Some have already accepted the challenge and will begin their mission shortly. Some have yet to commit.

Those of you who have time and interest to role play in this game are invited to contact Abbot K'Obol K'Onor at abbotkobol@aol.com or K'Lay K'Onor-Chang at KSFCCommand@aol.com, and you will be given further orders. If you do not have time to play this trimester, let us know, and you will be given a new set of orders and a new opportunity to play in a new timeline each trimester.

Website: We are playing in the usual place, the Klin Zha site at: http://games.groups.yahoo.com/group/KSF_Klin_Zha/ but those of you not online and instead using land mail are also welcome to play. Send your role plays to the address below, and they will be uploaded to the Klin Zha site.

Margie McDonnell-Welsh
17 McFatridge apt. 31
Halifax, Nova Scotia
B3N 2R3 Canada

Any questions, send an email or land mail to Abbotkobol@aol.com and / or KSFCCommand@aol.com.

BEGIN, and Qalpa.....

Vice Admiral K'Obol Chang-Konor
Thought-Admiral K'Lay epetai K'Onor-Chang
Campaign Coordination Command



- THE DISCWORLD ENCOUNTER -

By Kohn K'Tarra CO EKS

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 disrupters 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, Oooks, 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 bIQ'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 bIQ'a' Hub.

"Oook" agreed the Librarian.

"Oook?"

"A what?"

"Oook!"

"I'll see what I can do."

bIQ'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, bIQ'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 pipius 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 bIQ'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 bIQ'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 bIQ'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

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- *KLUB CHANGES* -



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