



Battle Lines

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

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- *Admiral's Thoughts* -

Admiral qe'San epetai be'rawn

Suvwl' Savan.. At last you're reading another issue of Battle Lines. I've been wanting to honour the transfer to the Black Fleet of K'zhen but since that occasion several of our esteemed Komrades have joined her. That marks a great loss to us but just the start of the glorious battles that lay ahead for them. That being the case I saw this issue as an ideal opportunity to honour all those who've left us to our own devices.

NOW SERVING IN THE BLACK FLEET

Richard Heckert / Cmdr. Rakqor sutai-K'Mpec (Sept 2013)

Gordon Ormond / Lt (jg) Ghoreq vestai-K'mpec (July 2013)

Doug Welsh / Vice-Admiral K'Obol epetai-Chang-K'Onor (June 2013)

Glen Proechel - plntln (Hon of ILS) (April 2012)

Gennie Summers - DaHar Master K'zhen epetai-Zu-Merz - tlhIngan Hlvbeqta' (Flt.Adm.ret) (May 2010)

Lynda Phillips - Staff-Admiral Katalyia epetai K'Tore-Jiraal (May 2009)

Earl D. Jones - Marine Captain Kolar vestai-Rasmehlier (August 2004)

As this is posted publicly I have removed all but the month and year of their transfer.

Some of what you read here within you may have seen before but in most cases that is likely to have been many years ago so please forgive the editor as hw juat wanted to put as much of their own pieces in as possible.

That said please read on and remember like these warriors we all get out of the KSF what we all put into it.

Admiral qe'San epetai be'rawn
Klingon Strike Force Commander in Chief



- *Editor's Dagger* -

by Admiral qe'San epetai be'rawn

Kai Suvwl' ... It is great news that I can bring you a new issue of Battle Lines.

I can't add much more than that above however I can't let this go without acknowledging the outstanding work done by Ke'reth

When this Black Fleet special issue started to tie up nicely as being a Halloween Issue images of K'zhen as a witch came flooding into my mind so I fudged together some sample artwork replacing the broom with a spear and sent it to Ke'reth as a suggestion to see what he could come up with. I definitely wanted a K'zhen Angels type image for the cover but there are so few photo's of K'zhen that it was a very difficult task to make it obvious it was K'zhen in the image. I hope that everyone agrees that what Ke'reth pulled out of the bag is one of our best covers yet and I hope she loves it too. Some of you may not know this but K'zhen sent several pieces to Ke'reth to colour so apart from make this issue so extra special I thought it would be great if Ke'reth could do the same again with some B&W artwork I've either been given or had myself. The results are outstanding and one I even kept back for a future cover. Ke'reth qatho'neS



So read on and enjoy...



- Announcements -

Officers, Promotions in rank and status are based on a multitude of factors: activity levels in various areas of the KSF, communication with other members, service to the club, skill, hard work, dedication, a willingness to work with others, and a positive attitude, among other key points. Promotions are never given out lightly, never just for "time in service", never on a quota based "set" schedule and sometimes, not given out at all. The following are the first promotions this year.



The Imperial Review Board will be meeting again soon and the next issue of Battle Lines will carry any forthcoming announcements.

However below are the promotions announced to the list but as yet un-published in Battle Lines. Without further fanfare then, the 23rd* sitting of the Klingon Strike Force Imperial Review Board would like to announce the following promotion:

Promotions:

23rd IRB Chairman TA (ret) K'LAY epetai-K'Onor-Chang

Lt. Commander Korek sutai-Koloth / Gary Ormond - Rank promotion to full Commander

**NB. 23rd IRB Chairman TA (ret) K'LAY epetai-K'Onor-Chang*

Commendations:

Personally I would also like to award the following commendations:

Vice-Admiral Kimpla zantai Dok-Marr-Zu-Merz / Rose Compton - for accepting the position of Chief of Staff

Commander Khen zantai-K'With / Alan Gunhouse - for tireless support of the Warrior's Tavern on both Tuesday evenings and Saturdays and always submitting Post Reports before anyone else.. I believe he's only missed about 5 chat nights in as many years.

Commander Korek sutai-Koloth / Gary Ormond - For taking on the CCC role and continued support during some troubled times.

*Qapla 'ej majQa'. Kai Kassai
Admiral qe'San epetai be'rawn
Klingon Strike Force Commander in Chief &
Imperial Review Board Chairman*

Appointments:

Also not new but as yet unpublished in Battle Lines:

Vice-Admiral Kimpla zantai Dok-Marr-Zu-Merz / Rose Compton - Appointed to be my Chief of Staff

Commander Korek sutai-Koloth / Gary Ormond - Appointed to CCC role and continued support during some troubled times.

Captain Ke'reth zantai-Makura / Robert Lydford - Appointed to Official Ambassador of the KSF.

Returning Full Member:

Kurt Cook

Marg, son of Ko'arr, Sutai of H'havraadh.
420 west Montana st #2
Livingston
MT 59047
USA



- Profile of K'zhen -

by DaHar Master K'zhen epetai-Zu-Merz

This is my original KSF profile, revised after my retirement. I hope it fits the requirements.

At that time: Fleet Admiral K'Zhen epetai-Zu-Merz

Upon my honor I swear that the following is true:



School was a drag for me. Not the studies, but the children. As a Klingon /human crossbreed, I was not well liked by the Imperial race children.

They would tease me and put me down endlessly. So I avoided them and spent hours in study. I learned much, and grew to feel superior to them because of the knowledge I had gained. I vowed to become superior to them in my service to the Empire. I would draft little spy stories with myself as the heroine, applying the things I had learned, thus instilling them further in my memory, though that was an unconscious benefit. My childhood foes, of course, became the villains in my tales. They were cast as despicable creatures such as Romulans and Kinshaya; as low as one can get. Needless to say, they were dispatched in the most painful ways my young mind could devise--and those were quite imaginative. I would still like to see some Romulan slime twisted into pretzel shape and dropped into boiling oil; one example of the fate to which I put one particularly nasty boy in my tales.

I had become interested in the military, in things official, and especially in secrets. I became bold

enough to spy on classmates, and then would snitch on them in ways that they could not trace back to me, and they would be in trouble. I

remember practicing hours on forging a classmate's handwriting, then leaving a note on a teacher's desk with information on the object of my vengeance. These successes delighted me no end. I know that is what led me into a career in intelligence-gathering.

I grew also to be intensely interested in Klingon culture, in everything about what it meant to be Klingon. I absorbed Klingon history, Klingon philosophy, everything Klingon. I suppose it was because I felt ashamed of my human half. Not that I despised my mother, for I honored her, since my father, who was a Klingon in every way, had married her. I had no problem with that, for she had married a Klingon and had embraced the Klingon way. A pity that she died giving birth to my younger brother before I began my career.

By the time I was in my teens, my ambitions were clear in my mind. I had learned all kinds of secretive and devious ways, and had gained a certain amount of admiration from teachers and friends, and even some of my enemies, especially when I got several of them expelled on specific charges. Real or trumped-up, it didn't matter, as long as I got them out of my way. This gained me not a small measure of respect.

My zeal for the Empire was recognized, and a teacher suggested that I aim for a career in military intelligence. That sounded perfect to me. As a member of the military, I would have a real sense of acceptance and belonging, and I would be able to prove my zeal for the Klingon way of life and the Klingon cause. I could really count for something important. My father also thought this might prove to be a good place for me. I am happy to say that he was especially proud of me later. He said I was a true daughter of the Empire. He was always a cunning and devious old darling, and I did learn a lot from him



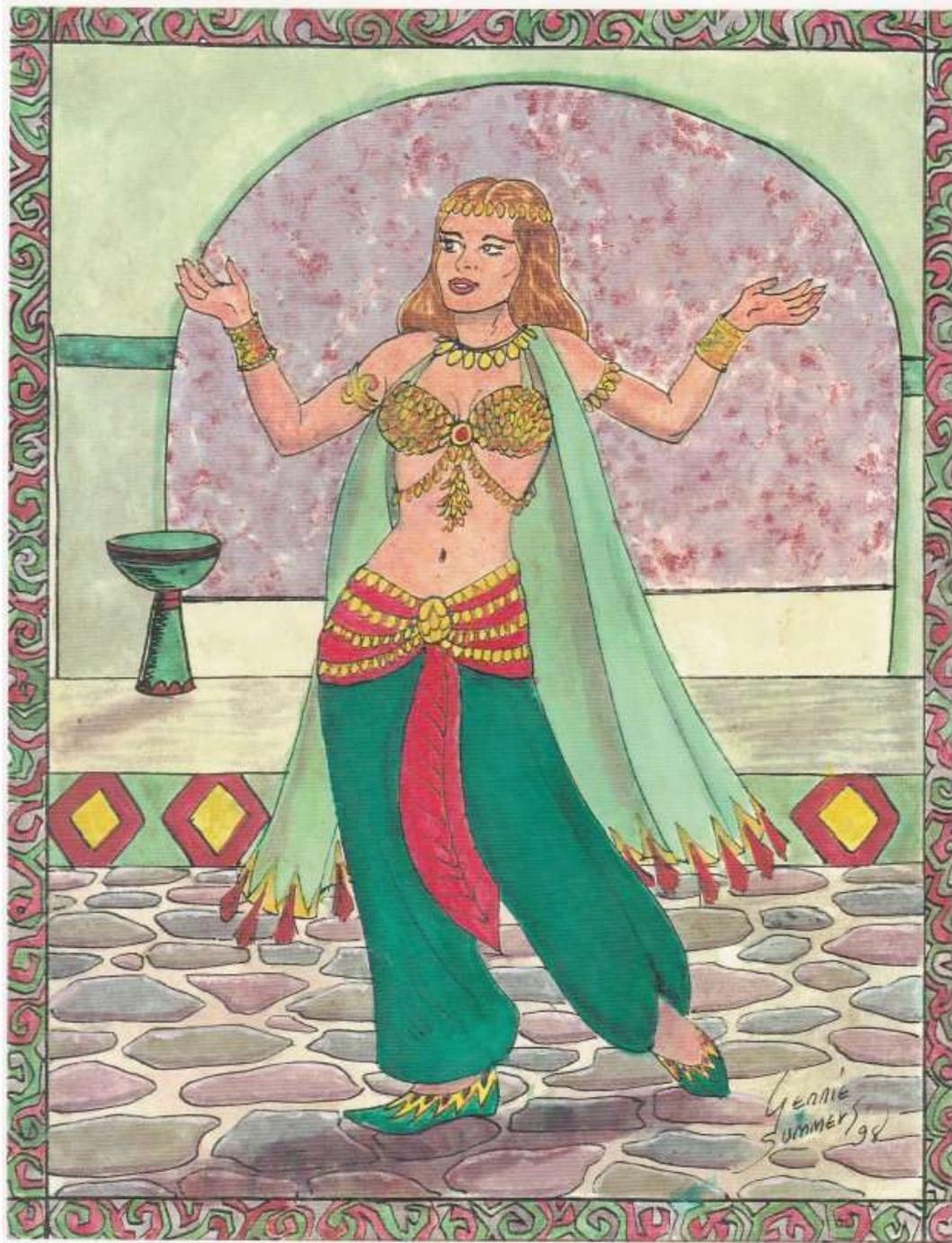
After my primary and preparatory schooling I applied for admittance to Star Academy, and for intelligence training. I was truly amazed at many things I learned there, things that my earlier studies had barely prepared me for. I was eager to put them into practice. The exercises were particularly stimulating. I am glad I was never asked to take the part of a Federation agent in those games. What we did to them was truly...interesting. I remember once, when we were tipped off that a Fed agent had learned of our location and activities, we surprised him and...well, if it had been real, it would have been shredded Fedder. I was sorry it wasn't. You see, there was a machine in an old warehouse for making wood chips...

When I finished espionage training my cadet cruise was aboard the courier ship EMISSARY whose mission was to relay information from agents to its final destination, whether it involved delivery in person, or transmitting the data back to our base. That was a fascinating experience.

I was then given a ground assignment on the human colony world DELTA MEGREZ, and got much practical experience in information gathering, posing as human. (A career in Espionage requires a great deal of self-sacrifice.) Language study had been a challenge, but I enjoyed it, and managed to pass without anyone recognizing any Klingon accent.

After a time there, I was assigned to a Klingon agency on another planet of that system. It was good to be among my own people, and those sympathetic to our cause. Later I was sent to OMICRON ASCELLA (The Armpit) to a head of a small agency. A new challenge for me, and one I accepted gladly. I was sorry to see it end when we were raided by local police, but I managed to destroy any incriminating evidence before they found it.

I had to be reassigned, and this time it was to a larger agency on a Vulcan colony called FARPON. It was there that I got a taste of what we had been often warned against: discovery by the enemy and its consequences. I was fortunate the Vulcans didn't believe in invading the minds of others by force. I held them in contempt for their ridiculous scruples, but that is the kind of thing that works in our favor, proving our superiority over other races. I was questioned a number of times, but my zeal for the Cause and hatred for the Federation stood me in good stead, and I withstood it all without revealing anything. They finally had to give up for lack of incriminating evidence. I was held for a time longer, then released and deported. I was extremely happy to get away from them. If there is anything more detestable than Romulans, it is their Vulcan cousins and their nauseating platitudes of peace. The spirit of Kahless preserve us!



Following this, I was fortunate to be given short assignments aboard several warships. While aboard the Light Cruiser IKV **TORMENTOR**, I witnessed the punishment of a world of rebels who refused to accept Klingon rule. This had been made possible by information gathered by agents such as myself, and I was extremely proud. After a leave on my homeworld of Kiahz, I served briefly aboard the Battle Cruiser IKV **OBLITERATOR**, and observed the glory of planetary destruction, a sight I shall never forget.

An entire world, reduced to cosmic dust! Its people, rather than surrender their rich mineral deposits to us, had actually destroyed them, and this was their just punishment. I never knew a

prouder moment, nor one filled with such a sense of satisfaction and justice. I began to feel a desire to serve more time on warships, and hoped one day to command one.

I was then returned to planetary service, this time on Terra itself, to serve in the **KLINGON STRIKE FORCE** as an Ensign. I was given the task of directing the **MAGNA PROJECT**, and soon was promoted to full Lieutenant. Then, after preparing myself for starship command, I was transferred from Intelligence to Global Military. I was promoted to Lt.Cmdr., then Commander, and assigned command of **SHADOW SQUADRON**, and subsequently

STARBASE K'SHONA, which then housed all the ships of the KSF. After being promoted to Captain, I was placed in charge of GLOBAL MILITARY. After a time I was promoted to head CAMPAIGN COORDINATION COMMAND and joined the Admiralty and Command Staff of the KSF, turning my other commands over to others. I have begun to adopt others into my line to build a strong house. Upon the retirement of Thought-Admiral Keel epetai-K'Ta-ri, I was appointed to command the KSF. I never dreamed that I would attain such a position, but now that I have, I shall take advantage of the opportunity to serve the Empire and my fellow Klingons to advance the Klingon Empire as Kahless would wish it.

UPDATE: I served for five years as leader of the KSF, then in the Terran year of 2000 I turned command over to Thought-Admiral K'Lay epetai-Chang K'Onor. Upon my retirement the KSF voted to give me the coveted title of DaHar Master. I continue to serve the Empire whenever I am needed.

I am considered loyal, efficient, and fair. I suppose if I have any faults that matter, it is my impatience with careless and undedicated underlings. I intend to do as much as possible for the Klingon Cause for the remainder of my life, and then serve forever in the Black Fleet.



- Kahless -

by K'Obol Chang-K'Onor

Following the Paths of Honour is not an easy journey, and is not for everyone - not even for all who wish to be honourable. Fortunately, Kahless has left us a few pieces of map, to guide us.

In the days of the Tyrant Molor, Kahless was one of his most senior and most trusted officers. But a day came when Kahless could no longer accept the ways of Molor, and his sons, and he rebelled against the dishonourable behaviour of those who thought that misuse of belief in honour was a tool to keep them in power over others.

We all know the story of how Kahless gathered to him those who felt as he. We all know the tragedy of those months in exile, and this tale is not going to tell that story again. We have a different focus, today.

The legends that have grown up around Kahless are legion, and most of them are no more than stories that have grown in the telling. For instance - Look at the two legends we have about the death of Kahless! One legend, that known as "Kahless Kaaste - The Hand of Kahless", says that, when his ship was dying in battle, he ordered his crew to abandon ship, but not until after they had tied his hand, by his own command, to his post, that none could ever say after that Kahless saved himself at the cost of even one of his crew. The other legend says that one day, when Kahless had grown old, and tired

of rule, he packed a few belongings, and walked away from his capital. When one of his senior officers came after him, they talked for a while, and the force of Kahless' personality was so strong that he convinced his friend that it was right and honourable for him to let Kahless leave his people, saying "When you need me, look for me there!", pointing to a star in the sky which we have ever after called Sto-Vo-Kor.

There is nothing in either of these legends which is incompatible with the truth of Kahless, as we have come to know it. The first legend grew from Kahless' own determination that following the course of honour would one day require him to sacrifice his life for his people. The second legend came from his knowledge that, having sacrificed his life for his people, his example would always be available to them in the future, whenever we needed him! The two ideas are not incompatible, and even though they seem to offer different versions of the truth, both are to be venerated as the "Truth of Kahless".

A few years ago, clerics from a monastery on Boreth presented the Empire with a great gift. They claimed they had found and brought back to life Kahless the Unforgettable. We all know the troubles this caused in the Empire, as factions and Great Houses lined themselves up either in favour of restoring Kahless to the Throne, or denouncing the supposed impostor.

Eventually, as we all know, Gowron and the High Council found a way to bring peace to the Empire, and today, Kahless the Returned sits on the Throne of the Empire. A few years later, more clerics claimed to have found an ancient chest, containing the journals of Kahless - journals which revealed a disturbing story, and which claimed to have found that our beliefs in the virtues of honour and faith were based in error. This last discovery troubled the Empire perhaps even more than the Return of Kahless, for this threatened to destroy our ages long faith in Kahless.



Let us look at this tale, and see what can be seen, in the teachings of Kahless, about the Teachings of Kahless.

When the Tyrant Molor had been vanquished, and Kahless was secure on the Throne, the people expected that nothing would really change, for that was how revolution had always been in times gone by. But the people did not realize how much Kahless had changed during his time in exile. They did not know how much of an effect Morath had had on Kahless. Let me be clear here, that even before the influence of Morath, Kahless was a good, even a great warrior and leader. Morath, by showing Kahless constantly that he expected Kahless to be and do more than anyone else expected Kahless to do, showed Kahless the Path of Honour that would lead to him joining the Gods in our pantheon, to

Strength Through Honour

be worshipped and adored over the centuries. Kahless' own writings confirm this, as he tells us in his own hand of his frustrations and anger with Morath, as Morath constantly held Kahless up to a higher standard than that to which even Kahless held himself. This was even the main cause of the famous battle between Kahless and Morath, for Kahless says he wished to be judged as other men are judged, while Morath said that Kahless should be more than other men.

In time, Kahless became more comfortable with this demand of Morath, and even after Morath died, kept himself to what he believed was the standard that Morath would have demanded of him, and became not just "Kahless who vanquished Molor the Tyrant", but "Kahless the Unforgettable".

Let us come forward in time many centuries, to just a few years ago. Clerics on Boreth, feeling that the Empire was in danger of losing its sense of honour, found what they thought was the answer that the Empire needed - They would bring back Kahless! That would restore our sense of honour and give back the direction they felt was lacking in the people! They took, from their monastery, one of the greatest relics of Kahless - his dak'tagh, still stained with his own blood. They turned to the scientists, and said take this stain, and bring us back Kahless, and the scientists did what all scientists will do when given a challenge - they met the challenge, and Kahless the Returned came forth from the cloning. The clerics assumed responsibility for their charge, and taught Kahless the Returned everything they knew from their records about Kahless the Unforgettable, even the stories which had been forgotten by the people, even the stories which had never been known by the people, but only by the clerics themselves. One day, their creation was ready, and they awoke Kahless the Returned, letting him think he was Kahless the Unforgettable.

When the later group of clerics found the writings of Kahless, all of this work to restore the Empire's sense of direction was threatened with destruction, as Kahless' own brutal honesty about himself told the worlds of his own doubts and struggles, of his own rebellions against the standards to which he was held by his friend and brother Morath. Kahless was a man, like all others, and had the same feelings and concerns

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about his value and worth, to himself as well as to the Empire. He even told us of his feelings when he and Morath fought for twelve days in the wilderness. He told us of how his anger was so great that he drew his dak'tagh and stabbed his brother Morath. He told us how his remorse at this act was so great that he immediately vowed never to use that knife again, but kept it always by his side to remind him of how angry he had gotten with his friend. He never again used that dak'tagh, nor even cleaned it from that terrible day.

What has Kahless told us, then?

The blood on Kahless' dak'tagh is that of Morath. Thus, there can only be one following conclusion - Kahless the Returned is NOT Kahless, but Morath the Returned!

This discovery in no way lessens Kahless the Unforgettable, nor does it lessen Kahless the Returned. Kahless the Unforgettable, by remembering his friend and brother Morath, has given the Empire a great gift in Kahless the Returned. Kahless' writings reveal that he struggled, daily, with living up to the tough standards of honour and justice set by Morath. Kahless' gift to us is a version of Kahless who was born with the innate sense of rightness that guided Morath all his life, the sense that set the standard which Kahless sought all his days.

We now have on the Throne of the Empire one who has absorbed all of the life experience of Kahless the Unforgettable, into a body that was born Honourable and Just! Truly, we have the best of all worlds in one Warrior - Kahless the Returned!



- IKV-262 -

by Rakqor (17-Aug-52 - 06-Oct-2013)

<http://www.quva.de/Liedersammlung/englisch.html>

Admiral's in communication with the high council
Say's Rakqor's done quite a job
Gowron's on subspace from Qo'noS
Says I going to make you a star
My Captain Rakqor here's your next patrol
A flight of Romulan ships across the neutral
zone
After 12 they will all be there
I think you know the job
They hung dependent from space
Like some heavy metal fruit
These Romulans ripened and ready to blast
Must these Romulans live that I might die
Must they live that I might die
In a disrupter disaster from the rate of fire
Sometimes they'd overheat and be lost to our
side

But there's no reward for failure but death
So watch me on our scanners
Keep me on the attack path
Get me through these sensors so I cannot fail
Where my great photon torpedoes are eager to
feed
I can't fail No not now when 25 ships wait ripe
Must these Romulans live that I might die
Must they live that I might die
IKV 262 prince of Bird of Prey
Disrupter fire blast from wings of my ship
And see the Romulan ships go burn
You be my witness how red were the skies
Where Rakqor flew for the very last time.
It was dark over the zone after may of 45
Must these Romulans live that I might die
Must they live that I might die



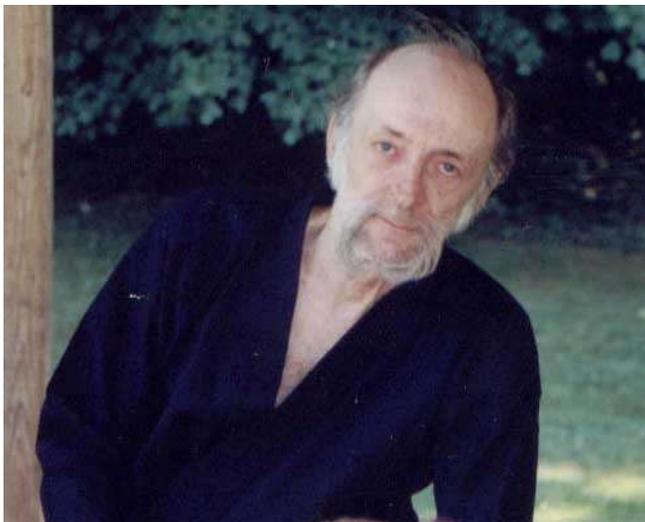


- Profile of Earl D. Jones -

by Earl G Jones / Kolar Rasmehlier

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.

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 B'etor), 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, Ferrier, Skeletal Material Carver, Encyclopedia and Vacuum Cleaner Salesman, Postal Clerk, Councillor (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

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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.

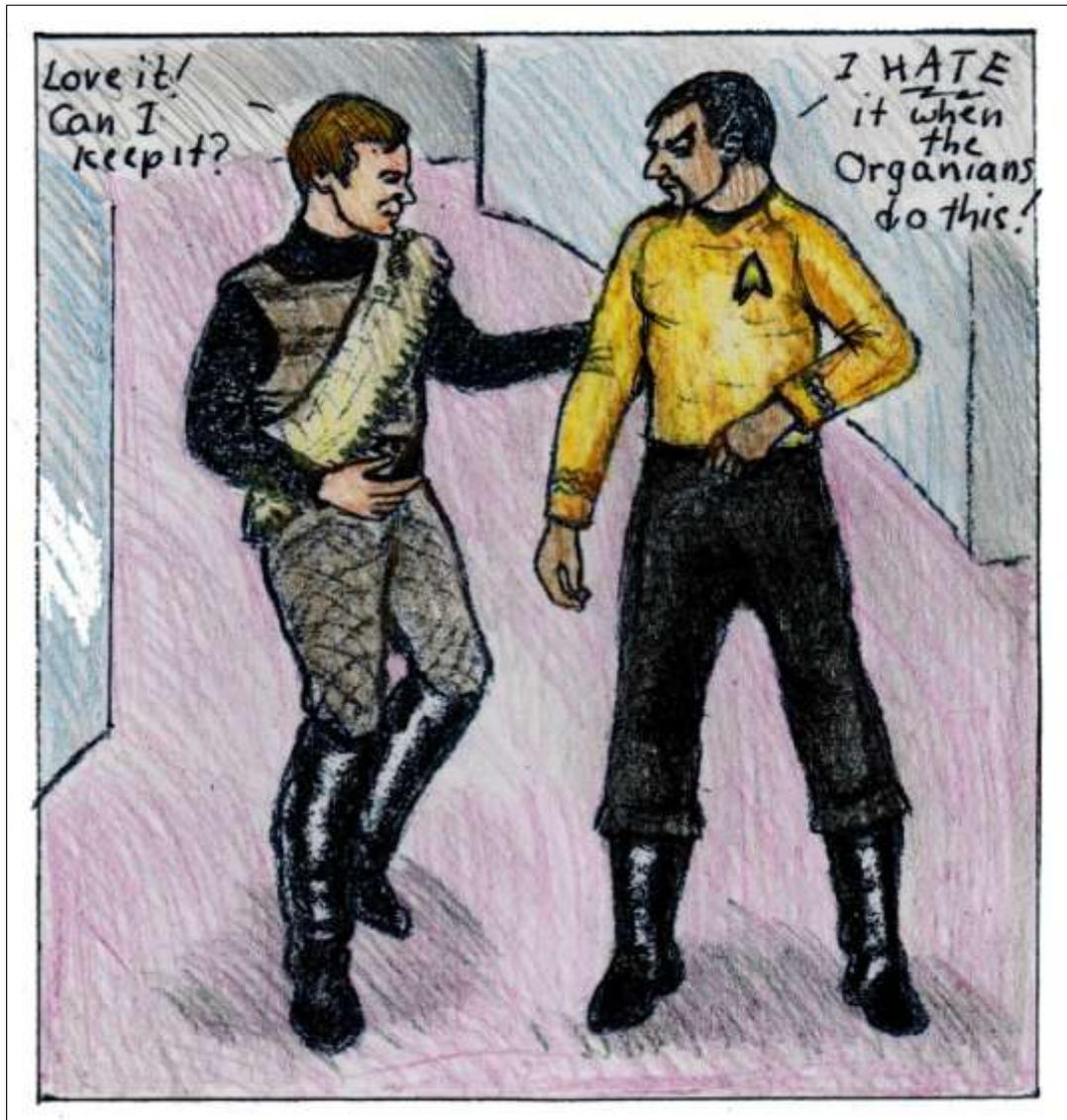
Years interest in Star Trek: My interest started, when I saw the first run of the first pilot film, on NBC, in the 60's. I am one of the earliest, if not oldest "Trekkies". Actually, my interest began even before the first showing of the pilot, when a friend of mine, who was an engineer for NASA, contacted 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

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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.





- Profile of 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.

At any rate, the translation of the Line name,

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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 north-eastern 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. Keaghlar, 3. Brocharris, 4. GornaQ, 5. Qorvazh, 6. DurQec, 7. Vors, 8. Ranme'a, 9. Tor'dis, 10. Ma'lIS, 11. NarglIS, 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 travelling 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 know 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 wherewithal, 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 repaid 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 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 surprise that he 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 its 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

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 re-establish 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 battleh. If you refuse, I will add the smoking 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 entrails over his boots in a mortal wound. To the admiral's credit, his surprised gaze turned from his steaming entrails, 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 Qo'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



- Black Fleet Recipes -

by Black Fleet Suvwl'



Targ Guts Brew & Chew - the After Holiday Treat

by Fleet-Admiral K'Zhen Zu-merz

Of course you are going to have stuffed Targ for your Holiday meal, but what do you do with the guts? Here is an absolutely charming recipe idea from your friendly Fleet Admiral:

Having removed the intestines from the targ (it is recommended it be slain first, after all, targs don't deserve the same fate as Romulans), place them in a brew of brine, vinegar, wine and spices. Allow them to soak for 24 hours, then remove them and hang them up to dry. This process can be accelerated by applying some heat, but not enough to cook them.

While they are still flexible, use the intestines to decorate your holiday tree, Terran style. They will not only add beauty to your cabin or room, but will offer a pleasant aroma as well, especially as the days pass.



Tolar'tu Toddy

by Abbot Kobol Chang-K'Onor

Ingredients:

One large bottle of nectai for each guest.
4 litres of targ milk for each bottle of nectai.
2 ground Cinnamon sticks for each bottle of Nectai.

1 large saucepan.

Instructions:

Open bottles of Nectai.
Pour targ milk down drain. (It really doesn't taste very good, and what self respecting Klingon want to get caught drinking milk, anyway?)
Blow the ground Cinnamon away after every drink of Nectai.

Use the pan on whoever tries to take your Nectai for themselves.

Repeat as often as necessary to immobilize guests.



Christmas Snack

by Meth Z.Klesh AKA The Abbot

Ingredients:

One large orange, peeled and segmented.
One large bottle of Single Malt Nectai.
One bowl for dipping.

Pick up slice of orange, dip it carefully with the assistance of a lovely female assistant, and then dip it again in the nectai. Place half of the dipped segment in mouth, and offer the other half to the lovely assistant. Eat.



K'Zhen's Raw Kabbage Haystacks

- DaHar Master K'Zhen Zu-Merz (ret. FltAdm)

One large Kabbage
One large cleaver to whack the Kabbage in pieces (pretend it's a Romulan head.)
One or two Karrots
One sharp serrated knife to scrape skin from

Karrots (more fun if you pretend you're skinning a Ferengi)

One or two Apples - cored, leave the peelings on, just cut their little hearts out.

Several stalks of Celery, Use food processor, unless you really enjoy chopping things in little pieces that can't fight back.

Shred Kabbage pieces, skinned karrots, celery and cored apples. Mix all together. Add Mayo to the mess, as much as you like.

Eat up! It's good for you!

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**Flaming Dragon** - Captain Kolar Rasmehlier  
Most Honored Warrior of Sto-Vo-Kor  
Warning: Do not make this drink according to the directions or it can result in injury (seriously)!

It is very simple to make. There are only three main ingredients.:

Acquire two specific bottles of commercial booze. One is a bottle of Chartreuse, 150 proof, mint liquor. The second, depends on how brave you are. The Milder version, takes a bottle of Stroh's spiced rum, also 150 proof. The third ingredient is a small tin of common spice, known as powdered nutmeg.

Mix the two bottles of alcoholic beverage together in equal amounts. Depending on your tolerance for alcoholic drinks you can probably handle anywhere from one to maybe four or five of these drinks, in small amounts. No more than 4 ounces at a time..

Pour the blended mixture, into a small drinking vessel, from 2 to 4 ounces in volume, and sprinkle a pinch of powdered nutmeg on the surface of the liquid. Now, set flame to the surface, allow to burn for a slow count of three, then blow out the flame. It's ready to drink.

However, before you throw it back, there is a specific set of rules for drinking this mixture, which **MUST** be followed, closely. Otherwise, it could actually prove fatal.

Rules for drinking Harbinger (Flaming Dragon) nectai:

1. Swirl the liquid gently, as it burns, so as to heat it evenly...
2. Blow out the flame...

3. Take as deep a breath, as your lungs can possibly hold, and sustain it, as you toss the drink back...

4. once the liquid has sizzled down your throat, exhale through your mouth, forcibly, then close your mouth, **TIGHT!**

5. Don't breath in, through your mouth, for at least 10 minutes. Fifteen would be better. If you **DO** breath in through your mouth, too early, the severe traumatic shock, of the aerated high octane alcohol, to your system, will cause every airflow passage in your body, to close up tight, and you will suffocate.

It might be a good idea to have a trained EMT standing by, who has experience in emergency respiration procedures, and also have a quick ride to the nearest hospital at hand, when you first try this drink. For those extremely brave and/or fool-hardy individuals, who like to live on the edge, the more potent version of the drink, calls for the substitution of Everclear, 190 proof, pure grain alcohol, in the place of the Stroh's Rum. The resultant finished drinks, will be from 150 to 175 proof. The real kicker, is actually **NOT** the strong alcohol mixture. It seems that when powdered nutmeg is exposed to such high octane alcohol, it becomes almost hallucinogenic. It'll **DEFINITELY** get you there. It makes the best hardcore Romulan Ale, look like cool aid, by comparison. However, as long as the rules are followed, closely, it makes for a really good, really kick-ass drink. The first time, I would strongly advise, that even the best drinkers, not go for more than 3 of these drinks. Besides, it's like drinking flaming sulphuric acid. It **REALLY** burns on the way down.

Enjoy!

**Fricasseed Junior Officer**

BY Abbot (Vice Admiral) K'Obol K'Onor

From the archives of the Chaplain General Corps Training Academy.

Dig one large pit, of sufficient size to contain a crumpled body. Fill with dried wood and charcoal to halfway mark. Soak in kerosene or Bar-B-Cue Starter Fluid. Drop lighted match over the side of pit and duck! When coals have burned to a uniform grey, with nice red centres, obtain one junior officer, trussed and spitted on a long stick. Brace one end of stick in ground, and rest stick in "V" of a support brace. Rotate junior officer slowly as he broils. When nearly done, remove

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from spit, and soak in vat of bloodwine, (or Romulan Ale) to taste.

Serve on large platter, with heavy amounts of pepper to disguise unpleasant flavour imparted by smoking process.

Makes about 8 - 12 servings, depending on size of junior officer.

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Neelix's Interstellar Stew

by DaHar Master K'Zhen Zu-Merz (ret. FltAdm)

1 pound Rigelian Blood Worms

1 cup Tula berries

1 cup Romulan Ale

6 Kafarian apples

4 Bolian Ginger roots

1 barrel of Blood Wine

Quadrottricale biscuits

Stew worms in Romulan Ale until tender. Chop Tula berries, Kafarian apples and dice ginger roots, cook separately and add to blood worms.

Stir until nicely mixed. Serve while hot over biscuits.

Wash down with Blood Wine. If it is not to your taste, you won't notice the difference after the barrel of blood wine.

NB. K'Zhen also notes Mark Okrand's "Klingon for the Galactic Traveller":

"If heat is used as part of food preparation, the cook is most likely to {mlQ} (deep-fry) the food. This involves first acquiring {tlhagh} (animal fat) from any available source and then heating it up so that it boils (the general word for 'boil' is {pub}, but the verb used specifically to refer to the boiling of fat is {l'm} (render). After it has been boiling for a while, the food to be fried is tossed in (sometimes having been coated in some kind of paste), and it stays there until it has soaked up as much of the {tlhagh} (fat) as possible. A particularly popular dish, {tlhombuS}, requires that the cook coat a block of {tlhagh} with a mixture of {ngat} (herbed granulated cartilage) and {tlr} (grain) and then briefly immerse the block into the already boiling fat, just until the coating hardens." (KGT p.93)

Roast Kinshaya

by Abbot (Vice Admiral) K'Obol K'Onor

Take one average size Kinshaya, (preferably live but recently dead is OK) truss with medium-weight steel/tritanium cables from ankles to

knees, and arms from wrist to shoulders. Stand about 10 meters back to minimize spatter damage to battle leathers and set UFP/Starfleet issue type phasers on low.

Play beam steadily over Kinshaya in a rotating even-dispersal pattern until fur is singed off and Kinshaya stops moaning.

Then pick up previously-prepared platter of fresh roast targ slices stuffed with chestnut dressing and cranberries in white wine sauce, and eat till full. The roast Kinshaya was just for fun.



Roast Suckling Ferengi

by Abbot (Vice Admiral) K'Obol K'Onor

Take one medium sized Ferengi, gut, clean and salt the body cavity. Stuff with a mixture of bread, mashed potatoes, chestnuts and sage, with cranberries for colour. Liberally season with cloves across head, ears and butt. (Be sure to push them in firmly. These little buggers tend to try to pick the cloves out before the roasting is finished, and it DOES affect the taste!)

Stitch with a loose overhand stitch, stuff it on a spit, and roast slowly over a small fire, basting often.

When fully cooked, remove spit, and position on a bed of cooked long grain rice, with legs folded to resemble the usual Ferengi Honor Position - begging on his knees, with hands and arms folded forward as if trying to grab that last bar of

Latinum, and stuff a "Golden Delicious" apple into his mouth.

Serve with lots of bloodwine, to help you get past having to look at a naked, roasted Ferengi!

Burnt Popcorn

by Staff Admiral Katalyia K'Tore-Jiraal

1. Any brand of Microwave popcorn.
2. Place bag in Microwave, instruction side up.
3. Put the maximum time in that is stated on the bag for popping time.
4. Stand and listen to it pop.
5. When the popping stops, take it out of the microwave.
6. Carefully open the bag, so you won't miss the aroma.
7. You have succeeded when you see all the burned popcorn in the bag and the bag is scorched on the outside--as well as the inside--of the bag.
8. Enjoy! If you have a turn-table, remove it for best results.

naHlet Yuch Cookies

by DaHar Master K'Zhen Zu-Merz

- 1 cup crunchy peanut butter
- 3/4 cup butter or margarine
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 brown sugar
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 1 large egg
- 2 teaspoons vanilla
- 1/2 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 1/4 cups flour

1. Heat oven to 375 degrees.
2. Beat peanut butter and butter in bowl until creamy.
3. Add sugar, brown sugar, cocoa, egg, vanilla and baking soda until fluffy.
4. On low speed blend in flour just until blended.
5. Roll rounded tablespoons full into 1 1/4 inch balls.
6. Place 1 1/2 inches apart on baking sheet.
7. Flatten with fork making crisscross design.
8. Bake 8-10 minutes until top looks dry.
9. Cool. Invite your warrior friends to enjoy!



- The Black Fleet -

by Kurt E. Cook. 1st Dec 2003

(The last words of a dying Klingon Warrior)

the pain has left me
 conquered by cold un-feeling
 my shattered body lies numb
 my eyes see into oblivion
 my ears hear only the defiant howls
 of those I leave behind

all is void

in the alien world that is death
 there is but one with a voice
 to speak his silent commands
 to those who obey, but do not hear
 he bears the scars of a million battles
 the most recent are my own
 his eyes regard me with the judgement of the stars.
 the Black Captain speaks

"TAKE THY POST, WORTHY ONE!
 A THOUSAND VICTORIES AWAIT YOU!"



- Faith and Klingons -

by K'Obol Chang-K'Onor

To hear and understand the laIDan of the Klin, it is first necessary to understand that the Klin are not, and never were, just one people! Know, Warriors, that even on Qo'onos, in the days when Kahless overthrew the tyrant Molor, there were Gevish'rae, and

Kamordagh, and they were as different from each other as was night from day. The Kamordagh were, and are, strong in their loyalties to the Empire, always serving selflessly, for Honour alone. The Gevish'rae, on the other hand, have never understood the value of a belief, except of course, for their closely held belief that they are better than we Kamordagh!

Besides the Klinzhai of the Home World, there are also the Rumaïm, the Wijngan and of course, the Daqawlu -

"The Remembered" ones of our ancient history. All had reason to look at their Worlds and their lives differently.

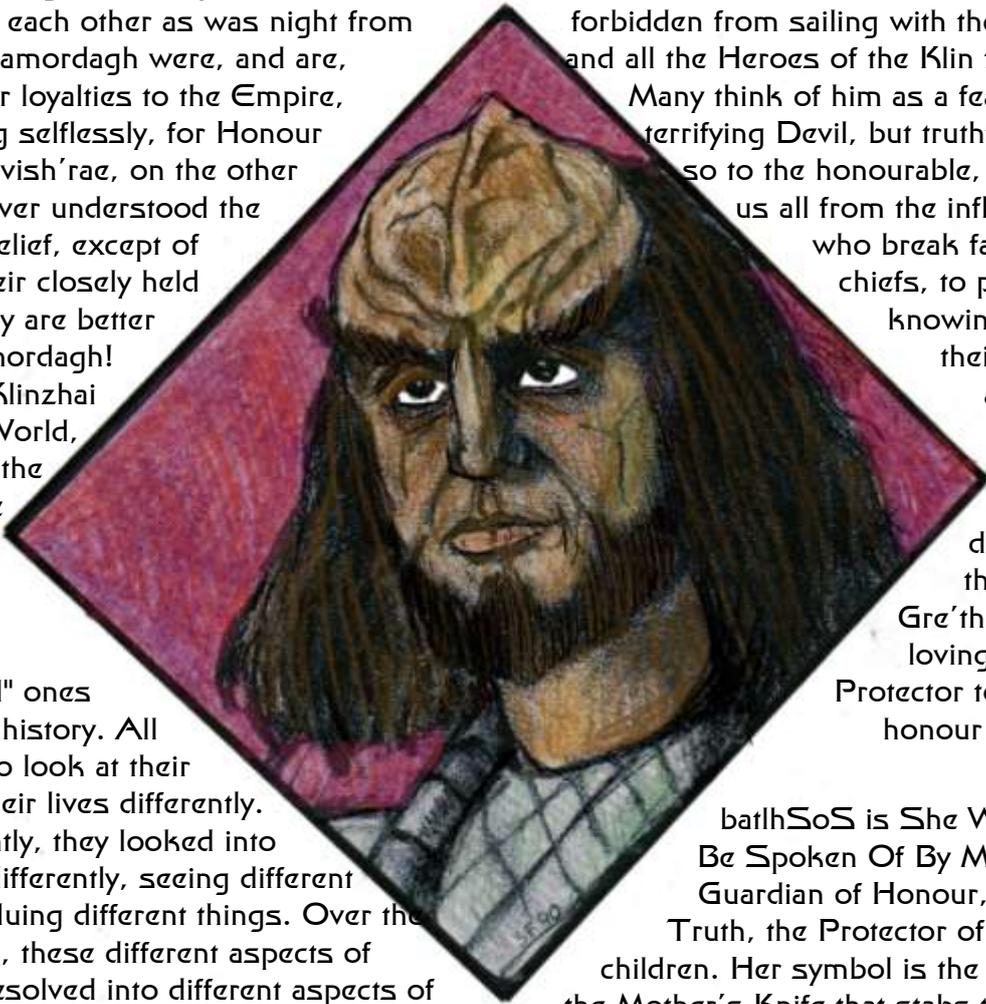
Consequently, they looked into themselves differently, seeing different things, and valuing different things. Over the centuries, these different aspects of themselves resolved into different aspects of the Divine, and thus our Ancient Gods were born!

First of the Gods was Durgath, the Father-Creator of the Klinzhai, God of life and growth, he who fed his people, and gave them places to live and water to drink in the deserts and mountains of the Highlands, who gave us the first of our famous Code of Honour. Next, when Durgath was lonely, came Cymele, who became his wife. She it was who nurtured the plantings and the females who were with child, who taught them how to live in harmony with

their World, instead of in conflict with their World. At the opposite end of the Hall of the Gods sits Veqlargh, the Demon of the Lost, He who guards Gre'thor, Hall of the Damned, where Warriors who break faith with their Chiefs are confined after death, where the dishonoured Dead remain, forever forbidden from sailing with the Black Fleet, and all the Heroes of the Klin for all of time!

Many think of him as a fearsome and terrifying Devil, but truthfully, he is not so to the honourable, for he protects us all from the influence of those who break faith with their chiefs, to protect us from knowing dishonour at their hands. He is

a fearsome and terrible Guardian keeping the dishonoured in the bowels of Gre'thor, and he is a loving and caring Protector to those whose honour is intact.



batlhSoS is She Who May Never Be Spoken Of By Men. She is the Guardian of Honour, Justice and Truth, the Protector of women and children. Her symbol is the White SoStaj, the Mother's Knife that stabs to the heart he who harms one of Hers. Her servant is Betan-Ka, the Seeker after Truth, who Asks, and Obtains Answers from all.

We cannot forget Hakkierk, Patron of medicine and the recovering wounded, Messenger of the gods, Omen and Harbinger, Guardian and Warder, who brings relief on the field of Battle to all Warriors in need; Life if they can heal, and a quick and Honourable Death, if they cannot.

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The tera'ngan do not understand who we are, and who our gods are. They confuse Heroes and Gods. Kahless is not a God. Kahless was never a God. Kahless was, and is, a Hero.

For this reason, we have given him the respect of an Empire. Because they do not have such heroes, the tera'ngan compare Kahless to their gods, and think he is one to us. They are wrong. They do not even know of Morath! In the days of Molor the Tyrant,

Kahless, becoming disgusted at the way Molor abused his people and broke faith with them, rose up against Molor, and after many months of rebellion, drove Molor from the City of Qo'onos, and became our Emperor. Morath, who was closer to Kahless than any other, became the Conscience of Kahless, and taught Kahless to respect his people, to always do what was needed for his people before what was needed for himself. These were not easy lessons, as the Writings of Kahless have told, but he learned them well, and the proof is in the Code of Honour which he passed down to us from the Gods. Follow the Code of Kahless, and you can do no wrong. This is the Code of Kahless:

Halloween 2013 Issue

Do no wrong deed!
Harm only those who have earned their harm by evil actions.
Keep faith!
Do no wrong deed!
Enjoy your life,
for you will not enjoy your Death!
Be joyful in all you do!
Do no wrong deed!

It may be noticed, by a modern eye, that some words of his Code seem to be repeated. This is true. They are important enough to bear repeating every day. These four words are ALL of the Law - Do No Wrong Deed!

Remember the words of the tay nenghep -

DaHjaj Suvwl'e'jIH!

Tlqwlj Sa'angNIS!

Today, I am a Warrior!
I must show you my heart!

Thus are the Old Gods remembered.

Thus shall we be remembered,
when we have become Daqawlu!



- As I Prepare To Face Death -

by Kurt E. Cook. 13th Dec 2003

As I prepare to face death
the commander shouts the order to attack
I clutch my rifle tightly
and think of how much I would rather
be holding you in my arms.
honor bade me to this fight,
and fight I must,
not for my country.
not for my home.
but for the right
to be the kind of man
that you deserve.





- Pictorial Guide to Verbal Suffixes-

Excerpt page from

"A Pictorial Guide to the Vernal Suffixes of tlhIngan Hol"

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| <p>A
PICTORAL GUIDE
TO THE
VERBAL SUFFIXES
OF
tlhIngan Hol</p>  <p>Illustrated by
Gennie Summers</p> <p><small>Institution of Klingon Language Institute</small></p> | <p><i>ll' in progress</i></p>  <p>HoHll' <i>he is killing her</i></p> | <p>A
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- Gennie Summers-K'Zhen - where to start? -

by Sue Frank / Capt. Kishin zantai-Kurkura

Editor's Note: Originally written in 1999 for *Mind Scanner*, I was going to edit it but that just felt wrong. I have however crossed through some sentences:

She lives in her own little house in Cassville, MO. She's older than me and Kerla, younger than God.

For some years now, she has been Admiral K'Zhen, guiding spirit of the Klingon Strike Force (started by Kris, carried on by Keel, saved by K'Zhen from foundering when Keel retired from leadership.).

Gennie is an expert gamer-by-mail who keeps the KSF's round-robins lively with invention. Going much further back, to the early seventies, though, she has been a mainstay of Star Trek fandom in general, ever ready to contribute her art to the dozens of amateur publications that sprang up in tribute to the show. (She is one of the rare fannish artists who will draw you a whole page full of figures complete with hands and feet (!), capable of expressing most any action or emotion you need to complement a story. She is a zine-editor's dream come to life.)

My first through-the-mail encounter with Gennie came in 1989, after I visited Linda Slusher in Ohio. Linda showed me several of her own Klingon stories illustrated by Gennie in zines like the Rondeaus' Clipper Trade Ship and Roberta Rogow's GRIP, and gave me her address when I admitted that I was eager to get involved with Klingon zining myself.

Starting with the first issue of *Agonizer*, Gennie decorated every one of my Klingon projects with fierce warriors, and imaginatively garbed (and some exquisitely "un-garbed") females. She crafted portraits of fannish Klingons on request. She collaborated with both writers and other artists when invited, always there to support another's fannish fun.

Gennie's sense of humor, energy, kindness, creativity (and the fact that she was a self-described hermit who was not likely to come to any of our out-of-Missouri conventions) made it a long-term goal of mine to travel to meet her face-to-face. I finally did manage it in 1998, almost ten years after our first communications. Dave Kraklow (Kadak) was living in Springfield, near Cassville. He had befriended Gennie and was trying to fit her out with e-mail, so had been visiting her on a monthly basis trying to get things going on her limited budget. He warned me that she was shy of visitors. She has lived alone since her aged parents died and was worried that a visitor would find her house too messy. I wrote to her ahead of time, hoping that if I described the house I grew up in which featured cats falling through the attic drop-ceiling onto my head ("drop" is right:-) as I sat on the potty would reassure her. To my delight, she chuckled and said I could come along.

So days before we were to head off to the Klingon Year Games in the summer of '98, Kadak and I drove the hour to Cassville and had a day with Gennie that fulfilled all my hopes and brought surprises too. Gennie is short, zoffig, with curly gray hair and the smile you'd expect. She showed me her collections of drawings, a lifetime's fannish industry. She let me browse through her zine collection of close to a dozen cartons full of the amateur books, most of them the paper cover, 11X 8 " format which fans make to celebrate their loves. Gennie's were all "comps", the free copies fannish publishers send to their contributors by way of thanks. They ranged in date from the seventies to the present. Most were Star Trek-related, but there were plenty of Star Wars and "multi-media" projects as well. I settled in to survey the collection while Kadak and the Admiral went to fiddle with the computer.

The zines by themselves were a treasure trove, a monument to Gennie's not-for-money-but-for love productiveness. But I soon got distracted by the collection of artifacts arranged on shelves in the little zine closet. There was a box full of metal insignia, a military looking cap, a pile of the colored images of handsome space captains, intimidating alien opponents and an assortment of rocketships, and planets, all conceived and hand-crafted by Gennie. I was intrigued by a couple of scrap pages crammed with notes about what sounded like the components of a rocket command console-to be built of transistors, bulbs, bells, and wires. A "little red handbook", mimeoed in purple, with rules for conduct within the SPACEFLEET Club looked to date from the 'fifties, long before Star Trek ever appeared.

When I asked Gennie about these things, she explained that she had indeed started SPACEFLEET almost 40 years ago when she lived with parents in Omaha. She must always have been pretty and friendly, but she says she never wanted to marry. She was happy to stay with her parents, her Dad, who ran a gas station, and her Mom who kept house. She loved the space operas on radio and TV. When she had time away from her mundane jobs--she'd worked as a secretary and dog groomer--she turned her energy to converting a small outbuilding on her family's property into a wrap-around spaceship console. She developed the idea of SPACEFLEET and invited the neighborhood kids to get involved.

At one time, she had close to two dozen young cadets enrolled (They look six to fifteen-ish in the photos with the deckled edges. All were welcome.). She found her Dad's old Merchant Marine training manual and adapted the rifle drill for her junior recruits. She has pictures of herself, a female cousin and a cadre of children in full dress SPACEFLEET garb, all her own handiwork, practicing with wooden guns; photos also of the winking, blinking buzzing console which covered the walls of the

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shack's interior-a wonderland effect she and her cohorts never stopped tweaking, a mosaic built of magpie glitter, buttons, hub caps, handles, even the gleaming fender of an old Ford. It includes a viewscreen into which her portraits, landscapes and prop drawings (the very ones I had found in the zine closet) could be slid, made to coordinate with the unfolding of adventure scripts she prepared for special meetings of the club.

The club was a neighborhood glory for over a decade. One set of parents came to visit to make sure Gennie wasn't some kind of pedophile weirdo. She's not a pedophile (I needed to say that, didn't I????). Weird, she admits to, but she's wise and knows that kids are definitely the best company for the kind of play she has always enjoyed most--fantasy role playing. Another time, a building inspector from town came to satisfy himself that "headquarters" wouldn't fall in around their heads. He officiously instructed Gennie to keep people from climbing around on the roof. When his own kid became a loyal member of SPACEFLEET (and he himself was impressed with the strong Christian values which Gennie judiciously expressed as an epilogue in the handbook), he became a supporter too. (Gennie's Jewish cadet didn't mind the Jesus-y window dressing.)

When Gennie's folks became ill, she moved with them to the small house in Cassville, Missouri, now well known as KSF Headquarters. The SPACEFLEET console was dismantled to make the move with her. Twenty years later, one of her grown cadets came to visit her. Gennie was tickled when he took most of the components home to recreate the fun for his own kids. My prize souvenir of my visit to her is one of the diamond-shaped tin pins she made for her recruits. It's done up in yellow paint, edged in red, with a cigar-shaped rocket of blue and red soaring starwards.



Gennie Summers, 104 N. Spring Street, Cassville, MO 65625.

Better yet, join the KSF if you enjoy rpg-by mail. Club members produce a darn near quarterly newsletter called "Battle Lines" and look for one another's personal and fannish and roleplay news with the enthusiasm you find in any A-1 Klingon organization. (~~You can hookup with KSF by writing to K'Zhen~~)

Haven't seen it yet myself, but have heard that the Klingon Language Institute's edition of Hamlet restored in the original Klingon is in bookstores now, with Gennie's portrait of that great Klingon playwright Shakespeare on the cover. One of my favorite pieces of K'Zheniana is the nicely produced KLI booklet for which she made 37 dynamic drawings depicting the changes rung on the Klingon verb "HoH" (kill) when you add any one of a number of suffixes*. (Available from KLI, P.O. Box 634, Flourtown, PA 19031-0634. Inquire for costs).

Gennie was with Star Trek from the start, and, in a sense, anticipated it in her own life. ~~Here's the cool part--she's still here, playing hard.~~

***NB. See sample (page 10) earlier in this issue**

Current KSF contact: Jonathan Brown c/o Adm qe'San, Woodside, Withycombe, Furzton, Milton Keynes, MK4 1ET. qeSan@ksfcn.com

- Keel Remembers -

by Thought-Master Keel K'Ta-ri / David Christensen (retired Thought-Admiral)

Gennie joined my Klingon fanclub way back and grew to become one of my most senior officers. She helped to create much of what the fanclub was all about, promoting the correspondence, the role-playing, starting all kinds of projects. I wrote her often and she wrote back. Over the years, her correspondence with me took on more of the leadership role than as the participatory role but she fit that role well. When I left the fanclub, it was with a heavy heart that I no longer communicated with Gennie and now, well, that silence is compounded. As her health waned, I tried to provide her with many memories of our great times together in our mailings and I will never, ever forget Gennie. Tho I never met her, I grew to think of her as a best friend and confidant. I am very saddened at her having passed but her contributions to fandom as well as the many friendships she created or helped fashion will remain true and strong for many years to come. She was and still is a presence to honor. With great respects to her extended family.... David Christensen



- Service and Award Records -

by Adm qe'San from the fledgling Hall of Honour Database

Plenty of rows missing but this is what I could find and input in the time available:

| Terran Name | Names | Award Type | Award | Date Awarded |
|-----------------|----------|--------------|---------------|--------------|
| Doug Welsh | K'Obol | Rank | Lieutenant | Oct 1998 |
| Doug Welsh | K'Obol | Honourific | sutai- | Aug 1999 |
| Doug Welsh | K'Obol | Rank | Commander | Mar 2000 |
| Doug Welsh | K'Obol | Rank | Captain | Dec 2000 |
| Doug Welsh | K'Obol | Rank | Fleet Captain | Oct 2001 |
| Doug Welsh | K'Obol | Rank | zantai- | Mar 2002 |
| Doug Welsh | K'Obol | Rank | Vice Admiral | Jun 2003 |
| Doug Welsh | K'Obol | Honourific | epetai- | Mar 2004 |
| Doug Welsh | K'Obol | Commendation | - | Mar 2005 |
| Doug Welsh | K'Obol | Commendation | - | Jun 2005 |
| Earl D. Jones | Kolar | Rank | DaHar Master | Aug 2004 |
| Gennie Summers | K'zhen | Commendation | - | Mar 2005 |
| Gennie Summers | K'zhen | Commendation | - | Jun 2005 |
| Lynda Phillips | Katalyia | Rank | Fleet Captain | Jul 1996 |
| Lynda Phillips | Katalyia | Rank | Admiral | Apr 1997 |
| Lynda Phillips | Katalyia | Commendation | - | Dec 2004 |
| Lynda Phillips | Katalyia | Commendation | - | Mar 2005 |
| Lynda Phillips | Katalyia | Commendation | - | Mar 2005 |
| Lynda Phillips | Katalyia | Commendation | - | Jun 2005 |
| Richard Heckert | Rakqor | Rank | Lieutenant | Mar 2000 |
| Richard Heckert | Rakqor | Rank | Lt Commander | Dec 2000 |
| Richard Heckert | Rakqor | Honourific | sutai- | Mar 2001 |
| Richard Heckert | Rakqor | Commendation | - | Mar 2002 |
| Richard Heckert | Rakqor | Rank | Commander | Jun 2002 |
| Richard Heckert | Rakqor | Commendation | - | Mar 2005 |
| Richard Heckert | Rakqor | Commendation | - | Mar 2005 |

| Klingon | Service Unit | Service Type | Service Position | From | To |
|----------|--|---------------|-------------------------|----------|----------|
| K'Obol | C.G. - Chaplains General | Division | Commanding Officer - CO | | Jun 2013 |
| K'Obol | Klingon Theology | Project | Director | | Jun 2013 |
| K'Obol | KSF | High Command | CCC Commander | Jun 2000 | Nov 2009 |
| K'Obol | C.C.C. - Campaign Coordination Command | Division | Commanding Officer - CO | Jun 2000 | Nov 2010 |
| K'Obol | M.O.C - Military Operations Corps | Division | CORP Commander | Mar 2000 | Jun 2013 |
| K'Obol | KSF | High Command | Advisor | Nov 2009 | Jun 2013 |
| K'Obol | GSD | Global Sector | Commanding Officer - CO | Oct 1998 | May 2013 |
| K'zhen | KSF | High Command | Commander in Chief | Jan 1995 | Jul 2000 |
| K'zhen | KSF | High Command | Advisor | Jun 2000 | May 2010 |
| Ghoreq | C.M.C. Covert Military Command GSE | Division | Officer | Apr 1997 | Dec 1997 |
| Katalyia | GSA | Sector | Commanding Officer - CO | | |
| Katalyia | KSF Clan Histories | Project | Director | | |
| Katalyia | GSA 3 | Sector | Commanding Officer - CO | | |
| Katalyia | KSF | High Command | Global Sector Command | Jun 2000 | May 2009 |
| Katalyia | I.O. - I-Ops - Internal Operations | Division | Commanding Officer - CO | Mar 2000 | |
| Katalyia | KSF | High Command | Member | Oct 1995 | May 2009 |
| Rakqor | GSA 5 | Sector | Commanding Officer - CO | | |
| Rakqor | SATCOM - Science & Technology | Division | Commanding Officer - CO | | |



- Profile of Rakqor -

by Cmdr. Rakqor sutai-K'Mpec

MEMBER CHARACTER PROFILE

Name: Richard Heckert (Rakqor K'Mpec)

How many years interest in Star Trek: as long as I can remember +20

Type of computer (owned or accessible:)

Gateway Pentium 200 MHz

Hobbies & Interests: Stock car racing/collecting/warfare

Goals in the KSF: Have fun

Get my own ship maybe.

LINE HOUSE INFORMATION:

HOUSE NAME: K'Mpec.

HOUSE TYPE: Open: .

Extended: Allows Fusion, mixed breeds, and Imperial Klingons in as members.

COMPOSITION: 10% Klingon/Human fusions, 90% Imperial Klingons

SIZE: 175,000-200,000

AGE: 1500 +

POLITICAL INDEX: 995

EPETAI: yo'aj Borg Epetai K'Mpec

BOTLH VAL TUM RA' :High Councillor

SYMBOL/SIGN: 3-POINTED MYSTIC TREFOIL

DEPARTURE AND RETURN DATES OF LAST SHIPBOARD MISSION:

Departure: Terran Date 12/2344 Ship: IKV262 modified K22

Destination: classified *Romulan Sector*

Return: IKV262 destroyed in battle 5/2345

PROFILE: RAKQOR K'MPEC

This is my past what I remember of it! My family was a family of scientist warriors. My father was not in the military but associated with it. I cannot remember his name but I know his face and spirit. During my early years

I travelled with him to many worlds and far

Strength Through Honour

places met many aliens. When I asked him where I was born he would only speak to me of "our home" and how one day we would return to it.

My mother I never knew, I have a holo-image of her , see she was beautiful.

My father told me she died with great honor when I was very small, he could say no more. His eyes would fill with sadness and he would turn away. I

have no brothers or sisters. Due to this upbringing I had no friends nor did I attend any traditional institutions. I spent my life on ships and military bases. Through teachers and on my own I learned much about

weapons, physics, engineering etc. I spent a lot of time investigating the weapons, transportation and propulsion systems.

A few officers would take me to an armoury or weapons range and I became very good with hand and heavy weapons. Then of course there was the time on Gordon's Moon my 6th birthday

I blew up the ammunition depot for fun. The official report read "cause rebel action" I was never suspected. The last memories I have are of much pain and death.

We were stationed on a planet with renegade Borg, a very important mission.

We had been there a while and I had made a friend my first and only true friend. His name was IS90Q90 he was Borg.

My father was in command of the IKV262 a experimental new warship modified with Borg technology and some new ideas of his own . We were ordered to the Romulan sector to intercept and destroy a convoy. I was manning the new

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sensor/multiple target array. Weather it was treachery and we were betrayed or component failure I do not know.

The convoy was well protected and a huge battle ensued we destroyed many Romulan vessels but we were doomed, outnumbered. We got hit again and again . Crewmen dying all around screaming in pain. My father on the destroyed burning bridge, bleeding ,half his face burned away still shouting orders. For a nano-second he stopped looked at me, then said something to IS90Q90. That was my last sight of him, IS90Q90 gave me a large pack and picked me up and threw me into a blinding white light. What happen next I do not know. I know I lost all my memory, I know years passed, I got older, some of my memory returned as I wandered around doing what had to be done and finally ended up here on Terra. The bag contained some coded journals which I have not yet fully

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deciphered, holo-images, a borg personal shield generator, a high cyclic rate disruptor, a dagger and a small cube, which I have learned is a temporal transporter. Longing for companionship of my own kind I met Saj'Qa at the Hot Blood Bar and then joined the KWS and have served aboard the Dujov . On an evening's leave I met LORD BORG K'MPEC we became close and his clan have adopted me. Still my life is not complete and I have had to travel to many temples and abbeys seeking answers and knowledge, truth. I cannot thank LORD ABBOT enough for his guidance during these difficult times. **SOMEDAY I WILL LEARN THE TRUTH AND FIND MY DESTINY. AS ANY AND ALL GODS TO MY WITNESS THIS I SWEAR!**

RAKQOR K'MPEC



- Profiles of K'Obol -

by Vice-Admiral K'Obol epetai-Chang-K'Onor



MEMBER CHARACTER PROFILE -

Commander Abbot K'Obol Chang-K'Onor

HOUSE TYPE: Closed: We choose who we will invite, or accept into our Line.

COMPOSITION: Must total 100%. 80% Imperial, Kamordagh. Limited Gevishrae, and fusions, some cross-breeds, including a part-Betazoid who functions as a Senior Counsellor. 20% of House is non-Kamordagh.

SIZE: How many members in your linehouse? Total population of Line members, adherents and supplementary troops is over 240,000. Other levies are not truly considered of the House, and are not included. In all, the House can field over 700,000 under arms, including auxiliary forces such as mercenaries and immediate allies

AGE: How old is your linehouse? This Line was founded in 865, when the first K'Onor was

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singled out for promotion by Morath, and recommended to Kahless, in the mountain camps. From that day, sons of this House have served the Empire, regardless of personal cost.

POLITICAL INDEX: A subjective measurement of your line's political strength in the Empire.

Low 1 - 1000 High. The Klingon Emperor rating 1000 and a lineless Klingon officer rating a 1.

While not as strong or as well known as the Imperial House, and perhaps not even as well known as Chang, this old House holds planets and Sectors for the Empire across Klin space.

We are large, powerful, influential, and loyal.

(Our rating is in excess of 800. How much in

excess is a state secret.)



HOUSE EPETAI: K'Obol is epetai-K'Onor. The epetai has been at the Head of the Line for over 20 years, since the death of his uncle, Cymraii. His father, K'Onor (47th of the name in the direct line), died in battle over 30 years ago. A graduate of the Academy of Qo'noS, K'Obol served over 20 years in the Fleet, mainly in administrative positions, retiring at the rank of Lieutenant to assume his House duties. (No official confirmation has ever been given, but K'Obol is widely believed to have held some sort of post in Imperial Intelligence. Those

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supposedly "in the know" claim this is the only way a warrior of his skills could remain at his low "known" rank, and live to retire.) K'Obol has never responded to any inquiries as to his previous service to the Empire, but it is known that he often wears a medallion of some kind under his robes. On leaving active service, K'Obol assumed management of the vast estates of House K'Onor, and his wise stewardship has caused them to increase many times in value. House K'Onor is wealthy not only in Honour!

For many years Lord K'Obol was a widower, his wife and mate having died in attempting to give birth to his child. Unfortunately, the child was stillborn, and Lord K'Obol, convinced he would never quite recover his joy in life after this loss, and finding his thoughts turning more and more often to matters of faith and honour, took vows and joined an order of philosopher clerics at Tolar'tu, on Boreth, near the ancestral home.

Progressing swiftly through the Order, he was elected Abbot of the Order, presiding over their galaxy-wide presences in 14 monasteries and 3 sub-priories. The Order serve as scholars and educators to the Empire, and to the military Academies. K'Obol is renowned as an educator, as a philosopher, and as a compassionate priest, a follower of Kahless the Returned. During this period, the Council of the Religious Orders, sitting at Aransas on Kazh, selected him to serve the Faith as Qitumbe of the Empire. His election and installation as Qitumbe has not been made public, as there is sufficient unrest in the Empire, what with the Dominion War, the Civil War, and the restoration of the new Emperor, Kahless the Returned, without bringing on the normal reorganisation of the secular State which follows the enthronement of the new Voice of the Gods.

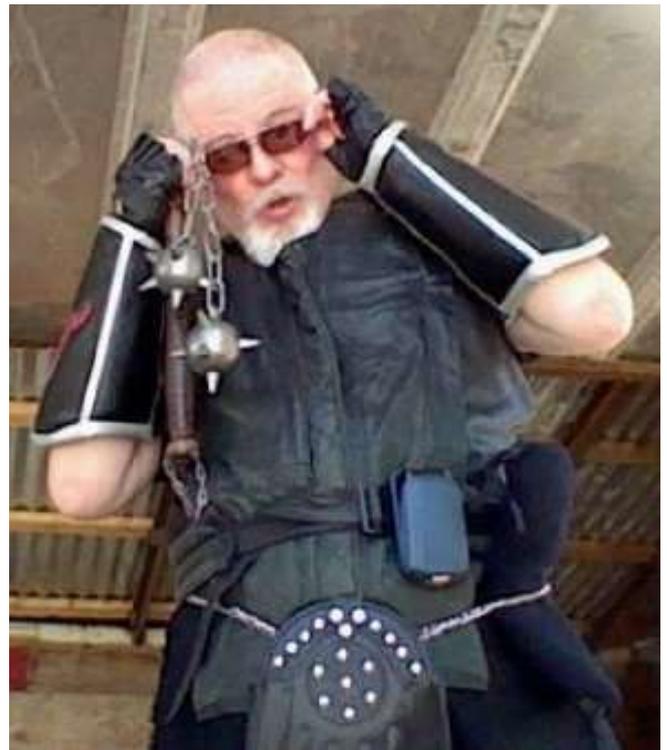
It was not until he was called into active service in the Klingon Strike Force that the Abbot met and bonded with KSF Admiral K'Lay epetai Chang, head of House Chang, and with her, produced two heirs for his House, a son, Maccus and a daughter, Torala, who will carry the K'Onor name. The Lord Abbot (as he still prefers to be known) has regained an ability to enjoy the finer things of life, such as War, and Wine, and values his family.

CHARACTER PROFILE: I have a reputation for truth and honour. This is known.

My mother died birthing me. I had no brothers, no sibs. My father was the younger brother of Cymraii, son of the Maccus who fought at the side of Kellen, under The Kirk at The Battle of Garamanus, what the Feds call Furies' Point Station. I was raised in a house with few women, but many warriors, and I absorbed their tales with my first meals, and kept absorbing them thus, until I travelled the River of Pain myself, choosing to become a warrior, as had all of my Line in 1200 years.

I attended the Academy with the others of my class, and graduated in due course. I did not get in trouble at the Academy. (Well, I didn't get caught!) On graduation, I was assigned as an assistant sensor engineer on the IKV Polar Bear. The ship, a small Bird of Prey, was assigned to bring an II agent to a hidden post in the Cetagandian Sector, to watch for signs of increased presence of the Daavit in the area. As we arrived, a sensor alarm indicated a much stronger presence than expected, giving concern that the agent would not be able to be set down. Thanks to my recent training at the Academy, I was familiar with a new technique for evading detection by the tech levels of the Daavit, and I was responsible for inserting this agent of the Empire. He observed my role in his report to II, and I was then under observation. A series of short assignments followed, none long enough for me to make any true friends in the Fleet, but each long enough for me to learn the necessary skills of the posts, and eventually, while still a Lieutenant (jg), I was given command of a small BOP for a special assignment. To my joy, though the ship was small, and old, she was well fitted out, and very capable, carrying a fine crew. I only had to kill 2 before they decided to trust me, young as I was! To my consternation, my first cruise was to pick up a bureaucrat on Qo'noS, and carry him to Boreth. So Exciting! Little did I know. The bureaucrat was a Cabinet level officer, the Head of II (so I was told, although these people never actually admitted that in those days), an old man named Meth. An hour out of Qo'noS, he called me to his cabin, and my life changed. I cannot discuss what we said, or why. It is all still classified. However, my career in the

Fleet, which had seemed so bright, came to an abrupt end, and I became a warrior of the secret side of the Empire. For 20 years, I served under this regime of secrecy, my career (publicly, at least) at a standstill. The assumption was that on my first cruise as a commander, I had made some stupid mistake, and although not bad enough to demand my death, not small enough to permit my recovery from it. It was a useful fiction. In due course, I rose through the ranks of II, and retired with the real rank of Operations Master, myself. Meth became my mentor, and then my friend.



On "retirement", I returned to the family estates on Boreth, to resume management of the estate from the factors who had run it since the death of my uncle, Cymraii. Ostensibly. The estate was so well run that it required little of my time or attention, and I was able to easily direct my attention and efforts to the real reason I had returned - to take command of the Training Academy run by my service to teach young operatives and executive officers how to do their jobs. I slowly worked in to the local community, joining the Order as a philosopher, and becoming more active. I had always been a mystic, believing in Kahless, and the return of the Gods under him. I soon achieved ordination, becoming a Priest of Durgath, First Speaker for Durgath, and a follower of Kahless the Returned. Publicly. (Of course, privately, my Order was

behind the cloning of the Emperor, and I was in charge of the project behind the Project.) I was elected Abbot of the Monastery of Tolar'tu, and sit today as Lord Abbot. I was also appointed to the Imperial Court of Honour, as Lord High Arbiter. Needless to say, I only sit on cases involving Imperial Security or Imperial Intelligence. Two years after my election as Abbot of Tolar'tu, I was chosen by the Huvra'Dralwjlj, the Celestial Dragons, to ascend

the Mystical Throne of the Qitumbe, and I now serve the ylnlal (the State Religion) as the Voice of the Gods. I am also Corps Commander of Military Operations for KSF and Division Commander of the Chaplain General Corps, a dangerous occupation, but one in keeping with our ancient practise of Priests as Warriors; however since the birth of my heirs, my House is secure and I am content.



- vavuljvaD gha'tihlq -
- An Ode of Respect for My Father -

By QIS Torak (Christopher Torak) HovpoH 99.0210

no'mat DISmeyvo' 'uqra' HuDmeyvaD SIQal
blQtlqvo' chu'paq blQ'a'vaD lurSor rlgeng QIStaq
HuD je Daq Sar ngechvaD Qo'rloSvo' boretlh
wovvaD
tlhIngan Hoch HIQoy blQ'a' DoqDaq 'oHtaH
'etlh'e'

From the caves of No'mat to the Uqrah mountains
From the River Skraal to the Chupaq Sea
From Lake Lursor and Mount Kri'stak to the sSar Valley
From Kronos to Bright Boreth
All Klingons give ear: the sword is cast into a crimson ocean

Sonchly yuSlv 'epetay toraq tuq vaj puqloD
no'toDuj ngaspu'
val; Huy' rur~lugh; Sor rur. Sagh; Ho''oy' rur batlh
Dujmey law' chljpju'
may' law'Daq betltheH yanpu' DeSDu'Daj HoS
jagh ghlijmoHtaH qu' tlqDaj

A Warrior is dead: Yussif Epetay, House of Torak, Warrior Son.

He was full of the courage of the ancestors
He was clever as an eyebrow, correct as a tree, serious as a toothache

He has navigated many Warrior's ships with honor
In many battles, His arms were strong to lift the Bat'tleh high

His heart was fierce to keep the enemy afraid

He has travelled the river of blood
His hands bathed in the gall of his enemies
His heart is burdened with many honors

'Iw blQtlqDaq jaHpu'
jagh lucharghlu'ta'bogh HuH lungaSpu'
ghopDu'Daj tlqDaj 'uy batlh law'
narghpu' qa'Daj 'ach taH may' reH yo' qljDaq batlh
tu'jaj reH wlqawbejtaHneS
'ej qaStaHvIS puq poHmey puqloDpu'Daj
puqloDpu'chaj je quvmoHtaH

His spirit has escaped, yet the battle continues
May he find honor now with the Black Fleet, my father
We shall always honor his memory without fail
And he shall honor his sons and their sons for generations

chal jachmeymaj'e' luQommoHhaj qa'mey
DlghuHmoHbejjaj:
"peghuH, peghuH! ghoS Suvwl'. Qapla'!"

Let our screams shake the heavens
Let us warn the dead:
"Beware, Beware! A warrior comes.
Success!"



.. The Next Page is an addition to the First Issue ..

Thanks to Admiral Kosh zantai Zu-Merz for uncovering it.

- Profile of Agent K'Tore -

Name: Katalyia K'Tore
 Race: Human/Klingon Fusion
 Sex: Female
 Age: 29
 Rank: Lt.-Commander

Born on the Klingon outpost Khest, which was located along the Federation/Klingon border, she was raised by her parents until the age of one year. At that time, the outpost was attacked by what Starfleet classified as Romulan Renegades. It is highly suspected by the Empire that it was the work of humans.

Khest had managed to send out a distress signal. The Starfleet vessel, the U.S.S. Huron, arrived on the scene to find that only one child survived the attack. Rescuing the child, they made a record of the event, returned to Earth, and assigned the family of O'Brien to raise her.

Under the care of the family O'Brien, she grew into healthy adolescence. By the age of 15, the Federation had located her Klingon relatives, in the Klingon Empire, and returned her to them.

With her first name being unknown, her family line, K'Tore, allowed her to retain the name, Katalyia, given to her by the family O'Brien.

It was not long before her family clan saw she had special talents. Being raised by humans, they realized she could speak fluently in English, knew their customs, and could pass as human. Even though her human accent caused minor problems while speaking in Klingoneseffluently), she did not have a Klingon accent while speaking English.

At the age of 17, she applied for one of the openings at the Academy of Special Operations. Her family clan took pride in the fact that she was accepted almost immediately. At first the Academy proved to be difficult: Due to her age and background (her marks were the highest in her class), the other students were constantly challenging her right to attend the Academy (she was the youngest by three years in her graduating class). She defended her right to attend the Academy by almost killing the Klin—Zai Champion in their first duel. The match ended when the Champion who lost part of his right hand and part of his ear) yielded the board to her superior skill. (This also earned her the nickname 'Tough Cookie'.)

She graduated (two years early, with honors) with the obtained rank of Ensign, j.g. She was immediately assigned to the scoutship, Dark Wing, as a security officer.

In less than a month, she saw action when Dark Wing encountered a Romulan Bird of Prey. The name of the unfortunate ship (all on the bridge were killed), is unknown. Upon realizing that she survived her superior, she made her way to the bridge and assisted in the destruction of the Romulan Bird of Prey. Directing the remaining security force from the bridge (she was one of three who survived), she assisted the relief bridge crew with navigating the ship home.

Upon learning that it would be two months before Dark Wing would be fully functional, she requested an immediate transfer to the Battlecruiser Kotore. The transfer was approved (after a thorough study of her conduct aboard Dark Wing) she was assigned as second in command of security along with a promotion to full Ensign.

Proving herself worthy of the added responsibility this position provided, she was promoted to the rank of Lt., j.g., after 6 months of duty. Aware of the resentment this advancement caused (mostly among the less ambitious officers), she increased her vigilance on and off duty. This drew the approval of her superior and secured additional privileges, along with additional responsibilities.

Not long after her promotion, while on duty alone near Engineering, she observed an unauthorized individual leaving the matter/anti-matter fusion containment room. She approached him, calling out a challenge, only to have him turn and fire at her. She returned the fire (he only managed to graze her along the arm, which left a slight scar), hitting him in the side. Notifying her superior of the incident, she left the dying individual (later found to be an Orhan) and entered the containment room. After a thorough search of the room, she found the planted incinerating device and disarmed it. Removing it from the hidden niche, she returned to the dying individual, now being guarded by several security officers, and forced from him that the purpose of his mission was to destroy the ship, in the hopes of drawing the Klingon Empire into an unwanted war. When ordered to specify with who, the individual ended his life (what little was left).

The manner in which she handled the situation, earned her a Kommendation from her superior and an Imperial Kommendation from her Kaptain. when her superior was transferred planetside (due to a crippling injury) a year later, she was promoted in rank to Lt. and reassigned to the Kotore as Chief of Security.

Under her Kommand, the security on board the Kotore greatly improved. with-in a two year period, the ship's status was moved from behind the lines to front line duty.

Upon completion of her fourth year aboard the Kotore, she requested a transfer to the Dark Horse. The transfer was approved, with no advancement in rank (this was not due to any disciplinary action, but lack of experience) as third in command of security, under the command of Kommander Koryo (promoted to the rank of Admiral on 9007.15).

Special Notation: Lt.—Kommander K'Tore's first meeting with Kommander Koryo, left such an impression, that on his promotion to the rank of Admiral, he closely followed Lt.-Commander K'tore's career.

The ship soon saw action as the Romulans once again tested our determination to guard our borders. The security force was hard hit (a bolt struck amid ship). Finding herself once again in a command position, she seized the opportunity and organized the remaining

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security forces and proceeded to secure the ship from Romulan invasion.

Notation: At the time of the attack, Dark Horse was patrolling in the Organia Zone. Even though the detested Organia Peace Treaty is still in force, this applied only to the Federation, who is now our ally. Therefore, we were allowed to defend ourselves without interference from the Organians.

The attack was unsuccessful, causing minor damage to Dark Horse, who proceeded to chase the Romulan Bird of Prey (later identified as the R'Hantsu) back across the boarder, badly damaging her engines.

Dark Horse returned to base for repairs. Upon Dark Horse's arrival, Kommander Koryo received new orders and turned command of Lark Horse over to Kommander K'hran.

In order to gain more experience in her field, she requested to be re-assigned to Dark Horse as Chief of Security (the position being opened by the death of the previous officer) . Based on her previous record (which was above average and outstanding for one so young) . the request was granted.

A major dispute over territorial rights on the edge of Dark Horse's patrol area (Dark Horse was one of three ships that responded) , brought the ship to the planet of K'Tan. Upon their arrival, the situation had become a full scale war.

Ordered by Kommander K'hran to organize a strike force to accompany him to one of the disputed areas, she chose only the most experienced (there was only one exception since she headed the team) officers. with the selected team, she joined Kommander K'hran in the transport room. Once planetside, they would spread out and eradicate the rebel forces.

They arrived planetside in an area under heavy attack. Before they could spread out, a hydrogen bomb detonated in their midst, knocking them to the ground.

Recovering quickly, she stood taking stock of the situation. The bomb had killed three of her team and wounded two others.

Leaving the wounded with Kommander K'hran (who was seriously injured) , Lt. K'Tore took the other four to the Command Center. When told where the rebel force was entrenched, she took her remaining force to destroy the resistance and secure the position.

Meeting resistance (which was expected) she and her team fought their way to the entrenched rebel force. Unable to get closer to the rebels (they were within three feet) they were forced to take cover, as she devised a plan of approach.

Deciding to attack from two different directions, she split her force up and moved into position. When her second in command was in position, she ordered the attack.

The rebels were routed after three hours of fighting. with her remaining team (two more were killed during the attack) the surviving rebels were lined up and executed.

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While returning to the Command Center, a small band of rebels detonated a land mine in their midst. The blast severely injured Lt. K'Tore and killed another member of her team. Refusing to continue on to the Command Center for medical treatment (she suffered a broken leg and arm, broken ribs, a severe laceration on her right leg (left a visible scar) , a deep cut above her right eye, and internal injuries) she, with the aid of her officer, tracked down the band and executed them. Only when the mission was complete, did she allow her injuries to be accessed and treated.

Upon Dark Horse's return to base, Lt. K'Tore (along with Kommander K'hran) was taken to the base medical department for further treatment.

Her determination and ability to complete her mission, despite her injuries, earned her a promotion to Lt.-Kommander and an Imperial Kommandation.

when sufficiently recovered, she was ordered to report to Base Security for debriefing. She arrived at the debriefing to find Admiral Koryo of the KSF waiting for her.

Admiral Koryo informed her that there was a posting available in the KSF and he had selected her to fill it. Upon his formal request (she had the right to refuse) she accepted the posting.

Her transfer to the KSF became official on 9009.30.

Summary of Career:

Academy: Academy of Special Operations.

Graduated two years early with honors.

Obtained Rank: Ensign j.g.

Kadet Cruise: Dark Wing
Assigned: as Security Officer

First Tour: 1 year; 6 months; Battlecruiser Kotore.
Assigned: Second in Command, Security Division.
Promoted: Full Ensign; then Lt. j.g.
Kommandation from Superior; Imperial Kommandation

Second Tour: 4 years; Battlecruiser Kotore.
Reassigned: Chief of Security
Promoted: Lt., full grade. I

Third Tour: 1 year; Dark Horse.
Assigned: Third in Command, Security Division

Fourth Tour: 3 years; Dark Horse
Reassigned: Chief of Security
Promotion: Lt.-Kommander
Imperial Kommandation

Transferred to KSF on 9009.30.

Present Tour: Klingon Strike Force; Federation Watchdog; Independence/
Kansas City area.



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