

Face the Kramp'Ihri

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Face the Kramp'Ihri

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Summary

"Ha! My women's scorn knows no bounds." - Unofficial Literary Challenge 42: In the early 25th century, Captain Elektra of the I.K.S. Valentine meets the Kramp'Ihri in Q's Winter Wonderland.

Notes

Author's notes: This was written in December 2017 as part of the Star Trek Online forums Unofficial Literary Challenge #42 and focuses on my Orion KDF Captain, Elektra, last seen in ULC 41. Menchez was last seen in FC 2-3 where he was blackmailed into cooperating with the Children of Kahn. "The Kramp'Ihri" was a new recurring open mission in STO's yearly Winter Wonderland event, focusing on a creature combining the old European Krampus folklore and the Fek'Ihri of Klingon legend. Direct dialogue is taken from the STO mission. The last time we were in a Winter Wonderland was ULC 18 and, before that, LC 69. The devastation on Raatooras involving Sigon, Deloss and Kronen was in ULC 38.

Unofficial Literary Challenge #42: Prompt #1: The ancient tradition of Terran Winter Celebrations is such a festive and playful time less the demonic interference of Earth's own mythological Krampus fused with the demons of the Klingon Empire. Your Captain, participating in Q's Winter Wonderland, is suddenly pitted against the fearsome Kramp'Ihri, a gruesome mashup responsible for kidnapping Gingerbread folks. How does your Captain fare against the massive Gift Stealer, its switch and its loyal minions?

Unofficial Literary Challenge #42

"Face the Kramp'Ihri"

Captain Elektra of the *Ty'Gokor*-class I.K.S. *Valentine* stood before the Kramp'Ihri Watcher, in disbelief, upon the Ice Gazebo in Q's Winter Wonderland.

"So, you're a hideous fangirl of some kind?" the Orion and Klingon Defense Force officer questioned.

The scantily clad Fek'Ihri with sharp teeth continued. "No one but me understands how tenacious the Kramp'Ihri is! Challenge the Kramp'Ihri with honour, creature!"

"Oh my. You've got spunk, don't you?" Elektra said, impressed. "I was like you once: devoted, faithful. It's not all it's cracked up to be."

From behind her, the voice of Menchez, a Klingon and Commanding officer, broke through the reverie. "You were more than that, Captain. I posit that you had more backbone and destiny than an army of Nausicaans. Not to mention, once said battalion was actually defeated by you."

"Weren't you and your ship last seen being hijacked by Augments?" Elektra replied, turning to face him whilst changing the subject. "You were said to be heard screaming in consternation?"

Menchez refuted. "That was from an Epohh bite! But, yeah, my enemy one-upped me by threatening to not-kill my crew and I in a heat of dishonour. Sufficed to say, we're still hijacked. Though, our captors and I did find a Q-Junior copy under a sewer pipe on Kentar. Turns out that guy is everywhere."

"Well, positioning and self-establishing is how I won all my fights," elaborated Elektra. "Not that I've had much to fight for since the Iconian

War. Seems like that thing ended faster than it started without any sense that it was happening in the first place."

Suddenly, the bellowing voice of an extra-dimensional entity rang through the Wonderland. "*Kramp'lhri has returned! Today is a good day to cry! Hahaha!*"

"He has been spotted heading towards the racetracks! Glorious!" exclaimed the Watcher. "I'll wager you can't save any of the gingerbread folk he has taken. Still, it might be fun to watch you try."

Elektra smiled to her before being transported away. "A woman after my own heart."

Confronted by the chaotic violence of the giant Kramp'lhri, Elektra joined several others in firing their winter weapons. The result was a shower of coal flanked by switch attacks.

"*Naughty, naughty, naughty!*" declared the immensely, 6-meter-high monstrosity as he deflected snowballs, gummy blasts, and freeze rays from the various participants.

Elektra smirked. "Oh, dear. Aren't you quite the sight to take in? I can see why the Watcher was so enamoured with you. Unfortunately, love is blind."

"*Yooouuuu have been naughty this year!*" the beast announced as Elektra blasted her Unrestricted Aggression gun and fired an entourage of foam dart bursts.

The attack suddenly caused Kramp'lhri to disperse into a cloud of billowing, spinning dust, escaping into the gazebo and rematerializing upon the snow on the other side.

"Ha! My women's scorn knows no bounds," Elektra said, after she and the others caught up to him and reopened fire. "Men like you care not for others, but rather just yourselves! As attractive as that is, I should have expected as much from a newborn Earth myth and Fek'lhri amalgamation."

Menchez pulled up beside her with his gun and blasted a barrage of icicles into the beast. "Actually, according to rumour, this creature was, in fact, the same one that revealed himself unto legend in 16th century Earth's Europe." And then, to explain, "I'm assuming a time travel predestination paradox through a Q visit, as those are the most satisfying."

"This thing was real?? Well, I suppose we're all aliens, so that shouldn't be surprising," Elektra said. "Not that we see ourselves as the aliens. Point is, do you think Kramp'lhri is kind of hot now? I mean, look at him, right?"

Before the Klingon could respond, the build-up of attacks caused Kramp'lhri to lose several large gift boxes, then-splayed all around the attacking group. Just as Elektra attempted to open her own, the giant ran over and plopped his gift-stealing basket over her head.

"*Naughty, naughty!*"

Elektra struggled to get it off, realizing now that her presumptuous lowered defenses allowed yet another man to win her over. "Kramp'lhri, forget the Watcher! Run away with me! I've been a baaaadd girl!"

"Captain," Menchez said in shock. "Perhaps I was right about your backbone, which clearly can support not only your stance but this year's Breen ship in any gravity environment." He watched as Elektra cut through the basket with her oversized Black Nanopulse Mek'leth.

She then threw it into the unrelenting mammoth. It burst into spinning dust once more, releasing the gingerbread folk whilst he disappeared back into his pocket universe. "*Nooooo! Not yet! There are still naughty children!*"

"What the Gre'thor? Why is that mek'leth so large? I just wanted to appeal to him, not send him away??" denounced Elektra.

Next, the Watcher's voice rang through. "The magnificent Kramp'lhri may be gone for now, but he will return! Wondering how well everyone did? Behold!"

"What?" Elektra said, confused and looking around as there was a long, drawn-out silence. "Anyhow, I suppose I forgot how fun an allegiance could be. I'll forego my previous naiveté." She turned to see Menchez putting his weapon away.

The elderly man nodded. "Qapla! Nice work, Captain. You truly have the heart of a Klingon warrior; unlike the others in our fleet. I may be forsaken, but that has not prevented me from learning about the insolent dishonour that has occurred most recently upon a planet known as Raatooras."

"I have not forgotten about our fleet, Captain," Elektra said.

Menchez clenched his fist. "Those incompetent petaQ allowed that planet's population to perish in utter failure! Since I'm out of commission, I want you to put an end to Captains Sigon, Deloss and Kronen. That is an order."

"Seems somewhat extreme, but Klingons did go bald once," she said, recalling. "As you command, considering what has happened here today. Or is it still night? The sky has mysteriously stayed the same for days now."

The two looked up and around, curiously. Echoes of Q-Junior's diabolical laughter suddenly rang through the Wonderland. *"Hahahaha!"*

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