



O'NOS ALL MOTHER THE LAST GOD

by Eric Muirhead

THE “**STORY OF THE SWORD**” explains the five-year gap in Klingon scripture between the Young Kahless avenging his father’s murder and the revelation of the Enlightened, Unforgettable who led the revolution against the tyrant Molor. It was kept secret from the masses by Kahless’ wife, the Lady Lukara, after his ascension out of concern that if the masses knew about Kahless’ depression, they would doubt his invincibility. However, it is actually a story of redemption, hope, and a mother’s eternal love.

When I start to lose faith in the world, I remember the “Story of the Sword” from Klingon mythology. Once kept secret by the highest priests of their religion, it is now a treasured story for all Klingon people. The official justification was that the tale would be a test for when the Unforgettable returned to the monastery at Boreth. However, the true reason is far more shocking: Kahless originally climbed the volcano at Kri’stak to end his life.





CONTENT WARNING

This story contains references to suicide and self-harm. If you or someone you know is experiencing suicidal thoughts or a crisis, please reach out immediately. In the United States, contact the Suicide Prevention Lifeline at 988 or the NHS Hotline in the United Kingdom at 111. These services are free and confidential.



AND SO, after twelve days and twelve nights of struggle, Kahless had avenged his father's murder. However, before he fell at Kahless' hand, his dishonored brother had cast their father's sword into the sea. Kahless' house had been destroyed. His family was shattered. He was utterly alone in a harsh world that did not care if he lived or died.

After Kahless' mother passed away in the labor pains of his birth, Morath blamed his younger brother and often abused him. Their father had often tried to make peace between the young boys by bringing them together by the hearth and telling them the ancient sagas deep into the night. Among them was the story of Qo'noS, the All-Mother, goddess of fire and steel. The other gods forged the first two Klingon hearts in her fiery womb before time began. When the pair of hearts, beating in the chests of Kortar the Mighty and Baka the Wise, turned the qo'Sor tree to ashes and destroyed the gods that created them, they had let Qo'noS live as it was an unforgivable sin to kill one's mother. Instead, they had banished Mother Qo'noS from the home of the gods on the plains of Balduq. She made a new home at the summit of mighty Kri'stak, the ancient volcano which no Klingon could ever climb. There she would spend eternity alone, separated from her children forever.



In his despair after killing Morath, Kahless lost all hope. He decided to travel to meet Qo'noS and ask the goddess to incinerate him back to the dust and ash from which he came. Kahless set out from the edge of the sea to the distant Kra'ta Plains over which Kri'stak towered. For many months, he journeyed across the world on foot. His unkempt hair and beard grew long, and his clothes became only tattered rags. He appeared to all those he passed as nothing but a worthless beggar rather than the son of a warrior. Kahless received no kindness or welcome from any town and was forced to rest either in the frigid damp of ditches or the dark cold of deep forests. Kahless no longer cared. He only wished to end the pain and escape a world where love and honor were merely words. Finally, after three long seasons, Kri'stak lay before him. The mountain was so great that Qo'noS' home was hidden by the clouds. Without hesitation, he began his long ascent.

For two days, he climbed. His fingers and toes bled as he dug his hands and feet into the ice and rock. He did not waver. The peace of death would soon be his, whether at the fiery hands of Qo'noS or merely by exposure on the side of her mountain. It meant no difference anymore.

At last, Kahless could see the rim of the volcano directly ahead. He surged forward, ecstatic at finally coming face to face with the goddess who would end his suffering. However, when he reached the crater, he dropped to his knees in utter despair. There was nothing before him but a sea of cold, black rock and gray ice. Qo'noS was not there. He was still alone.

He pounded his bloody fists into the ground and shouted with rage. "Mother! Where are you?" he screamed. There was no answer but the echo of his own pathetic words. He clenched his eyes tightly. "Mother," he whispered with absolute sadness. "Your children have forgotten you, and you have forgotten us." Kahless then lay down on the cold, rocky ground to die.

Suddenly, the ground quaked with terrible fury. A giant crack split the crater in two. Fire and smoke filled the air. From inside the mountain, a wall of molten iron spewed forth and formed into the shape of the goddess. Her fiery beauty blinded Kahless and her eyes glowed with the heat of the hottest forge. Qo'noS towered over the shaking man. He finally understood the fear his ancestors had conquered to end the tyranny of the old gods. Despite her fearsome appearance, when the goddess spoke to him, her kind voice filled him with a serenity he had never felt before.



"MY CHILD," she said with the purest love, "You may have forgotten me, but I have never forgotten you. Why did you risk your life to climb to my presence? I am nothing. You have banished me from your lives."

And Kahless told Qo'noS about the miserable state of her children: the sad tales of a world full of nothing but betrayal, conflict, and death. The story of how the tyrant Molor had seized control of most of the world through murder, lies, and bribery. How the brutal despot convinced children to murder their fathers in exchange for money and power: how one of those children had been his older brother, and how one of those fathers had been his own. Then, he spoke of how Morath had lied and falsely accused his younger brother of his own cowardice and patricide so Kahless would be executed in his place.

"Mother of all Klingons," Kahless pleaded staring up at her radiant face, "that is why I ask for you to end my life. I cannot live in this dishonorable world anymore. Incinerate me, for I would rather feel the pain of your fire for all eternity than live in this world for one more day."

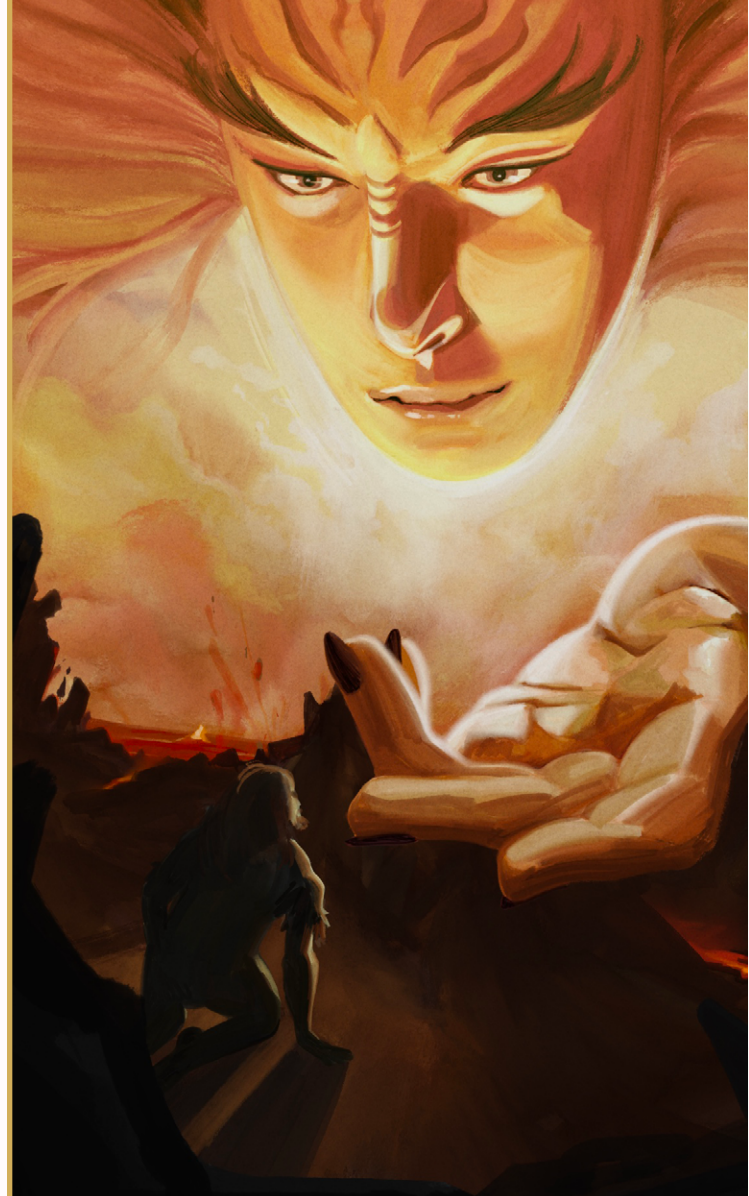
Confronted with such profound misery and suffering, Qo'noS felt a sadness even greater than her own banishment and exile. She cried out with a clap of thunder and began to weep. Rivers of tears flowed from her eyes and rushed down the sides of the mountain in a mighty torrent. They formed a new lake at the base of Kri'stak which would forever become known as Lusor.

Slowly, she held up one of her glowing hands and reached down towards Kahless. He shut his eyes and prepared for immolation, but it did not come. One of Qo'noS' fingers brushed against Kahless' forehead. Its fire singed off a long lock of his wild hair, and it fell to the ground at his feet. In that moment, he felt the warmth of a mother's touch for the first time.

“My child,” she said to comfort him, “your heart is as pure as the first two born of me. You are my begotten son, in whom I trust and in whom I place my faith. It is you who will restore honor to my children and, in doing so, they will become your children as well.”

“But how, my mother?” Kahless asked hopelessly. “I am but one, and the enemy is thousands! I have no home, no house, and my father’s sword is lost forever.”

“With faith, Child,” Qo'noS smiled. “You will have a new home, a new house, and a new sword.”



With her own hands, she sliced open her arm and molten blood spewed forth. It filled the crater of Kri'stak with a deafening roar.

"At the beginning of time," she continued, "I gifted you life. Now, at the dawn of a new age, I gift you steel. When you wield it, you will carry my love with you always."

Kahless understood. He reached down and grabbed the lock of hair at his feet. He plunged it into Qo'noS' molten blood and twisted it into the shape of a blade. Then, he plunged his divine weapon into the Lake of Lusor to temper it with the strength of the divine. He then granted it a name: *bat'leth*.

For five years, Kahless remained at the foot of Kri'stak in a place called K'vel'kar. There, under the tutelage of the All-Mother, he mastered his new sword of honor which would unite the Klingon people. During that time, Qo'noS also showed him the secrets of what lies beyond this world and taught him the eternal knowledge. He would never allow his brothers or sisters to forget those teachings, for he himself had now become Unforgettable.





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