

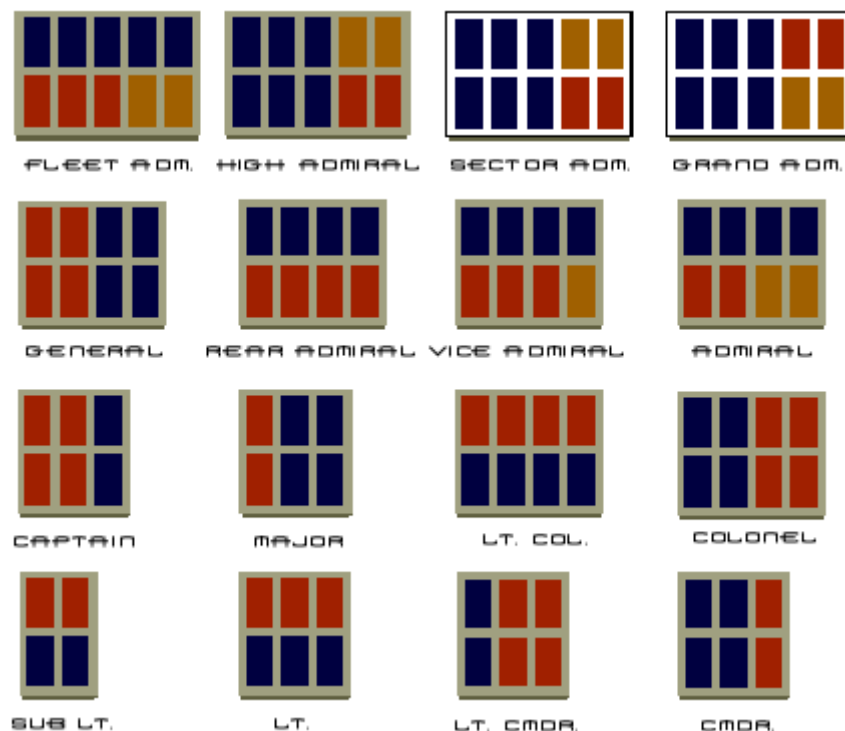
The Dark Sentinel

Issue # 49

February 7th, 1999

Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet

Aurora System, Outer Rim Territories



The new rank insignia as presented by OPS/FA Dev, 1999.

Edited/authored by Sector Admiral Jahn Compton

XO/SA Compton/CS-2/SSSD Sov

**Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet
SSSD Sovereign**

2,791 members worldwide

fleet concourse bulletin board

The following presents articles and items of interest related to the Emperor's Hammer from all over the Empire, as published on the Imperial HoloNet and/or forwarded to the Fleet Commander.

"NEW X-WING ALLIANCE PRODUCT SPOTLIGHT"

As Emailed From: lecxpress@lucasarts.com

"NEW STAR WARS®: X-WING® ALLIANCE (TM) PRODUCT SPOTLIGHT NOW ONLINE"

LucasArts has just posted a completely new product spotlight, dedicated to the upcoming X-Wing Alliance release.

You can visit the spotlight at:

<http://www.lucasarts.com/products/alliance>

The Spotlight features:

- Updated game feature list

- New screen shots

- Frequently Asked Questions

In addition, the LucasArts Company Store has created a special offer for those who place their orders in advance.

Customers who place their pre-orders now will receive X-Wing Alliance in a limited edition box (featuring Larry Holland's signature) as well as an X-Wing Alliance magic cube (approx. 2 inches wide/high) featuring 9 game images that unfold before your eyes! Reference source code WINGMATE to receive this special offer (please ensure that WINGMATE is entered in upper case on the order form).

Quantities are limited, so place your order today. Offer valid to United States addresses only and cannot be combined with any other offer. Offer expires March 31, 1999.

Go to <http://www.lucasarts.com/companystore> to place your order today.

X-Wing Alliance is due to ship this Spring.

-- The LucasArts Express Club"

Fleet Commander's Note:

Based upon my personal review of the LA Product Spotlight, the game XWing Alliance will be used by MANY groups within the Fleet as it supports an intriguing "Skirmish Mode" where the players can go on a variety of customizable missions and fly one of ~20 different craft online. These were observed to include: a couple types of Corellian Transports (i.e. Millennium Falcon), Z-95, X-Wing, Y-Wing, A-Wing, B-Wing, T/F, T/B, T/I and T/A, etc...Looks to be an excellent addition as a central game platform for the TIE Fighter Corps, Corporate Division, Bounty Hunters Guild and Infiltrator Wing (who may end up using it the most...:). But be advised that, as usual, the Emperor's will continue to support the previously released games such as XWing, TIE Fighter and XWing vs. TIE Fighter.

office of the fleet commander

Grand Admiral Ronin has gathered articles and submissions regarding the development of the Emperor's Hammer. These include Fleet events, overall EH Plotlines, personal anecdotes, etc. The Fleet Commander wishes to emphasize that all development proposals for the Emperor's Hammer MUST be approved by the Fleet Commander prior to release to the rest of the Fleet.

New Executive Officer (XO) Appointed

With the recent resignation of Sector Admiral Havok, the Fleet Commander (GA Ronin) selected a new Executive Officer for the Fleet. From the three officers initially recommended by the outgoing XO, Compton was selected as the new XO. FA Compton formerly served as the EH Tactical Officer and has already posted NLs 47 and 48. Compton was promoted to the Rank of Sector Admiral in the Emperor's Hammer and was duly appointed as Executive officer (CS-2), Second in Command of the Fleet on January 9, 1999.

As XO, SA Compton speaks with the full authority of the Fleet Commander, is the ONLY other Member of the EH to have the EH WWW Domain Password through AOL Primehost and, in time, will become a 25% co-owner of the Club. His duties were to initially setup an Executive office WWW site, get a handle on the SGCs, and assist with AOL/IRC weekly meetings, etc. In addition, SA Compton will continue his excellent work of receiving Newsletter submissions and compiling the NLs.

I should note that both FA Khyron and FA Paladin were considered equally and fully (this wasn't an easy decision). All of the candidates had years of valued experience in the EH in addition to their MANY contributions. For example, much of our original Training Manual and Articles of War (AoWs) were authored by FA Paladin who now serves as the EH High Inquisitor ('Chief Judge'). FA Khyron has devoted his talents to developing the Dark Jedi Brotherhood over the past year or so into what I had envisioned it would become in the early days when it was in another club on America Online (the DB originally was in the "Warrior's Guild" Forum on AOL). FA Khyron's artwork and WWW skills are evident on many of the EH's websites. As such, in consultation with HI Paladin, I had decided to create a new Admiralty Rank, "High Admiral (HA)" in the EH to recognize those few Members that have contributed so much to the Club to warrant consideration above and beyond what the Rank of Fleet Admiral signifies. HI Paladin and GM Khyron will now hold the Rank of HA. It should be noted that like the DB rank of Primarch, only three High Admirals will be in the Fleet at any one time. Currently, one HA Rank will be left open for the next FA to be promoted.

Consequently, the Admiralty Ranks will now be as follows:

- ? Grand Admiral (one, the FC)
- ? Sector Admiral (one, the XO)
- ? High Admiral (3 at any one time)
- ? Fleet Admiral (typically <5-10)
- ? Admiral (unlimited)
- ? Vice Admiral (unlimited)
- ? Rear Admiral (unlimited)

My thanks to all of the candidates...Sometimes I wish there were more than one Position to award...:)

Best of luck and thank you...!

Updated EH TIE Fighter Corps Rank Insignia Posted

Thanks to the hard work of the EH Operations Officer, FA Dev, a new Rank Insignia Template has been created for use with the EH Uniform Template (Uniform Creator)...

New EH Tactical Officer Appointed

Following our receipt and review of several email applications for the Position of EH Tactical Officer (CS-3), the Executive Officer (XO) SA Compton and the Fleet Commander (GA Ronin) decided to appoint Fleet Admiral Dev as the new EH Tactical Officer.

The following presents a list of the other qualified candidates:

- ? CMDR/CPT Satai Dukhat/Crusader 1-1/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf
- ? CA:IO/VA Gavron/CS-5/SSSD Sovereign
- ? PRF/FM Thrawn/GS-1/Dreadnaught
- ? CMDR/MAJ Fireclaw/Beta I-1/Wing I/SSSD Sov
- ? INQ/AD Shotgun/SSSD Sov

The Tactical Officer and the TAC Staff review and approve ALL submitted TIE Fighter and XWing Missions and Battles prior to their posting in an EH Newsletter...The TAC is also responsible for posting ALL EH Battles/Missions (i.e. the Battle Board and Mission Compendium) through the Office of the TAC and its embedded links...

Official Star Wars Timeline Relative to the Emperor's Hammer

The following was copied from the Mos Espa: Timeline:

<http://mosespa.starwars.com/timeline/>

an official Star Wars Universe Timeline resource for use by fans. This resource should serve to 'ground' the EH Member relative to the Star Wars Universe. It should be noted that the Emperor's Hammer is currently ~7.5 years post-A New Hope (ANH). More specific information on the post-Endor Imperium can be found at :

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/imperium.htm>

"6.5-7.5 Years Post-ANH

Continued Adventures of Rogue Squadron: Still commanded by Wedge Antilles, Rogue Squadron assaults the Imperial stronghold on Black Moon, infiltrates Coruscant, searches for a cure to the Krytos virus, becomes embroiled in the Bacta War, and serves the New Republic in countless battles. As the unit begins taking on more covert assignments, Wedge renames the group Wraith Squadron, a designation used only when the pilots conduct espionage missions.

- ? The Bacta War (Fiction) by Michael A. Stackpole
- ? Iron Fist (Fiction) by Aaron Allston
- ? Isard's Revenge (Fiction) by Michael A. Stackpole
- ? The Krytos Trap (Fiction) by Michael A. Stackpole
- ? Rogue Squadron (Fiction) by Michael A. Stackpole
- ? Solo Command (Fiction) by Aaron Allston
- ? Wedge's Gamble (Fiction) by Michael A. Stackpole
- ? Wraith Squadron (Fiction) by Aaron Allston
- ? X-Wing Rogue Squadron: Battleground: Tatooine (Comics)

? X-Wing Rogue Squadron: Requiem for a Rogue (Comics)

? X-Wing Rogue Squadron: The Phantom Affair (Comics)

8 Years Post-ANH

Princess Leia is briefly courted by Prince Isolder

Han Solo and Princess Leia Wed: Han and Leia finally get married, but only after Solo "kidnaps" Leia and takes her to the planet Dathomir.

? The Courtship of Princess Leia (Fiction) by Dave Wolverton

9 Years Post-ANH

Summary: Imperial Grand Admiral Thrawn returns from the far reaches of the galaxy and becomes a major threat to the New Republic, though ultimately he is killed by his own bodyguard. Leia Solo gives birth to twins, Jaina and Jacen.

Resurgence of the Empire: Under the leadership of Grand Admiral Thrawn, the Empire rises to power again. Thrawn increases his power by joining forces with an insane Dark Jedi clone, Joruus C'Baath. Together they launch numerous plots to destroy the New Republic and its leaders. However, after securing the aid of the vicious Noghri, the fleet of Garm Bel Iblis, and a group of smugglers led by Talon Karrde, the New Republic defeats Thrawn. The Grand Admiral is betrayed and seemingly murdered by his Noghri bodyguard, Rukh.

Jacen and Jaina Solo are born to Han and Leia.

? Dark Force Rising (Fiction) by Timothy Zahn

? Dark Force Rising (Comics)

? Heir to the Empire (Fiction) by Timothy Zahn

? Heir to the Empire (Comics)

? The Last Command (Fiction) by Timothy Zahn

The Timeline is based on the events of the film Star Wars: A New Hope being Standard Year Zero. Events take place Pre-ANH (prior to Episode IV: A New Hope) or Post-ANH (after Episode IV: A New Hope)."

New Star Wars Link Engine WWW Site

As Emailed From: deank@getsmart.com (Dean Kuhta)

"Dear Administrator,

I've just added your site to The Star Wars Link Engine:

<http://www.project-m31.com>

...a fully searchable index of over 1300 Star Wars related web sites. Please help me promote this project by adding one of my link buttons to your site. Thank you for your help and keep up the good work!

Regards, Dean Kuhta"

EH Members Meet in Europe

As Emailed From: darkov@2-cool.com (Darkov)

<http://www.darkov.demon.co.uk/pix/>

...is a little un-official EH get together that was arranged for some Europeans :) Enjoy the pics, there are more to come.

Rebellion Editor Located

As Emailed From: arntzen@mailcity.com (Dark Prelate Assassin)

Adun Toridas, Sir

I have located a Rebellion Editor (RebEd) at:

<http://perso.infonie.fr/revolution/rebellion/>

It is capable of adding in new ships etc. to Rebellion. Even as we speak, I am downloading it and intend to get people to work on making ships for the EH. Just thought you'd like to know :)

Flight Officer Promoted to Fleet Admiral

For his outstanding dedication, diligence and innovations in the Position of EH Flight Officer, the Fleet Commander has appointed Kawolski to the Rank of Fleet Admiral...

the executive office

Sector Admiral Compton has gathered submissions pertaining to all of the Emperor's Hammer Subgroups. These include recent events, current competitions, general info etc.

the dark brotherhood	db
the hammer's fist	hf
infiltrator wing	iw
corporate division	cd
the bounty hunters' guild	bhg
intelligence division	id
eh directorate	dir
the fringe	eh rpg
imperial weapons and tactics school	iwats



Good Little Imperials...

By SA Compton

Well here's a surprise for you. Look who's the new XO. When I first started out in the EH, I never would have guessed that I'd make it this far. Especially when you consider that I was the first person to scrub the waste tanks on the SSSD Sovereign. Come to think of it, the reason I got sent to the waste tanks was for complaining that an NL was late, and now here I am busting my hump to make sure this NL is done before midnight. Funny how times change.

Speaking of change, I think maybe the world's going to change a little bit this year. While it may not mean that much to some people, there's going to be a new Star Wars movie released in a couple months. I, for one, could not be happier. In fact, I tend to get a little tingly when I think about it. You see, I'm one of those old guys who remembers the first time he saw Star Wars in the theater back in '77, and when I got my first SW action figures. But now that I'm in the EH, fighting the good fight for the Empire, these prequels are taking new meaning for me. As an ardent Imperial sympathiser, I cringe every time I watch A New Hope or Return of the Jedi and the Rebels blow up a Death Star. I've even been tortured by someone who kept replaying the destruction of the first Death Star over and over again on laser disk. And don't even get me started on those friggin' Ewoks. I can rarely get myself to even watch Jedi anymore. But this habit of Rebels winning in the SW films should soon be over. Because in the prequels, we get to see the rise of the Empire. that's right. This time, the Empire gets to win. And that should be enough to make anyone tingle.

XO/SA Compton/CS-4/SSSD Sov

...reminds everyone that his door is always open...

Remember!

NL 50 will be out on March 7, 1999.

**Submissions are DUE on February
28th!!!**

squadron ready room

The Tactical Officer herein presents any special updates and events related to the tactical operations of the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet. New Battle Plotlines and missions are also posted herein. This section also provides directions on copying and playing the new EH missions.

Well, as is obvious, I've been promoted to Tactical Officer this month. I've got the Tactical Office up at: <http://www.city-net.com/~dev/tac>. This is where you want to go to get files for creating battles, see the battle board, and get mission and battle files. The automated battle board is still under construction, but I'm happy to report that due to the diligent efforts of my CA and Assistant, we've gotten the Battles database up already. This searchable database can be found at: <http://www.imperialholonet.com/Battles>. The Battle Board will be up next week, and will be linked from the Tactical Office as soon as it's ready. We're also doing a project where we fly all the battles and look for any problems with them, anyone interested in doing this (it involves becoming a Tactical Assistant) can feel free to email me at dev@city-net.com.

The FCHG is still going strong, and the FCHG Competition will be started when FA Kawolski completes the special First FCHG Battle, more information will be released on the FCHG webpage at <http://www.city-net.com/~dev/fchg> as soon as it becomes available.

Tactical Officer, Fleet Admiral Dev
Command Attache to the Tactical Officer, Vice Admiral Thedek
Assistant to the Tactical Officer, SL Nazghul
Assistant to the Tactical Officer, SL Menacer

the command staff

Herein are presented sections for the offices of each Command Staff Member. Please use the menu on the right to view each Office's report.

the flight office	fo
the internet office	io
the training office	to
the operations office	ops
the communications office	comm
the security office	so
the science office	sco
the logistics office	lo
the reconnaissance office	ro

the roster

[Please click on this link when you're online to view the Roster.](#)

officer's deck

The Office of the Executive Officer periodically releases fiction submitted by Command Officers and Flag Officers of the Emperor's Hammer.

THE MEANING OF HONOUR

By Rear Admiral David 'Zen' Torres
COM/RA David 'Zen' Torres/ISD Challenge, Gal.
(PC),(ISMx2),(MoT),(MoI),(IWATS-IIC/3,M),(LoCx2)
dunnwd@ozemail.com.au

Dedicated to Maverick, CMDR of Typhoon Squadron.

'Honour:adherence to what is right'

Vice Admiral Piett leaned back as he waited for the last of the Commodores to arrive. So far Rear Admiral Zoraan of the Relentless and Rear Admiral Eric O'Flynn of the Colossus had arrived, leaving the newly-promoted Rear Admiral David Torres of the Challenge as the only absentee.

"So anyone see the footy match on Aurora Prime last night?"

"Nope sorry, Zoraan. I was too busy playing sabaac with my CMDRs....which I won."

Then the door opened and Torres rushed through, slightly out of breath.

"Sorry about being late. I was just briefing Maverick and Tad on Typhoon's mission."

"Thats alright, Torres. Ok good everyone is here so we'll get on with the meeting. As you know, we'll be leaving for Planet 1109. The Challenge will depart first with the Colossus and Relentless departing several hours later. Torres?"

"Thanks Piett. Ok the plan is to have Typhoon hyper into the system on a freighter which will have system information already gathered by Bismarck. Once there, they'll dock with the freighter and head off for Planet 1109. After their arrival, Typhoon's pilots will attempt to disrupt enemy operations until the Challenge's arrival. I'm aiming to have atleast 50% of the total enemy starfighter force destroyed by the time the rest of the fleet arrives. Departure time for the Challenge is in 34 standard hours from now. Typhoon departs in 11 standard hours."

"Good, I'll inform the Command Staff on the Sovereign of this. Let me make this clear, no enemy ships must leave the system after our arrival. The Challenge will be responsible for intercepting and destroying any enemy reinforcements while the Colossus and Relentless will assume orbital positions and support the ground operations. Now the Bismarck has left already and should be arriving soon. Return to your ships and good luck."

With that, the meeting ended and the flag officers left for their ships.

"Oh that man can really drive me up the wall!!!! 'Let me make this clear, no enemy ships must leave the system after our arrival.' What does think we are, rookies?"

Slamming his fist onto the table, Tempest's CMDR, CM Nightflyer glared around the table. An hour after arriving from the meeting on the Carrack Cruiser Darkfire, Torres had called a meeting of all commanding officer in the Challenge's task force.

"Well the way you're acting, Nightflyer, I'm not surprised if he does."

"Oh shove up a windpipe, Manitsas. I mean we've been flying starfighters for ages, we know our job. So if Piett hadn't said, we would've destroyed all enemy ships except the one carrying the cargo marked 'priority message for Rebel High Command'."

"Commander, if you listened and not shoot your head, you'll know that Piett meant that no enemy ship was to leave the system. If one does, the whole operation is history."

Even though he had just been promoted to the position of Wing Commander, LC Tad Taliesin had enough respect as an officer to make anyone see his point.

“Look it doesn’t matter what we think, we’ve been given our orders and that is final.”
“Quiet right Maverick. This discussion is pointless and is over. Make sure all of your pilots are ready for the operation. Remember there will be IW elements in the system so be careful. Mav, your squad ready?”

One of the longest serving officers in the Wing X, MAJ Maverick had lead Typhoon Squadron to the state where it was clearly labelled as an elite squadron by most of the TIE Corps. Now with the toughest assignment ahead of them, Typhoon Squadron were eager to show the galaxy that no one can handle the Challenge.

“We’re ready, boss. Callista and Dan have just returned from the Sovereign so we’re up to full strength. We’ll depart on time.”

“Good. Now everyone else departs in 33 standard hours so be ready by then. Tad, I want every piece of equipment onboard and in it’s place by then. Whatever we leave on the beach, stays there. Meeting over.”

The Challenge was going to war and Torres wanted every starfighter, assault shuttle, and gun with them.

A few minutes after the meeting with the squadron commanders, Torres was in another meeting, this time with his Wing Commander. Both officers were relaxing in Torres’ office with a bottle of Corellian ale and two glasses sitting on the desk.

“Well now we’re set. How long will the loading take?”

“Hard to say, boss. The supply team-master says we should be fully loaded by 1300 tomorrow.”

“Hmmm, that give us seven hours to head off. Alright, have the starfighter squadrons head off first, the SDs will depart when the Challenge is ready. Make sure all departments are ready for battle and that the Crusader and Shield are ready also.”

“I’ll get right on it.”

“Good, now I have some business to attend to on Eos. I’ll see you when I come back.”

“See you then, boss.”

Filling both glasses with some ale, Torres hand one to Tad and they both saluted the Sovereign which could be seen through the viewport.

Just like Torres, Maverick had some business to finish, although it was on Aurora Prime. With enough time before having to brief his squadron, Maverick grabbed his starfighter and headed off to the planet. Landing at the starport at the New Imperial City, he quietly strolled through the streets, watching the Aurorans go through their daily routine with the regularly patrol of Imperial stormtroopers marching pass, keeping law and order intact. Approaching the First Imperial Bank, Maverick transfered some credits to the account of Vice Admiral Yacko, paying for a game of cards the two officers had played last week on the ISD Hammer.

With his business completed, Maverick turned around to leave when he saw a group of Imperial Security agents run into a house on the edge of the courtyard in front of the bank. Just as quickly as they gathered, the agents disappeared into the crowd. Three seconds after the last agent vanished, a large explosion ripped through the house, sending shards flying across the courtyard, cutting down dozens of by-standards with one shard hitting Maverick in the right leg and another narrowly missing his head. Ten seconds after

the explosion, teams of stormtroopers appeared and took control of the scene with medics arriving a few minutes later.

Meanwhile on Eos, Torres and Nightflyer were attending the graduation of the latest bunch of Dark Jedi from the Shadow Academy. Both officers had decided to attend the graduation after they had just left a meeting of House Gladius member currently in the Aurora system. With the graduation almost over, Torres' comlink went off, causing him to move outside to answer it.

"Torres here."

"Torres, it's Doctor Drizzt. I've just received word that Maverick has been injured by an explosion on Aurora Prime."

"Drizzt, how bad is Maverick?"

"The hospital says he got a shard in the right leg and few bruises. Apart from that, he's alright."

"Ok thanks. I'm on my way to the hospital right now. Thanks for telling me."

Switching the comlink off, Torres stood in silence for a moment and then walked back into the Academy Hall where Nightflyer was busy talking with the newest members of Clan Tarentum, House Gladius' parent Clan.

"Problem Torres?"

"Mav's been hurt. He was down on the planet when an explosion went off. I'm going down there to see him."

"Ok, I'm heading back to the Challenge. I'll tell Tad about this when I see him next. Hey tell Mav...."

"I will. See you back at the ship."

After spending twenty minutes flying the hospital, Torres briefly searched the corridors before finding Maverick lying in one of the beds.

"Hey Mav. If you wanted some time to get some sleep, all you had to do was tell me and I would have given you some time. You didn't have to go and get your injured like this."

"Oh very funny, Torres."

"Yeah well, Nightflyer sends his best. So you going to tell me what happened?"

"All I can remember is a bunch of Imperial Security agents entering the building and then leaving it before it exploded."

"IS? Mav, we control the entire system. If security picked up a problem, they could have sent in a squad of troopers. Why use IS?"

"I don't know. All I do know is that they entered the building, a few minutes later left it and then it exploded."

"Well, it's out of your hands. I'll pass this information onto the investigating team and see what they can make of it. In the meantime, you get some rest. Typhoon leaves in 11 hours and I need you right there with them."

"Don't worry, boss. I'll be ready by then."

"Good. Don't forget, they leave in 9 hours with or without you. Take care."

Giving Maverick a quick wave, Torres walked out and headed off for the exit. Leaving the hospital, Torres opened his comlink to the Challenge and asked for Tad.

"Tad, it's Torres. I'm down in the city outside the hospital."

"Yeah, Nightflyer just told me what happened to Mav. How is he?"

“Oh the doctors say hes fine for someone who just had their right leg used for a target. He looks fine and I told him to get some rest. Anyway he told me that just before the explosion he saw a group of IS agents enter and then leave the building.”

“IS? Hmm....strange. I wonder if Tron knows anything?”

“I doubt it. The latest reports put Tau squadron in the Minos Cluster so it will be some time before we recieved a responce. Look I’m going to give Security a buzz and see what Rapier knows about this.”

“Ok Torres. Oh thought you should know, we just recieved comlink message from Sif. It appears that Pappy wants to invite us to some shore leave at his estate.”

“Hahaha....ok call him back and tell him that we’ll stop over on our way to Aurora. I’ll be on the Sovereign if you need me. Torres out.”

An hour after Torres had left, a pair of plain-clothed men walked into Maverick’s oom and closed the door, sitting down onto the chairs in the room.

“Interesting day for you, Major?”

“You could say that. You are?”

“Just a couple of concerned citizens who heard about your accident and heard some rumours about what happened.”

“Yeah well everyone in the city heard that explosion so that doesn’t surprise me. But what kind of rumours have you heard?”

“Well we’ve heard you believe you saw some IS agents involved in this terrorist incident.”

“Hang on, who are.....”

Before Maverick could finish his question, one of the men had his hand around Maverick’s throat faster then Maverick could blink.

“Listen to me very careful. You did not see any IS agents near the area and you will deny that you ever said anything of that sort. If anyone asks you about the explosion, you will tell them that it was a terrorist attack by Rebel agents. Remember, Major, we are watching you. Don’t make the same mistake your Commodore made once.”

With that, the man let go of Maverick and the two men then walked out of the room, leaving Maverick rubbing his throat.

The one thing you could say about the Sovereign was that she was a BIG starship. The first in a line of new class of Super Star Destroyer, the Sovereign had been given to the Emperor’s Hammer as reward for it’s loyalty by the Emperor. 15,000 meters long, she easily outclassed the standard Super Star Destroyer and had enough weaponry to destroy an entire civilisation, even without using the axial superlaser which was based on the main weapon of the Death Star. Impressive as she was, Torres only saw that she made a very big target. As the Sovereign orbited Aurora Prime, Torres saw the Challenge slowly overtake the larger starship as the Imperial-class Star Destroyer prepared to dock with the Modified Platform Daedalus. There was a time that Torres questioned the wisdom behind the construction of the Imperial-class Star Destroyer, but after taking command of the Challenge he had begun to change his views. Though Torres would like to have the support of the Sovereign and it’s elite pilots, he wouldn’t trade in the Challenge in for any other command in the fleet.

“Sovereign control, this Challenge COM. Requesting docking clearance.””

“Challenge COM, this Sovereign control. Clearance given. Please dock in hanger bay 3.”

“Acknowledged Sovereign control.”

Smoothly flying the TIE Defender into hangar bay 3, Torres saw that a small party of stormtroopers headed by an admiral was waiting for him. Softly landing the starfighter, Torres quickly shut down the systems and powered down the reactor core, making a note to get it fixed when he returned to the Challenge.

“Admiral Torres I presume? Admiral Kramer, COM of the Sovereign. Welcome aboard.”

“Thank you Admiral. Haven’t been back on the Sovereign ever since I took command of the Challenge. I’m here to see Vice Admiral Rapier about a highly sensitive matter.”

“Of course, this way. When I heard you were coming aboard, I could that it wasn’t just for a social visit. It’s a rare day when one of the other Commodores come aboard and it’s always for business. So how’s things on the Challenge?”

“Oh busy as usual. We’re getting ready for the attack on planet 1109 and we’re still getting new pilots in every week. Overall things are pretty good, though we’ve had to put off a planned combined operation with ASF because of the lack of numbers.”

“That bad huh?”

“Oh yeah, we’ve barely recovered from our last venture into the cluster, but we’ll be ready to launch. How about the Sovereign?”

“Oh even more busy than the Challenge. We’ve got the CS coming and going and we’re only just recovering from our own losses from battles with the rebels. But we’re pretty good despite everything that has happened. Well here we are.”

“Thanks for the conversation. I’ll see you around.”

“See you around and good luck with planet 1109.”

“Thanks.”

Watching Admiral Kramer head off into the bowels of the massive starship, Torres shook his head and then knocked on the door.

“Enter.”

Opening the door, Torres entered into the Security Office of Vice Admiral Rapier, a former Commodore of the Challenge.

“Hey Torres what’s up? Haven’t seen you since you took command of the Challenge.”

“Good to see you too, Rapier. I need your help on a little matter.”

“Hmmm, Kramer had someone come ahead about your visit. So how bad?”

“Well you’ve heard about the explosion in the city earlier today.”

“Yeah heard about on the Security Net. Something about a terrorist explosion near the First Imperial Bank.”

“Terrorist? That’s the first I’ve heard of that. Actually Mav was injured in the explosion.”

“How bad is he?”

“Oh he got pretty banged up, but nothing a few hours in the hospital won’t fix. What made me come and see you was that prior to the explosion, Mav saw a bunch of IS agents enter and then leave the building. Just after they left, it exploded.”

“IS? I haven’t heard anything about any actions requiring Security’s intervention and nothing has crossed my desk asking for authorization on any covert operations. Was he sure they were IS?”

“After spending so much time with Tron when he was transferred to take the Wing Commander’s spot, I think Mav would know how IS operate. Besides he always indicated in those stories of his that he did some work with some agent from the IS. Add them and I would think that we can trust Mav’s judgement on this.”

“Hmmm...let me check my contacts.”

Minutes ticked by as Rapier quickly searched Security’s Data-Banks for any clues on Maverick’s report of IS involvement. Silently, Torres sat, waiting for Rapier to find something. Ten minutes went past, then fifteen, and finally after twenty minutes, a report appeared on the main holodisplay on one of the walls.

“Well it appears prior to Endor, Imperial Intelligence attached a cell from the Destabilisation Branch to the Emperor’s Hammer. Their orders were to report directly to the Grand Admiral and not to the Ubiqtorate which is odd.”

“How come?”

“Usually all Intelligence cells report to the nearest Ubiqtorate command base which in this case is the head of the EH’s Intelligence Division. But this says that there is a cell which no one in Intelligence knows about...our Intelligence that is.”

“So the question that comes to mind is why would the GA want to blow up a building? He could have easily requested the DB send someone to take care of it instead of using this cell.”

“True and that would make more sense considering the situation here. Now is Mav reported this on a contested world then I wouldn’t be surprised, but on Aurora Prime??? No that doesn’t make any sense. I wonder....hang one sec.”

Just then Rapier’s desk-placed comlink started beeping and he answered it.

“Rapier here. How...could you repeat that please? Yes yes I understand. I’ll inform both officers at once.”

Looking a bit angry about the conversation he had just had, Rapier quietly turned off the com-link as Torres looked on, curious.

“Ok, Torres. Drop the matter and tell Maverick that goes the same for him also.”

“Excuse me???? Did I just hear you tell me to completely forget about an explosion which got one of my best officers injured and the cause of which is in question?”

“No, Rear Admiral, you didn’t hear tell you to do that. You heard me order you to do that and I was told to remind you about a little incident you were involved with last year sometime.”

“With all due respect, Vice Admiral, something happened on Aurora Prime that can’t be covered up. It must be investigated.”

“Yes Rear Admiral, something happened on Aurora Prime. And something happened here. That something is me giving you a direct order. Now if there is anything about that order you don’t understand, I’ll be happy to explain it to you while the Challenge is commanded by someone else. Am I making myself clear?”

Aware that the situation had gone from an unofficial visit to a highly-placed friend to a meeting between two flag ranking officers, Torres got up and stood at attention.

“Crystal clear, Vice Admiral. Am I dismissed?”

Leaning back in his chair, Rapier sighed heavily and then nodded his head. Just before Torres left the room, he spoke.

“The intent of the order of that order was to for both you and Maverick to forget this incident. However as you were the only one who was here at the moment I have to assume that you informed Maverick of this order. Officially I have no involvement.”

“Unofficially?”

“Unofficially...if there is a cell of Imperial Intelligence agents working directly for the Grand Admiral, I’ll find it. But something tells me that we have a group of renegade Imperials. While someone like yourself is too well known in the system to conduct an unauthorized investigation without support from the Command Staff, Maverick, on the other hand, is perfect. He is able to move without creating any questions.”

“And he’s expandable.”

Silence from Rapier confirmed Torres’ last statement and the Security Officer watched as the Challenge Commodore quietly walked out of his officer. Cursing under his breath, Rapier banged the table several times with his fist and then re-opened the com-link to the Grand Admiral.

“Well you were right about his reaction, sir. Torres walked out of here like a cold wind from hell.”

“Not surprising. His record indicates that he’s broken the rules a few times before he joined us. It also shows that he is very loyal to those under his command and he stood against higher ranking officer on more than one occasion to prove them wrong or protect his men from wrongful accusation.”

“You got that from his record?”

“Some of it. Most of it I got from Kawolski who was the COM of the Relentless during Torres’ first few months with us. Everything I’ve been told by officers who have served with Torres tell me that he won’t give up on this matter, even if it means giving up his command. No our problem isn’t will Torres forget to tell Maverick about the false order, but if he will heed your warning and stay out of the investigation.”

“Personally, sir, I think Torres will take part in the investigation and the whole thing will blow up in our faces like it did the last time Torres was involved in something like this.”

“The Phare incident was a tragedy which would have resulted in greater losses if Rear Admiral Stretch hadn’t arrived there in time. Officially Torres was to blame, unofficially he did everything he could and still managed to stop the rebels from escaping. No this time it is different, this time the honour of the Emperor’s Hammer is at stake. Give Maverick any assistance he needs, but make sure it can’t be tracked back to you. If the other Command Staff get a wind of this, there could be real trouble for everyone involved.”

“Acknowledged Grand Admiral. Do you want to delay Typhoon’s departure?”

“No, the attack goes as scheduled. Maverick will have to work fast to find the renegades. Ronin out.”

1st Part.

Rear Admiral David ‘Zen’ Torres
COM/RA Torres/ISD Challenge, Gal.
(PC),(ISMx2),(IWATS-IIC/3,M),(MoT),(MoI),(MoC-g,bx6),(LoCx2)
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sovereign cantina

The Executive Office herein presents fiction submitted by the Squadron Commanders, Flight Leaders and Flight Members of the Emperor's Hammer.

The unofficial EH-convention in London

a somewhat different report by Commander Michael

“Wanna go with me to London?” Was she kidding? It was some days before christmas and I was talking to LCM Callista on IRC. Then she opened this to me. I agreed just to want to know what she the hell was talking about. But I quickly figured out she didn’t joked. Callista gave me an address on the net where a travel agency had a homepage. One day London, with travel by bus from Wiesbaden to London and crossing the channel by ferry. Well, nothing easier than this, I thought. Wiesbaden? Only four hours by train and about \$65 far away from Bochum. Right. Let’s see... I always have been somebody who could quickly make decisions and keep them. So I said “Well, alright. I’m just going to make that clear with family...” Here the problems started. Everybody wanted to know why I wanted to start from Wiesbaden

instead of my hometown. Sure, my mom agreed with the idea but she made clear that I'd have to pay the ticket to Wiesbaden by myself or I should start from here. The problem was: I wanted to go with Calli and not on my own. So it had to somewhat organize it...

After I talked to some ugly person at our main railway station and after driving the price down with the Force I told Calli that I was ready. That was shortly after New Year and about one to two weeks before the journey. She was amazed and then told me that some other guy would come with us. "No, he isn't in the EH but you'll sure like him. His name's Thomas." Right. So what? Just another guy coming with us. Never mind. We would have a nice day in London, buying things we'd never use and so on... Okay, I'm really looking forward to this. "Say this again..." I thought I didn't hear right... "Yeah, you heard right. We'll meet some guys from EH there." Yeah. Right. Just don't tell me. I met Calli on IRC about one week before the bus trip to London. She just said to me that we'll meet some guys from EH there. Right. I have no real problem with this. Only three to four people more who can possibly even show us London. And the opportunity to meet some really crazy and loyal Imperials. Okay, no problem.

"How many people there will be? Well, I guess fourteen to fifteen, I..." After I regained consciousness, I took again a look at what she said... FOURTEEN? Are you insane? What the... Well, no problem. Then there are fourteen or fifteen guys. So what? We'll have a great time. So much to a simple trip, alone with Calli to London.

Right. So I asked who'll come. Melliush? Brandon? Jarla? Who are these?? I only knew Darkov. And that from my time on IRC where he had cursed me for modifying my TaunTaun.... I thought about Kawolski, Havoc or even the GA himself... I guess you can't have everything. Meanwhile it was three to four days before the trip.

Right. It's really a crap to come home and then try to catch your train fast. Anyway, I made it in time and arrived at the Wiesbaden's main railway station at 6:30 pm. I took my really, really heavy bag (What did ya think? I must have something to eat on these journeys!!) and stepped out of the train. After a short look around I realized that nobody was there, I got forgotten and Calli was already on her trip to London. Fine. When's the next train back? Then I noticed somebody with an asking face was nodding to me? Should I know her? Oh, hell, it was Callista!! I didn't recognize her at once but we quickly introduced us to ourselves. I nodded to her father and some blonde man behind her. I asked Calli and she said it was Thomas.

Right. After we introduced us we quickly became friends (we three, of course). We waited for the bus that would bring us to London. We quickly said goodbye to Calli's friend then were on our way to the city that never sleeps... (oh, excuse me, that was NY, I think...)

I never thought sleeping in a bus would be THAT difficult... No problem at 9pm but after I didn't get sleep at 10pm (Hey, it was going to be a hard day...) My neck was aching that much I only thought that Empress Darkside please finish this torment. I jealously looked at Calli who was asleep and had a wonderful soft pillow under her head. After she bate me twice in the hand when I tried to steal her pillow I gave up and surrendered to fate and lean back.

Somehow we made it to London and I didn't fade into the Force... Right. The first impression we got from London was the dirty parking lot before the still closed McDonald's. We stood in the cold rain that prevented us from crossing the channel by ferry but by train. Another train again. Somehow I began to hate trains and busses. Especially sleeping in busses.

Anyway, some years later a good soul inside McDonald's opened (exactly fifteen minutes after their opening-times...) and we all got in. Then I realized I wasn't hungry at all. Crap.

Anyway, I sat down and Calli told me she was going to make herself ready. She really wanted to look good. Regardless she looks good at any time, she vanished into the toilet.

The next time I wondered if those spiders actually know how long you've to wait. One tried

to build his net on my arm. Fascinated by it I let it make. The time went by and I didn't hear any life signal from Callista. When I finally thought about what I say to her father, kinda "I'm sorry, Mr. Callista, but she suddenly disappeared. We're sure she fell into terrorist's hands and was executed. I'm sorry but at least she died in the line of honor...", Callista came back. Well, I thought it was her. She was completely dressed up. There was no doubt she even had a bath somewhere on the toilet...

Right. I killed that nasty spider and the bus started driving towards London downtown. We crossed the bridge, saw Big Ben, Scotland Yard and finally came to a stop at the Cleopatra's Needle. Nice obelisk.

Right. What's the first thing to do in London? Right, phone your parents your safe and that thief's just a friend of you. So we, that means Calli, Thomas and me, searched for one of these funny, red telephone kiosk. We found two. Just an advice for those who want to visit while rain: don't walk too close on the street. There're big puddles...

Right. I guess the driver didn't hear my cursing but it didn't matter. My right side was wet and I hoped English rain dries faster than German. At least Calli and Thomas got wet, too when they phoned. What a pity that the call-boxes were that close to the street, too...

Our first aim was the Cleopatra's Needle. We were to meet Melluish here. And after some time we really did. Pretty cool. We at once recognized each other and almost at once began to talk and laugh. After some time arrived Darkfire and Paul. We had a nice time together until somebody made the suggestion to go, meet the others and quit staying here. I guess it was me. And somehow the bag I carried tortured me. My back was aching that much I only hoped to sit down.

Right. Next step: Trafalgar Square. We sat there and waited for about half an hour. In the bus I had realized that this was England. That meant every computer game you want, completely uncensored. So I really wanted to go to Picadilly Circus and look after some sweet computer games. It was really funny but Thomas didn't find the connection. Cause he wasn't in the EH, he couldn't talk with us about EH-things. So I made the suggestion that Calli and the others wait while Thomas and me make some sightseeing for that Thomas doesn't grow bored. I could barely hide my grin.

Right. That was Picadilly Circus. Impressive, most impressive. But where's the Trocadero I heard that much about? "I've been here before. We must go right. Yeah, this street, right." Thomas seemed to know so I followed him. We found a nice shopping street but no sign of the Trocadero. I figured out that London has a great lack of official benches to sit down. My bag was growing heavy. Really, really heavy.

I made the suggestion to look the Troc up on the map.

"Right, eh? To me it looks like we should have went LEFT!" After clubbing Thomas vehemently with one of the big, red busses we got back on track. We returned and took the road to the left. They're really kind in London. There they write on the streets where to look. If you cross one, there's a note on the bottom, saying " ? Look Left". I wonder what happens if you can't speak English...

We reached the Troc and I was quiet impressed about it. On the first floor there's HMV-games, a kinda Eldorado for German computer-freaks. I first took a look around there and promised to myself I will come back here at all costs. Then we were able to go through the REAL Trocadero. It's a huge building, consisting of several floors with Sega-video-games, divided by genre. Entrance free, most games about 50p to £1. Coolest ever! I spent about half an hour at 'Star Wars – The Arcade Game'. Obviously. My back was aching. Thomas made the suggestion to go to one of London's beautiful parks and have a seat.

I assume he had killed me for my whining if we hadn't reached the St. John's park in time. Fortunately there was a bench to sit down and we took out our food and rested. We had about one to two hours after we wanted to meet again with Calli and company. "Didn't she said she

wanted to buy shoes? Hehe... poor guys. They will have to follow her through every damned London shoe-store to find some shoes for Calli.... And we're sitting here. Cool, eh? I'm really glad I'm sitting here..." "SHUT UP!" That was clear. So I shut up and ate. St. John's park was quiet nice. But all the rain has made it somehow down. I got a good insight into day-to-day life.

Right. My feed, my back and my neck were aching, I felt like ten rounds against an angry Rancor and we had to go back. Lemme say only this: Thomas was quiet happy when we finally reached Picadilly where we wanted to meet again. Then we waited.

Meanwhile I took some photos played cards with Tom.

Finally Thomas found Calli on the other side of the street and after some minutes we saw again. She got more company. Meanwhile Darkov, Brandon and Graham had joined our party. After introducing us, we went to Burger King. I think it was Burger King. Could've been McDonald's. Don't really know.

Right. We sat there, ate burgers and waited for Jarla and company to join us. Our call-boy Simon (Melluish), who always had his handy with his told us they're waiting somewhere else. We could easily reach them by tube.

Alright. Why don't they come to us? Why the hell to we have to get there? WHY?

Right. We bought a ticket and were on our way to Jarla etc. Everybody took photos and I slowly became blind by all these flashlights. It was about 6pm. Our bus was due to 9pm. Short but pregnant, we met and went together to the Troc. There we sat down and had a drink. It was really nice. Everybody was kind and we all had to laugh and to talk. I took my last money and, together with Darkov, showed one of these video-games with laser-guns how a realy Imperial pilot fights!

I always thought that the blue and green flashes behind your eyelids were imagination. After my four hours at the Troc, I wasn't sure...

Most of the people left and the hard core came together at Cleopatra's Needle. We wanted to use every piece of time we had. And, Empress Darkside is my witness, we did it! Someone took out beer and champagne and... well... can't remember right, but really was cool. The photos tell their own story...

Every day ends and eventually the bus came. We said goodbye and saluted a last time. Then, after we convinced her that Callista couldn't stay and live in London, we were on our way back.

What I personally got from this? Lot of fun, a really originally English flu and the fact that I will never again use my bagback.

London? I saw nothing but Cleopatra's Needle, Picadilly Circus, St. John's Park, the Trocadero, McDonald's, Burger King and KFC. But it was a great time!!

CMDR/CM Mike/Shield 1-1/Wing IX/ISD Relentless

The Mem Squadron Chronicles

The Mem Squadron chronicles are a compilation of stories from squadron members. Written entirely by squadron members, the chronicles are a real look inside what Mem Squadron is like. By the time you are finished reading these stories, you will know Mem Squadron like your own. We can make you laugh, and make you cry. But we always have a good time.

Like many other chronicles, these are on-going. What you have in front of you now is nothing more than the beginning few chapters. These are mostly the meeting of Mem

Squadron. People getting to know each others strengths and weaknesses. Most importantly, learning to get along as a single unit.

We are a very proud squadron here in Mem. And we hope that you can see this come through in our writings. We wrote these stories for the readers enjoyment, so please enjoy them and let us know what you like and dislike. Chances are, Mem Squadron Chronicles Part2 will be coming along soon. In conclusion, have a good time with them, we know we did writing them.

For the Glory of the Empire,

<Salute>

TACA-CMDR/LG Dave/Mem 1-1/WingV/SSSD

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Chapter2- The meeting of the squadron members as told by LG Dave. Written by LG Dave.

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Chapter4- The First Problem-Written by GN Thrawn

Chapter1-The History of Mem Squadron

This is the story of one squadrons fight to glory and fame. Some stories are of courage and honor, while others have a surprising twist. This story will energize you, make you laugh...maybe even make you cry. This is as real as it gets.The tales are written by the pilot. They are in order of rank and time of joining.

The History of LG Dave

Strong in the force was he, yes very strong. Dave was destined to become a jedi, and a skilled Imperial pilot. Born and raised in the Phare System, Dave had seemed to be destined to do great things. Like most other children his age, Dave flew small craft in the canyons and over the vast forests of his home planet. He often experimented with the force like many others. One day, something disastrous happened...

Returning home he saw smoke coming from the house his parents owned. Dave ran towards the smoke, and what he saw, shocked and scared him. Dave's father had overcooked that nights dinner, the smoke was coming from the barbecue. Experiences like this were commonplace for Dave, and he learned to love them.

On his 18th birthday, Dave took a step towards his destiny. On this day, Dave enrolled in the Imperial Academy. Not necessarily a deadly ace of a pilot, but his officer skills amazed most people. He could inspire even the most depressed squadrons and bring them back to life. For this, Dave became well-known throughout most parts. When graduation time came along, Dave was top in his class. His honours were numerous and his destiny of joining the Imperial Navy was in site.

Taking another big step, Dave fell down a flight of stairs. The doctors said he would be able to fly in about 2 years. There wasn't much to do for a recently graduated pilot, and one day he was approached by a man in a dark-cape. He said the word "Moff" to Dave, and he understood immediately. Conveniently enough, the Phare System was in need of a Moff, so naturally, the job was Dave's.

For two years Dave improved his diplomatic skills and then it was time. This time not even a flight of stairs would hold him back, Dave joined the Emperor's Hammer. Placed in Kaph Squadron under the watchful eye of then Brigadier General Chandler, Dave fit right in. Eventually, Chandler left and Dave took his job as commander. But the woes of commander-hood hit Dave after 6 months of it. In an unlikely turn of events. The now lieutenant general turned towards the elite squadron Omega. He was accepted with open arms. But soon, the commander job came calling back. And in an odd twist of fate, he was back under his old commander, now Major General Chandler.

And so we leave you, this is where the story of Mem Squadron begins, and what an incredible story it has been so far...

The History of BG Mike

BG Michael Sutton wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. Then, his hand was back on the trigger in a flash, taking out another turrent of the huge Nebulon B Frigate. BG Mike had a sigh of relief when the transports arrived. He took a moment to think how he had gotten here.

He thought of the years before the Empire, when he lived under the tyranny of the Republic. As soon as the Empire was born under the hand of Emperor Palpatine, Mike was anxious to destroy the remnants of the once great Republic. Mike then joined up with the Empire's great navy.

For years after that, he went through countless training exercises, getting ready for the battle that everyone was anticipating. On that day, that fateful day, Mike was unfortunately in the wrong place, at the wrong time.

Under the watchful eye of GA Thrawn, Mike saw himself advance in rank quickly, even up to AD. But on the day of the second death star, then AD Mike saw his life and hopes shatter.

GA Thrawn had not been at the second death star, as Mike had hoped. Instead, GA Thrawn was sent to the outer rim. But in Mike's rampage, he stole a Tie Defender. He hypered as fast as he could, wanting to catch and kill every rebel that threatened his beloved Emperor. But as he jumped into the system, he saw nothing. The death star had been destroyed once again, and the Emperor with it. Perhaps I could get into the battle between the destroyers and the Cruisers, he thought. As AD Mike throttled up to fight, he was jolted back into his seat. He was caught in a tractor beam from one of Thrawn's Corvettes. For his insubordination, he was kicked back down to GN and sent away to a small Squad on the SSSD Soverign.

He was sent there as punishment, but he found something completely different. He found a great, but misunderstood, squad led under the capable hands of LG Dave. There he was promoted to flight leader, and then to BG Mike, his current rank.

Yes, he knew why he was here, fighting for what most people called a lost hope. For the glory of the empire! BG Mike powered up his Tie Defender, launched the rest of his rockets at the Frigate, charging up his lasers in the process. The Frigate exploded into shards which flew into space, making more debris for BG Mike to dodge. Then he felt the pride he always felt. the pride that came from the destruction of the evil Republic! For the first time since his first year under Thrawn, BG Mike felt like he was at home.

The History of GN Max Rebo

Never having much money growing up, MaxRebo did odd-jobs on his home-planet of Tatooine to make money to go to the imperial academy. These jobs including playing in a band at the palace of the crimelord, Jabba, and working at a small cantina in Mos Eisley Spaceport. For years he watched as the best pilots passed in and out of the cantina and he often got tips from them on how-to be a good pilot. Pilots of note include Han Solo, Chewbacca, and Danz Borin.

Eventually, Max made enough money to get off the planet and go to the imperial academy. Max passed through the academy doing ok. He finished in the middle of the class and wasn't really noticed. But Max was good enough to be placed in the elite imperial fleet, the Emperor's Hammer. He was placed in a squadron with no other members, Mem.

He entered the briefing room and saw a very decorated man standing at the front of the room. The two introduced themselves and the rest is pretty much history. Max and Dave went on to become great friends and eventually, Max was promoted to general.

The History of GN Marr

Chanlin Marr, heir to the 'Marr Technologies' fortune, (a subsidiary of Sienar Fleet Systems, dealing mainly in starfighter armor and shield development) entered the Imperial academy at age 16. Rising quickly in his studies, he graduated with distinction at age 19. With his options before him, he chose to become a TIE Fighter pilot, since he felt his being raised around TIE engineers and starfighter systems gave him an advantage.

He passed his flight trials with 'flying' colors, but, like most other "rookies", his first assignments were less than glorious. But he soon proved himself to be an outstanding pilot and tactician, even garnering the praise from such Imperial legends as then Vice Admiral Thrawn, Darth Vader, and even the Emperor himself!

It was even rumored that Marr succeeded in so many covert operations for the Emperor, that he earned his way into the Emperor's Secret Order, and eventually reached the high title as the 'Eyes of the Emperor'. Though no official documentation exists to prove Marr attained this rank in th Order, some swear to have seen the distinctive tattoo indicating this position on his left forearm.

Chanlin Marr quickly earned the Imperial Navy rank of General, and was on the fast-track to even greater honors, when IT happend. The Battle of Endor, and the end of the Empire as it had been. Confusion and chaos ran rampant after the battle, and General Marr found that his leader, the Emperor, to whom he had sworn to serve above all others, was dead.

Keeping his pledge to serve the Emperor, General Marr went 'officially' AWOL, and began a quest to seek out and bring together other members of the elite 'Secret Order', in hopes that with their combined knowledge and influence, they could restore the Empire to what it had once been.

Since no records existed of who was or was not a member of the Order, General Marr had a daunting task before him. He spent several years searching, but found only a handful of other members. He had hoped that by banding together, the Secret Order would return the Empire to its former glory.

But those members he did find scoffed at his idealism, putting their own self-interests ahead of serving the Empire, or the late Emperor. General Marr was dejected. After all his searching, the few people he had been sure would assist him out of all others turned out to be traitors to the Empire, and the Emperor.

Marr took it upon himself to eliminate every traitorous member of the Order he found, which turned out to be every single member he discovered! He knew there were many more members he hadn't found, and he hoped they were still driving for the ideals of the New Order, but Marr ended his search, and his hopes, in failure.

It was now many years after the battle of Endor, and General wanted back in. He wanted another chance at the Rebels/New Republic. He quietly returned to Imperial controlled space, and announced himself to the Current Fleet Commander, Grand Admiral Ronin. Impressed by his war record, and his journey in search of the scattered Secret Order, GA Ronin saw to it that General Marr was placed into the best Squadron in the Empire: Mem Squadron!

Now flying one of the state-of-the-art Missile Boats in Flight 1 of the Squadron, General Marr continues his battle against the Rebels, and all of those who would challenge the power, and the glory, of the Empire!

The History of GN Thrawn

As the allies between tall buildings darken, the silence is torn by the scream of swoops. As the two brothers race frantically through the streets, ducking and diving. Ahead the goal is visible, a beautiful Corellian female holding a long, wind blown scarf. As the two riders come in neck and neck, the fair maiden releases the scarf from her grip, watching with wide eyes as the brothers dive down, down, down. Ever deeper into the highest city on Corellia. As the swoops screams die, she wonders if there will be a victor or just two losers. Suddenly from behind her, the screams fill her ears and then die once and for all. The two brothers dismount, cheerfully clapping each other on the backs and laughing. The oldest walks up to the girl and hands her the fallen red scarf. That was almost one year ago. The night before the oldest, Janson, enrolled in the Emperor's Hammer. The youngest, Sabain, was left at home with the folks and the family fuel station and garage. Dreaming of the future and of being an Admiral in the Imperial Navy, Sabain didn't pay much attention when an old freighter glided in, signaling emergency repairs. He did notice, however, when the old freighter started spurring Rebel troops, firing and yelling. A stray blast hit a fuel canister and sent Sabain's families living quarters into a blazing inferno. Choking on smoke and unable to see, Sabain stumbles to a small, one man fighter he and his brother had been playing with and took off. After reporting the incident to the Corellian authorities, a high-cost Holo message was forwarded to him. It notified him of his brother's death. Janson's death put Sabain over the edge. That night he hacked into the city records and reported himself as killed in the "accident" that had happened. He then adopted the name Thrawn. He told himself that from now on he would fight the Rebels with as much cunning and ruthlessness as the original Thrawn. Janson had talked highly of Commander in particular. LG Dave, then CO of Kaph Squadron. As soon as "Thrawns" eighteenth season came, he enrolled in the Imperial Navy, requesting immediate attachment to Dave's new unit, Mem Squadron.

LT Eric

I am only the third pilot in my family to join the Empire. My grandfather was an imperial officer, my father was a pilot, and now, I am a pilot and learning the fine art of becoming a

mechanic. My grandfather left in his will after he died (which was after Empereor Palpatine died) that he had a large portion of an Imperial fleet hidden somewhere on a planet like earth. no one was maintaining these ships except a massive computer and robot system that he set up. Most of the upper layer of the planet was carved out and held all the ships of his former fleet. My father was given this will, but found a job and wife on Earth and decided to retire from the navy. Currently, I have a squadron of mixed fighters and small vessels my family has collected over the years. I also have a few ground craft. My most prized possession growing up was my grandfathers modified TIE Fighter. It was in this craft that i found my future in the Imperial navy and the will that started my quest to find what is rightfully mine...
A fleet of starships.

I believe that this fleet will be a powerful addition to the Emperors Hammer arsenal and be a deadly addition to destroying the new republic. My grandfather was an expert at computers, mechanics, electronics, science as well as developing new weapons. so I just hope i can find my fleet before the New Republic gets too strong.

The Begining.....

This is the story of how Mem Squadron met as told from the eyes of LG Dave.

LG Dave walked out of RA Chandlers office with his orders. He thought to himself, "Wow, Im really lucky to have gotten a squadron with 7 members." Dave walked into the briefing room expecting to see 7 active members sitting there waiting for an assignment. To Dave's wonderment, the room was empty. He calmly strolled back into RA Chandler's office. "Where praytell are my members?" asked Dave. Chandler replied with an evil grin, "Didn't anyone tell you? They are all AWOL. Why do you think LG Paulhamus would leave?" Dave thought about it for a little bit, and it struck him. RA Chandler made a good point. So Dave did what any other commander would do...scream and yell until he got some members.

Obviously, Dave couldn't scream loud enough that the flight office could hear. The only option for him was to stop moping around and recruit. He picked up the phone and made some phone calls to some old school friends. The first one he reached that remembered (or cared to talk to) him was an old friend named MaxRebo. Luckily enough, Max was going through the Imperial Academy at the time, and only had a few days to graduate. Max requested that he be placed in Mem Squadron, and Dave was glad to have him.

In the same day, Dave got through to one of his best friends in high school, Mike. Although it took some coaxing, Mike signed up. The next morning Dave walked into the briefing room and the 2 members sat anxiously waiting an assignment. Dave thought to himself, "Excellent." Mike and Max jumped up to greet Dave. "Well, its about time I had some pilots to mold into my image," said LG Dave. "Glad to be here," both Max and Mike said. "It is a shame that there are only 2 of you, otherwise we could start some training exersizes," said LG Dave. "I see that you need to complete your training GN Mike, go to the simulator and finish that up as soon as possible." GN Mike replied, "Ok, I'll take of it ASAP." "And what to do with you Max," asked Dave. Suddenly an idea popped into Dave's head, "Lets goto the cantina and catch up on old times, then we can play some foosball in a drunken state." Max immediatly replied, "Lets go!"

Several days went by with just Max, Mike, and Dave. The 3 flew in competitions against the ship and against each other having a great time. But, 3 members was not good enough if Mem was going to be considered one of the best squadrons. So Dave kept calling anyone he knew. He remembered a friend from his old squadron, Kaph. He called up Eric, and he said

that it would be his pleasure to serve under Dave again. And so the squadron was up to 4.

Each member of Mem was very active in their own little way. They all got along very well and flew in some more competitions. Each time, a trend developed, each member flew no matter what the circumstances were. LG Dave began using this as Mem's trademark. This led to a tradition in Mem Squadron that will not end for some time. For the activity levels and flying in Mem, Dave, Mike, Eric, and Max were honored with the Wing Commanders Own Award. This is a very prestigious award and LG Dave praised the squadron members.

Seeming to have a delayed reaction, the Flight Office must have heard Dave's echos of wanting members. Out of nowhere, Mem squadron received a new member, GN Marr. GN Marr was welcomed to the squadron with open arms, and just as he settled in, another new member came in. This new member was GN Thrawn. GN Thrawn was a friend to one of LG Dave's old flight leaders, Cal Janson. Thrawn had gotten the generals from Janson, and naturally, he wanted to join Mem.

Now there was 6 members, from 1 to 6 in a very short time. LG Dave had not done bad for himself. The most impressive thing was that every single one of the members was active. The two newest recruits were very active and the squadron veterans remained active. "Most impressive" Dave said to himself.

Dave strolled through the Wing V hall stopping in each of his fellow commanders offices bragging about his hyper-active squadron. Eventually, he reached the briefing room (but only after several pieces of food were thrown at him.) Dave stood tall and proud over the members of Mem Squadron, the Wing Commander's Own. "Today, we start a new chapter in the book of Mem Squadron. From now on Mem will not simply sit by and be content to be average. We are now a force to be reckoned with. We are Mem Squadron." The pilots rose from their seats and walked single-file behind LG Dave. For the first time, Dave walked into the docking bay and announced, "Mem Squadron training flights." A voice came over the intercom and said "Mem Squadron, WingV, Location: hanger #12." Dave led the pilots to the hanger, and there they were, Mem's Tie Defenders and Missile Boats. "Suit up guys, it's time..."

Chapter 3-A Day in the Life of Mem

This is the daily routine of Mem Squadron. It will help some in understanding some of the upcoming stories.

6:00 AM- An alarm clock goes off in LG Dave's room. Dave throws the clock across the room.

6:15 AM- It is too early, go back to bed.

6:30 AM- Realizing that he must get up, Dave rolls out of bed, hitting the floor. After the pain leaves his body, Dave is very awake from the fall and stands up.

6:35 AM- The EH Brand Coffee begins brewing. LG Dave adds a little EH Brand Vodka to give the coffee a little more pickup. After taking a few sips, Dave is set for the day.

6:38 AM- LG Dave drudges down to the squadron barracks. He wonders to himself "Why do they put these things so far away from my bunk."

7:00 AM- After a long walk, Dave makes it to the bunks. There are pillows scattered on the floor along with shaving cream. "Looks like they were up pillow fighting again last night," Dave thinks to himself, "baffoons."

7:05 AM- The relative silence of the barracks is broken by a loud scream. "GET UP!!!" After getting no response, Dave puts in the "Spice Girls" tape.

7:06 AM- Chaos in the barracks. Flight Members scramble for ear plugs.

7:10 AM- Everyone is up by now. Dave hits the "stop" button on the "Spice Girls" LG Dave

orders a clean-up of the bunk.

7:15 AM- Bunk is spotless. "Meet me at the briefing room in 15 minutes. Be there or be square." says LG Dave.

7:30 AM- "Where is everyone?" asks LG Dave. The two squadron members that are there say nothing. "I guess we can assume that they got lost again." He thinks to himself, "You think that a walk down the hall wouldn't be that difficult."

7:35 AM- A voice comes over the intercom. "LG Dave, we found 3 members of Mem Squadron riding up and down the elevators. Should we bring them down?" Dave thinks to himself, "idiots."

7:36 AM- After thinking it through, Dave decides, "Ok, send them down and give them a detailed map...no wait, I will come get them"

7:45 AM- Dave returns with the 3 lost-ones. He sees the 2 that he left behind in the briefing room playing with Chewbacca action figures. "Can we start the briefing now???"

"Today we will be simulating, going on a short recon-mission, then we have a ship-wide meeting to be followed by some entertainment."

"Any questions?"

"Meet me at the simulator by 8:30 AM, try to get some breakfast, it is the most important meal of the day, dismissed!"

8:30 AM- By some holy miracle, everyone is at the simulator when they are supposed to be. "Today we will be flying the T/I combat chamber mission number 4." A voice comes through the simulator, "You will be flying for 2 hours today. Good luck!"

"You heard the simulator, lets go guys" replies LG Dave.

10:30 AM- The squad struggles out of the simulator. "Good flying today guys" said LG Dave. "Maybe we can get a kill tomorrow" snickers BG Mike. The squad gets a good laugh. Dave replies "Calm down guys, listen up, we have been scheduled to fly our recon mission at 12:00 PM. So you guys have 1 and 1/2 hour to goof-off. Meet me at the docking bay at 12:00. "

12:00 PM- At 12:00, a voice comes over the intercome, "Mem Squadron recon-mission loading docking bay #28." Luckily, Mem is already there and preped in their ships.

12:05 PM- LG Dave reports in "Mem Squadron departing for recon-mission, time:12:05 PM" The voice comes back again, "Good-luck and God-speed Mem"

12:10 PM- Daves voice come's over the com-set. "Listen up guys, our objective today is to inspect a satellite located about 100 clicks from the Sov. We have been ordered not to hyper. So boost up your shields and stay in formation until we are out of the Sov's view.

12:20 PM- "Ok guys, no need to stay in formation anymore. Just try your best to keep up. I want to get this done really quickly." says LG Dave.

1:00 PM- GN Thrawn comes in on the com-set. "LG Dave, we are approaching the satellite, but it looks like there are two of them." "Hmm" thinks LG Dave. "BG Mike, you and GN Marr will go inspect the satellite to the right." "Yes sir" Mike chimes in.

1:10 PM- "You got that inspected BG Mike?" asks LG Dave. "Done and done, let's go home!" The squad heads back to the Sov.

2:00 PM- "LG Dave to Docking Bay, can we park these things?"

That voice comes over the com-set again. "You sure can. Use Docking Bay #54"

LG Dave replies "Thank you very much"

2:15 PM- The squadron has parked and stands in the de-briefing room. The Wing Commander strides into the room. "How was your mission today?" he asks. LG Dave answers, "a complete success as usual."

"Nicely done," the wing commander says as he leaves the room.

Chapter 4
The First Problem.....

As the Frigate Nemesis comes out of hyperspace, LG Dave is attempting to calm his squadron.

"Come on guys, these mssions are to help you, not make you hate each other!"

"But sir,"GN Thrawn counters,"training missions, well, they suck sir."

"I agree" GN Marr interjects.

The rest of the squadron adds their thoughts as well.

"Bah, how are you guys supposed to get to know each other if you dont practice together?!" the veteran squadron commander asks defensively.

"Couldnt we atleast do this in the enemy territory? I mean, lets get real here. We are in the middle of EH Space and we're using a Frigate. How pitiful can you get?" GN Rebo adds.

"Mike, what do you think?" Dave asked, turning to the pilot that has served off and on with Dave for quite some time now.

GN Mike seems to think and then, "I tend to agree with the newbies sir".

In a vain effort to break the uneasiness, LT Eric asks, "When do we eat here?"

After the chuckles die down, Dave considers giving in and requesting a training assignment to greener pastures as the Nemesis comes out of hyperspace.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION! MEM SQUADRON: REPORT TO THE HANGER IMMEDIATLY! MEM SQUADRON: REPORT TO YOUR SHIPS!

For a split second, the squadron sits around and then, realizing THEY were Mem Squadron, the whole squadron jumps up and runs down the hall as if controled by one mind. LG Dave smiles to himself as he leads his squad down the hall. "They already show signs of working together" he thinks to himself.

As they approach the hanger, Dave suddenly realizes that the red battle lights are flashing.

"Whats going on Commodore?" he asks the into his comlink.

"We came out of hyperspace into a Rebel trap! It looks like they are out to disable the Nemesis so get out there and run us some cover! We've had a hyperspace inversion overload so we need the time!" the panicked Commodore answered.

After The Quick Fight.....

The debriefing room is quiet as LG Dave reviews everyones battle cameras.

"Talk about bad odds. Six strange pilots united in one new squadron fighting off all those ships without a lot of damage." GN Thrawn comments as the lights go up.

"Yes. There was a total of forty-eight enemy fighters against our six and a beat up old Frigate. The Nemesis survived but I'm afraid the hyperdrive has been damaged. It will take days to fix. Since we can expect another attack I am implementing two man flights. Marr, you will be my wing, Eric, I want you to stick close to Thrawn. He's experienced and will keep you alive." LG Dave instructs.

"Don't worry kid, I'll get your back" GN Thrawn jokes as he punches Eric in the arm. The rest of this mishappened squad chuckles and then returns the attention to LG Dave.

"You better Thrawn. If you don't I'll have you hide. Max Rebo, I want you on Mike's wing. Watch him, he can show you a few things."

"So how exactly did we do, sir?" Mike asks.

"Considering the odds, we did well. Three X-wings, three B-wings, three A-wings and three Y-wings were waiting for us. The B- and Y-wings went for the Nemesis while the fighters kept us busy. Lucky your shots hit true and the B- and Y-wings did minimal damage. As we destroyed these craft, more came out of hyperspace. You have severely crippled this sector's Rebel force. You are responsible for the destruction of Black, Blue, Gold and Red squadrons. We don't know where they came from but as soon as we finish here I'm going to go send in a report to Grand Admiral Ronin. It's getting late and we have patrol duties. We are taking eight, that's right, count em, eight hour shifts. Proceed no more than six kilometers away from the ship and try to stay together. As squad leader me and Marr will take first duty. Set your chronos at twenty-one hundred hours in three, two, one, MARK. Let's go Marr. The rest of you have eight hours sleep. Thrawn, take the second bunch up, Mike, last patrol." LG Dave finishes.

After the assorted yessirs and salutes, he turns and heads for his office and then to his beloved Missile Boat for graveyard shift on patrol.

The Next Day.....

BEEP *BEEP* *BEEP**SLAM!* A sleeping Dave awakes and hits the button on his Com unit.

"Yessir!" LG Dave bolts awake as he realizes it is the Wing Commander checking up on the ill-fated craft and her crew.

"In bed? I thought you had some kind of cushy training op you're off on." WC Chandler grins.

"What? Haven't you heard? We were attacked by Rebels! Our Frigate is stuck here. We could leave in our fighters but that would leave the ship and her crew here and defenseless. We've been having power fluxes all night." LG Dave explains.

"Well, I have bad news then. Your squadron is on their own for awhile. You've been reassigned. A replacement should be there by this evening but you must leave now." the Wing Commander informs Dave.

"I cant leave them! They'll tear each other apart! Besides, we've got problems with one of our craft. Turns out one of my boys took a hard hit than we thought. Lastnight on patrol he totally lost power and had to be towed in by tractor beam." LG Dave, near hysterics explains.

"They will be fine. Mike, Marr and Thrawn are all well experienced pilots and fighters. About that bad ship, do you have a replacement?" WC Chandler inquires.

"Sir, we're on a Frigate. We barely had enough room for our ships and our gear."

"Oh, well, try to get it repaired and bring that one here when you return. I will stall for three hours while you administer repairs. You must leave NO LATER THAN TEN."

"Yessir" Dave replied, unable to do anything. <salute>

"Good luck." WC Chandler offered. <salute>

Two And A Half Hours Later.....

"Dammit! Thats not it! I said the HYDROSPANNER!" Thrawn yells at Eric from the damaged Missle Boats twist inards.

"Sorry Thrawn. Im no mechanic. Maybe you should have someone else help you." Eric mekly states as he hands Thrawn the correct tool.

"Like who? Dave is in a conference with the Wing Commander going over the details of the attack, Marr is dead asleep and Mike and Rebo are on patrol!" Thrawn yells tiredly.

"What about the ships crew?" Eric offers.

"Now if their ship wasnt busted too we might do that wouldnt we? Newbie. Nerfherder!" Thrawn crossly grumbles as Eric goes over and sits on a packing crate, waiting for the next barked order.

"Thrawn!"

THUMP! *OUCH!* "Dammit Dave was that really necessary?! What are you trying to do? Kill me?!" Thrawn complains, as he emerges rubbing an already forming bump on his head.

"I'll leave that to the Rebels.....or your squad mates" Dave said grinning. Getting a little serious, "Is she ready Thrawn? Can this bird get me back to HQ without any problems?" Dave, suddenly serious asks, looking into the cramped space Thrawn emerged from.

"Sir, this ship couldn't safely transport a Gundark across the street. She has power flucuations and the dang hypercoil is warped. Its possible to make one but it could take days. Im afraid you'll have to leave it here and take a good one while I try to get this thing

running. I'll give Eric my ship and I'll take this one if I can." Thrawn completes his explanation and looks up at his old Commander.

"Ok. But dont go taking unnecessary risks. If she wont fly, cordinate the attack from the bridge." Dave orders.

"No risks? Is that what you said when you asked for this mission?" Thrawn teases.

"Shut up and get back to work. I've already talked to the others. I'll see you around, Thrawn." Dave turns and heads for an operational Missile Boat with a short hair ruffle for Eric and then no further words, looks or an acknowledgement at all. He just hops up, jacks in, gets clearance from the bridge and departs.

"Some day" Thrawn thinks to himself, "some day I will be an officer like that."

The Final Battle.....

BEEP *THUD*

"What is it?" Gn Thrawn insisted, rubbing another bump on his head.

"Thrawn, scramble the others, we have a situation out here!" Mike calmly told the hurt General.

"Roger that. Lemme ring the wake up bell!" Thrawn said, rushing to the alert button as soon as the mic clipped off.

ATTENTION. ATTENTION. THIS IS GENERAL THRAWN. ALL MEM SQUADRON MEMBERS REPORT TO YOUR FIGHTERS.....ALL PILOTS REPORT TO YOUR SHIPS!

Eric was the first one to arrive, sleepy eyed and hungry but still ready to make some kills. "How's my fighter Thrawn?" he asked through his sleepyness.

"She'll work fine as far as I can tell. It's really up to you Eric. It's your call."

Taken aback by being faced with an important decision, he hesitated as the other entered. Trying not to look scared or unsure he answered loudly....."Of course I'll take my fighter up Thrawn, dont be silly."

The others climbed into their ships as the conversation rushed on. "I can't guarentee your safty though."

"I said I'll take her Thrawn." Eric said and turned abruptly around, not listening to the yells of the experienced pilot/mechanic.

Mike's blasted out of the bay as Thrawn followed an unstable Eric out. Before there was a chance to react, Eric's ship erupted into a blazing inferno of flames and debris. The Rebels had distracted the other three pilots as an Xwing perched right over the hanger bay, missles armed. Thrawn initiated evasive manuevers and cameabout at an angle that allowed him to

waste the ambushing Xwing. As soon as this task was done he scanned the wreckage for lifeforms and came up negative.

"Mem Squadron, Eric is gone, repeat Eric is gone."

"Roger that" Mike said "may the galaxy rest his soul. More bad news Thrawn, we lost our replacement Commander when he came out of hyperspace, he didn't even have a chance to react before they got him."

"Help, Ive got one on me." Max Rebo yelled frantically into the comm.

"I've got im." Marr replied just as quickly.

And so, the battle continued until the small Rebel attack force was destroyed. As the last few Xwings escaped into hyperspace, the Frigate Nemesis radioed that they had completed emergency repairs and they were ready to go.

The Debriefing.....

The room was silent as the four pilots stared at the empty seat.

"So what do we do now?" Max Rebo, now the youngest pilot inquired. "Who is going to do the debriefing?"

"I don't know." Marr answered. "All I know is that Dave will have Thrawns head."

"Hey! It wasn't my fault!" Thrawn spoke up defensively, raising his hands in a sign of defense.

"No. No it wasn't Thrawn. I will do the debriefing." Mike said soberly.

The debriefing went on as the Nemesis entered hyperspace. As soon as the Nemesis left hyperspace near the SSSD Sovereign, a message was recieved by BG Mike from the Wing Commander. It read, you have been selected to be the new Mem Squadron Commander because of you shown valor and leadership strength. You are also ideal for the job since you are already a member and know your pilots. I have heard of the loss of your squadrons "youngster" and am truly sorry. A little bit of good news though. Your squadron now has two new pilots. Sub-Lt MaxBomb and Lt. Alastair. They are new so show them around. They are waiting for you in your squadrons briefing room. Oh, and good luck....Commander.

The End.

Imperial Navy Pilot Record
Personal Background Information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Gray
Position/Rank: SL
Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign): dan_grayson@hotmail.com
Sex (M/F): M
Race: Human
Date of Birth: 27th of May 1980 (Standard Imperial Calendar
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Coruscant (One of the subterranean floors that was abandoned)
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single
Family: Parents (Dead)
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Destitute
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: The Emperor came and brought Coruscant order.
Significant Events of Adulthood: Was able to forge a few documents and join the Imperial Navy
Alignment & Attitude: Allied with the Empire (till death do us part
Former Occupations (if any): Beggar, Thief
Hobbies: I just love to fly. If I'm not on mission I'm in the simulators.
Tragedies: Just hundreds of pilots I've served with have been murdered by the Rebels
Phobias & Allergies: I fear a disorganized world full of scum and villainy
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Savior of the world. Bringer of order.
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: The word "Elite"
Other comments or information (optional):

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: Sub-Lieutenant Daniel R. Gray

Date: 2nd of January, 1999

A N E W H O M E

By Colonel Tron/Tau-3-4

Colonel Francis X. Kaerner - Tau Squadron commander
Colonel Shadow - Tau five and flight leader of flight two
Colonel Synjin Erebor Hades - Tau ten
Colonel Tron von Dlarit - Tau twelve
Colonel Daavak "Tronsta" Tron - Tau seven
Major Kian "Jupiter" Wee - Tau nine
Captain Binagran Lanorane - Tau six
Commander Brie Renegade - Tau eleven
Commander Lacey Renegade - Tau eight
Commander TieDie - Tau three
Commander Edward "Diastrom" J. Ross - Tau two
Lieutenant Justin B. Stryker - Tau four

In orbit above Aurora Prime

Once a magnificently beautiful world, Aurora Prime served as the seat of power for Grand Admiral Ronin and his Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet. It was also the site of his imminent downfall in the years following the battle at Endor. It was a great battle, with strong warriors and brilliant tacticians on both sides. The outcome though was inevitable, with the betrayal of certain Infiltrator Wing members and the sabotage onboard the Sovereign the battle was lost early on, though the Imperials continued to fight on to the bitter end.

Looking down now from the bridge viewport onboard the Super-class Star Destroyer Avenger, one could but only see portions of what had been a beautiful planet as the rest of the view was nothing but burnt landscape and bright glares from fires that would not die. Looking down, he could but only remember how it all came about...

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Days before

The bridge of the Avenger was ablaze. Smoke billowed forth from the crew pits, while faintly behind the smokey haze sparks of electricity could be seen arching and exploding from the control consoles. Support beams lay about at odd angles and the lift doors at the rear of the bridge are jarred open by debris. He had to do something, anything to stop this destruction to the Brotherhood's flagship, but he couldn't. He was frozen in place. No matter how hard he pushed himself, his muscles would not respond. It felt as if though a hundred ysalamiri were around him, every attempt to just reach out to the force was rejected.

Frozen in place, he began to panic, but training set in. Training that was meant for him when he was in a starfighter and not on the burning bridge of a great ship, though. Still, he knew what to do, he needed to find someone else to activate the emergency systems. He would talk them through it if need be. But as he looked around on the bridge, there was no one not even dead or injured bodies. He was alone and he did not even know how he got here or how this all happened.

"You have failed." came a voice out of nowhere. "You have failed us all."

Looking around, he noticed a figure emerge from the smoke. A figure that had not been here mere seconds ago. This was strange. No, this was really strange. The figure was a tall humanoid in a dark hooded cloak, with the hood pulled loosely over their head to hide their features. As he peered inside the hood all he could see were shadows that were cast by the hoods overhang and the low lighting of the bridge.

"You did not even try." replied the voice, which was now beginning to echo off the walls. It sounded very reminiscent of Grand Master Khyron's voice, though the figure stood a little shorter than him. It continued its speech, "You have failed and will now be judged, Colonel Tron Dlarit."

No doubt about it, he was definitely not on the Avenger but somewhere far worse. He could reply to this individual that he had committed no crimes, that he had only done his duty as an officer of the Galactic Empire. But, for some reason, he did not think this individual would care. He tried to reply, to ask why he was being judged and how he ended up here, but like his movement his speech was also frozen.



"Your day has now come and you shall pay the price." replied the voice. The figure walked closer and put its hands to the outer edges of the hood and pulled it back. What Tron saw was horrifying and yet delightful at the same time. Horrifying because it was the face of someone he knew that was now dead for sometime. But yet, delightful because it was his sister Erisi Dlarit's face. He and his sister had been close as children and when the news had come to him that she had died at the hands of Rogue Squadron, he wanted nothing but their utter destruction. Erisi stepped even closer now and her lips began to move, "Why Tron? Why weren't you there to save us?"

A flash of light and Tron awoke in his bed sitting up straight, a cold sweat trickling down his back. It had been a nightmare and one he would never forget. But why had he dreamed of that and why had she said he failed? True he wasn't there when Rogue Squadron "liberated" his homeworld of Thyferra from Madame Director Isard's rule, but there was no way he could have. At the time that those events had taken place, he was on the Super-class Star Destroyer Iron Fist under Warlord Zsinj's command. Zsinj had no love for Isard or her pathetic attempt to rule the Empire, all he cared of was his attempt to do the same.

Erisi was right, Tron had failed to protect Thyferra from the New Republic like he had once promised her, but he had problems of his own to attend to. Pushing his dream and thoughts to the side, passing them off as repressed emotions finding a way to leak out and bother him, he went to the refresher and cleaned up for his day of rest and relaxation... even though it was only oh-four hundred and since he was on shore leave didn't need to do anything this early in the morning.

He finished up and headed to his comm-port and checked any messages of relevance... none. Well since no one else here on Eos, the moon of Aurora Prime, was up he might as well do some Jedi meditation. He did that for about three hours straight, though it only felt like a few minutes at most. Well, somebody should be up by now. Heading out into the main hall he almost ran into one of the Grand Master's Royal Guards, and not just any guard but the Commander of the Guard himself. Unlike the other guards who wore the royal crimson colors that were prevalent amongst Palpatine's royal guard, the Commander himself wore a mixture of the crimson along with black. His helmet was all black except for three stripes of dark crimson, one in the center and the other two wrapping around at eye level, all three meeting up at the back of the head and at the eye covering of the mask which was also crimson.

"You have been summoned," said the Commander with all frankness, "follow us." he continued as he gestured to the two other guards flanking him.

Tron just stood there and looked the Commander over. Ever since their inception, the Grand Master's Royal Guard were always trying to make themselves look better than Tau who were originally and still were the Grand Master's honor guards. But, not wishing to make a scene Tron willingly gave in, but was stubborn and sarcastic about it none the less.

"Ah, an escort, wonderful." exclaimed Tron sarcastically acting as if he knew what this was all about. Rubbing his hands together and then gesturing towards the Commander said, "And the Commander himself to see me to my destination, well lets not keep them waiting."

Leading Tron along through the ominous hallways, they brought him before the chambers of the Lord Chamberlain. One of the two underlings opened the door and the Commander

entered followed by Tron, yet the other two stayed outside. The Commander stepped up to the Chamberlain's desk and bowed neatly and then addressed him.

"Sir Dlarit of House Naga Sadow is here as requested milord." He paused, "Will there be anything else required of our services?"

"No, you are dismissed Commander." replied the Chamberlain, "You and your men have done well today. Go, and prepare for what the future events."

The Commander exited the room and his men closed the doors behind him, leaving Tron alone with the Chamberlain. And yet, Tron wasn't nervous. He never was around the Chamberlain, Lord Stryker was not only a squadmate but also a good friend. Stryker gestured to a seat as he leaned back in his chair and looked at Tron with all earnestness. Not wishing to displease his friend he obliged and took a seat in front of the desk. Tron was first to break the silence.

"Funny thing is," said Tron, "I was just on my way to see you when I bumped into that statue back there. I got a lot of questions, but first what's this all about?"

"Let's just say that shore leave has been canceled." said Stryker, "You are the last to hear this and I was the first. I was actually summoned by Khyron at about oh-four hundred this morning. He briefed me and ordered me to debrief everyone else individually."

"Funny you should mention that time," said Tron, "that's when I woke up from a nightmare."

"Hmm, well let's get down to business shall we." said Stryker, "Lord Khyron has had a 'nightmare' of his own. He feels it was a glimpse of the future to come or a future that could happen. He would like to avoid it at all costs. From what he told me, so would I."

"Thus why I was escorted by his goons... err guards." replied Tron, "It's of the utmost urgency and he wants us to move as fast as possible. So let's hear it."

"His 'nightmare' involved Eos, him, and the Emperor's Hammer Domain as a whole." said Stryker, "He saw it all devastated and saw those of us on Eos fighting to the last in an inescapable battle. Our mission, Tau's mission, is to try to stop this at all costs. Who knows, our trying to prevent it might just lead up to it but we have to do something. A further briefing will be conducted by Kaerner in the War Room later tonight, but for right now Khyron just wants us to get everything ready and try to find out as much as we can."

"You said there was a battle. What ships of the fleet do we have available?" asked Tron, "What sort of defenses will we have in place?"

"We've called all of the Battle Group, but as it stands the Challenge and Relentless are in the Phare system, the rest of the Battle Group is out in the system, while the Aggressor Strike Force is on maneuvers in the Minos Cluster. All we have at home are the Sovereign and her support craft and of course the Avenger which is in orbit above us."

"And what of the Sub-Battle Groups like the Infiltrator Wing and the Bounty Hunter's Guild? Do we have any support from them?" asked Tron.

"The BHG is scrapping together what they've got, but its not much." replied Stryker, "And as for the IW, they're on their way, but who knows when this will go down. All ships of the fleet have been called in but we don't know if they'll make it here in time. Well you know what you have to do, get to it."

Perimeter Outpost 12, Aurora System

"Everything checks out, sir." reported the young cadet to his superior, a just-as-young Sub-Lieutenant. "As usual there isn't even a speck on our scopes."

"Thank you, cadet." Sub-Lieutenant Ivin Crim said as he paced back and forth on the small outpost's command deck. The command deck was a circle shaped platform, situated above the larger circle shaped crew pit, made up of metal grate with an extended walkway reaching out to it from a hallway which also connected to the crew pit's stairwell.

Sub-Lieutenant Crim had been shipped out here, much like the young cadets who were his staff and crew, because even though the Imperial Academy only accepts the best, there are always those who barely make the cut and need to be shipped somewhere; hence their recent posting. He was the commanding officer of Perimeter Outpost 12 and had six young cadets under his command. Someday, maybe, he would be made a full Lieutenant and be assigned to a Star Destroyer or a smaller capital ship.

Interrupting his thoughts of a bright future where he would one day be the captain of an Imperial-class Star Destroyer was an irritating beeping and his cadets running around. Looking around trying to get a bearing on what the situation was, he looked directly for the sensors operator and then started barking out orders.

"All stations, report." he yelled over the beeping alarm, "and somebody cut off that infernal beeping."

The staff hurried to their posts, the ones who had been in their bunks sleeping, and began reading the information running across their screens. Some of them looked scared, others just deadly pale at what they saw. Crim didn't have a display of any sort and depended on them holding together long enough to inform him of what was happening.

"Sensors are detecting a large mass in hyperspace approaching the system." reported the sensors operator, "It will pass by us and exit hyperspace near Aurora Prime."

"My..." exclaimed Crim as he realized the actual implications of what his operator was telling him, "Its and invasion fleet, striking at the core of the Hammer. If they hit fast enough and demobilize our primary forces, we'll fall apart. Contact Aurora Prime and get me a channel to Fleet Command, priority one."

Tau's former briefingroom - Dark Hall, Eos

"Alright, listen up." exclaimed Colonel Francis X. Kaerner, commander of the elite imperial squadron known as Tau. "The enemy is only a few minutes away from dropping out of hyperspace and right on top of us. If it hadn't been for our perimeter outposts and Grand Master Khyron's vision of the future, we wouldn't have a chance. As we speak your fighters are being prepped and warmed up, they'll be ready for lift off once you sit down in them. Everybody with me so far?"

Around the room people nodded their heads in acknowledgement, from Colonel Hades smoking his old wooden pipe to Lieutenant Stryker who was all eyes and ears to the briefing. The others seemed a little more relaxed, but were ever alert to the threat that they now faced. Upon recognition of everybody's acknowledgements that they understood what he'd said so far, Kaerner continued.

"Tau will serve mainly as the lead squadron in the battle, but will be situated in the center of an arrow head formation created by all TIE Corps squadrons. Admiral Kawolski has left the Sovereign and will be leading our impromptu defense force in his Corellian YT-1300 Transport Hawkhunter. Once the first wave of rebel fighters come within firing range, the arrowhead formation will break and Tau will strike, quick and deadly. All capital ships that reported they would not make it here in time have been ordered to rendezvous at the edge of the system where they will form up under the command of Fleet Admiral Brad and then jump in close to attack the rebel's left flank.

"Until our reinforcements can arrive the Sovereign will put up a fight, but if its super-laser is damaged it may have to resort to flanking tactics as well. She has a lot of fire power, but she also has some weaknesses which we and the rest of the TIE Corps must protect. At all cost, you must not let any craft get in close to the Sovereign's command tower, we don't want a repeat of what happened to the Executor. Now as for the Avenger, while the Sovereign will more than likely be situated on the left of the battle field, the Avenger will be safely hidden behind Eos and hidden by its mass shadow. Once the rebel fleet has taken up a position of defense from our assualting fighters, the Avenger will slip in from behind. And that's the gist of it, any questions?"

"Sounds like you summed everything up nicely, boss man." said Shadow, "But just one question. Why aren't we out there already?"

Everybody laughed and even Kaerner got caught up in it. Then, looking directly at the squad and thinking of all they had done together, he gave what could be the final order for his squad before the battle. "You know what you need to do, so get off your butts and get up there, I'll be right there with you in minute I need to talk to the Grand Master first. Dismissed."

Fleet Command, Aurora Prime

"Sir, one of our perimeter outposts has detected a fleet heading this way." reported Major Tsil, head of perimeter communications. "They report it will be dropping out of hyperspace near Aurora Prime in less than fifteen minutes."

"Understood," replied Fleet Admiral Threat, "prep my shuttle for my return to the Sovereign and inform the Grand Admiral. Make up a detailed report, but be expeditious about it Major."

Sovereign-class Super Star Destroyer Sovereign

"...and as far as we can make out they'll be here within ten minutes." reported Fleet Admiral Brett, the fleet and the Sovereign's logistics officer.

"As a side note, sir." said Admiral Kawolski, the fleet's flight officer, "High Admiral Khyron warned the fleet of an impending danger earlier this day, however it seems to have been put to the side in priorities and misfiled by some of central communications personnel."

"Thank you Admiral," replied Sector Admiral Compton, "but now is not the time for us to be pointing the finger of blame. Rather, now is the time to prepare for that which is to come. High Admiral Khyron and the Dark Council weren't about to let this be handled by the fleet alone and have rounded up as many ships as possible from the fleet. However, many won't make it on time. Thus, all armored and armed ships in the system will be called upon to help defend."

Space, the final frontier... and moments before the battle

The blackness of space, lit barely by the surrounding stars was calm, and the fleet was poised and ready. Then, within moments the night sky lit up as ships exited hyperspace and defense platforms opened fire. The mighty fleets exchanged lances of laser cannon fire. The fighters were launched and the pilots gave their vows, to support and uphold the justice that their governments brought and to die in the cause of freedom.

"Tighten up the formation." ordered Colonel Kaerner, "we need to be ready to slip through and get to the command ship. Flight one will be the primary strike wave, flights two and three will give cover and make strafing runs after flight one has completed theirs."

And just as the last word left his mouth, the empty void of space which had only moments ago held an unnumberable amount of TIE fighter craft of all sorts and their respective mother ships... namely the Imperial-class Star Destroyers Challenge and Relentless, as well as the Sovereign... was filled with the sight of New Republic capital ships. There were at most twelve Liberator-class cruisers, four Mon Cal cruisers, and one Bulwark cruiser which appeared to be the flagship.

Their support craft from Wing II on the Avenger was doing its job as it picked off fighters and opened a hole for Tau to slip through. Tau swerved and dipped and dove, in and out, up and around they made their way until the flagship was in sight and the only thing between them and their target was one squadron. Unfortunately for both squadrons, the New Republic fighter squadron known as Rogue Squadron and the Imperial Navy fighter squadron known as Tau, they were an even match for each other.

And so the battle begins...  
...To be continued...

Tau Squadron will return in "Rightful Place."

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### **Imperial Navy Pilot Record**

Personal Background Information  
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Jack Rhodes

Rank: Captain

Scandoc Transmission Code (Screen Name): TantineIV@aol.com

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Human

Date of Construction(Birth): 23 years before the Battle of Endor

Home Planet: Correllia

Place of Birth: Coronet City

Marital Status: Single

Family: Father, Mother, and 2 Brothers

Social Status: Middle Class

Past History: At the age of 6, I knew I wanted to fly starships and go to places no one has ever dreamed of. I trained myself vigorously, with no help from my father or mother. My brothers were always thinking of doing it too, but never really followed through as much as I did. I was accepted into the Imperial Navy Academy at the age of 17, and was the top of my class physically, academically, and militarily. For 4 years, I didn't know what my brothers were doing. Unfortunately, I later found out that they had joined the Rebel Alliance. I hope I never have to face them in combat, but if I do, I will always do what I am ordered. I started out as a Missile Boat pilot, but later piloted the TIE Defender. I now serve on the Challenge, commanding a squadron of them.

Alignment & Attitude: The New Republic is a waste of time and space. They will fall!

Former Occupations: Have been, and always shall be a pilot.

Hobbies: Collecting artifacts, and always looking for new and better ways to do things

Tragedies: My 2 brothers, and their alliance with the New Republic. My parents, for never understanding the importance and grandeur of what I was doing.

Phobias & Allergies: Hayfever. Allergic to Blue Milk

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The Emperor's Hammer and the Empire have always been for the good of the people and the whole. Its policies were straightforward and well written.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: To serve the Empire in an honorable way.

Other comments or information: Do it right the first time. That way, you don't have to clean up after the rebels time and time again.

Signature: Commander Jack Rhodes

Date: 1.4.99

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## **Imperial Navy Pilot Record**

Personal Background Information

(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Armandus Hellfire

Rank: Lieutenant

Scandoc Transmission Code (Screen Name): l.grimnar@cwcom.net

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Human

Date of Construction(Birth): 19 years prior to Endor

Home Planet: D'Kaash

Place of Birth: Unknown

Marital Status: Single

Family: Mother, Brother

Social Status: Middle Class

Past History: When I was small the family moved to a space station that orbited the planet. Here we found a new home, until a force of Rebels and traitors, appeared from hyperspace and destroyed the station. My father at the time was a turbolaser gunner, and he and my

brother both died in the explosion. My mother, younger brother and I escaped to the surface in an overloaded transport. This left me with a bitter hatred of the Rebellion and all traitors, and a strong incentive to join the Imperial forces.

Alignment & Attitude: To serve the Empire in all and any ways I can

Former Occupations: Mechanic

Hobbies: Annihilating enemies of the Empire, Flying

Tragedies: The deaths of my father and older brother

Phobias & Allergies: Rebels, poor workmanship

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Under the guidance of Grand Admiral Ronin, we shall soon restore the Empire to its former glory, crushing the Rebellion as we do so.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: To serve the Empire, while also destroying those who once ruined my life.

Other comments or information:

Signature: Lt A. Hellfire

Date: 12.28.98

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## **Imperial Navy Pilot Record**

Personal Background Information

(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Corran Force

Rank: Lieutenant Commander

Scandoc Transmission Code (Screen Name): Darksaber@mailcity.com

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Human

Date of Construction(Birth): 20 years before the Battle of Endor

Home Planet: Corsin

Place of Birth: Unknown

Marital Status: Dating someone special

Family: Parents killed on Corsin

Social Status: Upper-Middle Class (Semi-Wealthy)

Past History: Nomi and Naga Force, parents of Corran Force, had just gotten back from going out to dinner when a small band of Mugari Pirates invaded their house and assassinated both Naga and Nomi. The Pirates were looking for cargo of weapons and electronic equipment that Naga had hidden Ord Mandell in a secret cave. Before the pirates arrived Naga told his wife about it and they sent a comm to Corran, which was at a friend's house about 20 kilometers away, and told him about the hidden Cargo. The next day Corran returned home and saw both his parents dead by their beds, also discovering 2 dead pirates against the walls. Corran burned the 4 dead bodies and looked around the house. Under the bed Corran discovered a locked chest and the key, which was taped underneath the chest. Within the Chest Corran found the hyperspace route to Ord Mandell and Aurora Prime, a Lightsaber, and extra clothes. Angered with the deaths of both his parents by Mugari Pirates, Corran goes to the Outer Rim Territories and finds the SSSD Sovereign orbiting Aurora Prime and joins the Emperor's Hammer. Grand Admiral Ronin assigns him to the Imperial-Class Star Destroyer Challenge, a part of the Auroran Home Guard. There Corran has found a new home and is happy with the pilots in his squadron and other members of the ISD Challenge.

Alignment & Attitude: To Serve the Emperor's Hammer and Dark Brotherhood with the best of my ability

Former Occupations: Assisted his Father on Merchant Runs

Hobbies: Flying my TIE Defender and helping to be active in my Squadron

Tragedies: Parents Killed

Phobias & Allergies: Rebels, need I saw more =P

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The Empire has better fighters and ships, more research facilities, and better food =)

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: To become a better pilot and to serve the Empire

Other comments or information: Revenge is sweet but payback is sweeter >:-)

Signature: Lt Cmdr Corran Force

Date: 12.26.98

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## **Imperial Navy Pilot Record**

Personal Background Information

(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Corran Halycon

Rank: Sub-Lieutenant

Scandoc Transmission Code (Screen Name): Corran\_Halcyon@hotmail.com

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Human

Date of Construction(Birth): 16 years before the Battle of Endor

Home Planet: Corellia

Place of Birth: Coronet City

Marital Status: Single

Family: none

Social Status: Middle-class (not wealthy, not poor)

Past History: Grew up idolizing people like Han Solo and Baron Fel (because of their piloting skills), straight A student in school, learned how to fly when I was 6, attended college and bought a Y-wing with saved money. Gathered intelligence information for the Empire in the Rebellion, blew up a Nebulon-B Frigate with remote detonators. 9th highest flight scores ever recorded in the Imperial Navy Recruitment Center, was assigned to the ISD Challenge and Thunder Squadron.

Alignment & Attitude: 150% Imperialist

Former Occupations: Demolitions expert, intelligence operative (retired) commercial pilot

Hobbies: models, reading, computers

Tragedies: loss of all family during the Battle of Endor: father, brother onboard SSD

Executor, sister TIE Interceptor pilot, mother previously deceased of cancer

Phobias & Allergies: spiders, heights, some prarie-type plants

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The most elite personnel in the galaxy, a great history, working to restore peace and order

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: decided to do something with my life, to repair the family's name in Imperial service

Other comments or information: fanatically loyal, just a little control over the Force



Signature: SL Corran Halcyon

Date: 12.27.98

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### **Imperial Navy Pilot Record**

Personal Background Information  
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Space-Ace

Rank: Sub-Lieutenant

Scandoc Transmission Code (Screen Name): Slugger1@lightspeed.net

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Correllian

Date of Construction(Birth): 20 years before Endor

Home Planet: Correllia

Place of Birth: Capital City

Marital Status: Single

Family: parents dead brother is a Rebel

Social Status: well to do

Past History: Was born on Correllia lived there till I was 8 well my dad got a YT-1000 Corellian Freighter and started hauling Imperial supplies when I was 10 me, my brother, and Mom were on a supply run when we were attacked by a squad of Rebel Y-Wings we were disabled and me being the youngest was jetisoned in a escape pod. As I floated away from the ship I noticed the Rebel shuttle docking with it and figured my family as good as dead. I floated in space for 2 days until I was spotted by the ISD RELENTLES and was brought on board. I was taken to the Military Academy on Cardia where i went through begining training. When I turnd 17 I went into the stormtrooper and served aboard the RELENTLESS for 3 months well I realised being a stormtrooper wasnt for me and thats whebn I got into the pilot program now after making a history for my self in the Empire I want to be part of the elite

Alignment & Attitude: Empire good

Former Occupations: Cargo hand for my dad and stormtrooper

Hobbies: Killing rebels

Tragedies: my parents deaths and later finding out my brother wasnt dead but piloting a Rebel X-Wing

Phobias & Allergies: Slight fear of rancors but who dosnt have that

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The empire is the rightfull government and should be restored and this is the unit that can do it

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: My love for the Empire and wanting to prove my self among the best

Other comments or information: None

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: SL Space Ace

Date: 1.12.98

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trooper's head. He thumped on the ground, but none of the other guards heard it or paid it any heed.

The team got in easy enough, it would be harder getting out, especially so with all of the Imperial prisoners to be freed. Kaerner took point and led the team to an access doorway at one of the many bunkers that made up the compound. Prying it open slowly and cautiously, Stryker took a brief recon of the area and ushered the rest of the team in. The room was a barren storage bin, obviously it was in need of much replenishing.

Pulling out a hand navigator (a device which reads the layout of your current position and gives you a rough layout of your surroundings as well as life-sign readings), Kaerner moved towards the door and opened it quietly. Could they have been alerted to our presence and fled already, leaving a token few to give the appearance of an operational garrison? thought Kaerner, It all seems too easy.

They made their way carefully down a set of hallways and into what appeared to be a living quarters arrangement. Commanders Brie and Lacey, the explosive experts of Tau, placed detonators on all of the doors, to be triggered by their being opened. The squad moved down the hall and towards a map of the complex. They were in the building adjacent to the prisoner barracks. At the far end of the complex grounds was the landing pad, and according to the recent data on the map there were three Lambda-class shuttles and one Sentinel-class shuttle.

"Hmm," said Kaerner, "any ideas as to what's going on?"

"Maybe they packed up and left when they heard the mighty and fearful Tau was knocking at their door." said Shadow sarcastically.

"Well," began Colonel Synjin Hades, "since these confounded devices don't pick up any lifesigns, and we can sense other lifeforms except the perimeter guards, maybe we should use our Force-given powers to guide us."

As if on cue both Kaerner and Stryker, Kaerner being a Darkside Adept and Stryker being a Dark Jedi Master, stretched out their stronger senses and found not only the primary targets, but also their secondary target that was assigned to them by Grand Master Khyron.

They headed down the hall to the left and came to a dead end. It was an observation room of some sort, but since the room was at ground level it baffled them as to what you were to observe from it. Binagran was the first to solve the mystery. Instead of looking up as everyone else was, he had glanced down for a brief second and noticed the deep pit before them. It was in all actuality an arena of sorts, with the Imperial P.O.W.s in the main section while the New Republic guards were in the audience stands.

One of the New Republic officers began talking, probably the Warden of this hellhole, Lacey found an intercom on the wall and activated it.

"Tonight," began the Warden, "three of your people were caught stealing from the food stores. As an example and to show that I will not allow any tolerance, they will be publicly executed here and now. Let it be known that though I am a forgiving person, I can only be pushed so far."



At the opposite side of the audience stands a curtained platform was uncovered revealing three imperial officers bound with their hands behind their backs, two being blindfolded while the other chose to accept death with his eyes open. Six troopers stepped forward on the platform and took up a line position. The Warden once again stepped up to his microphone and began to speak into it.

"Troopers ready. Aim..."

The words fire never left his mouth, instead a his neck turned charred as the flesh was cooked away by a blaster rifle shot direct to the thorax. The troopers turned their guns away from the prisoners and skyward towards the mystery gunman. Before they could take aim, however, Captain Binagran had the chance to let off a second shot, taking one of the unarmored troops right in the chest. The troops returned fire, the prisoners ran for cover as good as they could, the other New Republic soldiers ran to grab weapons and one hit an alarm. Tau's cover was blown and why not blow it even further with a big boom!

The squad's heavy weapons specialist, Colonel Shadow, pulled out an anti-vehicle missile launcher and fired one shot straight at the five troops on the execution platform. The wood splintered and the bodies went flying. Other rebels had retrieved their guns by now and were returning fire, but to no avail as Tau had the up-hill advantage and cover necessary to rip them to pieces. Without orders, just knowing what Kaerner would want from years of serving with him, Commanders Brie and Lacey began repelling down out one of the shot out windows and down the side while their comrades provided cover.

They reached the bottom, in the arena floor, and Lacey set up a volley of return fire to any aggressors above who might venture to attack. Brie raced to the access door which had locked all imperial P.O.W.s in and planted a small explosive. All hit the ground and took cover as the charge went off and ripped the door in two, one piece flying inward while the other outward into the pit. Lacey pivoted on one foot and let loose a volley of fire to eliminate any survivors on the other side of the door. Once she felt it was clear, Brie raced in and made a couple of safety shots down each hallway and then ushered her sister and the P.O.W.s in and down the right hallway.

They headed towards the nearest turbolift that they could remember from studying the odd map earlier on when they first arrived. Brie rounded a corner and felt a burning pain. It was iminating from her leg, she'd been hit. She fell backwards and hopefully out of the line of fire from the sniper. Lacey rounded the corner as well, but after sensing her sisters pain was ready. She tucked and rolled, coming up on one knee and shot, thanks to her jedi powers she hit the sniper right between the eyes. As the last of the P.O.W.s rounded the corner and entered the turbolift, Lacey and a young lieutenant grabbed Brie by her arms and supported her on their shoulders and hobbled to the lift.

Meanwhile, up in the observation room, Kaerner and the rest of Tau heard the first of their explosive go off on the living quarters that they'd planted earlier. Since all resistance down below was pretty much over, with Hades and Shadow doing clean-up, Kaerner sent Tron and Pappy down the hallway to get a scout ahead and see how many of the small charges had gone off. Tron and Pappy returned moments later reporting that only three had gone off, the bodies they'd found were pretty well fried, and had ysalamiri in the rooms to block any jedi from sensing them. Good thing we planted them after all, thought Kaerner.





opened with ease as it slid up into the ceiling. Everyone was having a good time, whether it be at the bar slumped over, at a table reminiscing about past battles and old friends long gone, or standing with a crowd telling jokes.

It also appeared that someone had invited some of the female officers aboard to the party as Tron eyed Shadow and Jupe hitting on two young lieutenants. Tron made his way through the tightly packed group and over to Kaerner who was sitting with Pappy at a table. Pappy, as always, was telling tales of when he commanded the Infiltrator Wing and how 'glorious' it had been. Kaerner of course had heard them hundreds of times, but indulged the old pilot nonetheless.

Tron took a seat and was just getting comfortable when Pappy got up. Sensing he may have done something wrong or that the stench of bacta was still on him, Tron sniffed his armpits and when the stench didn't present itself, just shrugged his shoulders. Pappy just smiled and before Tron could ask anything, Pappy tapped his glass with his spoon.

"My friends," began Pappy, "may I have your attention?"

The room quieted down. Those slumped over at the bar, the young pilots who couldn't quite hold their liquor yet, and those standing around and sitting at tables gave their undivided attention to Pappy.

"Let me just say first, its been a pleasure serving with you all," said Pappy as he took in the startled faces of everyone but Kaerner, whom he'd already talked to about this. "I've been in the Imperial Navy for god knows how long and after this last mission... I just can't do it anymore. My heart almost gave out on me during that mission, if it hadn't been for my jedi powers to ease the strain I don't think I would've made it back.

"Its because of this and because I'm just getting to darn old for this kind of thing, that I'm retiring from the service. Oh I might be around from time to time to visit you guys, or if you're ever in the neighborhood in the Phare System. But I think its time I used that estate of mine on Sif for what I've planned to have it used for all these years. Your more than welcome to stop by when ever you want..."

Pappy stopped as a tear rolled down his cheek, "Just don't forget you're old Pappy." he finished.

Before Brie or Lacey could make their way over to him to give support and comfort, Kaerner stood up and addressed Pappy and the crowd. "Ah, Pappy, we'd never forget you! You are in all aspects the 'Living Legend' of Tau. You've been with us through thick and thin. You've been with us for the good times and for the bad. And besides, Brie and Lacey will always be here. So how could we forget you?"

"Yeah, Kman is right." voiced Hades. "When many of us first joined up with Grand Admiral Ronin and his fleet, we all heard of this one great legend who had done so much. It was you Pappy. I'm sure you've inspired many of us, and will continue to do so, even if you're not in the service anymore."

"Kaerner and Hades are right." said Tron, his first words since he'd entered the room. "When I first hooked up, I heard of Fleet Admiral Pappy of the Infiltrator Wing. I thought 'Man it'd



"A month ago, Rear Admiral Chandler challenged his Wing. He invited us to fly Combat Simulator Battle 17. The rules of the contest were simple. If Chandler's score surpassed the score of every Wing member's who participated, he would impose upon us a state of terror worse than the one we already know."

"Get ready, you apes. My Katana needs to see blood," Chandler quipped, confident and menacing.

"Yes. And if a single Wing member could beat him, he would have to pay the Wing's drinks..." at this point, everyone's eyes turned towards Calias's case of beer... "for the following month."

Commodore Kramer, who was present but had not yet said a word, calculated in his mind: "Forty wing members times... oh, fifteen drinks a night, times three credits a drink, every night, for a month, adds up to... my God... and they wonder why I'm a non-drinker..."

LG Calias continued: "There were eight participants. Well, let's get to what we all came here to hear, shall we ? In first place and overall winner..."

Chandler tensed, saber in hand, ready to make ground meat out of his elite Wing V pilots as soon as his name was called out.

"General Krymil, Nun Squadron, Flight III-2. Congratulations !"

Sylus Krymil stood up and bowed to the audience. All the Wing members spontaneously got up and cheered, and ran towards Krymil to lift him over their shoulders. Carrying him, the ecstatic mob paraded the pilot out into the corridors of the SSSD Sovereign, heading in the general direction of the Sovereign's Cantina. LG Calias shrugged with a smile and stepped down from the podium, then he too left the room with his beer, following the mob. Soon, the briefing room was empty, except for the Commodore, and RA Chandler, sitting on his chair, staring blankly at the room's unlit tactical graph. Chandler shouted at the Admiral. "It was rigged ! I knew it. The low-down losers. They tricked me ! Can you allow such treachery, Admiral ?"

The Commodore stood up, a slight smile on his lips. He worded a single, calm "yes." Then the massive doors of the briefing room locked shut behind him.

Meanwhile, back in the Sovereign Cantina, the Wing V members were cheering and partying. Delplancq was singing a bawdy blues and picking his guitar. Calias was pocketing wads of credits beating Wing I men at beer-drinking contests; Satai and Freelancer were into an intense game of sabacc, and Harkonnen was doing what he preferred doing when his blood was thinned with vodka and there was a large audience around: performing a play with his puppet set.

A shout rose above the general hum and clatter of the bar. It was Krymil:

"Calias, we never got to know where Chandler stood in all of this !"

"Oh, right ! He came in seventh out of eight," Calias answered.

"No way ! Who came in eighth ?"

Calias finished his tenth mug of beer. He then said: "I think it was Depriest."

A few hours later, Chandler was in his office. "Hmm, where's my intercom ?" he wondered. "Bobby can't have eaten it since that damn Calias made dinner out of him... Maybe I'm using it as a book holder," Chandler thought, heading over to his massive bookshelf. He scanned through row after row of dust-sheathed tomes: "Build your self-esteem by bashing others... The sadist's guide to blunt weapons... Abuse of power and its implications... The mystery of the 175-ounce baseball bat... House Khalitar history and customs Volume XII: The ritual of the cracked skull... Doctor Noouhar's guide to fine Gin..." But the intercom was nowhere in sight. "Maybe under my bunk," Chandler tried, lifting his mattress. The WC finally found his intercom after sifting through a pile of "self-help" magazines.

Chandler replaced the mattress down, concealing his magazines just before his nanny Xadell entered the room. "Greetings, Keeijat Sena'ak," Xadell said. "Is all well ?"

"Yes, Xadell, I'm fine. Could you please leave me alone for a while ? I'm trying to conduct some business," Chandler answered.

"Ah, business," Xadell said. Spinning on her heels to face the doorway, she turned her head towards the WC and observed: "There are many opportunities for the skilled businessman."

"Quite so, Xadell," said Chandler to his faithful guardian as she went away. He entered a code into his intercom. A voice answered.

"Imperial Garment Factories. May I help you ?"

"Yes... I'd like to order a dozen T-shirts."

"Very well, sir. Would you like a special design on them ?"

"Yes... I'd like them black, with a big red caption saying 'I beat Depreist' on them..." "Now, if I sell them to the Wing V pilots at a profit, maybe it'll cover some of the price tag for all of those apes's drinks...", the WC mumbled to himself...

"What size, sir ?"

"Human, extra large."

"Sorry, sir. Don't have human XL in stock anymore. We have some Wookiee small, though, that's pretty close."

Hee, hee, Chandler thought. I'm gonna make those monkeys wear Wookiee clothes ! How fitting ! "Yes... Wookiee small will definitely do," Chandler said.

"What is your address ?"

"I'm Rear Admiral Chandler Khalitar, on the Imperial Flagship SSSD Sovereign."

"Sorry, sir... we can't ship such a small order to a spaceship. You'll have to pick it up on-planet at a shipping station. Will Sif Sector B shipping station do ? It's not far from the main spaceport, 10 minutes away by ground car."

"Oh, all right." I've got my own ground car there and I can fly my personal starfighter to the spaceport so it won't be any trouble, Chandler told himself. Then, louder: "Xadell ?"

"Yes, Keeijat ?"

"I'll be away for a couple of days. Don't let anyone into this office, OK ?"

"Yes, sir," Xadell said. She smiled. It was a beautiful, glowing smile when seen from far away, but those who saw the smile from close enough could see the metallic needle of a poison injector behind the teeth of Chandler's redoubtable cybernetically enhanced guardian. Chandler spun on his heels and walked away...

The chief flight deck officer on board the SSSD Sovereign was finally getting used to his new life. The rowdy atmosphere of the Cantina was a nice change from the quieter Challenge cantina, and so was the feeling of being on a big 15-km-long flagship. A few things had taken some getting used to, though. Like the water, for instance. The first time he'd opened the tap to brush his teeth, the yellow, glowing goop had slowly drooped from the faucet, then it had crept back up the tap onto the wall. He'd panicked and closed the tap, only to hear the goop

shriek in pain. The radioactive material had lumbered up the wall, scorching the plasteel polish of the lavatories, and made its way up to the ceiling, growling louder and louder until it extended a knobbly dripping tentacle at him. The officer had frozen in mute terror and the tentacle was about to reach him when a passing Dark Jedi ran into the lavatory, flung a well-placed Force bolt at the tentacle, then finished the slime entity off by hacking at it a dozen times with his lightsaber. Only after the goop had become totally motionless did the Jedi say, "Why in the name of the Sith don't they teach you newbies about the water ?"

The crazy pilots were another thing that needed some getting used to. Sickbay was always full of people with various bits of skin, bone, and things strewn about randomly everywhere except in the right places... And it was always the same faces that came back: a couple of LGs with a bunch of medals, another LG who had a Silver Star and who was connected intravenously to beer instead of serum, a few other CMDRs, and other pilots who all seemed to know each other... And there was the guy with the golden six-pointed star who sometimes came in and gloated at them, and the beautiful girl who for some odd reason hanged around the mean WC... Man, that girl was beautiful. Everywhere the flight deck officer went, he thought he saw her dark blue eyes...

A scream shook him from his reverie.

"DECK OFFICER !"

The officer looked around... and rubbed his eyes thoroughly when he saw, standing before him, the same WC who liked to insult his wounded commanders. I'm having another one of those waking nightmares...

"Oh, go away, you aren't for real," the officer said.

A fist in the face very soon proved him wrong.

"WHAT DID YOU SAY ?"

"N... nothing, thir." The officer threw a salute. "Yeth, what do you with ?," he said, spitting out a tooth.

"Prepare my personal Starfighter, Khalitar IV. I want it ready in five minutes, understood ?"

"Yeth thir."

"And stop lisping or I'll rip your liver out and Xadell will make pâté out of it ! Understood ?" Xadell... so that's her name... what a beautiful name... mmmm..., the officer thought.

"UNDERSTOOD ?"

The officer nodded.

Six minutes, thirty-four seconds, and three of the deck officer's teeth later, Rear Admiral Chandler was sitting at the controls of his personal starfighter. "Been a while I haven't flown an authentic House Khalitar fighter," Chandler thought. "Ah well, I'll learn to fly it just like I learned how to fly the T/D in the Battle 17 simulation." The WC fumbled around in his suit's pocket and took out a well-thumbed copy of *The Happy Little Imperial's Guide to Space Flight, Illustrated Edition*. "What do these things mean anyway ? I don't remember, is the throttle the big stick or the small stick ?" Chandler wondered. "Okay, what does the picture say... the picture shows a small lollipop for throttle and a big popsicle for yoke. So the small stick is the throttle. Hmm, this is easier than I thought..."

Chandler took the throttle and pushed it all the way forward. Nothing happened. "Oh, drat. Where's the troubleshooting guide ?" Chandler looked at the part of the manual with the cute yellow picture of the sad face. "If your craft doesn't move... 1) Are the engines turned on ?" "Oh, that's it ! I'm a genius ! I found it ! That's the problem," Chandler proudly told himself. Chandler, beaming, flicked a switch with "left thrust" written above it. Suddenly, the fighter's



powerful left engine howled and came to life. The starfighter, only powered on one side, began spinning around Chandler at dizzying speed, knocking away a refueling pod and an energy tower on the flight deck. "Whoa !" Chandler screamed, and he hurried to flick the right engine's power switch. The right engine screamed, the craft stabilized... and came hurling at the hangar bay's starboard wall. The WC pulled his yoke back hard and to the left, and the craft banked, destroying a couple of light towers before it finally headed towards the exit. Chandler slowly put the yoke back to its center position. "Hey, that joystick move always worked when I played Space Invaders against MG Asaf," the proud WC happily mused as he left the Sovereign's hangar bay behind in a mess of dangling wires and electrical bolts.

When he was safely away from the EH Flagship, Chandler decided to try out some more controls. He wrapped his index around a bright red button on his yoke that had been intriguing him ever since he'd climbed into his fighter, and squeezed it. A compartment opened above the ship's nav map, and out came a bottle of gin on a silver platter. He squeezed the button again, and the plate was retracted, and the compartment closed again. "Well, at least, there's one button that's in the right place," he thought with a wide smile. "After all, I did pay 12,500,000 ICs for this ship."

He took about an hour to get familiar with most of the ship's controls. Squadrons flew by his ship in perfect formation, and many a FM was amused to pass by and see a helpless-looking officer wrestling with the controls of what looked like a very advanced starfighter out there near their hyperspace points...

When Chandler was satisfied that he could fly his spacecraft where he wanted, he entered the hyperspace coordinates for Sif into his nav computer and activated the hyperdrive... "Wow, all the stars are turning into lines, and into blue cloud thingys ! They didn't have that in the simulators ! Neat ! I like hyperspace..." he thought.

But he wouldn't be flying in hyperspace for long. The WC was jolted back into realspace much faster than he expected. He looked up at his sensor scopes and saw many green dots. Then he checked his manual again, and saw a scary picture of a big green dot next to a skull-and-crossbones. "So this is not good," Chandler told himself. "Ah, well, the manual tells me to put the ship into combat mode when there's green dot people around. Okay, I can do that..." he thought, and he slammed a big lever down from "cruising mode" to "combat mode." The lights in his cockpit dimmed to a faint red glow. "Good good... but first, I am thirsty. Let's take care of that," he thought, and he squeezed the big red button again. The Gin bottle came out on its silver platter again. The WC took the cap off and brought the bottle to his lips.

A laser bolt rocked Khalitar IV, and shook Chandler, making him spill some gin onto his flight suit. No. They didn't dare. **THEY DIDN'T ! THEY SPILLED MY GIN !!!!!** Enraged, he shoved the bottle back into its compartment and closed it again. "You Rebel scum ! You spilled my Gin !," he yelled into the radio. "I'll kill you all !"

RA Chandler maneuvered behind the nearest Rebel fighter, targeted him, and pressed a black button.

His CD player came on and the new age sounds of "Stuff"'s debut album came playing over the starfighter's quadraphonic sound system.

Chandler hit another switch.

The central monitoring display came off, and on came his favorite cartoon episode.

Chandler, frustrated, slammed his fist on the control panel.

The ship's odometer was reset to 0.00000 light-years, washing fluid came spraying out before the windshield and disappeared into the vacuum, the pilot ejection sequence was simultaneously engaged and disabled, and a spinning disco ball dropped down from the cockpit's ceiling.

But not a single shot was fired, and Chandler saw his shield levels drop again as he was hit by a quad laser volley. Soon, an alarm rang in his ears: "Incoming missile." Oh my God, they fired a missile at me ! I've got to outrun it ! Where are my afterburners ? I need afterburners ! Chandler hit a button near his throttle.

The afterburners did not engage. Instead, twelve supercharged laser bolts of intense emerald energy surged forwards from his ship's cannons and tore a Rebel X-Wing to shreds with a single shot. "Hey, that was pretty easy," Chandler told himself. "Hey, what's that button do ?"

The ship's shields balanced out and were restored to full strength just before the Rebel concussion missile hit the starfighter.

"And that one ?"

Every Rebel starfighter was automatically targeted and launched a pair of missiles at by the advanced targeting computer.

"And... that one ?"

The CD player changed discs and started playing "Macarena" instead.

"Ah well..."

Soon enough, RA Chandler had destroyed every Rebel starfighter in the area. Okay, but why did I leave hyperspace in the first place ?, he wondered. Then he sighted a platform. Must be a gravity well projector inside it. I'll try and destroy it before reinforcements arrive. Chandler targeted the platform and turned his ship around. The distance slowly narrowed between his fighter and the platform. He flicked a switch; a feminine voice with a heavy South Kharina accent said "Hay-vee raw-ketts arrrmed, sir."

The fighter entered weapons range; the targeting crosshairs turned red and a steady beep rang in Chandler's ears. Chandler pulled the trigger ---

A banana ice cream cone came rushing out from underneath the HUD...

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"Deck Officer !"

"Yeth, General Harkonnen ?"

"Why isn't Missile Boat Nun 1-1 ready yet ?"

"I'm very thorry, thir. We'zh been tho busy repairing the flight deck lately, I'm a little fhort on rethources."

"Repairing the Flight Deck ? You mean the Sovereign came under attack and I was not scrambled !?"

"Of course not, thir ! No, it'f actually damave from one of our own ships. Khalitar IV. Your Wing Commander's thip, actually ! He'v the mean one with the beautiful girlfriend, ithn't he ?"

"You must mean his nanny Xadell ?," Harkonnen said, chuckling.

"Nanny ?"

"Yes, nanny... Anyway, perhaps you have another ship for me ?"

"Yes, thir. Your old ship, T/D Nun 3-1."

"You mean BG Freelancer isn't using it ?"

"No, thir. I haven't theen him for the past two days. Uh... thir..."

"What is it ?"

"You did thay nanny, didn't you ?"

"Yes... Oh, come on, officer, get a grip ! You're an Imperial, not a sentimental damnfool Rebel scrap yard minder ! Go and give Nun 3-1 clearance for takeoff now !"

The officer went to his communications pod in a state of confusion. "Yes... thir..."

Nanny ? What do you mean, nanny ?, he thought. Hey, wait a minute, if she's not his girlfriend, then maybe I could...

An electrical arc from one of the power towers Chandler had destroyed struck out at a metal railing barely a foot away from him.

Anyway, I've got work to do now...but I'll have to see her later, then...

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"Yes, that button for firing 10 rockets at once comes in pretty darn handy sometimes," Chandler told himself as he flew away from the platform's debris. He licked some ice cream from the edge of his lips, and eased the hyperspace levers forwards...

A few hours later, Wing V's commander was glad to land Khalitar IV on firm, solid ground. He set foot on the landing pad and breathed in the planetary air with a great feeling of relief. It took him little time to reach the area of the spaceport's parking lot which was reserved for Imperial officers. He climbed into his car and gunned the engine to life. The machine, yet another million-credit wonder of Khalitar engineering, growled and responded willingly to Chandler's every command...

The Rear Admiral drove his ground car on the superhighways of Sif, and a yellow sign caught his attention before he entered a tunnel: "Please ensure your headlights are turned on when driving in the tunnel." No problem, Chandler thought as the tunnel's twilight engulfed him. He reached for a button on his control panel...

A loud wail sounded in the car; Chandler felt his seat rumble under him, and suddenly, the car's roof and windshield shattered. The WC felt himself being propelled towards the tunnel's ceiling at full speed by his seat's rockets; the brutal impact crushed his ribcage and broke his arm, and the last sound he heard before going unconscious was the faraway, heavily accented voice of a South Kharina woman saying, "Ee-jection see-quence cupleeted, sirr."

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"Chandler's been pretty silent these days," LG Harkonnen told BG Depriest in the Wing V mess room. "I wonder what's happened to him. I haven't had to dodge a single attack for days."

"Well, you know Chandler. Maybe he's mad about his competition performance, and he took out his starfighter for personal practice to beat us next time, and something happened."

"He should have listened to you when you said he couldn't pilot any old vehicle if he tried to. Poor guy probably flew his expensive air-conditioned fighter into an asteroid and next thing you know, we'll have to pull his ejector seat in with a tractor beam."

"Yeah. It'll be funny watching him take a trip to sickbay for once."

"You bet it will !" Harkonnen said. At this moment, Harkonnen's comm gave a subtle beep

and started blinking red. "Uh-oh. Looks like I've got a priority message. I can only see these in my office, Depriest. I'll guess I'll see you later, then" Harkonnen said, picking up his food tray.

"Okay, then, see ya !"

Back in his office, Harkonnen sat down at his desk and picked up his datapad. The red subject line of a high-priority message was glowing at the top of the pad's display. It read "News update from the bed" and it came from RA Chandler. Harkonnen opened the message. The more he read, the less he believed what he saw.

"I've been involved in a ground car accident. I'm currently writing this from my hospital bed on the planet Sif to tell you that I'll be all right, so you can't start partying just yet. Oh, and one other thing. Lieutenant General Harkonnen, I'm appointing you as acting Wing Commander until I get better. Follow your COM's orders to the letter; I'm trusting your good judgment (if any) in case you have to make a decision (god forbid)..."

A wide smile stretched from ear to ear on Harkonnen's face.

The loud, demonic laughter was heard all through the ship's deck. GN Bob-Fett and BG Freelancer, who had just come back from his special assignment, heard it as they stepped through the turbolifts. They looked at each other. "This can't be good," Freelancer said slowly...

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The next day, the pilots of Wing V were once again assembled in the briefing room.

"MG Asaf, have you seen Hark anywhere ?"

"No, Calias, haven't seen him."

"Weird, he's almost never late at those briefings."

"Yeah, the briefing's starting in barely one minute," Calias said, checking his chronometer.

"On the other hand," GN Traveler said, "Chandler isn't here either."

"If none of'em get here soon, I'm leaving," said GN Krymil.

"Nah, wait five minutes at least," GN Luke said.

The door to the corridor which led to the WC's office opened... and out strolled LG Harkonnen. There was a muted muttering in the briefing room: "what's he up to... where's Chandler if Harkonnen made WC ?... Am I seeing right ?..."

"Gentlemen," Harkonnen began.

The noise fell to a shushed whisper.

"I have some news for you. Chandler has been promoted to Commodore of the ISD Challenge. He has taken command of the ship, and, as of now, the Wing XII officers who have nagged us for so long are in his iron grip and paying for their arrogance. With Admiral Kramer's approval, I've been promoted to Wing Commander and given control of our unit."

The pilots of Wing V let out a collective cheer. The Nun Squadron members who were present smiled quietly. A few of the Wing's FMs and FLs didn't know whether this was good news or bad news yet, but clapped anyway. The CMDRs gave a sigh of relief.

Harkonnen let the cheering rise, then...

"FOOLED YOU !"

The noise died down instantly.

"No, the truth is that nobody's been promoted or transferred."

The wing members shook their heads. "Told you it was too good to be true," Freelancer whispered to Baron Fel.

"The real news is that I've simply been made Acting Wing Commander for a while. But it's quite funny. I have Chandler's own word on this. Believe it or not, Chandler's in a sick bay right now..."

Calias burst out laughing.

"...with broken ribs..."

So did Depriest and the rest of the CMDRs.

"...and his arm in a cast."

Hilarity overswept the entire Wing...

Funny, Harkonnen thought, I never seriously imagined myself as a Wing Commander, yet here I am, standing at the WC's podium. At least, for a little while. Well, I'll make the best of it, I guess. Run Wing V just like I run good old Nun. It can't be too hard. After all, what could go wrong in just a week or two ?

As LG Harkonnen thought those words, FO/AD Vader was laying down the final plans for the TIE Corps's reorganization.

The Acting WC would soon learn that plenty of things could go wrong in one week or two.

But why was the TIE Corps reorganized ?

The official communiqués said it was for the greater good and activity of the TIE Corps. But the real reason was the fruit of a Fleet-wide conspiracy so vast and ancient no one would ever have believed it. No one, save the two members of Nun Squadron who stumbled upon it during what was supposed to be a quiet vacation, some time ago...

## Episode II

"I was enjoying my leave. It was nice to be offship, stationed on a planet, even if for so short a time as two months. Yes, here on world, we had clean air, bright skies, open spaces, and non-toxic, radioactivity-free, non-biohazardous, un-glowing, water! I can hardly believe the squadron's luck. Of all of the squadrons up for it, this one got picked for garrison duty on an Imperial world, while the others had to sit it out in orbit on the ship. What's more, the entire squadron was technically on leave. The only thing needed was our craft, for the training of twelve new pilots.

So, we were free to do anything we would normally do on our leave. Krymil instantly vanished into the native population. Just said "See you in a week or so," and walked off. Maybe he knows the planet, but he's never one to talk about his personal past. Bob (Bob-Fett) seemed a little disappointed with the assignment, being the most recent addition to the squadron and wanting to see some major action. Delplancq decided to immerse himself in the culture. Baron-Fel, attached to the squadron, but still a trainee, had left to see the local sites. Vladimir still retained a few squadron duties, due to his position as commander, but was essentially on leave also.

I decided to frequent a bar & grill establishment, longing for a juicy, tender steak.....

Mmmmm.... Steak..... Darn it! I keep getting drool on my boots whenever I think of that. So

I walk in. It's more bar than grill, but there's enough of a grill that I thought I'd stay and eat. The man behind the counter takes my order.

"Are you sure you want steak? Bad for the arteries, you know," he said hesitantly.

"Arteries be damned! If I'm going to die from eating this steak, then I'll die happy." It was the only reasonable answer, for me anyway.

"You sure you don't want some other meat?"

I assured him I didn't. So, he asks how I want it done.

"Burn it to a crisp cinder for all I care, I'll eat the carbonized remains just to have steak once more."

"Oh, so you've eaten here before, have you?" he asked while putting a large steak on the barbecue grill stove.

Before I could answer, he was off waiting on another customer. That's when I saw him. What could he be doing here? Did he have leave also? He was out of uniform, also. Wearing dark navy blue overcoat, standing in a corner, was the wing commander, Chandler. Odd, but everybody's got their own lives, and mine currently involves a steak.

Chandler obviously hadn't noticed me. He was looking across the crowded bar, but at what I couldn't tell. He sat there, nursing a drink for a while. I finished my steak, and was about to go over and say hello when he got up and ever so slowly started walking to the door. I quickened my pace to catch him as he left, but before he reached the door, he paused by another man. He gave the barest nod of his head to the man, a few low words were exchanged, the other man lit up a cigarette, said something and left. Chandler continued toward the door. Coming out of my temporary pause at seeing these proceedings, I continued also.

"Chandler! What an odd coincidence finding you onworld too!" I said after catching up to him.

"Well, the universe is odd, but you get used to it." He glanced at me, "So how is your leave so far?"

"Pretty good. I would have said hello sooner, except for your friend."

"You must be mistaken" Chandler said flatly, "I don't know anybody here -- with the exception of you, of course"

"Oh, my mistake, I guess... I saw you talking to that man and, well,.."

"Things aren't always what they seem," He commented as he took off across the street.

He sure seemed evasive, how odd. What were they saying if he didn't know the man. It could have been something as simple as "Got a light?" but then why be evasive? No, something was up. And if something was "up" and it included this particular wing commander, that was bad news in some way, shape, or form. I didn't buy his remark on not knowing anybody here. I went back to the bar & grill and asked the man behind the counter if he had noticed the man with the cigarette.

"Nope." He said very quickly, "There was no man with a cigarette." This he said with finality. "And if you know what's good for you you'll say the same thing to anybody who asks."

I asked him if he was trying to threaten me, because if he was, I'm rather dense in the aspect that it can't be accomplished.

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to leave, if you're not going to buy anything else."

"What?"

"You heard me! Uh... I'll call the police! Yeah!"

I reached out, grabbed his collar, pulled him off his feet and threw him into the nearest wall.

"Ouch" he muttered.

Well, a couple of walls later, and after the place had cleared out quickly, he started talking. It seems that there's a big pressure on to replace all meats being served. Big time pressure. But

it had to be done in a subtle way. That's why he suggested that I might want to eat a different meat. He couldn't tell me what meat, because by this time he had seen his bloody nose and fainted.

I left with an air of uncertainty. I was strolling along a street when I heard someone call my name. I looked down an alley to see a man dressed in a common business suit. He was old, no doubt about that. He had silver hair, a thin frame, and deep lines depicting age on his face. I walked down the dead-end alley, ready for an ambush, and very aware that the bar & grill owner might have many friends.

"It is you," The old man confirmed. "I didn't believe it at first... But it is you. How ironic." He didn't smile at the irony.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I won't lie to you and give you a false name." He said as if that answered the question. "I'm here on my own behalf to warn you that you could be starting down a dangerous path."

"What?" I was confused. "Do I know you? How do you know me?"

"No. I knew your father."

I felt my gut tighten ever so much, and I clenched my fists in anticipation of pounding his head in.

"Restrain your temper, really, as if you could even touch me?" he offered. I could see he meant it, but I didn't have to check my anger. "Yes, yes, it's a touchy subject, but I no longer care about such feelings. I saw your 'talk' with the bar owner, and I must say that the trust placed in him was ill-founded. Now that I know who you are, I am doubly warning you, since I know you will ignore me anyway. You're very like your father in this regard."

"If what you say is true," I said, regaining a margin of my calm, "how did you know my father?"

"Well, obviously I knew him before his death. We were... 'friends.' More likely 'mutual acquaintances.' I helped him in a matter similar to this."

"What? You approached him in an alley and warned him to lose interest in something and do it fast?"

"No. But I did warn him at first. He was stubborn. He refused to listen. I tried to cover for him as best I could, but yet his death was not stalled."

"Excuse me? If you really knew my father you'd know his death was -- " he cut me off.

-- not what you think."

"What are you talking about?"

He motioned to move further down the alley, then continued. "He was eliminated. Oh, sure, big, huge military defeat at basically the same time. But he was eliminated for his troubles. He flew in a squadron based aboard the Imperial Star Destroyer Tacitor. He flew in his interceptor and fought the rebels.

"But what you don't know is that he survived. He returned without a scratch, after his squadron suffered heavy losses. The Tacitor Survived the pull-out of the Endor system, and served for many years afterward. However, certain powers that be saw that a certain body was found inside a derelict interceptor. Apparently a single laser blast had pierced the forward armor and killed the pilot, yet somehow stopped short of damaging the pilot seat, or the reactor -- which was shut down and cold. The internal reactor record showed that the last time it had been shut down was three days after the pull-out. This fact slipped through the cracks.

"Due to the nature of the death, the remains had little evidence, and under the circumstances the death was accepted as it was intended to be.

"Chock up yet another sob story for an Imperial citizen 'who's father had flown at Endor and died to the rebel scum.'"

I was speechless. I knew the facts of the death report, but had accepted them as they were.

Could any of this be true? Any of it? How could I be sure?

“You doubt. You wonder. You need to test me. I can see it,” he said, “but I can not prove it. But what reason would I bring this up? I have already told you my intent. Consider yourself warned, and warned again. Do not pursue your current line of investigation. You never know what you might find you and your father have in common. Perhaps a similar death.”

With these parting words he walked off and immediately disappeared, “Since you won’t heed me, listen to me. You know what. You may figure out how, or even who, depending on how good you are, but those will get you nowhere. Knowing them is nothing. There’s another aspect to figure out.”

He was gone. I was in a stupor.

I slowly walked toward the opening of the alley where I was met by Baron-Fel.

“Hello!” he called.

I gave a half-hearted wave.

“Well, you look as if somebody dropped the bomb... You look as if somebody just stole your dog.”

Emotionally close, he was. “How do you like the town?” I asked.

“Pretty place, but not exactly uptown” he pointed to the horizon where the tall skyscrapers could be seen. The local area was mostly 3-4 story buildings, leaving a nice open feeling.

“Oh, that? I got tired of that on Coruscant.

After a few minutes of conversation, a loud thudding explosion drew our attention. Couldn’t have been more than half a mile away, and we both headed for it at a fast trot. When we arrived at the scene, we weren’t the first. Several beings were milling about the rubble of a caved-in wall. My ears hadn’t fooled me; it had not been a natural explosion. I could tell that the damage was caused from a central blast point.

“Looks like some sort of super-charged concussion rifle...” Baron-Fel ventured.

I agreed. Then I saw a prone figure as the dust settled down a bit. It was the old man I had talked to! We pulled him away from the wreckage, but it was obvious he had taken a lot of the blast frontally. He undoubtedly had fatal internal injuries, and he knew it.

“Ha,” he coughed/laughed, “They were on to me the whole time...” his breath was wheezing loudly. “I shouldn’t have taken the same path back...” he broke off, his body racked with coughing. He grabbed my arm, his grip solid as a vise. He pulled me close to him, and looked hard into my face. He was dying, and fast. “Tru -- “ he gasped, “Trust no one!” He didn’t let me up. “Sp --” he gasped again, trying to force the word or phrase out. He gave up, and continued. “Secret Pers ..... personality A --” He gasped and never finished. His grip slackened.

“Mind telling me what the Emperors blue blotches that was all about?” Baron-Fel asked me as I straightened up. We walked away from the growing crowd and I explained what had happened (very greatly simplifying the part about my father) and why.

“This is a big deal!” Baron-Fel said, once he had grasped the situation. “This is some sort of conspiracy! You heard him! “They were on to me the whole time” “Trust no one” What else would these be related to?”

“It does sound like that” I had to admit. “This is big. And bad. And related to Chandler - but now I’m being redundant.” Baron-Fel nodded. “And I think we’d better do something about it.” Baron-Fel nodded again.

“So what do we do?”

“I haven’t the foggiest.”

“Hmm...”

“I was hoping you would know what to do...”

“I suppose we investigate, figure out what we’re up against. Know how far-reaching it is... Why.... it may even reach into the Imperial Navy!”



I didn't like the sound of that. We agreed on a plan of action and set out on separate paths. Paths that would point in the same direction eventually.

It turned out that my leave was extended. One of the trainees flying my starfighter had wrecked it. 'Why don't they just take a fighter from an empty slot in the squadron?' Well, there's some problems, and some red tape, but we can't tell you for sure why.

I went to meet Baron-Fel.

"I've got good news and bad news," I said.

"Same here," Baron-Fel replied.

It had been a month of hard investigation. A month of calling in every last type of favor I had in account with beings all over the core worlds. A month of coming up against walls, and instead of looking for the door through them (like a good person), of blasting them into rubble.

Baron-Fel had also been working as hard as I had been. He had a tired look to him, and I knew I looked the same. We had tracked down our own leads in private, not wanting to give away our sources (everybody had to have some, right?). I have no clue how good his sources were, but then mine weren't too great either. Even after all I had been doing, I only had one clue. Not even a lead. But half of one.

We seated ourselves wearily at our makeshift headquarters. "HQ" was actually a back room of a less-frequented bar, graciously made available to us via a favor.

"The good news is I've finished my inquiry." I started off. "The bad news is that I've finished my inquiry."

Baron-Fel gave me a glum look. "Why did you have to say that?" He asked rhetorically. "I've got the same good and bad news."

We pooled our findings, and discovered many things about the conspiracy, but little about the organization behind it. This was indeed far reaching. It stretched from the rings of Plormitla to the gas moon over Katallior. The pressure was on. It had been steadily growing for about a standard year, and was no where near reaching a climax. The substance being pushed was as yet unknown, but we knew it was very important that it be widespread. Baron-Fel deduced the reason: To get it in wide circulation. This was not even the conspiracy yet. This was setting the stage for the conspiracy.

If these actions were any indication, something was going down, and when it went down the vibrations would be felt everywhere. Up to and including the EH fleet. Every meat seller on every inhabited world, station, and populated platform was being 'guided' to sell the replacement meat. No samples were available, and if they were, who could we trust to analyze them? There was something special about this meat, but what that something is could be anything! The supply is constant, not in bursts, indicating the suppliers had some freighters shipping it everywhere. Big-time players were involved if they have their own navy. However, shipping manifests do not reflect any sort of shipping like this. Smugglers? That would fit in with the private navy bit, but doesn't fit with the rest.

No, this had to be a government. Or a group of them. Or people in high positions of government. The problem was how could they be so coordinated? Most would break into fighting with the most minimal contact. No, something larger than a planet can contain. Something in the Empire.

We didn't like that. Not ONE bit! This type of corruption must be stopped! Or at least the plot must be!

Now that we had an idea of how it was organized, it was time we shared our main finds.

"Coordinates." I said, "For a point on a planet's surface. That's what I found. Useless, without a planet to go with them. Or a time to be there."

Baron-Fel smiled. He gave me a cat-that-got-the-canary grin and leaned forward. "Here" he pointed at the table. "It's here. A big meeting of some sector heads from whoever" -- the term we'd given the people involved -- "meeting onworld, here, this system, this world. The missing piece was the place!"

Oh. This was good. Very good. I could feel a wicked grin breaking out on my face, and I let it. Wouldn't I just love to be a fly on that wall...

"This is good" Baron-Fel smiled.

"Oh, yes" I nodded, smiling.

"Yes" he returned.

We sat there for a minute before continuing. We soaked up the fact that we were getting somewhere.

[Sovereign-class Super Star Destroyer Sovereign, Wing V wing commander's office]

"I have been forwarded this." a middle-aged man wearing civvy clothes said. He handed over a hard-copy of a transmission.

Wing commander Chandler read it and glanced up at him. "Why does this name keep popping up?" he muttered to himself.

"His father was also named that? Odd name..." the man asked.

"No, you fool! That's not his name, that's his flight callsign!" Chandler rolled his eyes.

Morons, I'm surrounded by morons..... "He and his father were named -- "

"Vid-call on line kappa, sir" his secretary interrupted over the intercom. Chandler hung the vid call up.

"It must have been a tip-off." Chandler said to the man, getting back on subject.

"Yes. It has been dealt with. Leakage minimum." The man said, walking around the office.

"How minimum?" Chandler glared daggers.

"Two possibles, but not enough time for much -- if anything -- was leaked."

"Acceptable risks. The 'possibilities'?"

"Him" the man pointed at the transmission, "and a wingmate friend."

Chandler could have guessed. If he's persistent, he could be a threat...

"He's too dangerous. He needs to be dealt with." the man insisted.

"Don't forget who you're talking to!" Chandler quipped sharply. "I don't take orders from you. No, besides: if he were to die, he'd become a martyr. Like his father. And who knows what connections his friend has to us?" Chandler leaned back in his chair. "He must not be killed. We have been careful. Nothing of consequence could have leaked out..."

"Nothing except Bravo Leon..." the unknown man corrected.

"What? How!? I was not informed of this!"

"No leak. Bits. Pieces. They could be assembled, possibly, if the right ones were next to each other. It depends on the intelligence of the 'possible'"

Chandler frowned. Personally he thought bantha dung to be smarter than his pilots, so he could not judge that aspect of them. He'd have to review the files on this one, and the other 'possible.'

"Alive." Chandler insisted. "We must put the pressure on, but no disintegrations!" The other man nodded.

"How?" he asked.

Good question... He's no rookie, that's for sure, and Vladimir most likely filled his head with all that "good" or "virtue" crap and nonsense.

"I'll take care of it." Chandler said, giving a dismissing motion.

"He's dangerous, mark my words," the man said as he gathered his coat. "It only takes a single missing pebble to break the dam. I personally suggest pouring permacrete over the

pebble to seal it in place.” He meant that literally. Permacrete would not divulge its secret cargo. Useful for disposing of bodies.

Chandler dismissed him again.

What to do? Pressure must be given. Through what form? Vladimir? Nah... Fellow wingmates? No, not good for the unit... Must think of the fighting squadron force also.

Bobby? A pang of sorrow shot through Chandler, then was gone. Like Bobby was. Gone. But that’s for another day. Yes, they’ll pay, I’ll get Bobby’s revenge...

Off the subject. Well, maybe a little heart-to-heart talk would convince him. He’s only a flight leader, after all... He’ll be intimidated by a Rear Admiral Wing Commander.

Chandler scheduled his trip for the next day, got up, and put his overcoat on. He walked over to his office’s rear wall to take down the Kalithar ceremonial baseball bat.

Drat! It’s away being polished for its 10 week/1,000 whack tune-up. Alright, fine! I won’t use it! What good is a heart-to-heart if you can’t bruise the other guy’s heart? (And liver, and kidneys, and spleen, and etc.) Maybe a talk will work?

It’s just so crazy it might work!

[Onworld]

“I believe it’s a regional center for whoever. It’s a deserted warehouse building” Baron-Fel said, pointing to an old-fashioned (flat, 2D) map. “It’s surrounded on all sides by other deserted warehouses. What’s more, it’s in the middle of a large cluster.”

“To keep random checkings from finding anything” I offered.

“Looks like, yes.” Baron-Fel circled an area of the map. “The entire greater area was once protected by heavy defenses and secret alarms, but they should all be gone now; that was years ago.”

I nodded. It should be a walk in the park. However, once inside the target building, we both knew there would be active security working and online.

“Best way to get there is hovercab, and tell the driver to forget he took us here.”

I agreed. Can’t rent or borrow one. Too suspicious.

“Once we get there we’ll be on our own. “Borrowed” satellite probing access shows no guard patrols, but there might be guards nonetheless.”

He took a breath, and continued.

“However...”

I knew what was coming... It had been bugging me also.

“We don’t know if anybody will be there... This might have been a regional center a year ago, and today is empty. These people might be planning a future meeting, and we’re too early.”

“Chances are really against them being there.” I added.

Baron-Fel nodded. “We’ll leave tomorrow, to get the most daylight for the search,” it was already darkening, “and we’ll wear civvies to blend in.”

After ironing out the little parts, we sat thinking. I pondered aloud about whoever. Whoever and my father’s death. I accepted it as the truth now, now that I had found out about the conspiracy. ‘Just gimme one of them, a week, and an interrogation droid!’ popped through my head. No, they are probably too resistant to the droids. My father’s death was a long time ago, so why has the meat only been circulated now? I asked as much.

“Perhaps they weren’t ready? Perhaps they hadn’t finished stockpiling or making the stuff?”

Baron-Fel suggested.

I’ll buy that. But what does Chandler have to do with it? Nothing, I decided. He would not have been in league with whoever at the time of my father’s death. He was not as old as the conspirators all seemed to be. They recruited him.

Why?

The fleet! Chandler has connections. He can ship it. With no cargo manifests to leave a trail. But... Chandler would have to have very high stakes at risk to venture like that. What could they be?

And how could even Chandler do this without it getting out? Unless there's a conspiracy aboard the ship to keep it quiet. But our inquiries had shown none. Perhaps just a small group of people with some hiding places. They would "assign" certain cargoes to be shipped out whenever the Sov was in orbit around a certain planet. But where? Where, amid all of the entire SSSD Sovereign, could Chandler hide such a shipment?

"What was it he said?" Baron-Fel asked. "The old man, before his death."

"Let's see," I tried to recall, "'They were on to me the whole time' and 'I shouldn't have taken the same path back.'" and 'Trust no one.'"

"No, not that. After that."

It dawned on me that maybe his last words weren't ramblings. Maybe he tried to deliver a last message. "I don't remember. Something about a person's secret."

"That's it! I remember, it was 'Secret personality'. What, did he have it, or did somebody else?" Baron-Fel said, recalling the words.

"I think he died before telling us all we need to know." I had to admit.

"He was trying to say something before that..." Baron-Fel added. "Spah, spuh, spo, something like that. What could it be?"

It would have been a clue.

"Where would the cargo be hidden?" I asked, meaning on the SSSD Sovereign.

Knowing Chandler, somewhere obvious, and right in front of our faces. But where could a wing commander hide cargoes? Inside squadron support vehicles? Personnel transports that were unused?

A quick call to the Sov (and access to one of my few remaining favors) informed us that the support craft were not the key. That same call also confirmed that no unlisted cargoes have been onboard the Sov. Nor were there any mysterious ships seen coming or going in any of the cargo bays

"So," Baron-Fel asked, "Now what do we do?"

"We wait," I said, taking another look at the map.

The next day we took a hovercab to the old warehouse district. After having the droid driver put his self-preservation circuits to use, we searched around. It took us no time to find where it was, due to the fact it was on the higher part of a hill.

Perfect spot for holding out from a siege. If anybody was watching, they'd see us long before we got there. We could only hope it was not guarded.

From the outside it looked like a warehouse long abandoned, and from the inside it was anything but that.

Baron-Fel and I were standing in a long corridor, lined with evenly spaced doors on both sides.

"Oh, great!" I muttered. We went to the closest one first. A quick hotwire (we didn't have the electronic key) and it was open. A quiet humming warned us, and we jumped out of the way barely in time to miss a pulse-blast that would have incinerated us. The humming had died. We peered in. An apparatus had been positioned in front of the door to catch any intruders, festooned with cobwebs and dust.

"Must have been here for a year" Baron-Fel commented.

"Maybe the whole place is like this," I said, indicating the hallway of doors. "Maybe we're really late..."

“No, I had a report about some event called Bravo Leon.” Baron-Fel said. “It’s gonna happen, hasn’t happened yet. It was supposed to be like a meeting or something. Nobody knows where, but I think it will be here”

“I bet every wrong door has a trap set behind it.”

“Very likely” Baron-Fel responded. He frowned. “How do we tell the difference?”

I thought about it for a while, then thought of the perfect solution. “Follow me!”

I walked to the next door, kneeled in front of the lock terminal, and indicated that Baron-Fel watch. I took out a pen, and used it to push in the spring-flap that covers the electronic key slot. The spring on the cover squeaked audibly, and I peered in. A Molglorion flat spider hissed at me from its den. I tried the next door down. Inside, where you would normally insert the key, was full of dirt, grime, and rust. Baron-Fel caught on, and we each worked on different sides of the hall.

Halfway down my side I came across the correct door. The key slot was free of dirt, had bright silver metal parts, and was well-oiled.

“Bingo” I heard Baron-Fel say from his side.

“I got one too. Looks like only two rooms, with the ones on either side as traps.”

We checked the rest to be safe, and returned to the two doors.

“I’ll take door number 1, Hanna” Baron-Fel said. We hotwired it and were glad to see no vaporizing weapons waiting for us. It was dark, but we could see from the ambient light that it was a simply enormous room. The part that we could see was filled with rows and rows of head-height filing cabinets, stretching as far as the eye could see. We walked into the room, amazed at what we saw.

[Unknown man’s office]

A little red light pulsed on and off. The man considered this for a while. Then he opened a link with the cigarette smoking man.

“Security informs me of sector 12 silent alarm.” the unknown man said.

The man on the other end of the line also considered this. “Very well. Take a security team. Keep it quiet. Nobody will ever know what happened.”

The unknown man disconnected and ordered a security strike force waiting by the time he was ready.

[The warehouse]

We began rifling through the cabinets, to see what was here.

“Med Reps” Baron-Fel said, from his cabinet.

I had the same thing. But why so many medical reports? And what are they on?

“These seem to be on the tracability of some sort of agent,” I said.

“These seem to be on some test run on subjects.” Baron-Fel said. “I’m not finding any mention of the stuff tested yet.”

“Keep looking.” I said, and pulled out a bunch of reports.

Many reports later I came across a very interesting report. Upon reading it, my eye caught the phrase “Personality alteration successful...” I tucked this one in my jacket. Baron-Fel came up to me and produced a sales report.

“They’ve been saturating the market even before this. They’ve been putting whatever it is they have out in the market for a long time. Only, it’s been harmless all that time. Only recently have they been attempting to add the stuff to it.”

I showed him the report I had found. He frowned.

“Some messy things have been going on.” I said. “Get the most revealing documents you can

find.” He nodded and returned to his stack of cabinets.

After working an entire row of cabinets, we had a pretty good idea of what was happening. We had some files to back up parts of it. The whole operation was designed to spread the mystery meat throughout the galaxy, and they somewhere along the line add a personality altering material. The substance was being shipped via the EH fleet, in some unknown way (we had no documents to back this up though). So, the heads sent the stuff to the wing commander (commanders? If one is in league, what about the others?) and the wing commander(s) would hide and ship it. Once shipped, it would be pushed by each planet’s conspirators, and the population would get it. The whole thing had been in the works for years, and only recently has the substance been perfected. It seems we’d figured most of it out. Only... Who was behind it?

“But wait,” I said, remembering something, “The old man, he said something. He said ‘There’s another aspect’. We know how, we know when, we know in what way, we almost know who. What other aspect is there?”

“Good question.” Baron-Fel said, thinking. “How far-reaching it is?”

“Nah, we know that... Well, keep thinking about it. We’ll never get through all of these cabinets, so let’s try the other door.”

We locked the door on our way out, and hotwired the other one. This room was much different. It was more of a reception area of an office complex. Off to the right was what appeared to be a large conference chamber. To the left was a receptionists desk, and a set of opaque glass doors. We went into the room and were surprised at what we saw. An enormously elaborate computer setup was in there behind the desk. Repots of hundreds of various different types were being channeled to as many displays. Not that we knew what the data stood for. Or where it was coming from. Nonetheless, we took a copy of 60 seconds’ worth and put it on a disk.

“What’s that?” Baron-Fel said, pointing to a blinking red light on the desk.

“Intercom, maybe? Waiting vid-call?” I walked to the receptionist’s desk to see if I could turn it off. Walking behind the semi-circle desk I discovered it was not a receptionist’s desk. It was covered with security alarm system reports, many camera status reports, and several camera viewscreens. Two silent alarms were indicated as “tripped” and were blinking. Then the camera view captured my full attention. A full armed detail was outside the building, armored transport, pair of biker scouts, the works. The vehicles were parked to one side while the people had a perimeter set up by the building door. Then I noticed another viewscreen. This one showed a large amount of armed guards walking down the corridor, ignoring the doors with traps and going straight for the rooms Baron-Fel and I were in. They were approaching the doors, and fanning out, to bust one down.

Baron-Fel stuck his head out the office door. “What’s up?”

“Uhh, hide!” I said, ducking under the security desk. Baron-Fel disappeared into the office quickly. We heard a large banging noise. We heard muffled shouts of “Go, go, go!” as the armed troops entered the other room.

The hallway was empty, according to the camera views. “We only have one chance, now or never!” I whispered loudly.

“Now!” Baron-Fel whispered back while running for the door. I was right behind him.

“There are more outside, follow my lead!” I told him. I reached the door first, and rushed out it. Baron-Fel followed me.

The troops outside were waiting as backup, and hadn’t expected anybody coming out. I pointed Baron-Fel to the nearest biker-scout’s ride. One of the biker scouts raised his rifle at us and shouted “HEY!” I held up my ID and shouted “It’s okay! I’m a flight leader!” I jumped on the bike behind Baron-Fel and we shot off.

“Oh, well okay he’s a flight lea -- WHAT?!?!?!?” The biker scout started to say. “After

them!”

“I’m a flight leader”? That’s your plan?!?!” Baron-Fel shouted over the wind.

“Works every time!” I shouted back. “We got away, didn’t we?”

“Not that far, we’ve got a tail!” he pointed out the second biker unit following us not too far back. One of the scouts on it fired a shot at us.

“Head for the populated areas!” I said, getting my blaster out. “Try to lose them.”

Baron-Fel nodded and pushed the speed of the little bike. I twisted around and took as careful aim as possible, then fired off a shot. I had intended it to hit the steering surfaces, but instead took out the swivel blaster near them. I had to jerk forward again as Baron-Fel swerved around a pedestrian hovercar. He swerved to a large park area. Good idea, perhaps the extra people will keep our pursuers from firing. We screeched past picnickers and joggers. More like through them. They went diving out of the way, giving us various hand-gestures. We zoomed through another group of people. Where did Baron-Fel learn to drive??

“Are you trying to hit these people?!?!” I shouted. We almost hit three more.

“No! Well, maybe those mimes.” Baron-Fel shouted back.

“Well stop! The mime is a terrible thing to waste.” I said. Baron-Fel nudged me. We were coming out of the park. I twisted around again and took another shot. This time it hit the steering planes, jamming them full right. The bike began a hard right turn and didn’t come out. We got clean away. We ditched the bike and worked our way back to HQ.

Upon closer inspection of the pilfered documents, we discovered a project name. Secret Personality Altering Material. Exactly what the old man tried to tell us before dying. But they did not reveal what the meat-like stuff did to subjects. Nor did they say what the other aspect was.

Baron-Fel got a vid-call warning him Chandler had left on his way here a while ago. He had cashed in a favor so that he would get an early warning.

“Just great!” I said. What to do with these files?

Baron-Fel and I were leaning over the large area map we had spread over our small table. It was so large it hung over every edge. Chandler walked into the room and paused.

“I hope I’m not interrupting...” He said, gesturing at the table.

“No! Not at all.” I said.

“We’re just deciding on a pattern for redecoration” Baron-Fel said, indicating the dark, gloomy room.

“Yes, earth tones are a must, no pastels or anything.”

“Oh, definitely.” Baron-Fel added. “A little wall paper, some venetian blinds...”

“Sounds good,” I nodded.

Chandler gave a rueful grin. “I wish I could do this --” he made a wide gesture with his arms, “-- witty reparté that you seem to have mastered, but I’d be out of my league, so cut the crap.” Let’s hope flattery works, Chandler thought.

“I guess he’d like the pastels instead?” I asked Baron-Fel.

“Seems so, but I don’t know why. It simply clashes with the --” He was interrupted.

“Enough.” Chandler said. He noticed the map and leaned closer, peering at the center. While he was looking there, I inconspicuously pushed a protruding file’s edge back under the map. Would Chandler think to move the map?? If so, he’d see all we had. But, after taking note of it, he straightened up.

“We need to talk guys...” he started.

“About what?” I asked, “About your involvement in a conspiracy of galactic proportions? Or on the fact that said conspiracy is feeding the people some type of drug? Or about the fact that you’ve turned smuggler -- using the fleet as your shippers.”

Chandler glared at me. "I really thought we'd been more careful. You've discovered quite a lot, but not enough, I'm sure."

"What about Secret Personality Altering Material?" Baron-Fel asked.

Chandler glanced at him, keeping any look of the great surprise he felt from showing. "And you have proof of this?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes." I said smiling. Chandler dropped his smile.

"Is there anything I can help you with? Or have you figured it all out?" Chandler said bluntly.

"Well, obviously there's the question of who's behind it." Baron-Fel said.

"Ah, of course. The ultimate question. Why, even I don't know that." Chandler said.

A bell went off in my head. I looked at Baron-Fel and he had gotten it too. Why!! Why? That was the other aspect! Chandler had just given us the clue we needed.

"Actually, it's not." I said.

"Nope," Baron-Fel said. "The ultimate question is why? Why the conspiracy? Why the project?."

"It's simple" I said before Chandler could answer. "Control. Secret Personality Altering Material. Alter the personalities of people all over the galaxy. What's the plan, Chandler, control? Or is it to implant hatred of the rebellion?"

"Close..." Chandler smirked. "When implemented, it will give a great sense of respect for certain figures or individuals. Like the Emperor, the Grand Admiral, the strike fleet."

"You." Baron-Fel added. "That's your take in it. You have larger aspirations... This is your ticket."

"It is a benefit of it, yes."

"But, what is the stuff? What is the meat?" Asked Baron-Fel.

"You know of the project name, don't you?" Chandler asked, as if we should already know what meat. "There's your answer."

Secret Personality Altering Material? Secret Personality Altering Material! S.P.A.M! SPAM! I gasped in horror.

"SPAM." I whispered. Chandler nodded. I heard Baron-Fel suck in a breath. Must be an automatic reaction.

"It's really quite perfect, you see." Chandler said. "For those who already have the respect for the people or figures it will be harmless. However, for those who lack the respect will get it."

"Di-ah-BOL-ical" Baron-Fel muttered.

"But you don't know where it's being stored, do you?" Chandler smiled. He enjoyed demonstrating his superior intelligence.

"Actually" I enjoyed bursting his bubble. "I've figured that out. It's a sad shape the fleet is in, have you noticed? whole wings inactive, and those that are active have less than half compliment. Why? Because of the coordination of the FO and the WC's. They've been assigning new recruits specifically to keep squadron compliment low."

"And why would they ever do that?" Chandler feigned innocence.

"Because you're shipping it in the fighters!" I said. "All of the unused fighters have been modified to hold SPAM! Weapons, reactors, all taken out. A hollow shell with meat-like substance inside."

Chandler gave a limp clap of his hands. "Bravo. For an encore will you deduce where Hoffa was buried? And now that I know you know, let me continue. This is beyond you. Don't swim with the sharks, or you'll get chewed up and spit out. If so much as any word of this slips out, not only you, but everybody you told will die. That's not a threat, that's how they do business. I've seen it. They're in league, in part at least, with the ISB. Don't mess with ISB." He gave a grave look. "They really mess with you. You know this?"

Baron-Fel and I nodded. If there's one thing you learn, it's 'Don't diss the ISB.'

"I leave it up to you... As a wing commander, I'd hate to lose the pilots. But as a 'conspirator'



I'd have to see you dead. Nothing personal. I wouldn't even order it. But it would be up to me to ID the bodies. Capice?" He let it sink in, then left.

We sat there, thinking it over. Finally, I went to the vid-phone.

I made a call to the high court of inquisitors onboard the SSSD Sovereign. I made some vague references to a conspiracy and they went to a secure channel. After explaining it, they put me on hold. I waited 15 minutes. When they came back a decision was reached. Seeing as the whole plot was for the good of the empire, no negative action would be taken. However, the plot would be stopped in the simplest way. They thanked me and hung up.

"That's it?" Baron-Fel said. "Thank you, goodbye?"

"I guess..." I said. "At least the flow of SPAM won't alter people's personalities."

We sat there for several minutes. "So..." I said.

"So..." Baron-Fel said. "Now what?"

I laughed. "I didn't think we'd get this far!"

"There's only one thing to do." Baron-Fel said. I raised an eyebrow. "Relax and take a vacation from our vacation."

"Sounds good to me" "

### Episode III

So that's why the Fleet was downsized... but now, back to the present day.

Chandler was lying in bed, his torso all wrapped up and his arm in a cast. his good hand was holding a communiqué and he was fuming.

'The fleet is being downsized. It's a cover to thwart us. You can no longer ship in empty starfighters. Those not used are being mothballed. Our plans our ruined. We are switching to plan B. The recent invention "television" (T.V.) will be implemented instead. This does not require the use of a fleet. Effective immediately every one of our Imperial agents are disbanded. With television we will melt the minds of the rebels and non-Imperial worlds. They will be so mind-numbed and addicted that they will be easy to conquer or they will be too busy watching their shows to fight us.

Sorry to hear about your accident. We didn't do it. we were going to, but it was scheduled for next week. We thought we'd just disband, not kill every useless agent from now on.'

"I know who's fault this is." muttered Chandler. "I'll get even..." his eyes strayed to a different report. His project aboard the SSD Avenger needed another courier. That makes 3 lost so far. "I have the perfect punishment.... And while he's at it, he'll be the tool of my revenge...."

### Episode IV

"This isn't right. I didn't sign up to do this. Here I am, in the corridors of the SSD Avenger, when my squadron is serving aboard the Sovereign. Who knows what these loony force-sensitive Jedi will be like. Or even what they'll do. I wonder how I got here in the first place. I imagine it's on a whim of the wing commander. Sure. He went to commander Harkonnen and said 'I need somebody, Vladimir. I have randomly selected one of your boys to torment for a while. Brief him on his new temporary assignment.' Sure, that must be how it happened. I noticed a white deck sign.

What the...??? That sign says deck 159!! Just a second ago I was on 102!!! This can't be correct at all!!

Gotta ask somebody. I walked on, hoping to find somebody.

Well, naturally my commander couldn't say no to the WC on such a trivial matter, could he?

I wish he had. Dammit Jim, I'm a pilot, not a spelunker! Who the heck is "Jim"? Oh well. That is one apt analogy, though. I've never seen a more dark and brooding ship. Crazy Jedi always like to have a cave-like interior and simulated flaming torches. I'll never understand that. Well, back to business...

A janitor!!

"Excuse me..?"

He looks up, his back not just bent, but hunched. "Whaaaat?" He croaked. "A stranger? A stranger!! Eeh-hee-hee-hee!" He cackled this laugh, ignoring any inquiries, and trundled his mop and bucket off.

I walked on. The manners of some people. What, are there no people on this ship?

There are some guards!

Two cloaked and hooded guards stood outside a massive door with some writing on it.

"Excuse me?"

The head of the nearest one turned slightly to face me. His eyebrows raised a miniscule fraction in a question.

"I am looking for somebody who should be on deck 102. I thought I was on deck 102. Then the sign says I'm on deck 159."

I paused, to see if he could believe such a ridiculous story -- an officer who doesn't know which deck he's on!. To my surprise, he nodded slightly, as if he had to deal with this quite often.

"How can I find my way to deck 102?"

He slowly lifted his arm, yet in some very forceful way, indicated a left branch of the corridor.

"Thank you."

He nodded just barely, then returned to his statuesque stance.

I walk down the left branch. Well, okay. Another hall that looks like EVERY OTHER hall! No-good Jedi-wannabe! I hope he festers like the Emperor did... Oh, wait! In the distance, is that a turbolift? Yes! Only 1,000 yards away! I take it back!

That's odd, that echo. Only 200 yards ago, there was no echo. Now my boots are ringing like crazy.

I stopped in my tracks. The footsteps continued for three seconds. Then eerie silence. I started walking again. No echo!! Wait! Three seconds later, it's there!

My pace picked up considerably. The turbolift was coming closer and closer. 50 yards! 10! I reached out and placed my finger on the button. A painting!!! Who in the Empire would do such a thing?!?! I looked around. Ahh... a directory. I walked over to it. My footsteps stopped three seconds after I did. Okay, lemme see.... What????????? Deck 10?????????

Something is seriously wrong with this ship!!!!

Maybe that was a second set of footsteps! maybe I can find a guide!

"Hello?" I called.

"Hello" a voice came back after a pause.

I knew it! A guide!

"Is anybody there?!" I asked hopefully.

"Is anybody there?!" the delayed echo replied.

I realized I was calling to my echo. It had all been a trick of acoustics. Why couldn't this be a normal ship, like my ship, like a ship that doesn't make me look foolish talking to my echo?

"I hate this ship!" I yelled.

Eerie silence. No echo.

Alright, fine, I can take it. I'm nuts. I'm dreaming. I had a brain aneurysm and am lying unconscious in the medlab, and this is all some elaborate hallucination. If only I could believe that!

Ahh..... some stairs! I go up, I guess. I know for a fact I didn't switch decks, so it can't be deck 10. Must be mixed up signs. Or some practical joke that nobody cleaned up. So, I assume I'm still on deck 159. I go up for, uh, 57 decks up. Well, the sooner started, the sooner over.

I climbed the stairs for ten decks, but then ran out of stairs. On the last deck, I exited the stairwell in hopes of finding another one. The sign outside the stairwell said deck 130. Well, maybe those stairs didn't let off at every deck. Maybe I'm not nuts! Maybe it's all very logical, I just don't know all there is to know.

As I entered through the stairwell door, a man passed in front of me. The oddest type of man. He was short, bald, and wearing some odd pants, jacket, and hat that all had a splotchy brown pattern on them. He was walking slowly, but with a determined look followed the floor, half-bent over. He carried in his hands some sort of weapon. A mean weapon.

"Hello...?" I asked tentatively.

He put his finger to his lips and blew a shhh sound. Then with a lisp, he proclaimed "Be vewwy, vewwy qwiet." He leaned closer, as if imparting some deep wisdom. "I'm hunting appwentices" and walked on.

I scratched my head. Ooooooakaaaayy..... I'm not the only one who's crazy.

Well, I stumbled upon another stairwell, and by trial and error made it to deck 102.

The environmental systems on this deck were way out of tune. There was a moist jungle climate here. Literally, there were plants everywhere. I was walking on grass up to my knees. there were vines and trees everywhere. In fact, they blocked the corridor. These Jedi may be good fighters, and a skilled part of the fleet, but they sure had weird architectural likes and dislikes...

I looked around. Ah! I waded over to the nearest wall and saw what I needed. I read the warning: "In case of Light Side of Force, break glass" and quickly smashed the panel and grabbed the lightsaber behind it.

After making quick work of the vines, I found my way roughly through this deck. There were actually people here, and I was able to ask directions for once. 'Follow the jungle, take a left at the rapids, and a right at the waterfall, but go straight at the cliff.'

Well, easier said than done. I noticed that after I had hacked through some more dense overgrowth and walked past it, something that made me uneasy. I had happened to turn and glance over my shoulder (the way I had come) and noticed that any sign of my hacking had been erased. In fact, the overgrowth was denser!

In very fact, I could see it moving before my eyes!! It was tightening itself, like a living weave! What type of genetic engineering do they do here?

What? Something brushed my boot? I looked down to see that a green plant-like tendril had come from the dirt (deck??) and was trying to pull me down. Not on yer life, plantzilla! A quick slash from the lightsaber and I'm free. I hurry now, not so much to get this over with, but to get out of here.

Left at the rapids. And what rapids!! The left I needed to get to was on the other side of them, and I didn't see any way safely across.

Well, to make a long story short, three hidden alligators were killed, a tree felled, and a rapids crossed in relatively one piece.

Wiping some gore off of my shredded uniform shoulder, I tried to get my bearings. Ah, yes, I could hear a dull rumble in the distance. That must be the engines beneath the decks. Maybe the deck will come back! No more jungle! I could only hope. It was sadly not to be. On closer inspection, it turned out to be the waterfall.

The waterfall was moving from left to right across my respective corridor. The top was level with my floor, and the bottom was a good 20 yards below. That's all there was. My corridor. The one beyond mine. The left one, and the right one. A crossroads, so to speak. The left and



dug one out below that. Then I began working my way down, digging out hand-holds as I needed them. Once down, I walked across and did the opposite on the other side. I dug hand-holds and climbed up.

Dragging myself over the other edge, I noticed that my uniform was a wreck. Shredded on the right side, soaking, muddy (from the short swim) and now with dirt covering the remaining surface area. One boot split down to the ankle. The other with a hole in it (lousy alligator!). Well, this needs to be replaced.

I surveyed my surroundings. there was a large open floor (no plants!! no dirt!! Yeah!!), with many technicians over various readouts and terminals. In the center was a raised platform, with some sort of reactor on it. Next to it was the largest single grouping of personnel in the room. The most likely place to find my assignment.

After stumbling out of the last meter of cave interior, I was gratified to be on solid metal again. I made my way to the central group with little trouble. This was rather startling. It's not everyday that an officer who looks like hell can get through this many people without notice nor reproach on the subject of grooming habits.

In the center of the group was a single man who was giving orders and advising the technicians. I approached him. He was middle-aged, had brown hair, and a commanding presence about him. He took a minute to sign a form before turning to me.

Finally!

"What do you want?" He asked, as if I was one of the technicians.

'Dr. Livingston, I presume?' How fitting. "I was sent by wing commander Chandler." I said, instead.

"What?" His eyes grew wide. "How did you get in here?? What about the plants! The rapids? The ... well, you get the idea, don't you?"

"Yes" I said, indicating my uniform.

"Yes" he agreed, smiling. Then he stopped smiling. "You're here for only one reason, and I suppose I know what one." He turned his back on me and said stiffly "It's not done yet. Tell Chandler I'm perfecting the process. I can't be rushed!"

"Well, I have not been told what you were working on. I was told that I'd pick up a package. I was told NOT to accept your excuses, and to tell you that -- I quote -- 'You blundering [deleted] !! I know that you're done, and I know you're doing hideous tests to MY subject! Give it up!' -- end quote -- and that you will turn it over. Or else.'

"Now see here!" he started.

I pulled the lightsaber out. I turned it on in front of his face. The tip stopped just short of going up his right nostril. "Now you listen to me, you little pipsqueak!" I growled "I've been through a lot to get here, and by several human skeletons littering the path I know I'm not the first. You've gone through all of this trouble just to keep some privacy while doing whatever-the-heck-you're-doing. I don't give a care about any experiments, or any testing, or anything. I just want to get the package and GET OFF THIS SHIP!"

He blinked. "What do you mean? I haven't done anything to stop you.. oh! No, no, the rapids, caves, and all were already there. You'd have to be a regular to know your way around. I can see how you'd ..."

I hefted the lightsaber menacingly. "I am hereby pulling rank on you, you lowly insignificant scientist! Gimme the package!"

"Okay" he said rather quickly. Wow! That worked better than I thought it would! He wrote down a cargo verification slip and guided me to the far wall of the room.

There was an enormous cage of the strongest material I had ever seen. And inside the bars of the cage was some sort of living creature, by all the attention it was getting. We approached it.

"This is the package. You must be vary careful in the handling of it. Keep it away from other

creatures, and don't worry, he's had his shots."

I didn't know what in the galaxy he was referring to. Until I saw what was in the cage. I recoiled.

"AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

"Now, now, that's a natural reaction, at first," said the scientist. "But you'll get used to it quickly" He gestured to ten technicians. "Over here! Off to cargo bay 279! Load it on a shuttle and wait for this man to get there."

The men rushed the crate out of the room.

"It's not possible!!! This can't be!!!" I shrieked. I admit I was very distraught over what I had seen. There was no mistaking what had been done. And initiated by Chandler, no doubt. The fiend! Doesn't he know he can't do this??"

"I assure you it is very possible, and it has happened." The middle-aged man said as he guided me to a turbolift and entered it with me. "It was an engineering feat! What wonderful stuff we've uncovered! Why, this is the pinnacle of my achievements. That is why I wanted to complete more tests. However, I believe I may have enough data already." He rattled on about his astounding works, and before I knew it the turbolift had stopped and we were standing on a shuttle deck. Bay 279, apparently. There sat a shuttle among the fighters. Until we arrived at the shuttle boarding dock, the man would not stop talking. But finally he shook my hand and took his leave.

I still couldn't believe they had done this...

I made my way back to the Sovereign, dropped off the package, and rushed to my quarters. I changed, tossed the old uniform into the incinerator, and plopped into my bunk.

Wonderful sleep overtook me.

I jump upright, throwing off my covers.

My heart was pounding, my pulse racing.

I gathered myself after noting my surroundings. My bunk, my room, my quarters.

I took a deep sigh. It had all been a dream. A very terrible nightmare..... A horrible nightmare

A nightmare that was so twisted that it could never be real, yet..... A nightmare that was so terrifically real! Well, a quick shower will help make me feel better.

It did. I put on a clean set of clothes and made my way to the scheduled debriefing with the CMDR and the WC. I made it to his office, and sat down next to Harkonnen, as directed.

"You did very well, Brigadier General." He said to me. "Very well. Others have failed attempting to do what you accomplished in one try."

I was a little uncomfortable with praise coming from Chandler. I didn't know if he was setting me up or not for something bad to come.

"Tell me about how you did this feat which others have failed at."

"Yes, Sir. Well, I set out to the records library to find the last known location of your associate. Then, I, uh..... uhhhh....." That's odd. "I can't remember. I mean, I can remember, but it's fuzzy, hazy. I uh, uh..."

I slumped my shoulders, how could I forget???" "I don't remember." I said at last.

Chandler gave no aggravated response. In fact, he smirked. A cruel little smile played on his face, then vanished. It was a knowing smile, a conspiracy associated smile.

"Vladimir, are you to tell me you didn't keep track of your own Flight Leader?" He turned his attention from me.

"I had heard he was on board a corvette in Battle Group 2, and that he was actively searching for his contact. I also heard that he meet his contact and returned with the package." my commander answered.

"Yes..." Chandler muttered quietly. Then with the barest of whispers "Nobody will ever know..."

“Excuse me, Sir?” Harkonnen asked.

“Nothing, nothing. That correlates what I know of the subject, it is of no consequence that your officer cannot remember. Perhaps it was too traumatic.” Here I swear I heard him laugh. Once. And with genuine humor, not dark humor. It was over so fast I wasn’t sure he had done it. I looked to my commander for confirmation. He was looking at me for confirmation.

Better not mention this right now.

We both shook our heads at each other.

“I do suggest, however, that you have his head examined, and make sure he hasn’t forgotten anything important. Like how to fly.” Chandler said, with a dismissive gesture.

I was going to my quarters to take off my sidearm (won’t need that in medbay!) before going to have my head examined. I could use a good head-shrinking after that awful nightmare!

But, come to think of it, I couldn’t remember the specifics of it...

I unholstered my sidearm and tossed it onto my bunk. I heard a “clink” as it hit something metal under the covers. What was that? There should be nothing metal there....

I slid my hand under the sheets and it came in contact with something cold and metallic. I felt it, it was round, cylindrical, had a thumb-switch -- why, I recognize this!

It’s a lightsaber!

It’s a lightsaber?!

I think my brain overloaded. I stood there, comprehending what this meant. The only place I’d ever held a lightsaber was.....

.....In the dream.....

I suddenly was startled by a screaming. I was doubly startled by the fact that it was me doing the screaming. This screaming was heard on many, many, decks, for many, many, sections, in all directions.

It permeated the entire block of the ship. With the dream returned a horror from the past. A horror that was long gone. Gone in a way it could never come back.

Chandler walked across his personal quarters, a gin in one hand, and a report in the other. He looked lovingly across the room at the bundle of tentacles on the far corner floor.

“It’s so good to have you back.” He said with a happy sigh. “The wonders of genetic manipulation.... Ah, the wonders... And without a spartii cylinder, too...”

He raised his drink, and downed it.

“I dub thee..... Bobby.....”

## Episode V

### I

Somewhere in an uncharted region of space...

The cold wind whirled over and over again between the legs of the AT-ST. The ground trembled with every step of the massive vehicle, lifting bits of snow and rock with each pounding of the machine. Not precisely a stealth vehicle, but it was reasonably fast and it got the job done. The machine was bravely facing the aggressive climate, a mixture of ice cold wind and water. Totally unaffected by the foul weather conditions outside, the two occupants of the vehicle were enjoying a comfortable and warm environment inside the cockpit. Yet the pilot and the weapons officer were wearing thick clothing. They both were silent, focused on

their areas, listening to the rythmical sound of the legs and the vibrations on the machines' structure. Suddenly, the vehicle stopped dead and automatically assumed a balanced position, with the cockpit area moving forward and below to find the perfect gravity center for the whole mass of metal to prevent it from falling down. The pilot reached to the radio.

- TAC-COM, this is Scout 4.... we're 2 kilometers from the mountain range. It looks bigger than we thought, we'll have to go round it. The weather seems to be getting worse... expect us in waypoint 3 in 30 minutes, over. –

- ... Acknowledged Scout 4. You may proceed. Report any changes in the situation. Over. –

- Got it, TAC-COM. Scout 4 out. –

The pilot pushed forward on the controls and the machine began to walk again. The AT-ST only gave a couple of steps when suddenly alarms went off on the cockpit. Quickly, the wapons officer turned to the radar screen.

- Unidentified contacts! Two, fast approaching....2100 meters....2050.... we're locked sir! Thermal Guided missiles, ID positive! We're targeted sir! Move, move move! –

The pilot was very experienced. He analyzed the situation in a second. Basically, there was no way for the AT-ST to dodge or even run away from the missiles. It just couldn't do it. He had no electronic countermeasures to fight back the missiles' guidance systems since every piece of that equipment was removed to make room for sensors, motion detectors, sub wavelength radars, the works. It was a real scout vehicle. He didn't hesitate... six years of experience told him what to do. He jumped off his seat.

- C'mon! Let's get out of here! Radio TAC-COM and inform of our position now! Don't wait for the acknowledgement! Move it! –

The weapons officer turned to the radio.

- TAC-COM! TAC-COM! This is Scout 4! We've been fired upon! We're abandoning the vehicle now! Write down our position! –

Some seconds later, a hatch opened on the belly of the metal monster and the two men slid really fast down a couple of ropes. They were 10 meters away of the AT-ST when the missiles hit... the blast threw them away and landed bouncing and sliding over the snowy ground. Some seconds later, the pilot recovered his mind and checked his weapons officer. He was lying face down on the snow, unconscious. He climbed a small slope and saw a wrecked mass of metal, fire and a dense column of smoke gaining height over the white landmark in the place where a minute before the machine was walking.

- Well, Gahan.... I hope they got your message in time. – He said to himself.

## II

Far away from there, in the comfort of the Emperor's Hammer Flagship....

The Cantina was buzzing. Like it always did, no matter the time. It was packed....like it always did, no matter the time. Pilots, officers, technicians...you name it. Everybody went there to relax after the day's work. LG Harkonnen was on a table, in front of a girl.

- Nonononon....wait – He said -..... Libra, right?! –

The girl looked at him with an expression deprived of all emotion

- You know, there are 12 signs on the Zodiac.... you already tried to guess eleven times. –

- Ha! Then my odds are getting better and better! –

LG Calias was seated at the bar, with his back to the counter with 2 young recruits at his sides sipping Aurora Grape Juice, eyes wide opened, listening to some old war story.

BG's Satai and Depriest were sharing a table with some FM/GN's of Wing VI..just chatting.



Then RA Chandler entered the Cantina. The buzz seemed to disappear for a while, then gained back its normal intensity. Chandler stood at the door and his eyes were looking for someone. He spotted the tables section and began to walk over there. LG Harkonnen caressed his concussion rifle under the table without leaving his talk. Satai and Depriest shivered when they saw he was heading to their table. The baseball bat was nowhere to be seen for their relief. Chandler, in his immaculate black official uniform stood next to the table. He only wore the official WC uniform in ceremonies or other official meetings. Normally, he preferred to wear only training clothes or a pilot uniform. Normally.... but since his Nanny arrived, he wore his traditional Khalitar clothes more often. And he was less violent too, thanks to Xadell....but that's another story.

- Gentlemen.... may I join your table? – Chandler asked

One of the FM/GN's quickly saluted him and offered his chair. Chandler nodded and took it while the pilot reached for another one at another table. A waitress that was following Chandler put a glass of Gin in front of him.

- Well.... so, - Satai broke the silence under the attention of the table - ... so, how are things going, RA? –

- Very good. How are you guys doing? – the degree of tension on the table, generated by the two CMDRs was increasing.

- Fine.... fine.... it's so.... – Depriest doubted – unusual for you to ask such things, you know.

–

Chandler sipped a bit of Gin

- How come? I'm interested on my men... I'm supposed to know if anything happens on the wing. –

- Yes... but I think I know Depriest's point here.... –

- And what's the point then? –

- Well... we got used to the old bat and sickbay routine. You understand... –

- Yes, I know I sometimes overreact to certain things but...well... Xadell tells me I've got an attitude problem like every other Firstborn she raised and that I'm no exception. She says she wants me to be nicer to people. –

- Well....she's doing a good job so far – said a more confident Satai. – I haven't seen her for a while.... –

- Ah...yes, well... she's here and there... all over the ship. She's looking for some scrap materials to decorate my office. –

- Decorate, sir? –

- Yup... says the office needs the feminine touch. Whatever that means... –

- Female? She's a Cyborg! – replied Satai

- You wouldn't know if she wouldn't have told you. You really can't tell the difference. And from my personal experience she's more human than some people I know. You might know, or guessed at this point, now you know Xadell, that some Khalitars were regarded as the best robot engineers on that sector of the galaxy.–

- When you said more human, I hope you didn't mean anybody from here. Not in this table, I hope – said Depriest

- Ha! No.... not in this table.... anyway, she says she wants to make me a better man. Kinder... sensitive, patient... I don't know. She fears my bad temper could pop out at any time. –

Then one of the FM/GNs, the one seated at the right of Chandler spoke.

- Excuse me, sir? –

Chandler turned to the boy.

- Yes? –

- I want to ask you, now I've got the chance....you know, rumours....is it true that you had a pet sarlacc that was cooked by one of your CMDRs? –

Chandler looked at the guy for a couple of seconds without talking. Then he turned front again to face Depriest.

- GN, you know how much does a couple of ceramic teeth cost? –

- Um....no sir. I don't. –

Chandler's right elbow flashed and struck the GN's face straight on the mouth. It was a blow taken from the pages of the manual. The one that when you look down "Elbow blows", you find a photo of this blow. The technique was superb, the elbow met the mouth in a split second and the GN falled on his back. Chandler did all this without even looking his target. He kept looking to Depriest. Even when he talked with the GN.

- 600 credits. Go to sickbay and buy yourself a couple of implants. Front teeth, upper jaw. Put them on my account. –

The FM/GN stood up with the help of a couple of guys from the next table and headed without saying a word to the door, with his hand on his mouth... inside his mouth, well...a couple of holes where there were front teeth before. Before he crossed the door, Chandler shouted to him.

- Hey, GN! – the GN turned under the door. – 600 credits! Remember to put it in my account!

–

- Um, sir....wasn't it just a little bit too excessive? – Satai asked

Chandler sipped another bit of gin.

- Wait to see what I'll do to Depriest if you keep asking. I'll show you some excess... –

Depriest looked at Satai with a begging look on his eyes.

- Yes – said Satai – sorry for asking, sir. –

- Nevermind that...anyway... – Chandler looked over Depriest shoulder – What the.... – Then he stood up in a second, drewed his blaster and shot. There was a brief flash of light and everybody on the Cantina threw themselves to the floor. When the dust settled, Chandler was still stood up, with his blaster pointing to the direction of fire. Some tables ahead, a petrified LG Harkonnen was stood up, pointing with his concussion rifle at Chandler. Everybody on the Cantina were on the floor, except Chandler and Harkonnen, both pointing their weapons on each other. Then Chandler made Harkonnen a sign...with his left hand...."Turn Around". He did slowly and found a man, all dressed in light brown, with a kryz knife in his hand and a major smoking hole on his forehead. An eagle was depicted on his suit.

- Atreides.... – mumbled Harkonnen. He turned to Chandler and nodded. Chandler nodded back.

- Everything smooth over there? –

- Yes sir. Thank you very much... – replied Harkonnen

Chandler looked to the bartender as he seated.

- Hey! Who's working the door here? I'll have your head on a pike if these incidents continue to happen again....get it? Sooo....where were we? –

Satai and Depriest looked at each other and called the waitress. They too could use some Gin.

- Good Shaagar.... I need a vacation. – said Chandler

- When was the last time you had one? –

- I never had a vacation since I'm on the fleet. –

- 2 years? – asked Satai

- 2 and a half. Never really needed it, though. But these last months.... phew... I've never had this amount of work and stress. –

- How come? – asked Depriest – These months have been really "light" in terms of mission flying. –

Chandler stared at Depriest from behind his dark green-purple sunglasses.

- I'm not talking about that. I can deal with the Rebels. All of us...otherwise we wouldn't be here drinking and chatting. We would all be on a metal coffin, drifting in space or in a

bacta tank. – Chandler paused to finish his glass – It’s Xadell I’m talking about. Since she arrived.... well.... things aren’t the same anymore. –

- I thought you liked her. I mean, we all do. She’s so nice... –

- That’s because you’re not her “little child”. I feel like carrying a weight. All day. –

- What kind of weight? – asked Satai

- Well... I joined the fleet years ago, basically, to escape from my past. And this past is here and now in the shape of a beautiful and kind cyborg that feels I’m her son. In most ways she’s right, from her point of view, but... –

- But...? –

- The first night she arrived, we were at my office and she told me she wanted to recover all those years we’ve been separated. Since then, well... she’s put me back in time. I feel like I’m 15 years old again. She’s been putting me in touch with my forgotten roots again. –

- That doesn’t sound bad to me... –

- Nor to me... – said Depriest

- You’re not Khalitars. You won’t understand. The Khalitar clan way of life is composed of so many ceremonies, rituals, tests and laws that the military, everyday life here looks like heaven in comparison. –

- Even with you around, sir? – asked Calias pointing to a little scar on his forehead

- Yes, even with me around. – replied Chandler. A waitress approached the table and put another glass of gin in front of him. – Much worse even. –

- But I thought you said you were a Prince. –

- Firstborn....but it means the same –

- I don’t get it. You were a noble man. The son of the Clan Head.... I’m sure your life was surrounded with pleasure and luxury back then –

- Nope.... – said Chandler – You see, Khalitars believe that any high position in society.... anything....military, royalty, you name it... is not earned, but gifted. It’s a gift that the people give to you. Hence, you must repay the people for that act. I know, I know it sounds weird, but that’s how things were back then. I was the Firstborn of the Clan....so I had to repay the people for that. Giving the best of myself for the people. Xadell things I still owe very much for the people. That’s when it all started. –

- Interesting point of view. – said Depriest.

- Very. So, my life back then was filled up with physical, mental and spiritual tasks, jobs and training. I HAD to excel in all those areas to prove day after day that I was worth to be the Firstborn. –

- And you succeeded, I presume. –

- Yes. Otherwise I wouldn’t be here. The phrase “Failure is not an option” had a much stronger meaning on Kharina back then. –

Everybody on the table finished their drinks.

- I understand you now, sir. – said Satai – I see what Xadell’s being doing with you since she arrived. –

- Thanks... That’s why you don’t see me as often as you did before. Combat chamber, hand to hand rounds with her, psychological tests on the night. And what’s more... she’s cooking Khalitar food every night for me. She says I must leave Imperial food. She’s a great cook but....somehow I’m missing the standard rations....ha! –

- C’mon.... it can’t be that bad...but, again...I understand you. Besides, you really look like you need a vacation. – said Satai – Why don’t you ask the COM about it? Maybe a couple of weeks on planetside.... –

- Yeah....take a shot... – finished Depriest

- Nonononon....I can’t do it now. – said Chandler looking at both alternatively. – Who’d be in charge of the wing if I leave? –

- The COM should solve it. –
- No. I don't need it. – Chandler emptied his glass
- But you said you did moments ago! –
- That was then. I don't need it. Hell...I sure can withstand this more time. I've got work to do and the mere thought of me leaving the wing unattended is awful enough. –
- Come on, sir. Think about it. – said Depriest
- No. And that's final. I won't take a vacation. Maybe in some months, but not now. –
- You sure? –
- Damn sure... – said Chandler
- Rear Admiral Chandler, report to COM Kramer at his office. – said the ship's speaker system
- Well then... – said Chandler standing up - ... catch you later gentlemen.- He turned and headed for the exit
- Bye sir... dammit....we were so close – said Satai.
- Very close – added Depriest – We'll have better luck next time.... –

### III

- For Palpatine's Sake! You look like you've been hit by an ISD, RA! – said Kramer as he saw Chandler coming through his office door – Have a seat.... what's going on with you? –
- Nah....nothing serious, sir. Too much work. Not strictly Wing matters. –
- Aha.... how's that "Pilots Only" bar project going, uh? Is that what keeps you occupied? –
- To be honest, not... I'd really like to build it but I got my hands tied with another stuff.... anyway, what you needed sir? –
- Gin? – said Kramer as he took two bottles
- No, thank you sir. I just had enough for the day –
- Kramer stared at Chandler for some seconds with an odd look. He sure wasn't liking what was happening.
- OK then.... hmmm – He poured himself some EH brand beer and began to shuffle through some dossiers – RA, you ever heard of Project Black Flag? –
- Never. But it sure must be Intel's idea. What a name... –
- Good guess. Intel's behind it. And now it needs a little help from the Navy itself to keep it alive. –
- What's that project? –
- Well, Black Flag was a crash program started years ago, soon after Endor, between Intel and some of the top CS's back then. Its main objective was to perform recon missions and to chart some uncharted regions of space. – said Kramer
- Somehow I feel the secondary objectives were trickier. –
- That's correct. The major secondary task for those involved in Black Flag was to perform very small scale penetration missions, sort of beach heads, on those territories that were worthy to be in control of the EH. In order to prepare those systems for the EH before we arrived there. –
- So? –
- Well, Black Flag has always been classified as Clearance Level 1 by Intel. Only some heads of Intel, the CS's back then and those personnel involved on the operations could know about it. The whole project didn't involve more than a hundred people. But now we've got a situation that could threaten the mere existence of Black Flag and escalate into a much bigger scale. –

- What's that? –

Kramer punched some buttons on his desk console. The room speakers began to sound.

- TAC-COM! TAC-COM! This is Scout 4! We've been fired upon! We're abandoning the vehicle now! Write down our position –

- That was the last that was received by one of Black Flag's outposts. It was ... – Kramer shuffled some papers -... yes... an AT-ST recon version, named Scout 4, doing some reconaissance on the surface of a planet. –

- What happened there? We have no video from the scout? –

- Recording gear was removed to make room for sensors. Intel thinks the pilot and the weapons officer could escape but were taken prisoners by the natives....or whoever fired the scout. I agree with them. –

- Me too. But... this is just a small setback for Intel. I mean, what can be so critical for them.... they just lost a Scout....why do they need us for? –

- They didn't just "lost" a scout. This Scout was the fifth one they lost on that planet. Their operations on that planet are severely threatened. But wait...there's more.

- What? –

- They need us to prevent something much....much bigger than just some setback. If they keep losing material and personnel on that planet....Imperial material and Imperial personnel.... what do you think that could happen? –

- Termination of Black Flag? –

- Think Big, Chandler!!! – said Kramer – Black Flag will soon lose its cover! In a very short time most of the systems on those uncharted regions will be alerted about our plans! Last thing we need is another front of battle! You know, Black Flag results could yield a virtually unlimited number of logistic benefits for the EH! Refuelling stations, mineral resources, repair facilities.... you name it! We just can't afford to lose those benefits! –

- I see your point, AD – said Chandler – An alerted enemy is a stronger enemy –

- Now I see where your badges come from! If Black Flag reaches the light, I assure that in six months this whole side of the Galaxy will know that we want them! We just don't need more enemy sides....we've got enough with the Rebels... –

- I see.... well....where do I fit in? –

- Intel asked for our help. They got their hands tied in terms of resources they could apply to solve this. And I don't want to remind you about the amount of favours we owe them! –

- I know...please don't... –

- Good. They asked me for some good, loyal and expert men to help with that particular situation on that planet. –

- I hope you're not thinking on me... –

- Relax! I've already told you! We're talking about very very small scale operations here! Military presence is minimal and the risk factor is virtually non existant! –

- Sigh.... what you need me to do? –

- I don't need you, specifically.... I just need a trusty, skilled man to get to that planet and find the occupants of that Scout...if they're still alive. You see....these men are the only ones who survived. All the other scout personnel were killed. These are the first ones to survive and we have strong reasons to believe that they might be prisoners of whoever attacked us there. Needless to say, if they start interrogating them, the whole project could drop. We need to get those men out of there. –

- I must remind you, Admiral, that I'm a pilot...not a ranger. –

- I'm not ordering you to go....I just need some volunteers. If you choose not to be a part of this, then be on your way. All I ask you is your discretion and silence on this. But, you're the first one I'm asking this...I didn't think of anyone else. –

- Well, I really appreciate your confidence, sir.... but I really can't do it. Of course, my mouth

will remain shut on this. You have my word. –

- Oh please, Chandler! This will be like a little time in the Cantina! Nothing can happen to you! –

- You'll be surprised if I tell you the kind of things that happen in the Cantina these days... –

- Besides....you could really take some time and relax.... why don't you use the days you will be off as a vacation? –

Chandler looked at Kramer

- Sir, I don't need a vacation –

- Don't play with me, RA. I know my men. You are so beaten up that I fear you'll drop dead anytime. Think about it... it's a nice planet, good mixture of climates, some walking on the fields, fresh air, adventure.... hell, I'll go there myself if I could –

- But sir.... I really don't need it! I must be in charge of the wing! –

- Forget about the wing! Just appoint some acting WC and that's it! Chandler, I don't want to order you to take a vacation... –

- Admiral, trust me I don't need it! I'm happy where I am now! I'm a little bit tired, yes, but that's nothing a good night of sleep can't solve....I'm sick of thinking of me, away from the wing's matters. I have a duty, given to me by the Fleet, that is to take care and command a whole wing of the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet....I just can't....take a vacation whenever I feel tired or anything! I've got a job to do, I'm compromised and what's best of all, I really like my work....I take pride from my work here! Admiral, let me be perfectly clear on this.... I really appreciate your concern on me, but please trust me... I don't need a vacation and that's final! You have my word that I'll say nothing to anybody about Black Flag, but please....appoint another to this job. I can think of tens of people better suited than me for this. – said Chandler energetically.

- Well.... – Kramer looked seriously to Chandler - ... if that's your final statement.... –

- It is. –

- Ok then...I trust your silence. Dismissed, RA. – Kramer said and returned to his papers  
Chandler stood up, gave his back to Kramer and began to walk to the door. When he was about to leave, Kramer exclaimed, without ever lifting his eyes from the papers...

- Oh, Chandler.... –

Chandler stopped and turned his head sideways

- Yes Admiral? –

- Did I mentioned the name of that planet? –

- No sir...you didn't. – replied Chandler.

- It's Kharina. Planet Kharina.... I thought you might wanted to know.... – said Kramer with an evil grin he hid by looking down.

Chandler didn't react. He just stood there for some time. His thoughts....well...his thoughts were far away from the office. Far away from the Sovereign itself.... his thoughts flied through space, light years away, until they found a tiny mass of land, water and air. A planet known as Kharina. The planet that saw him born. The planet he grew in. The planet that saw him leave on a shuttle, after a massive pirate attack. And finally, the planet that'll see him, its son, return. Chandler walked back to Kramer and took the chair back.

### III

Some time later....decks below, on a place every CMDR fears to approach.

- You'll get cold, eventually –
- You know I won't. Stop it. –
- I won't. What are you trying to do with that sword? Can't you see it just doesn't fit there? –
- It would fit if you didn't insist on me taking all those soup packs! I won't even eat half of them! Damn!-

The nice conversation between Chandler and Xadell was interrupted by a buzzing sound and a familiar voice

- Bzzzt.... Are you there sir? It's me and Calias –

Chandler left the mess of bags over his bed and reached to his desk where he pressed a button on his console

- Yes, come in. It's open –

The doors sissed and opened as Harkonnen and Calias entered the WC's office.

- Hello Xadell – they both said

- Oh.... hello kids! How are you doing today? – she smiled

- Better than ever. Um.... sir I'd like to have a word with you if possible. – said Harkonnen.

Chandler didn't look back as Harkonnen spoke. He was too busy packing things.

- Shoot CMDR. What's on your mind? –

Harkonnen looked at Calias with hesitation.

- I'm.... well, sorry if I interrupted you. I see you're busy right now. –

- You said it.... to the point then. – replied a visibly altered Chandler.

- Well....I.... just wanted to thank you. For what you did back at the Cantina. –

- There's no problem, Hark. Anybody would've done it. –

- Thanks a lot sir. Without your intervention I would be in sickbay. Or worse. –

- It's OK, CMDR... anytime. Do you mind, Xadell? I'm trying to get these maps here! –

- Thanks a lot again, sir. –

Chandler stopped packing his stuff and turned his head sideways, looking at Harkonnen and Calias with the edge of his left eye.

- I said it was OK. If that's all, you're dismissed. I'm busy as you can see. –

- Yes sir. Sir....I'd like to give you a handshake. I feel I'm in debt to you. –

- Harkonnen. I appreciate it. I'm busy. Get out. –

- Sir, I must insist.... this is very important to me. I'd like to shake your hand to show you my appreciation.-

- Allright! Allright! At least you'll get the heck out of h... – said Chandler as he shook Harkonnen's hand and was shocked with an outrageous amount of voltage coming from a cleverly disguised "buzzer" on Harkonnen's palm. Chandler flew a couple of meters back and smashed his back with the desk edge.

- Wow! – said Calias, who until this point remained silent – I told you those fusion powered buzzers really kicked, uh? –

- Amazing!!!! Did you see him flew! Wow! – laughed Harkonnen watching his hand and Chandler on the floor alternatively.

Chandler shook his head. He raised his head and stared at the CMDRs

- Errrr....hahahah! Just a little joke, sir! To lighten you up! We heard you were going away on vacation and wanted to wish you a good trip.... a not too "shocking" trip! Hahahahah! – laughed Harkonnen.

- Yes.... you better watch out where you plug your "electric" shaver! You know... the plugs could be different and it would be...."shocking"....pffffff!!!! Hahahahaha! – also laughed Calias.

Historians still disagree on what followed. Most of them think that the war cry that Chandler gave was a derivation from the ones that the Khalitar Clan Palace Guard used. However, a

small group like to think that it was, indeed, the original, traditional one.

Fact : Chandler jumped from the floor, raced to his bags and took his trusty and well known Katana, accompanied with a smaller one on his left hand. A sword nobody ever seen before. He stood before the two, somewhat terrified CMDRs and raised the swords, forming a cross above his head.

Rumor : “Xadell might have said “Good Shagaar!” or “Oops””. It’s still unclear. It’s also unclear whether she hide on the small kitchen or jumped across the other side of the bed. There are no records of this.

Fact : Both CMDRs drew their blasters

Rumor : “Harkonnen was carrying his concussion rifle”. Wrong... he left it on his office on the way from the Cantina to Chandler’s office.

Fact : Blood samples gathered later matched those of LG Calias, LG Harkonnen and RA Chandler.

Rumor : “Chandler won the fight without a scratch”. Wrong. Some blood samples were his.

Rumor: “AD Kramer took a hit while occasionally passing by the door of the office”. Wrong. At that time, AD Kramer was losing money to AD Darth Vader on Deck#6. Credits against Recruits was the sabacc bet.

The HCI later stated that the CMDRs acted in “Self Defense” and didn’t issue any punishments.

Some minutes later, after the war cry, on a nearby hallway from the office, Calias, Harkonnen and Chandler were lying on the ground, between walls and floor tiles stained with red here and there. They were all exhausted but Chandler gained a little bit of extra strenght, crawled to the CMDRs and grabbed their heads by the hair, banging them against the wall. Chandler was breathing really heavy.

- I’m.... I’m going on leave tomorrow. You two.... You...two are coming with me. Launch Deck....#2....0800...tomorrow. –

Calias and Harkonnen were too beaten up to answer. MG Asaf had the bad luck of casually walking over there...attracted by the sounds of steel and blaster fire.

- ASAF!!!! – shouted Chandler. Asaf quickly approached

- Sir!!! Are you all right??? What happened here? –

Chandler, on his knees, grabbed the lapels of Asaf’s uniform and whispered before fainting

- Starting tomorrow...0800....you’ll be the acting WC. I’m on ...vacation.....-

#### IV

The next day, 0800 hours. SSSD Sovereign launch deck #2.

Chandler and Kramer were walking side by side, heading to one of the shuttles on the middle of the deck floor. They stopped next to it and Chandler dropped the two olive green bags and the black backpack he was carrying with a heavy sound.

- And remember – said Kramer – absolutely, positively NO INTERACTION WITH THE ENEMY. If you come across them, of course. Intel’s got people there already. Trackers and rangers. Make sure you coop with them. Your knowledge of the planet could prove vital to find those men. –

- Yes sir. No problem. Like you said, like a vacation. –

- Excellent. I’ll see you in a week. In one piece if possible. –



- Sir...what could possibly happen? –

Kramer stared at Chandler. Then turned back and headed for the exit. Chandler was waiting for the other people to load their stuff on the shuttle's cargo bay when Harkonnen and Calias appeared. Carrying a bag each.

- Good morning sir. –

- Morning gentlemen.... ready for the trip? –

- It's a little bit strange. The trip, I mean... – said Calias – Are you sure you want us to go with you? What about our squadrons? –

- You've already appointed acting CMDRs. I trust your judgement. Besides, I really don't think that Pe or Nun will see any action for the week. –

- If you say so.... – said Harkonnen scratching lightly a band aid on his neck. – On the other hand, we too could use some time off... right? –

- Yup – said Calias

- What you got in there? – asked Chandler as he was loading his bags in the shuttle

- Oh....nothing much. Beachwear, some books, a video game, magazines.... – said Harkonnen

- What about you, Calias? –

- Like Harkonnen. Toothpaste, candies, a beach ball.... – then he looked at Chandler's bags. – What all those bags for, sir? What you got in there? –

- Climbing equipment. Thick clothing. A GPS System. Radio gear, IR goggles, first aid kit....what else.... on that one there are food rations for a week, a portable heater, some flares, some knives....- He touched the backpack – And I've got my Katana here, and a little sniper rifle with its ammo. –

Harkonnen and Calias looked at each other. They've spent the necessary time serving on Wing V to know that something was going awfully wrong.

- OK Everybody board the shuttle! – yelled the pilot and waved to the deck officer. This one punched some buttons on his console and the speaker system went on

- Shuttle Longbow 3 departing now. Cleared to take off. All passengers board the vessel now-

- Sir, can I go get my concussion rifle? – asked Harkonnen visibly desperated. Calias didn't ask. He was already boarding the shuttle with a grave look.

- No. You can't. We're leaving. – replied Chandler with a smile as he followed Calias

- But.... –

- Get on the damn shuttle NOW, Harkonnen!- said Chandler as he disappeared inside the ship.

- But sir! –

- NOW, Harkonnen.... – Chandler was nowhere to be seen but his voice was clearly heard coming from the inside. Harkonnen walked inside the shuttle gesticulating

- But you said "pack light"!!! How were we supposed to k.... –

The shuttle door closed with a snap and seconds later it began to float and rotate, heading to space. In moments it became a tiny grey dot moving fast towards the infinite blackness...

Later....

The shuttle navigator left the cockpit and went back to check on the passengers. As he passed by Calias' seat, he felt the hand of the CMDR grabbing his arm.

- Excuse me... – said Calias

The navigator turned and looked down.

- Yes. Do you need anything? –

- Well.... yes. It might sound strange but, could you tell me our destination? –

- Ha! Do you often board shuttles without knowing where you going? – replied the man with

a funny look. – Are you traveling alone? –

- No. I'm with him – he pointed to Harkonnen, sleeping on his seat next to him – and that guy over there. The one in black – he said pointing some seats forward to Chandler –

- The one with the headphones on? –

- Yup that one. –

- That explains everything. – the navigator said smiling – Let's see....what's everybody's name? –

- I'm Calias. Here's Harkonnen and over there's Chandler-

The navigator consulted his handheld console

- Let's see. Yeah. Got it. Rear Admiral Chandler Khalitar.... hehe... we don't carry RA's very often. – The man turned to look at Chandler – and he surely doesn't look like one. –

- Well, trust me. He is. –

- OK.... well....all I know for your group is that you'll get down in our waypoint #2. That's roughly 15 hyperspace hours from now. –

- What's on waypoint #2? –

- A ship probably. I'm sorry I can't tell you anymore. –

Calias was surprised

- What? Why?! –

- It's classified –

- Classified? Is this some kind of joke? –

- No.... take a look yourself – the navigator handed the console to Calias. On the waypoint #2 row, the target ID read "Classified" in red letters. – Happy now? –

- Yes.... how will you know where to dock? What....will you try every asteroid in that sector?

–

- Mr. Calias.... – said the navigator smiling– We already know where.... – saying this he continued to check the passengers

This gave Calias the creeps. This surely wasn't a normal RA vacation he was kindly asked to tag along. Not at all....it was starting to look as a mysterious trip of a freaky RA he was ordered to tag along. He wasn't liking it. Mainly because Chandler was involved. He looked at the forward seats, to Chandler, wishing for any other RA to be in Chandler's place. But no. He was there, headphones on listening to god-knows-what and reading some magazines. Calias kept thinking about the whole thing without reaching a decent explanation. Too many question marks, raised by that man in black over there. He has absolutely no respect for anything, he thought as he lit a cigarette. The smoke partially covered the "No Smoking" sign above his head. But, as usual, he never really cared. A flight attendant approached him and warned him about the sign. Chandler took off his headphones, looked up and with a bothered look put down the cigarette. The attendant said "thank you" with a smile and disappeared to the cockpit section. Calias thought about how near that guy got to death. Or at least massive injuries.

But....the WC's behaviour was getting better and better. He surely wasn't the blood-thirsty psycho that he once knew. And suffered. He was more relaxed. The days of visiting sickbay every day were a memory now for Wing V personnel. Thanks to Xadell, of course. That female-cyborg-whatever really did change Chandler. By force sometimes....but the results pleased Calias and everybody on the wing. On the Sovereign as well.

Calias decided he'd be much better sleeping. He needed all the rest he could get for this "vacation" whatever it was....

Some hours later Harkonnen woke up. He looked at Calias sleeping besides him. He stood up and saw Chandler's legs stretched. Chandler's body was hidden by the seat and all he could see was his right hand, holding a magazine....everything lit by a light on the roof, directly

over Chandler's seat. He began to walk carefully to Chandler, taking softly steps not to wake up the other passengers. When he reached the seat, he stretched his hand to tip on Chandler's shoulder. When he was about to touch it, Chandler spoke.

- Good morning, Harkonnen.... what do you need? –

- Damn sir! How did you know it was me? –

- I smelled your ugly spice candy odor. You really need to lay down those... –

- Think so? –

- Yes.... what's on your mind? –

- Um.... what time is it? – asked Harkonnen

- It's about 0700 Sov time... – said Chandler - ... do you think I just happen to like saying good morning? –

The alarm every Wing V member had inside the head sounded behind Harkonnen's neck.

- Sorry sir.... I'm just having troubles to sleep. Miss my bed probably. –

- Did you ever sleep over solid rock or grass? –

- Hmmm...I once went camping when I was a kid on Giedi Prime. We slept over metal boards....it could mean the same. –

- I think you'll remember your childhood then.... – said Chandler with a smile.

- Well...- said Harkonnen taking the seat next to Chandler -... that's just what I wanted to ask you. –

- Your childhood? –

- Nope.... what's behind all this trip. Honestly, The whole "vacation" thing is really hard to swallow –

- Why? –

- It just doesn't look like a vacation to me. At least not the ones I take. –

- Maybe RA's take a different kind of vacation... –

- Could be – said Harkonnen – but why, for Palpatine's sake, are you carrying a sniper rifle??? –

Chandler looked at Harkonnen for some seconds.

- I was planning to practice some shooting.... what did you think it was for? –

- And what about the mini GPS and the climbing equipment? –

- I like hiking.... And the GPS, well....you can never be sure....instead of packing loads of maps, well.... –

- Food rations for a week? –

- Just in case, Hark-

- In case of what? In case we get lost inside a jungle or something? –

- You never know....I like to explore the place when I'm on vacation. You can come with me or stay... –

- Stay? Where? I still don't know where we're going.-

- Stay..... – Chandler doubted for a second while he browsed the magazine -.... at the hotel, of course....where did you think? –

- Aha.... a hotel. This is getting better. And what's the name of the planet? –

- I....can't remember. – answered Chandler

- What?! You mean to tell me you don't know the name of the place we're going? –

- I-I just took a brochure on the Fleet's Tourism Office. I liked the place, by the pics there.... I really can't remember the name of it. But it's nice....you'll like it.-

- What about the hotel? – asked Harkonnen

- The hotel... you'll like it too. Security there is impressive. –

- Much better – said Harkonnen with a smile – Maybe I'm just overreacting. Maybe you just like to have vacations of this kind....without knowing anything. Some people do – he said as he stretched on his seat

- Yes. It makes the trip much more exciting – replied Chandler
- Harkonnen looked through the window, to the vastness of space
- Yup.... – he nodded – a little strange perhaps...but we'll have a good time –
- What's so strange. I'm carrying my Katana. Everything is normal. –
- You're right –

The two men remained quiet for some minutes. Then Harkonnen spoke

- Sir...what about the shuttle's next waypoint? What is it? ..... Sir? – he turned his head – Sir?
- but it was already too late. Chandler had the headphones on again and he really wasn't paying attention. Harkonnen saw the smoking ashes of a half-put off cigarette on the chair arm and the same flight attendant leaving the place. Chandler was looking directly to the man leaving. Then he got back to his magazine. Harkonnen tried to sleep again.

Some hours and many, many half-put off cigarettes later....

Chandler grabbed Harkonnen's shoulder.

- Hark! HARK! – he shouted. The CMDR woke up slowly and looed to Chandler – Wake up. We already docked. –

Harkonnen rubbed his eyes and looked through the window. He saw a normal, everyday flight deck.

- Aha.... a ship. What a relief.... I was dreaming of us landing on the surface of a star. –

Chandler looked at Harkonnen saying

- First thing you do when we get back to the Sov.... get an appointment with the Fleet's Psychiatrist. You're sick, CMDR. I'll go wake up Calias –

As Chandler was waking up Calias, Harkonnen looked through the window again. He saw nobody on the deck. Usually, for a flight deck of its size, it should be packed with other ships and busy people...but not this one. He just saw nobody. He got up and looked to the back of the shuttle. All the other passengers were sleeping.

Minutes later, the three men were standing on the deck, just outside the shuttle. A man all dressed in black and dark green was walking to them.

- Hey you two lazies... go get the luggage to the back of the ship. I'll talk with the man. –

- He's coming for us, right? – asked Calias who was already briefed by Hark with the conversation he had with the WC

- Of course. Go get the bags. –

As the two CMDRs walked to the back of the ship, Chandler walked to the man. They both saluted. The man spoke first –

- RA Chandler, I'm the Intel's Liason Officer, . May you be welcome to the M/FRG Storm Wind. Did you had a pleasant trip? –

- Excellent, thank you. –

- I'll show you to your rooms if you come with me.... –

- Just a minute. I got to tell you something.-

- Yes? – said the man

Chandler approached him and whispered to his ear

- See those two men over there? Unloading some stuff? –

The man looked over Chandler's shoulder

- Yes –

Chandler looked back too. He approached the man's ear again

- They are Doctors Calias and Harkonnen. Maybe you heard of them.

- Well, no sir. I didn't –

- Strange.... – said Chandler – They are the Fleet's top Force Field Researchers....-

- Really? –

- Yup.... – said Chandler – If I'm not mistaken, they designed the type of shielding the Storm Wind carries.... amongst many others. –

- Impressive – replied the man – I wasn't aware that they were coming, but it's an honor to have them aboard –

- Well.... that's just what I wanted to tell you. – Chandler looked alternatively to his sides – Can you keep a secret? –

The man's honor was touched

- Sir! Of course I can! I work for Intelligence! –

- Excellent! You see... they are both working on a new type of shield. I'm sorry I can't explain more, but it'll be so advanced and powerful that it will change the shape of space combat for ever. To our side, of course. –

- Amazing.... –

- Yes.... well, they've been working on this project for over a year now. They are both very loyal and applied Imperial citizens. To the point that they never took a break in all this time.... they are on vacation right now.-

- Yes.... I see –

- Well.... it's just that their minds are so set.... if they are on vacation, they are on vacation and nothing else matters. They don't want to be disturbed. They don't even want to be remembered of the military with a single word! Can you believe these people?

Scientists....pssss. –

- I see.... well, what do you want me to do. –

- Well, COM Kramer expressly ordered me to escort them on their time off duty. He wants absolutely NO disturbances to their time. Absolutely nothing regarding military. –

- And what does it means? –

- It means no rank naming, no position naming, no ship names, no technical stuff..... try to see it from their point of view...they are on vacation and they want ABSOLUTELY NOTHING that reminds them of their duty. So, I must ask you for a favour... –

- Yes....tell me, what can I do? – said the man

- Can you tell them you're an assistant to the Tourism Office? –

- You want me to pretend I'm a CA:TouOF??? I wouldn't know how to do it! –

Chandler patted the man's back

- Of course you'll know! Ha! You're with Intel, remember? Think of it as a cover up identity or....something you guys do! – Laughed Chandler

- Don't know, RA.... I'll try –

- Thanks a lot! The fleet as a whole is in debt with you. Come on, let's meet them. –

Chandler and the man approached Calias and Harkonnen who were still unloading some stuff.

-Excuse me....um...gentlemen – said Chandler

The CMDRs turned

- I'd like to introduce you to the man that will help us have an excellent time on our vacation

– Chandler said, pointing to the man in black and green

- Hello visitors! – said the man with a big, fake smile – My name is Vance and I work for the Fleet's Tourism Office. – he looked at Chandler – I'd like to welcome you to one of the fleet's best entertainment vessels.... the pride of our luxury cruiser line...

the.....um...the....Aurora Belle!!

- Wow! – said Calias
- Most excellent! – said Harkonnen – Thank you! –
- May your time with us be as merry as ours for having you, distinguished visitors, here with us. – said “Vance”
- Thanks a lot....- said Calias and he turned to Chandler – You were telling the truth after all.... –
- See? – smiled Chandler – I promised you a vacation and here it is. Enjoy your time here that will be of....? – he looked at “Vance”
- Er..... two days, exactly. Yes, two days. You’ll fly with us for two days until we leave you on one of the most beautiful beach planets around.....err... planet....planet.... –
- BUT WHO CARES ABOUT THE NAME!!! - interrupted Chandler – We’ll have a great time, right? –
- YEAH! – said both Calias and Harkonnen
- Yes! Let’s follow Vance as he takes us to our rooms. Can you take us there now? –
- Yes.... just a minute, please. Wait for me – said the man as he runned to one of the intercoms on a nearby wall and punched some buttons. – Hello? Jack? Jack! Are you there?
- Here I am....what’s up?-
- Can’t tell right now! Listen up closely! I need you to clear me up three pilots rooms! –
- You what???-
- Don’t ask! Just listen! Do that! Some really big ones! And I need them decorated! Confetti, some tropical fruits! Welcome signs! Balloons! The works! You know what to do! Go! Go! I’m coming up there now!
- You’re out your mind, Meehan!-
- I’ll explain you later! Go do it now! –
- The SDIR will hear about this! But... what the heck, I’ll do it anyways. It was the excuse I’ve been waiting to see you sorry butt out of Intel! –

The man raced back and joined the group carrying bags.

- All set gentlemen! If you follow me, please.... –
  - OK Group....everybody after Vance.... c’mon – said Chandler
- They all walked until they dissapeared through one of the deck gates. Calias told Harkonnen how thankful he was now he remembered he packed his beach ball.

Some minutes and many empty decks above....

Chandler and the CMDRs stoop in front of a door.

- Well, this is it. Vance said this was yours... – said Chandler – I’ll stay in the next one over there – he said as he pointed to the next room on the right
- Wow... let’s take a look – said Calias as he pushed the open button on the wall. When the door opened, a thick smell of tropical fruit and the awesome sight of dim, colored lights were all over the room.
- Hey.... talking about ambience.... this is super.... – said Harkonnen as a soft, almost nonexistant elevator-type music was heard, coming from apparently nowhere.
- These guys rock, uh? – said Chandler – Look at that sign – he said while pointing up to a banner, coming across the whole room that said “WELCOME DOCTORS” in bright red and yellow letters
- Doctors? – asked Harkonnen
- Well... they must’ve been the former occupants of the room. I told you these guys party

every hour....most people come and go...they probably didn't got time to remove the banner.

–

The CMDRs were in a good mood, since they started to joke immediatly

- Well.... it's OK with me if it's OK with you, Doctor... – said Calias to Harkonnen – After you, please... – he said
- No no no... After you, Doctor...ha! – replied Harkonnen
- You guys settle in. I'll be on the next room if you need me. –
- Dinner tonight, RA? – asked Harkonnen – Meet you at the lounge....wherever it is! –
- Got it.... get some rest. – said Chandler as he left the room and thought to himself.
- Yes.... these Intel guys really rock –

Inside the CMDRs room, Calias picked up the intercom and punched some buttons.

- Hello? –
- Yes? – said a woman's voice
- Room service? My name is Doctor Calias....I'm staying at the .... –he looked at the poster on a wall -Executioner Shadows Suite? Me and my friend, Doctor Harkonnen would like to order some beverages. Oh! And Doctor Harkonnen would like a massage too. –
- A brief pause came and the sound of someone muffling the headset on the other side
- Will be there in five minutes.... um....can I take your order or something? – said the girl.

Something to credit Intel for, boys and girls, they always deal fast with the unexpected.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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## **Imperial Navy Pilot Record**

Personal Background Information  
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Terron 'Havoc' Shostak

Rank: Lieutenant

Current Assignment: Alpha Squadron

Scandoc Transmission Code (Email and Callsign): Pellaeon85@aol.com Havoc

Sex: M

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 29 years before Battle of Endor

Place of Birth: Kessel

Marital Status: Single

Family: Father and Mother

Social Status: middle class

Quote: "One should give up when dealing with Havoc."

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:

My brother died in a swoop race while on Corellia

Significant Events of Adulthood:

Became a smuggler at age 20, later joined the TIE Corps.

Alignment & Attitude

Loyal Son of the Empire. When I get made you should get as far away as you can.

Former Occupations (if any):

Smuggler of spice.

Hobbies:

Shooting things

Flying

Swoop racing

Tragedies:

Brother died while swoop racing.

Phobias & Allergies:

Bothan hair

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer):

Just because the Rebels won a few battle here and there doesn't the Empire will win in the end. The Empire shall be glorious again and the Rebel scums shall burn for their crimes.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet:

So I can be part of the the destruction of the Rebels.

Other comments or information (optional):

None

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: Terron 'Havoc' Shostak

Date: 2/2/99

## file archives

The Executive Officer herein posts descriptions of files attached to this newsletter. They can be found in the */files* directory of this folder.

**recrui~1.jpg** - A recruitment poster by FL-OA/COL EmpReach/Omega-3/SSSD Sov

**Dark Hall Shots.zip** - A series of screenshots from the Jedi Knight level based on the Dark Brotherhood's Dark Hall by CoG Dreadnaught.

**tiectorps.bmp** - A TIE Corps recruitment poster by FL/LT Kyzar/Vortex 3-1/ISD Grey Wolf

**Sovereign.jpg** - An image of the SSSD Sovereign by OPS/FA Bull

**sov.jpg** - Another image of the Sovereign, this one by FM/LT Irek Dahran/Koph 1-3/SSSD Sov

**asfban.mme** - A series of images by FL/ LT Lerner/ Ra 3/SSSD Sov

**IDLINE.EXE** - An ID line creator by Dark Prelate Assassin

**chalbann.gif** - An alternative Wing/Ship Banner for the Challenge by CMDR/CPT Striker/Tornado/ISD Chal.

**Horn.mim** - Four images by FL/LT Corran Horn/Tornado 2-1/ISD Chal

**coo.gif, coolink.gif** - Two images from COO/VA Yacko

**Atrus.mim** - Three images by FM/LT Atrus/Pe-1-2/WingV/SSSD Sov

## fleet order of battle

FLEET COMMANDER'S NOTES:

Herein are presented the Capital Ships of the Fleet as recognized by the Fleet Commander. Only those Capital Ships presented below in **boldface** are assigned Emperor's



Hammer Members as crew, pilots, etc. (i.e. TIE Corps pilots). Other Capital Ships in the Fleet are assumed to have 'standard Imperial crews' (i.e. non-players).

The SubGroup vessels presented below are also manned with their respective SubGroup Members. Emperor's Hammer Members desiring more specific information on the capabilities of each of the Emperor's Hammer capital ships should review the EH Fleet Manual...

### **Flagship/Escort**

**SSSD Sovereign** (SSSD Sov)

### **Aggressor Strike Force**

**ISD Grey Wolf** (ISD GWlf)

**ISD Intrepid** (ISD Int)

**VSD Aggressor** (VSD Agg)

VSD Gilded Claw

M/FRG Implacable

M/FRG Rage

M/INT Vertex

ESC Corrupter

TFC Virulence

4 Strike Cruisers

12 Carrack Light Cruisers

6 Corvettes

22 Assault Transports

dozens of dedicated transports, tugs & freighters

### **BattleGroup I**

**ISD Colossus** (ISD Col)

VSD Formidable

VSD Monitor

M/FRG Imperator

M/FRG Ardent

M/FRG Onamo

ESC Iron Fist

3 Strike Cruisers

7 Carrack Light Cruisers

10 Corvettes

20 Assault Transports

dozens of dedicated transports, tugs & freighters

### **BattleGroup II**

**ISD Relentless** (ISD Rel)

VSD Ravager

VSD Stalwart

M/FRG Invader  
M/FRG Fogger  
M/INT Harpax II  
TFC Roxanna  
M/CRV Phantom (Deep Recon)  
4 Strike Cruisers  
12 Carrack Light Cruisers  
6 Corvettes  
18 Assault Transports  
dozens of dedicated transports, tugs & freighters

### **Auroran Home Guard Battlegroup**

The majority of the Auroran Home Guard ships can be found either in the Aurora System (see the EH Systems Manual) or on extended patrol nearby...The Homeworld of the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet is always defended in these uncertain times...

Torpedo Sphere, Empress Teta (TS Emp Teta)  
**ISD Challenge** (ISD Chal)  
ISD Hammer (ISD Hamr)  
ISD Warrior (ISD Warr)  
VSD Bombard  
VSD Rapier  
VSD Crusader  
VSD Shield  
M/INT Fairchild  
3 Modified Frigates (hospital/tender M/FRGs)  
5 Strike Cruisers  
5 Escort Carriers (TIE Fighter shuttles)  
5 Modular Taskforce Cruisers (one w/each module type)  
8 Dreadnaught Cruisers  
13 Carrack Light Cruisers  
17 Corvettes  
25 System Patrol Craft  
60 Skipray Blastboats  
120 Assault Transports  
hundreds of dedicated transports, tugs & freighters

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### **Auxiliary (SubGroup) Vessels**

#### **Dark Brotherhood**

**SSD Avenger** (SSD Avr)  
ISD Subjugator (ISD Sub)

#### **Hammer's Fist Stormtrooper Legion**

**DREAD Retribution** (DREAD Ret)  
LCF Excelsior (LCF Exc)  
LCF Friggia (LCF Frig)  
LCF Falcon's Eye (LCF Falc)

### **The Guild**

**Star Galleon IvanHoe** (SGAL Ivan)

### **EH Directorate BattleFleet**

M/ISD Tiger's Claw  
INT\*2  
VSD\*4  
DREAD\*2  
ESC\*2  
M/VSD-II Firebat

### **Aurora System**

AHG already commissioned

### **Phare system**

VSD Rampart  
FRG Raging Bull  
FRG Hornet's Nest  
4 Carrack Cruisers

### **Lyarna System**

VSD Concorde  
FRG Veneable  
FRG Assault  
4 Carrack Cruisers

### **Carrida System**

VSD Hood  
FRG Pompous  
FRG Arrogant  
4 Carrack Cruisers

### **Heir System**

VSD Conquest  
FRG Conquistador  
FRG Cortes  
4 Carrack Cruisers

## **Karana System**

VSD Ronin  
FRG Balboa  
FRG Snake  
4 Carrack Cruisers

## **Setii System**

VSD Raptor  
FRG Rex  
FRG Galimimus  
4 Carrack Cruisers

## **Pirath System**

VSD Patriot  
FRG Rebellion-Crusher  
FRG PoliceMan  
4 Carrack Cruisers

## **Minos Cluster Battle Fleet**

ISD Crimson Blade  
ISD Crimson Dagger  
VSD Crimson Sword  
VSD Crimson Knife  
VSD Crimson Knight  
VSD Crimson Guard  
16 Carrack Cruisers

## **Infiltrator Wing**

### **Task Force I**

**MC90 Bismarck**  
Assault FRG Alemene  
FRG Exeter  
Gunship Centurion  
Gunship Scorpion  
Gunship Bellum  
Corvette Vanquish

### **Task Force II**

**MC80b Saratoga**  
FRG Repulse  
FRG Vindictive  
Corvette Meteor  
Corvette Daring

### **Task Force III**

**MC60 Warhammer**  
Assault FRG Leander  
Gunship Conquestor  
Gunship Scimitar  
Corvette Harlow

### **Task Force IV (Stationary Defense)**

**M/PLT Destrier**  
Corvette Scythe  
Corvette Akron  
Corvette Kraken

### **Intelligence Division**

**Imperial Dungeon Ship Lichtor V** (DGN LichV)  
**FRG Stormwind** (FRG Storm)  
**Corvette Grau** (Heimlichkeit Strike Team)  
**Corvette Guren** (Nazgul Strike Team)  
**Corvette Rune** (Jaeger Strike Team)  
**Corvette Ietra** (Moerder Strike Team)

### **Corporate Division Picket Fleet Flagships**

**VSD Rhadamanthus** (Corporate Division Flagship)

### **EH Advanced Guard**

**Core Galaxy Systems Dreadnaught Tranquility**

### **Bases of Operations**

#### **Aurora System**

The FAC Triad (Support PLTs for the SSSD Sovereign)  
Dark Hall on Eos (Dark Brotherhood HQ/Homeworld)  
PLT Stiletto (Headquarters of the Intelligence Division)  
PLT Dagger (Project Reno Central Command)  
PLT Destrier (IW Command Platform)

#### **Phare System**

M/PLT Daedalus (Assault Platform/Pilot Training Center)  
M/PLT Haven (IW Command Platform/EH Recreation Center)  
PLT Revenge (Headquarters of the Corporate Division)

#### **Lyarna System**

Lyarna Station - M/PLT (Guild Station/Outpost)

### **Heir System**

PLT Cerlun - M/PLT - FAC (Guild HQ)

### **Carrida System**

PLT Declaration (Hammer's Fist HQ)

## **pilot manuals**

This document contains the current list of EH related files.

### **The Emperor's Hammer Training Manual**

version 4.0

By GA Ronin, FA Paladin (ret.), and SA Havok

This is the most important manual for all the EH members. It contains all general information about the Emperor's Hammer ranks, positions, medals, ID lines, everything. It's a must for every EH member!

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/gmfchuck/tm/trainm.htm>

### **The Emperor's Hammer Fleet Manual**

version 3.0

By GA Ronin and SA Havok

Contains detailed descriptions of all the Emperor's Hammer's starships and starfighters. Also a good manual to read. Especially valuable information to the fiction writers.

Sites:

<http://sco.is-god.com/flt-man/>

### **IWATS Help file**

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/iwats.hlp>

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/iwats.hlp>

### **Uniform Template Help file**

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/uniform.hlp>

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/uniform.hlp>

## **The Map of the Empire and Emperor's Hammer Territories**

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/eh-camp1.zip>

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/eh-camp1.zip>

## **Emperor's Hammer AVI Logo**

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/emplogo.zip>

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/emplogo.zip>

## **Emperor Palpatine & Lords of the Sith WAV files**

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/imp-sds.zip>

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/imp-sds.zip>

## **The Emperor's Hammer Operations Manual**

version 2.0

By FA Dev

Another essential manual for everyone interested in uniforms (practically almost everyone). It also contains information about medals.

Sites:

<http://faraday.clas.virginia.edu/~mrw3p/images/quix/ops-man.zip>

## **The Emperor's Hammer Systems Manual**

version 3.0

By GA Ronin and SA Havok

The Systems Manual has very detailed information about all the Emperor's Hammer star systems. Very essential to the fiction writers.

Sites:

<http://home.fuse.net/havok/sys-man.htm>

## **TIE Fighter CD Bonus Goal Help file**

By FA Compton

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/tiecd.hlp>

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/tiecd.hlp>

## **The Fleet Commander's Dark Brotherhood Grant of Arms**

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/ga-grant.zip>

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/ga-grant.zip>

## Poster Art

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/eh-postr.zip>

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/eh-postr.zip>

## Tie Fighter Missing Man Formation AVI

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/missing.zip>

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/missing.zip>

If you have any questions please contact the Logistics Officer.

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