

The Dark Sentinel

Issue #54

July 11, 1999

Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet

Aurora System, Outer Rim Territories

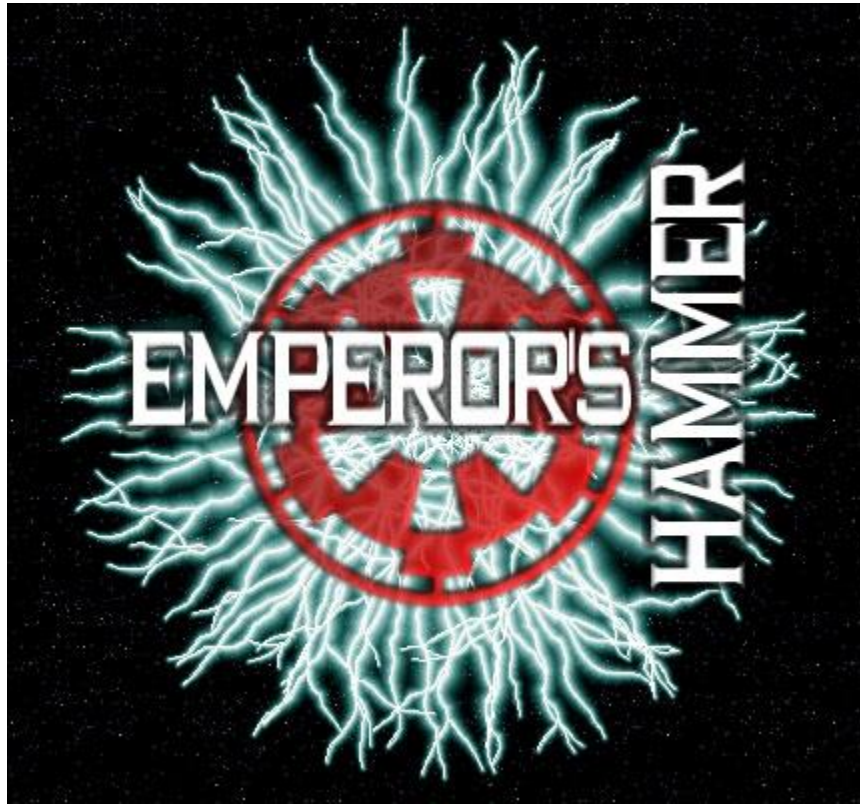


Image by GM Khyron (darkjedi@ametro.net)

Edited/authored by Sector Admiral Jahn Compton

XO/SA Compton/CS-2/SSSD Sov

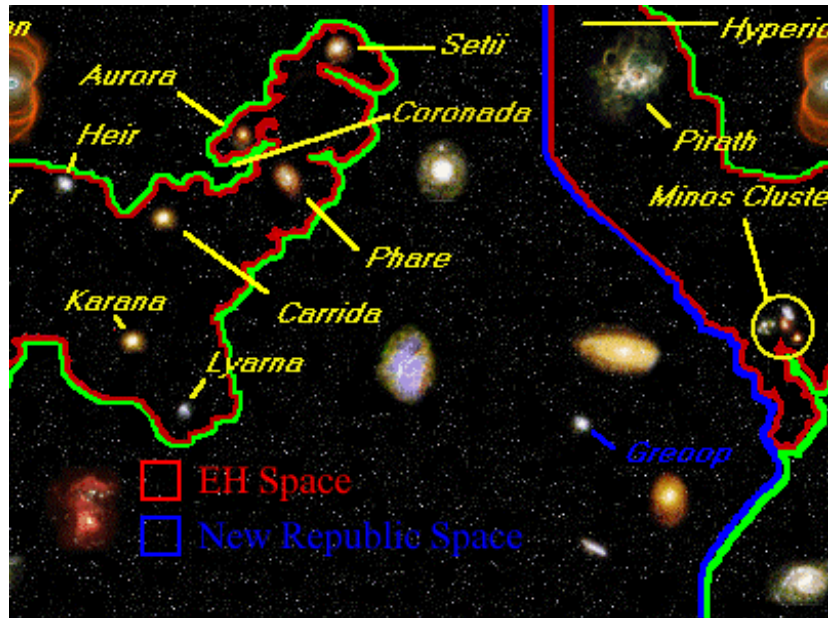
Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet
SSSD Sovereign

2,309 members worldwide

HYPERION SYSTEM

"Thrawn's Return" (Chapter 1)

Authored by William P. Call, P.G. (garonin@aol.com)



...The Emperor's Hammer Territories in the Outer Rim...

(<http://www.emperorshammer.org/imperium.htm>)



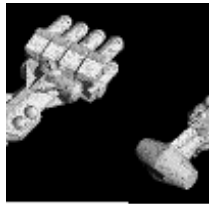
A flight of CloakShape Fighters of [Dark Jedi Clan Alvaak's](#) Black Omega Squadron

patrol the superheated canyons of Kobol-12 under the blazing yellow giant, Hyperion

(Photo created by: blazer@netvision.net.il)

...Three days ago, a message was received from the reconnaissance vessel Modified Corvette (M/CRV) Doomsday, recently assigned to patrol nearby regions of the Outer Rim not yet catalogued by the Imperial Fleet at Aurora Prime. Admiral Telf and his crew have assumed command of the M/CRV Doomsday, designed for the first Reconnaissance Officer of the Fleet for long range exploration...

M/CRV Corvette Doomsday



The Hammer has taken delivery of a new Modified Corvette from Shadow Works. This new craft has been designed to fill a specialized covert operations role in the Emperor's Hammer. Among its duties will be monitoring Rebel movements, insertion/extraction of operatives, long range exploration, and electronic intelligence gathering. The *Phantom* will be used by the Recon Officer, his Assistant, or the ISB Liaison Officer when on assignment.

While the new craft, originally christened the *Phantom*, superficially resembles the veteran Corellian crafts, this craft is some twenty meters longer and five meters wider than the standard Modified Corvettes. Imperial Engineers took a stock Modified corvette and increased the hull size in order to provide for larger engines, increased firepower, and a heavier hull. The new KDY-0541c propulsion system has drastically increased the ship's top sublight speed to between 42 and 45 MGLT depending on how the craft is loaded.

Special Features:

The exterior hull has been coated with a low-observability sensor absorbing material giving the ship an extremely low sensor-cross section, making it appear as a sensor ghost. In addition, the craft has been fitted with a Morph-Matrix Transponder allowing the ship's transponder to be changed to that of any type of vessel, or simply deactivated, in the event that the ship is detected and scanned with an interrogator. (see p.232, Star Wars Universe Book by Bill Slavicsek) The ship is also equipped with an Orbital Nightcloak prototype for atmospheric operations.

Fighters:

While Modified Corvettes have the capacity to carry 1 fighter in their bays, since the *Doomsday* has an increased hull size, that number has been increased to three. In addition, an external rack has been added to allow an additional three fighters to be carried externally, giving the *Doomsday* a total fighter complement of six. However, since fighters mounted on external racks are not coated with the sensor-absorbing materiel (SAM), fighters are not carried externally unless the situation warrants it. The *Doomsday* carries one Phalanx-Interceptor Gunboat, one TIE Defender, and one Escort Shuttle. (All of which are coated with the SAM)

Sensors:

The *Doomsday* has been fitted with special sensor analyzers that are capable of detecting, tracking, and analyzing over 1,000 independent targets simultaneously. The *Doomsday* can also detect and track jumps to Hyperspace, as well as map systems, and analyze other stellar phenomenon. The *Doomsday* also has a large communications setup for intercepting and decoding enemy messages. The *Doomsday's* communications array is capable of intercepting a message, determining the origin and destination, and decoding any one of over 4 billion encryption schemes, as well as translating messages in foreign languages into Basic.

Weaponry:

The *Doomsday's* Turbolaser system has been overhauled to produce a higher fire rate (approximately 1.8 times greater) and is capable of tracking the fastest Rebel and Imperial Targets. Three turbolasers have been added, in addition to an additional warhead launcher.

Defensive Systems:

The new powerplant has generated higher amounts of power, giving the shields a higher rating of 150 SBD as opposed to 100 SBD for the standard Modified Corvette. The Hull has also been beefed-up to 75 RU.

Crew:

The *Doomsday* carries a larger crew than the standard Modified Corvette, with a total of 120 crewmembers. In addition, the *Doomsday* carries a special compliment of 15 CompForce and 15 ISB technicians to man the special equipment. There is also a contingent of 20 Zero-G stormtroopers on the ship for greater defense against boarding, and for covert operations.

Hyperdrive:

The *Doomsday* has been fitted with a high-speed jump engine, which allows it to make rapid jumps. The *Doomsday* only requires two minutes recharge between jumps, and it's nav computer is capable of quickly calculating multiple jumps in less than five seconds.

Craft: Modified Corvette (EH custom modification by Shadow Works)

Type: Covert Operations & Reconnaissance Vessel (With Secondary Escort Role)

Length: 200 meters

Hull Strength: 75 RU

Powerplant: KDY-0541c Ramjets (Rated at 9800 KTU)

Hyperdrive: KDY-962b Hyperdrive (Max. speed 1.245 times light)

Nav Computer: KDY-1191 Nav Computer

Top Sublight Speed: 45 MGLT

Crew: 150

Troops: 20 Zero-G Stormtroopers

Weapons:

9 Turbolaser Batteries

3 Warhead Launchers

Starfighters: 3 (Standard); 6 (Special)

Shields: Rated at 150 SBD

Sensor Countermeasures:

Hull coated with Sensor Absorbing Materiel (SAM)

Morph-Matrix Transponder

Low observability color scheme

Orbital Nightcloak

Usage: Restricted to Reconnaissance Officer and his/her Assistant, and the ISB Liaison Officer except with direct authorization from the Fleet Commander.

"...Fleet Command, this is Admiral Telf...reporting in...07.11.99, 19:35 hours...destination reached...Hyperion system sublight entry in 30 seconds..."

"...10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1...hyperdrive disengaged, Admiral...observation and sensor systems online at 100%...shall we let Black Omega Squadron have a look around?" asked Telf's Command Attaché.

"...Affirmative, deploy them in a standard screening pattern. But inform them of the asteroids threat in this system. You could walk from one to the next, they're so thick."

"...yes, sir..." replied his assistant officer with a quick nod.

Admiral Telf stood at the bridge of the *Doomsday*. After almost 3 ½ weeks of searching through the seemingly endless expanse of various Outer Rim systems for signs of former Imperial outposts, it seems as if success was at hand at last. Hyperion system, last catalogued by the Imperial Survey Corps 17 years ago, was on the extreme rimward edge of the Emperor's Hammer Territories. At first, it hardly seemed worth the trip, but an old Imperial database left intact following the destruction of the Death Star II at Endor referenced the system in a wiped data core. The intriguing patches of data retrieved by the Admiral revealed a deleted transmission originating in-system. Even more intriguing to Telf was the fact that the message utilized Imperial IndentCodes that were converted for use with ancient Rendili StarDrive Old Republic Navy transmitters.

After a month of database research and scouring old Imperial Security Bureau records, Admiral Telf requested the Fleet Commander allow him to take the *Doomsday* to confirm the source of these transmissions. Grand Admiral Ronin agreed to the request on the provision his Dark Jedi Clan Alvaak's Black Omega Squadron went along. The Dark Jedi pilots needed some stick time, being isolated on the Torpedo Sphere, *Empress Teta* for the past 6 months. Flight One of Black Omega Squadron consisted of 4 Cloakshape Fighters outfitted with Hyperdrive sleds. The 4 heavy fighters were docked to the external hull of the *Doomsday*, their blocky fuselages looking out place on the seamless hull of the *Doomsday*.

"...Fleet Command, this is Admiral Telf...come in"...a holo image of Grand Admiral Ronin, resplendent in his white Grand Admiral's uniform, but translucent in the image beamed hundreds of parsecs to the *Doomsday*.

"...Report, Admiral..." The Grand Admiral seemed pre-occupied with other duties on board the SSSD Sovereign as hundreds of naval officers, technicians and droids bustled in the background.

"...Sir, we have reached Hyperion...the system is thick with asteroids and I have just deployed Black Omega Squadron, as requested." Admiral Telf reported with his usual efficiency but something seemed to tell him that this system was especially important.

"...Admiral, I feel your troubled thoughts...What do you think you've found?" The Grand Admiral could obviously sense Telf had thought he found something important at Hyperion.

"...Sir..." Telf was about to answer when his Attaché interrupted their conversation abruptly.

"Admiral, I think you better see this..." A monitor screen was activated in front of his console. "Seems you were right...we're picking up a short-range Ident beacon from an old Imperial outpost in-system."

"Inform the ClaokShapes, sublight ½ ahead..." Ordered the Admiral.

Telf almost forgot he still was reporting in to the Grand Admiral. "Admiral, can you report at this time?"

"Apologies, sir...we are coming around the yellow giant Hyperion now sir...Lord and Emperor!" Telf let out without thinking. "Grand Admiral, you better see this...transmitting images now..."

Even Grand Admiral Ronin, veteran of dozens of large space battles and an accomplished starfighter pilot himself was awed by what he saw before him. Although the view was blurry and broken, he could distinctly make out the 200 grey hulls of the old Katana Fleet orbiting a very large asteroid...According to Telf, Kobol-12.

"Admiral secure this system, I am sending in the Empress Teta and a full BattleGroup for reinforcements."

"Aye, aye, sir." Replied Admiral Telf. "We will hold the system...Sir, I should also report that preliminary sensor data indicates dozens if not hundreds of these asteroids are large enough to have acceptable gravity and atmospheres to support human life. This system will takes weeks to explore."

"In time, Admiral...your first order is to secure Kobol-12 (designated Hyperion-I) and the Katana Fleet. And NO ONE goes aboard any of the Dreadnaughts without my permission. The hive virus may still be aboard the flagship."

"Acknowledged, sir...initial system data being transmitted now..."

Hyperion System

PRIMARY SYSTEM FACILITIES (known at this time)

Imperial Deep Space Listening Outpost Kobol-12
Katana Fleet (the "Dark Force")

Hyperion is a huge yellow giant star surrounded by the orbiting debris of a violent past. Three large planetary bodies were present (Hyperion I, II, and III). However, thousands of slightly and much smaller planetoids were also present. Although most of these asteroids could not support life, several dozen exhibit gravity and atmospheres acceptable for human life, albeit not a comfortable one most. The tremendous radiation and heat generated by Hyperion warmed the asteroids and life was certainly present on several of them.

PLANET NAME: Hyperion I (a.k.a. Kobol 12)

TYPE: Barren

RADIUS: 18,000 km

DISTANCE FROM STAR (AUs): 2.0 AUs

AXIAL TILT: 4°

SEASONAL CHANGES: N/A

ORBIT: Circular

PLANETARY WEATHER: Dry, no precipitation

TEMPERATURE: Searing (60° to 90°C)

ATMOSPHERE: Type III (Breath masks required)

HYDROSPHERE: Arid (2% free water)

GRAVITY: Heavy (1.85 standard)

TERRAIN: Barren

LENGTH OF DAY: 32 Standard Hours

LENGTH OF YEAR: 500 Local Days

MOON(S): None

SAPIENT SPECIES: Imperials (primarily human, some alien races)

STARPORT: Limited Services

POPULATION: None (to be re-colonized)

GOVERNMENT: Imperial Governor/Military

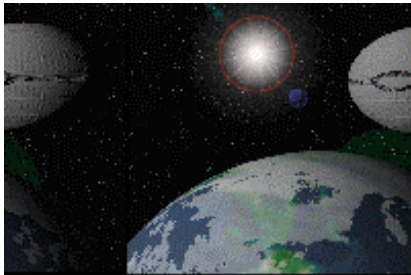
TECH LEVEL: Space (sophisticated communications, droids, blasters, hyperspace travel)

MAJOR EXPORTS: None

MAJOR IMPORTS: None

...System description to be forwarded on receipt...

The Torpedo Sphere (TS), as excerpted from the *Imperial Sourcebook*; Greg Gorden; West End Games; June, 1994; pp. 58-59)...



"The Torpedo Sphere, a dedicated siege platform, is designed to accomplish one mission - to knock out a planet's shields. Planetary shields, whether full or partial, protect a world from orbital bombardment. It takes a lot of troops to assault a planet. It is easier and far less expensive to simply pound a planet into submission with the weapons of a Star Destroyer. But planetary shields prevent this.

The Torpedo Sphere is a miniature Death Star, covered with thousands of dedicated energy receptors (DERs) designed to analyze shield emissions. Planetary shields are never uniformly even. They experience power anomalies and energy fluctuations just like other mechanical devices. The Torpedo Sphere parks in orbit around a planet and trains its DERs upon the world to search for weak points in the shielding. These weak points rarely exceed more than a 20 percent power drop, but that is enough for the Torpedo Sphere to bring down the shields.

The Sphere contains 500 proton torpedo tubes arranged in an inverted conical formation. Surrounding these tubes are 10 heavy turbolaser batteries. The actual destruction of a planet's shields is simple. The Torpedo Sphere arrives and analyzes the shields. It finds both the weak points and the location of the planet-bound shield generators. The Sphere then fires a salvo of torpedoes that knock a hole in the shield (at a weak point), followed by blasts from the turbolasers to destroy the generators. Then the bombardment of the planet can begin.

That is the quick version. In reality, it takes almost a hundred heavy weapons technicians to coordinate the tube launches. The target area rarely exceeds a six meter square. The hole this produces is actually a power surge that only lasts a few milliseconds. If the turbolasers have not made their shots in this time, the process must start all over again.

The most difficult part of the entire process is determining exactly where the shield generators lie. Sensors can not penetrate full planetary shields, so the crew of the Sphere must study the power waves within the shield to determine where the initial power is coming from.

There are only six Torpedo Spheres currently in service. They perform only one function, but it is an important one in these times of open rebellion.

Craft: Loronor's Torpedo Sphere

Type: Dedicated siege platform

Length: 1,900 meters

Crew: 61,245, gunners: 2,030, skeleton: 20,415

Passengers: 8,540 (troops)

Cargo Capacity: 3.8 million tons

Consumables: 4 years

Weapons:

10 Turbolaser Batteries

500 Proton Torpedo Tubes

office of the executive officer

Sector Admiral Compton has gathered submissions pertaining to all of the Emperor's Hammer Subgroups.

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
combat operations officer	coo
lord ambassador	la
morale officer	mor



Good little Imperials...

by SA Compton

I find myself at a loss for words. As the newness of Episode One finally begins to wear off, I find myself feeling a little burned out on all the madness surrounding me, so bear with me if this column is a little short.

First, I'd like to welcome aboard my new CA, VA Tron. He'll be helping me out with all the little odd jobs like handing out the Letters of Achievement I've been forgetting to hand out since I started doing the NLs.

Next, be sure to check out the [EH Cosmopolitan](#). Or at least check out the second issue. It features an interview with me.

Also, I'm thinking of releasing an extra NL this year that would be sort of a "best of" sort of thing. This would be a great way to show you newer members some of the great history of the EH. If you have any ideas on what should be included in such a thing, [e-mail me](#).

Compton. Wacky XO guy.

SA Compton would once again like to remind everyone that he has more SW toys than they do. Put together.

<SALUTE>

As is my duty, now as CA:XO, I am to award each individual who submits a piece of work for the EH NL "Dark Sentinel"...except for TIE Battles since they should be getting a Medal of Tactics (MoT) or one of it's add-ons...each submitter will be given a Letter of Achievement (LoA). After I scan through the NL and compile a list...I then send it to the OPS officer for to awarding these individuals.

Being the first time this is being done, there is quite a list from NLs 48-52, but all proceeding LoA awardee lists from henceforth will be for each individual NL. I've collected those who supplied their ID lines only (and for those who did include it, I've also supplied their e-mails). I'm unaware at this time if their are add-ons for the LoA or if there will be...so for those who receive more than one, perhaps a note of just putting x? could be included for them.

Here is the list, enjoy.

CA:XO/VA Tron/CA-2/SSSD Sov

---THE LIST---

-NL 48-

FL/COL NiksaVel/Nun-3-1/SSSD Sov
COM/Rear Admiral David 'Zen' Torres/ISD Chal
FL/ LT Lerner/ Ra 3/SSSD Sov
CMDR/?? Mike M'igule'to/Vortex-1-1/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf
FM/SL Kyzar/Vortex 3-2/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf-[BoP]
CMDR/CM Jordan/???-1-1/Wing I/SSD Avenger
FM/SL Mason Selrood/Gamma 2-3/Wing I/SSSD Sovereign (mmcmo36869@aol.com)
CMDR/MAJ Bilbo/Cheth/Wing IV/SSSD Sov
TRN/CT Nightmare (mike42083@aol.com)
FM/SL Starlion/Gamma 3-2/Wing I/SSSD Sovereign (Starlionm@hotmail.com)
CMDR/CPT Dharmy/Lambda/SSSD Sov (dharmy@ipoline.com)
FM/SL Andrews/Lambda-1-2/Wing I/SSSD Sov (ScottAndrews@Juno.com)
FM/?? Cool Breeze/Koph-3-3/Wing VI/Sovereign
SL/Adam Smasher/Vortex-3-3/ISD GreyWolf
WC/MAJ Gallows/Wing /SSSD Sov
FM/SL Dark Lord/ Samekh 3-2/ Wing V/SSSD Sovereign
FL/LT Flelm/LAMBDA 3-1/Wing I/SSSD Sov
CMDR/CM Harkov/Yod/Wing IV/SSSD Sov
FM/SL Fred/Cheth 3-4/Wing IV/SSSD Sov
FM/LT Javeling/Cheth 2-4/Wing IV/SSSD Sov
FM/LT Dan/Typhoon 3-2/Wing X/ISD Challenge
TRN/CT Oscle Ta'baas/Cheth 1-4/Wing IV/SSSD Sov
FM/COL Tad Taliesin/Omega-?-?/SSSD Sov
Count Morgana Taliesen K'jar'vac Xces Brightblade/Bounty Hunters Guild
FM/SL Barrett/Gamma 3-3/Wing I/SSSD Sovereign (Kev4Hockey@aol.com)
FM/SL Nebular/LAMBDA-3-3/Wing I/SSSD Sov (TMA_0@mindless.com)
ACTING CMDR/CM Michael/Stalker 3-1/Wing I/SSD Avenger
FM/LT George/Kaph 1-3/Wing IV/SSSD Sov
SL/FM Halleck/Tav 3-2/Wing VI/SSSD Sovereign
FL/LCM Wet Willy/Tornado 1-2/Wing X/ISD Challenge(kill_flameboy@hotmail.com)
FM/SL Corran Horn/Tornado 1-3/Wing X/ISD Challenge (joe@drsc.freemove.co.uk)

FM/LT Veers/Tornado 2-2/Wing X/ISD Challenge (engkwaifat@aol.com)
FM/LT Jarak Altivs Maldon/Delta-1-2 (wcerin@spectra.net)
CMDR/CPT Depriest Van de Meir (perhaps CA:TO/VA Depriest now)
CMDR/MAJ Arcoll Wandli Delplancq/Nun 1-1/Wing V/SSSD Sov
(awdelplancq@yahoo.com)
FM/SL Bob-Fett/Pe 3-2/Wing V/SSSD Sov (bob-fett1@prodigy.net)
FM/SL Andrews/Lambda-1-2/Wing I/SSSD Sov
FM/SL Janich/Alpha 2-2/Wing I/SSSD Sov
FL/LTC Khaine/Sadhe-2-1/WingV/SSSD Sov
FM/LCM e7/Sadhe 2-2/Wing V/SSSD Sovereign
FM/LT Pel/Koph 1-4/Wing VI/SSSD Sovereign
CMDR/CPT Turtle/Sadhe 1-1/Wing V/SSSD Sov
SD-IWFO/EM NiksaVel/MC90 Bismarck/IW/EH
FL/LT Clayton/Spear2-1/Wing IX/ISD Relentless
CMDR/MAJ Darkstar/Zayin/Wing IV/SSSD Sov
CMDR/CM Satai Dukhat/Crusader 1-1/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf
CMDR/CPT Striker/Tornado/Wing X/ISD Challenge
FL/CM Sasquatch/Zayin 2-1/Wing IV/SSSD Sov

-NL 49-

COM/RA David 'Zen' Torres/ISD Challenge
CMDR/CM Mike/Shield 1-1/Wing IX/ISD Relentless
TACA-CMDR/LG Dave/Mem 1-1/WingV/SSSD
SL/FM Dan Gray/???-?-?/??? ??? (dan_grayson@hotmail.com)
FM/COL Tron/Tau-3-4/SSD Avenger (Me - Tron@Techline.com)
CMDR/CPT Jack/Thunder/ISD Chal (TantiveIV@aol.com)
FM/LT Armandus Hellfire/???-?-?/??? ??? (l.grimnar@cwcom.net)
CMDR/CM Corran Force/Thunder 1-1/Wing X/ISD Challenge (Darksaber@mailcity.com)
FM/SL Corran Halcyon/Thunder-?-?/Wing X/ISD Chal (Corran_Halcyon@hotmail.com)
FM/SL Space-Ace/???-?-?/Wing X/ISD Chal (Slugger1@lightspeed.net)
RA Chandler, BG Freelancer, and LG Harkonnen
CMDR/CM Havoc/Alpha-1-1/SSSD Sov (Pellaeon85@aol.com)
FL-OA/COL EmpReach/Omega-3/SSSD Sov
CoG Dreadnaught.
FL/LT Kyzar/Vortex 3-1/ISD Grey Wolf
FM/LT Irek Dahrhan/Koph 1-3/SSSD Sov
FL/ LT Lerner/ Ra 3/SSSD Sov
Dark Prelate Assassin
CMDR/CPT Striker/Tornado/ISD Chal.
FL/LT Corran Horn/Tornado 2-1/ISD Chal
FM/LT Atrus/Pe-1-2/WingV/SSSD Sov

-NL 50-

CA:FC/AD Obiwan/CA-1/SSSD Sovereign
COM/RA David 'Zen' Torres/ISD Challenge
WC-FOA-IOA/GN Wolly/Wing I/SSSD Sov

CA:COMM/VA Kumba/CA-8/SSSD Sov
BUDR/MG Alpha Omega/BOO/FRG Stormwind.
FL/LCM Nemesis/Resh 1-2/wing VI/SSSD Sov.
KP Bob-Fett(Krath)/AED/Naga Sadow.
COM/VA Undo/SSD Avenger.
FM/COL NiksaVel/Tornado 1-3/Wing X/ISD Chal.
FM/LT Irek Dahran/Koph 2-2/Wing VI/SSSD Sov.
FM/LT Kaneda Pellail/Tempest 1-2/Wing X/ISD Chal.
FL/CM George/Stalker 3-1/Wing I/SSD Avr
JH Mordor (Sith)/House Aleema of Satal Keto
CMDR/CM Wet Willy/Cyclone 1-1/Wing X/ISD Chal
FM/SL DS-61-4/Crusader 2-2/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf
FL/LT Nemesis/Resh 1-2/wing VI/SSSD Sovereign
FM/LCM Derk Parchon/Praetorian 1-3/DGN Lichtor V
FM/LT Justice/Stalker 3-2/Wing I/SSD Avenger
FL/LT TIEbomber/KRAYT 2/WING XIV/ISD INTREPID

-NL 51-

FM/SL IQpierce/Spear 1-2/Wing IX/ISD Relentless
CMDR/CM CYRIC/KRAYT/WING XIV/ISD INTREPID
FL/LT DS-61-4/Crusader II/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf
FL/LT Priyum Patel / Psi 3-1 / Wing II / SSSD Sovereign
CMDR/CM Wet Willy/Cyclone 1-1/Wing X/ISD Challenge
FM/LT Jeffery Domm/Nu 2-3/Wing VIII/ISD Colossus
CMDR/CM Corran Force/Thunder 1-1/Wing X/ISD Challenge
FL/LT TopDawg/Crusader 3-1/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf.
CMDR/CM TopDawg/Tartarus/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf.
FL/LT Zsinj/Samekh 3-1/Wing V/SSSD Sovereign.
COM/VA Undo/SSD Avenger

-NL 52-

COM/RA Torres/ISD Challenge
FL/CM George/Stalker 3-1/Wing I/SSD Avr
COM/RA Gibbs/DGN Lichtor V
FL/CM Jedgar/Praetorian-2-1/DGN Licthor V
FM/LCM Derk Parchon/Praetorian 1-3/DGN Lichtor V
FM/SL Chronos/Rho 1-3/Wing II/SSSD Sovereign
CMDR/Col. Kessler/Tornado/WingX/ISD Chal
FL/LT Space Ace/Thunder 2-1/WingX/Isd Challenge
FL/LT Zsinj/Samekh 3-1/Wing V/SSSD Sov
WC-FOA-IOA/GN Wolly/Wing I/SSSD Sov
IWTO/CG Depriest/PLT Destrier/IW
JH Matthew D'Varak (Obelisk) House Senryaku of Aquillas

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.

The Tactical Office has been recently updated at:

<http://www.city-net.com/~dev/tac>

This Newsletter, I have a new attache, RA Jarak. He will be helping me convert the battle board and with anything else I need help with.

The Official Mission Compendium is nearly done, it will be linked from the Tactical Office above, probably by the time you read this. It has all the official EH battles, all the subgroup battles, and important information on them. This will be the only official site of distribution for EH Battles, and the only versions of the battles we'll be able to help you with problems in.

The Battle Board is still under construction, but we hope to see it completed very soon, it's shaping up to be quite a program.

An XWA editor has been released and will soon be downloadable from the TAC office, so we'll be accepting XWA battles now, and should have the first ever official EH XWA battle by the next Newsletter.

From the **TAC** Office,

Tactical Officer, Fleet Admiral Dev

Command Attache to the Tactical Officer, Rear Admiral Jarak

Assistant to the Tactical Officer, MAJ Striker

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

officer's deck

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

Internal Security of the EH

The Interdictor Cruiser Versklavung shot out of hyperspace near the Frigate Storm Wind, and Dungeon Ship Lichtor V. The interdictor immediately launched one of its squadrons of TIE Defenders.

"This is RA Gibbs of the Lichtor V. We have located the traitor that you guys were supposed to find! HE HAS STOLEN 1 ISD already, he has complete command over the Wing stationed there!" added the Commodore, "We as Intel have to stop him immediately! We will be assisted by the TIE Corps, they will weaken the shields, while we disable and capture the traitor."

"This is the Interdictor Versklavung, roger that, we will have our TIE Defenders stand by," said some one on the bridge of the Interdictor.

Then the combined imperial fleet jumped into hyperspace in pursuit of the Imperial Star Destroyer Warrior, part of the Auroran Home Guard. The Intel portion of the fleet already launched its fighters so that when they came into range all they had to do was order the attack.

The other parts of the combined fleet were the star destroyers Grey Wolf and Intrepid.

"Sir, we have reached the position of the Warrior!" said the Navigation Officer on board the Versklavung.

"We have just located her, she is 500 Kilometers off the Starboard bow" said an untrained sensor Officer.

"Order all fighters to dump all their warheads on her, but not enough to destroy her or cripple her hull then have the IntOrg TIE Defenders attack and disable her!" ordered the Commodore. Then all of a sudden TIE Bombers launched from the Grey Wolf in an attempt to take the shields off of the Warrior.

Then more fighters launched, but they weren't from the imperial fleet it was from the Warrior!

"Sir incoming communication from the lead fighter!" said the Communications Officer.

"This is Major Bill, of the ISD Warrior, we are trying to re-join the Empire but not under the commander of the Warrior and his messed up Empire!" said one of the lead fighters, "We have been attacked trying to get out of our cells on board the Warrior."

"Roger that Major, begin attack pattern alpha 1, so that you can help knock down the shields so that we can capture that maniac!" ordered the Commodore.

"Roger that Admiral!" added the Major; "All fighters attack the Warrior with out mercy!"

Then hundreds of fighters converged on the ISD Warrior in waves upon waves, of warheads.

Almost immediately the firing stopped since the shields were taken down, and then the TIE Defenders off the interdictor began firing their Ion Cannons with the rest of the craft that were armed with Ions. Quickly the Imperial Star Destroyer was disabled and then the Intel ships began launching their Assault Transports. All of a sudden a Rebel Mon Calimari Star Cruiser entered the area. The fighters and the main portion of the fleet turned to engage it. But Intel headed off toward the ISD. The main Imperial fleet quickly crushed the rebels and their forces. Intel

proceed to capture the ISD and the fleet quickly returned to Aurora so that the prisoners could be interrogated and found a nice cell in the prison sections.

CA:LO/VA Zsinj/CS-11/SSSD Sovereign

The Destruction of Rogue Squadron

Wedge Antillies shot out of hyperspace in his X-Wing, near the Phare system in an effort to scout as much of the EH as possible. Quickly the rest of Rogue Squadron started to form up behind him. Finally the Rogues shuttle entered the area and formed up behind the Rogues. On board the shuttle were the Wraiths from the intelligence division that were traveling to sabotage important facilities.

“Rogue 9 to Rogue 1, long rang sensors detect a star Destroyer entering the system and approaching our general location,” said Corran Horn.

“Roger that Rogue 9,” added Wedge, “Form up! Prepare to set up attack runs on the destroyer if it proves to be a threat!”

“Wedge, all Star Destroyers will prove hostile, and I bet we can’t go up against a wing of the Imperials starfighters especially if it is a wing from the Emperors Hammer, since they are one of the most elite wings in the empire!”

“We just got a confirmation on that ISD, it is NOT an ISD, but it is a Star Destroyer of some sort, and is LARGE!” said Rogue 10, “Lead, it is the Super-class Star Destroyer Avenger!”

“Call in the Liberty to pick us up and get out of here!” ordered Wedge.

“Sir, the Imperials are jamming all channels!” said Rogue 6.

“Darn, all fighters make runs for hyperspace!” ordered Wedge. Then all of a sudden an interdicator shot out of hyperspace, within 1 kilometer of the Rogues. “Belay that last order let’s take down the interdicator!”

Quickly the Rogues formed up and were heading towards the interdicator, in a vain attempt to destroy it. While they were forming up the Avenger launched all of Tau Squadron and the rest of Wing I on the Avenger.

Tau’s A-9 Vigilance Interceptors were 10 klicks away from the interdicator and Rogue Squadron. They sped towards the Rogues without mercy. Then the 29 operable and piloted fighters of Wing I launched in a flurry, of anger from all of the dark Jedi using their skills to beat the pitiful rebels. The TIE’s and fighters all soared into the thick of battle as quickly as possible. As soon as the TIE Defenders caught sight of the shuttle the commander ordered “All craft that have Ion Cannons disable that shuttle! Intelligence may want to get a hold of those rebels for interrogation!”

“This is Stalker 1, roger that,” said one of the Wing’s TIE Defenders pilots.

As soon as the Imperials were within 2 klicks of the rebels all the fighters armed with missiles were starting to get locks on the helpless rebels. Within 5 minutes the rebels were either damaged or destroyed. As soon as the TIE Defenders got in range of the shuttle they opened up with a full barrage of ion cannons, which quickly took down the shields and disabled her even quicker. All of a sudden an imperial assault transport shot out of hyperspace within half of a klick of the shuttle.

“This is assault transport Beta 1, we are beginning our assault!” said one of the officers on board the transport. Then quickly the transport docked and captured the shuttle. The Rogues had been crippled and were waiting for death or capture. It had been a VERY good day! With the capture of the rebels Wraith Squadron and the almost complete destruction of Rogue Squadron, rebel moral would take a severe beating, but as usual they would bounce back to life with another squadron called ROGUE!

CA:LO/VA Zsinj/CA-11/SSSD Sovereign (Drag) [TIE-BoP]

sovereign cantina

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

(Editor's Note: this is the translation of the article from PC Player, scans of which are included in this issue's Files section.)

Star Wars Special: The Emperor's Hammer

Crush the Rebellion!

Darth Vader and the Emperor may not have survived the Return of the Jedi - the around 4000 pilots of the Emperor's Hammer still fight the hated Rebels.

Odd, but true: Often enough villains are the (dazzling but) dubious figures of a movie, next to whom the bravest heroes pathetically fades. It's not different with Star Wars. Not even the united Rebel Fleet of three films can get rid of a personality like Darth Vader, only just his own son leads the dark lord back to the light side of the force - upon which he follows the Emperor into the happy hunting grounds. But the rest of the army left behind continues the battle against the Rebels.

Heir to the Emperor

Time for the Emperor's Hammer. The American William Call founded the online club of the same name in 1995, “to continue the struggle of Imperials and Rebels where TIE Fighter from Lucas Arts stopped.” The members of the club were active: In the spring of 1995 they created the first missions for the game, even before the official add-on discs were released. The friends of the Empire play not only TIE Fighter, but also ‘X-Wing s. TIE Fighter’ and for some time now ‘X-Wing Alliance’, offline as well as against the Rebels in their hated X-Wings.

Those who prefer to stay on safe grounds joins the Dark Brotherhood. This secret order plays the shooter ‘Jedi Knight’. Additionally, there are subgroups for real roleplayers and fans of the Star Wars Card Playing Game. Even ex-Rebels are welcome: The members of the Infiltrator Wing fly their ships and sneak as spies into the Rebel Clubs who exist analogous to the Emperor's

Hammer. If someone doesn't like games at all but wishes to join the Emperor's Hammer, he can enter the Order of the Krath and give story-writing and poetry a try.

Militarily organized

Naturally, most fun is fighting against the Rebels in the cockpit of a neat Interceptor. That's what the around 700 active pilots of the TIE Corps of the Emperor's Hammer think as well. But it's difficult in the beginning: Until a new TIE Fighter pilot has served from Sub-Lieutenant to Grand Admiral, he has to spend lots of hours flying the more than hundred missions which have been constructed up to now. The more a pilot flies, the faster he gets medals and promos. Good for his career is also story-writing, graphic design or homepage design.

He may even be in store for a promotion from Flight Member to Flight Leader. The Fleet divided into two Battle Groups, which comprise several Wings. Per Wing there are six Squadrons, and each Squadron has three Flights with four pilots each. A Flight Leader has three, a Squadron Commander eleven 'subordinates'.

The simulation of the Empire's troops is amazingly detailed. For example, Paul 'Kessler' Charlton (29) from Portsmouth, England, is among other things the unofficial security officer of his Wing. He has to make sure that no Rebels infiltrate the Emperor's Hammer. Why doesn't he join their side? "Are you serious? You didn't actually believe all that Rebel propaganda in Star Wars did you?" he answers indignantly. The 19-year-old Alan Kawolski from Chicago, who was originally only looking for like-minded fans to exchange missions, adds: "I prefer Star Destroyers and Death Stars over whining farmboys and Ewoks. The pilots, they're a great bunch of people I'm honored to work with."

Totally international

Age and nationality are of secondary importance in the Emperor's Hammer. The age average might be around 19 years, but the span of the members reach from eleven to fifty-five. They are from the USA and European countries like England, Germany, the Netherlands or Portugal, but from exotic places like Argentina, Russia, Estonia or South Africa as well.

Natalie 'Callista' Mühlberger from Germany is 19 years old, too, was recruited by an Imperial in the #Starwars channel of the IRC one night. In Natalie's Typhoon Squadron are a lot of friendly relationships: "We even have two female pilots, which naturally leads to some nice flirting every now and then." The group met and visited each other several times this year, among other places in London and Paris. There are lasting relationships already: Paul got engaged to the pilot Lindsay Neol Labance aka 'Darkfire' from New Orleans - and they'll get married next year.

Join the dark Side!

If you want to join the TIE Corps, you simply send your pilot file along with your callsign to the Emperor's Hammer. After it has been checked you choose a squadron or you are assigned to one, and there you go. Information on the other games can be found on the official homepage (see box on the left side).

Heather 'Alastery' Ritchie (16) from Canada has the closing words: "The Emperor's Hammer is a really great way to let your imagination run wild, the downfall is people that take things way too seriously. You've got to know when to draw the line between imagination, and reality, and not let the former take over the latter..." (ra)

Useful links

<http://www.emperorshammer.org>
homepage

<http://www.tiecorps.org>

<http://www.geocities.com/Area51/Dunes/8234/>

IRC (undernet): #Emperor's_Hammer
MET

The official Emperor's Hammer

The TIE Corps homepage

ISD Challenge homepage

Official Meeting every Saturday at 6 pm

Text to Pictures

Pic 1: the Rebel Cruiser is doomed - another victory for the Imperials (pic taken by LCM Brandon btw).

Pic 2: Imperials in Paris: CMDR Callista aka Natalie Mühlberger and a couple of pilots of Typhoon and Cyclone Squadron.

Pic 3: Cheers to the couple: LCM Brandon CM Mell, COL Kessler, CPT Darkfire and High Inquisitor Darkov celebrate in an English Pub.

Interviews (Pilot Chatter)

I) Name: Ben Oakley

Age: 16

Location: Shrewsbury, England

ID-Line: FM/LCM Brandon/Typhoon 1-2/ISD Challenge/Wing X

Why did you join the EH: I have always been a big fan of the Star Wars universe. I saw the club on-line and thought it was a fun idea.

How long have you been in the EH for: 9 months

What are your special tasks: I fly battles and compete in competitions, I enjoy writing fictions/Star Wars stories and going on-line to talk to all my friends in the fleet. And making everyone laugh, I'm quite good at that.

Why not the Rebels: Bah, booooooring. The imperials got to wear the cool, sexy black uniforms and fly the neat TIE spacecraft rather than those slow, shabby alphabets fighters. And imperials know how to party, lot more fun.

I recommend you all go out and sign up. If you wanna meet me, I'll be in the cantina.

II) Name: David Dunn

Age: 21

Location: Australia

ID-Line: COM/RA Torres/ISD Challenge

Why did you join the EH: I basically joined up to have a good time and to meet new people over the net.

How long have you been in the EH for: 20 months

What are your special tasks: I organise comps for the wing as a whole, keep an eye on the wing, answer to any questions about from the rest of the EH, represent the Challenge to the BGCOM, and generally offer advice and help to any of the pilots who need it.

What do you especially like about the EH: The chance to talk to people on the other side of the world and to have fun.

Why not the Rebels? I found the EH first and found it better than the Rebels.

III) Name: Esteban Lucas Gonzalez

Age: 21

Location: Buenos Aires, Argentina

ID-Line: FL/CPT Vader/Typhoon 3-1/Wing X/ISD Challenge

Why did you join the EH: I first joined the EH because I loved the idea of being able to be part of the Star Wars Universe, continuing the plot that Lucas left unfinished. The idea of being in a Squadron, and that Squadron being in a Wing, and that Wing in a Battle Group, and all the BattleGroups in a Fleet seemed to be rather exciting... and i was not disappointed.

How long have you been in the EH for: I have been in the EH since July 1997

What are your special tasks: I am the Flight Leader of Flight Three of Typhoon Squadron which means I am in charge of 3 other pilots, my wingmen. My duty is to help CMDR Callista manage the Squadron, keep the morale high, and have a lot of fun!

What do you especially like about the EH: The moments I spend with my friends from Typhoon and the others from the EH. The friendship, the fun, and the emails are things I love . And, of course, when I earn medals and promotions because my ego grows fast then.

Why not the Rebels? Being a Rebel is way too easy... the good ones also win... I prefer being a bad guy and play an unusual role. If that reason is not enough, then just think of being with Vader and Palpatine, killing Rebels just for fun...

Translated by CMDR/MAJ Callista - Typhoon.

Thanks to all who participated!

Wing X European Meeting In France

Reporter: LCM Brandon

Paris: Renown world-wide for it's fragrant wines, delectable cuisine, awe-inspiring landscape, beautiful winding river and elegant, romantic structures located at scenic site throughout the magnificent urban area. A seemingly industrial yet peaceful city of relaxation and passion enjoyed by sight-seers travelling to experience this calm and joyful community. But now, this wonderful Utopia is recognised for another infamous reason.....

The Second Unofficial European Wing X Meeting May 28th-June 1st 1999 ?

Some of the most esteemed pilots from the ISD Challenge took time out of their busy schedule of working, studying and kicking Rebel ass to meet up and enjoy each other's company, combining their efforts to show France exactly how the best of best have a good and PARTY!!!!!!

Attending this historic rendezvous was no less than 5 of Wing X's finest. Unfortunately the 6th participant, Paris's own WC Striker, could not join in the festivities due to a sad and unforeseen family tragedy which we learned of upon our return. Though his absence was regrettable I'm sure he was with us in spirit if not in form. The meeting was spearheaded by none other than the beautiful and talented Typhoon CMDR herself, MAJ Callista. Accompanying her was her wingman, admirer and all round funny-cute-nerf-charming-weirdo-kiddo-type-guy, yours truly, LCM Brandon. Also representing the Typhoon crew was recently-promoted FL LCM Oldham who had been dying for a chance to meet and greet his fellow squad-mates for some time. None

other than CM Blackbird, also of Typhoon fame and the joint organiser of the event, honoured us with his presence though he is officially on leave with his foreign exchange friend, Fitzi. And of course, last but not most certainly not least, the efficient, ambitious and by no means notorious new Cyclone CMDR and ex-Typhoon member, CM Mell, his second EH meeting this year which would reunite him with Calli and Brandy who he met in January.

The journey to Paris was tedious and tiring to say the least, with the Brit pilots travelling by coach, train and boat to reach their destination. Still, a good deal of testosterone-filled, ego-pumping conversation was engaged in along the way, discussing life before the EH, plans for the future and of course women, chicks, girls, babes and hotties (Well, what did you expect :P) Some fine talents and tactics were displayed by all, with Brandon demonstrating his own superb adaptation and version of the French language when ordering chicken sandwiches and coke :P Oldham did an absolutely fabulous impression of a well-known Brit TV celebrity (Ayyyyyeeee, wicked man, respect!! :P) and Mell's unique and admirable "pulling" techniques which involved falling asleep on a complete stranger's shoulder and getting his hand as close to her leg as possible. Unfortunately, the strategy was not a complete success, unlucky mate. She must have been a Rebel or something, everyone knows girls can't resist a man in uniform, most certainly not CMDR's ;P. Mell, Oldham, and Brandon arrived at 7.30 Saturday morning and were welcomed by their loyal CMDR Callista, who cheered them all up with lots of hugs though she was no doubt tired by her trip from Germany ? The mission was then on to try and find some accommodation for the week-end otherwise the motley crew of EH hotshots would be sleeping rough, which is no fair treatment for pilots of out calibre, expertise and reputation. Well, maybe excluding me but anyway :P

Fortunately, salvation was found at a neat little joint called Mr Bed City, which was conveniently just around the corner from McDonalds and a chemists with saucy pictures in the window :P The rooms were, to put it nicely, "cosy" :P A small shower facility barely capable of sustaining 1 person was provided, as was a window incapable of opening, though there was a beautiful view of a bridge and another hotel ? After a brief rest and a chance to catch up on some lost time ;), the intrepid pilots went out to satisfy their appetites by sampling some of the local cuisine. McDonalds Big Mac Menu with curry sauce as a "Flurry" ice cream was the order of the day and was consumed rather, ummmm, differently than the usual methods as LCM Brandon experimented with combining the ingredients of various courses of his meal, much to the disgust, amazement and amusement of the other pilots ? Oldham brilliantly defended himself from an attack of projectile curry sauce, well done mate :P Apres ca, it was off to Notre Dame through Paris's intricate, complex and god-damn confusing subway network. After a few debates of which routes and tickets we eventually managed to find our way to the exquisite church where we managed to come across the intimidating and deadly combination of the one and only CM Blackbird and his trusty sidekick Fitzi (or was it the other way round :P) With the ensemble complete it was now time to complete our primary mission objectives. Shop, drrrrink, eat and be merry. Though the sun was unbearably hot, the distances rigorous and the need for ice cream and Coke was overwhelming, the relentless Imperials had a great time, with Mell's keen eye for profit and money managing to spot a valuable piece of merchandise, Oldham's attention likewise on things of equal importance, mainly looking like a cool dude and pointing out "Fit birds", BB and Fitzi leading the expedition and Brandon's pleasurable yet fatiguing job of keeping his CMDR happy, including buying her drinks and ice cream every 10 minutes, carrying her round when her feet hurt and letting her "mark her territory" in a manner of painful methods (nothing dodgey :P)

Unfortunately, our original plan to dance the night away suffered a number of crushing setbacks during the course of the day and had to be temporarily postponed, and regrettably we finally decided not to go out at all ? Blackbird had to be back at his barracks at 10.00 though he proved his rebellious and social worth by staying with us for a further 2 hours. Overall, tiredness prevailed and got the better of us, but even worse was the terrible and tragic torture that poor, sweet, dear Calli had to go through with her feet. After a good 6-7 hours of walking around Paris in sexy black shoes, it appeared we had underestimated the deadly effect of looking gorgeous. The MAJ put on a brave face however (till we got back to the hotel room at least :P) despite her crippling and agonising blistered feet which were very swelled up, yet managed to retain their normal summer-breeze fresh smell ;P However, after a bit of inspection and treatment, some airing and washing and a nice cool can of coke, the blisters and the pain seemed to diminish for at least a while. Poor Callista ? Nevertheless, the celebrations continued and a good night's sleep was had by all (despite the darn cleaning lady disturbing us at 10.30 AM, what was she thinking!!!!!! :P)

Unfortunately our rooms had to be vacated at 12 and a new place to stay was sought for, which had to be done pretty sharpish due to CM Mell and LCM Oldham managing to "misplace" their room key, tsk tsk tsk. Despite my recommendation of a comfortable and snug looking bin, my companions insisted on a nicer and more hospitable hotel nearby. I eventually resigned myself to the suggestion but only because it had a bunk-bed in the room :P That afternoon was one of food, fun and f, umm, drrrrrrriinkk ? A party was in full swing in MAJ Callista's room with numerous highlights including booze-fuelled kareoke session, dress wearing, unbearable tickling and numerous references to "pants" (don't ask :P) Such events which will stick in my mind for a long time, some regrettably too long, were a lot of fun and I'm sure the hotel cleaners were kept busy the following day. I just have a nagging feeling I left behind some vital Imperial data I'd been gathering, ooops :P Oh well, let's just hope they're not Rebel agents and can't speak Basic :P

As the day progressed into the afternoon, we found ourselves running low on our stock and reserves of alci, not to mention our instinctive craving for junk food steadily increasing. With our pockets full of creds, we stumbled out into the streets of Paris in search of drrrink, briefly making a detour past McDonalds for another crazy session of chip and pickle throwing ? Much to our despair, the quest to replenish our alci supplies was not to great success, however we did manage to find the most delicious pizzas this side of Coruscant *drool* ? Some Bonus Goals were also achieved when we found time to phone none other than our glorious COM himself, RA Torres, though I doubt our surprise was very welcome due to the time in AussiLand being 6.30 AM. CD ExO AD Obi-Wan was also privileged to receive a call from the happy-go-lucky Wing Xers ?

With the tiredness still plaguing us from the trip and the days revelry, Mell made his excuses and went back to his quarters early, sending the Typhoon crew out to look for some sabacc cards. Though I had my suspicions that he was going back to a pretty French maid, I regardless ventured out, myself looking out for any "good-time-girls" who happened to be looking for an attractive Imperial-type who understood my pronunciation of "Voulez-vous couchez avec moi ce soir" :P After shaking my booty and strutting my stuff for a while, but to no apparent avail (except amusing Oldie and making Calli 'geil'), we decided to follow Mell's example and head back to our quarters for a well earned rest :P

The following morning the CMDR and myself were rudely awakened by the Sheffield Lads who were shipping back off home and to the Challenge due to work and education

commitments. Calli and Brandon said their goodbyes swathed in a Star Wars T-shirt and a large duvet, respectively, before heading back and catching a bit more shut-eye (or at least trying to :P) With just the two Typhooners left in Paris, the CMDR and her wing-man, Mistress and Slave, SuperCal and BinBoy (again, don't ask :P), the young pilots were free to enjoy the wonderful sights and experiences of the French capital. Ice cream by the Eiffel tower, dreaming and candle-lighting at the Sacre-Coeur, Chinese food at Notre Dame, spot-teasing by the judicial court (It was HUGE, the Death Star couldn't have missed this thing :P Thanx Calli :P) and coke, coke and more coke pretty much everywhere :P But, like most good thing, the day had to come to an end sooner or later ? I reluctabtly boarded my bus with a heavy bag and an even heavier heart, wishing time would stay still so I could be with my true friends again. But alas </melodramatic pose>, I left the bus station and my CMDR behind, my destination an unfamiliar and strage place now I'd gotten used to hotel rooms, infuriating subways, smelly feet, gigantic facial blemishes and a predictable weather system :P Still, my memories of the excellent time I had remain with me and I'm already looking forward to the next meeting. I'm sure there are many who agree with me on that ?

There is an offical Wing X Meeting Site, with pics and info from the trip, which is maintained by CM Blackbird and will be updated when he returns next week. Watch this space ?

<http://members.xoom.com/AvianBB/paris.html>

Joyfully submitted

LCM Brandon

Hey, I just joined the TIE Corps and I wanted to submit a work of Fiction about it so here goes.

007 looked out of the viewport of his shuttle. He couldn't help but feel anxious as he had just recieved his very first assignment.

"Report to ISD Vanguard immediately. You are in position 2-2 of Echo Squadron. Meet up with them immediately upon arrival for your first assignment."

As 007 felt his ship dock. He almost skipped dwon the boarding ramp and landed right in the arms of his Squadron Commander, DS-61-4. "Greetings pilot and welcome to Echo Squadron. I would love to stay and talk to u more but we have a very important mission to undertake. The partying will come later pilot. Here is your bunk assignment. report there at 1300 hours for the briefing pilot and welcome to Echo." The Commander stuck out his hand for 007 to shake and he did so. "Strange," he thought "These pilots seem to have a very laid back attitude, not like the stereotypes that I have heard about. No saluting or anything. Very stange indeed." He thought to himself as he unpacked his things in his new quarters. He just had enough time to shower and change before he heard the announcement. "Echo Squadron, report to breifing room 35 immediately. Repeat, report to briefing room 35 for your orders." 007 ran for the turbolift and barely made it on time. He expected to be reprimanded but heard nothing. "Alright pilots, here's the scoop. Grand Admiral Ronin needs to fly through the Minos system to get to a very

important base controlled by the Rebel Squadrons. Apparently, a high-ranking Republic officer wishes to defect to the EH bringing with him some very valuable information. Here's how it's going to work. Flights One and Two will launch from the escort and meet Ronin at the rendezvous point in the Pirath system. Your ships have been equipped with hyperdrive systems for this purpose. From there you will head to the station called "Liberty Base" Flight One will take out their fighters, and Flight two will knock out the shields on the base itself. From there, the ATR Storm will enter the area, disable the platform and board it with GA Ronin to discuss the terms of defection and to wipe out any resistance that there may be. From there, Flight One will escort Ronin and Flight two will escort the officer back to the hyperbuoy and onboard the Vanguard. I don't think I need to remind you that this is a priority- red assignment. Failure is not an option. You all have your assignments, so get to it pilots. As the WC left, DS-61-4 took the podium. "Pilots of Echo Squadron, I would like to welcome 007 to our group. Needless to say, our expectations of you are high and we will expect nothing less from you than total devotion to your mission. Failure is not an option, so let's get to it." As DS stepped down he heard a group of other pilots standing by talking as they walked "Wow! I can't believe we get to escort the GA, of all people. Geeze, what luck we have. Now's my chance to show him what I am really made of." No hot dogging," called the other. "Let's just do our job, get back to the Vanguard and have a wild party." Everyone agreed to this and they were silent as they made their way to the hangar.

As 007 was getting suited up, DS-61-4 came up to him, "Kid, this is an extremely important mission and normally we wouldn't let newbies fly with us, but since we're short, we can use all the help we can get. Here's our chance to show everyone what you are made of. Do well and everyone will respect you." With that, he walked away. 007 finished getting suited up and climbed aboard the sleek new TIE Bomber. This baby was slow in a fight and not great for dogfighting but it packed a heavy punch capable of knocking out most ships immediately. Looking at his viewscreen, he saw he had been armed with 16 proton torpedoes, 8 in each tube. "Great," he muttered "Now I can stick it to the Rebels where it will hurt the most." He powered up his craft and launched out of the hangar. "Ok people, lock in the coordinates for the Nav Buoy and prepare to engage on my mark, 3...2....1 GO!!!" With that they shot into hyperspace.

20 minutes later, 007 received the warning to drop out of hyperspace and he did so. He saw Ronin's sleek, black, escort shuttle and prepared to escort it. "I've heard that Ronin's personal bodyguard of Dark Jedi are onboard that ship. Man, they freak me out." "Can the chatter, 3, stay sharp." 007, pulled around in an easy loop and came up right behind his shuttle and continued to escort him into hyperspace again.

007 pulled out and saw the rebel base dead ahead. "We have X-Wings and Y-Wings launching from that hangar, Flight One engage the fighters. Flight Two take down the shields on that platform and move in to assist Flight One when you are finished." Copy that, we are headed for the platform right now." 007 pulled the stick in a downward spiral to avoid any initial enemy fire and linked his warhead launcher to fire on the station. "Flight Two open fire NOW!!" 007 fired off 4 of his warheads and saw the rest of the flight do the same. Before he knew it, the shields on the platform were down. "Ok, Flight Two engage the remaining Y-Wings, Flight One concentrate your fire on the X-Wings." 007 did a barrel roll and came out right behind the nearest Y-Wing. He had it locked in his sights and fired a barrage of laser fire at it. He tried to evade but 007 was right with him and within moments, the Y-Wing blew up. "I have a problem

here. Bandit on my tail, can't shake him." Copy that 1,"007 responded. "I am on my way to assist. Sit tight." 007 jerked hard to the right and saw the Y-Wing dead ahead, it's shields were out and it's hull was heavily damaged. "You're mine." He muttered and squeezed the trigger repeatedly. The shots struck his engine and transformed his craft into a big ball of fire." Thanks 2, I owe you one." "Ok, that's the last of the fighters, the ATR and Ronin's shuttle are entering the area. Form up, Echo Group and prepare to escort." 007 followed his orders and within a matter of moments, the platform was disabled and Ronin was onboard with his Dark Jedi retuine. "All pilots, stay sharp. There may be some reprisals from nearby forces and Ronin still has several minutes onboard before we can leave." 007 acknowledged and started to patrol the area for enemy craft.

About a minute later something came up on his scanners, "Nebulon B Frigate, right ahead." Flight Two, you must destroy them at once, If they launch their fighters, we're done for." 007 locked onto the Nebulon and silently fired the remainder of his payload. The rest fo the flight did the same and the Nebulon B- ceased to exist anymore. "Nice work people, only two X-Wings got out of the hangar and they are jumping to hyperspace. We're almost done here, all we have to do is ecort the two shuttles out of the area.

Two more minutes passed and two shuttles left the platform, 007 formed up with them and escorted them back to the Vanguard without further incident. When he docked and got onboard, DS-61-4 came up to him. "You were great out there Kid, maybe Echo Squadron is the right place for you. Grand Admiral Ronin extends his deepest thanks and gratitude. You've definately earned the respectof your peers and tonight, you find out what Echo Squadron parties are all about." 007 couldn't help but smile as he headed back to his quarters to take a shower. Maybe being a pilot isn't so bad after all.

FM/SL 007/Echo 2-2/Wing XV/ISD Vanguard

Of all the legends of the Imperial one, of the most strangest is that of the Legion of Palpatine. Most bizarre of all are the many valid accounts of these otherworldly warriors, their unexpected appearance upon desperate battlefield, and their sudden and inexplicable disappearance at the battle's end. The account of General Fugazi is the most recent report of this mystery.

"On the third night of fighting, the Alliance took the Great Bastion from us. Despair settled in our hearts, for all hope of rescue was now gone. Of all our company I counted thirty seven living, and of these but twenty five unhurt. The Alliance gathered about us in darkness. The chanting and cursing of their allies haunted us as they mustered to the attack. An hour before dawn I called my company to prayer and, since our Chaplain was slain, we made our peace with the Emperor in battle fashion.

It was as I raised my eyes from prayer that I saw a strange host where moments before there was nothing but darkness. At first I thought it was some connivance of the Rebels, but as the host advanced I realized it was of Storm Troopers, though not of any squadron nor chapter of the

Emperor's Son's. Their armor was colored black and upon it was drawn chilling images of bones and fire, and on their helms they bore skulls. As they advanced an eerie glow shrouded them and fire seemed to dance about their feet. Like the bones of men in the torment of purgatory they were, so that they looked more like skeletons than living men. Yet not a sound did they make.

For a while I believed this to be some phantasm, a vision of ancient or dark times, for I heard the Emperor grants such sites to those of his warriors who face death in their name. But it was not so, for soon the ghostly warriors reached the Rebels' battleline, and suddenly the air was full of laser fire and battle-din, and the Rebel Insurgents were screaming and crying in their terror. We that remained watched the dark battle-brothers at their work, and never before or since have I seen fighting such as I witnessed that dawn. Seizing the moment, I regrouped my company, and led them to war. Yet there was little work left for us, for the Rebels lacked the spirit to fight. Soon we secured the Great Batorn once more and without a further loss. Of the dark brotherhood there was no sign."

CMDR/CM DS-61-4/Echo 1-1/Wing XV/ISD Vanguard (LoA)

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

Name: Erik Tarkin

Position/Rank: Flight member

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Sullustian

Date of Birth: 5 BANH (Before A New Hope)

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Sullust

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single

Family: Father is dead. Mother is dead. No siblings

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Well-to-do

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:

I am 5 years old when my mother comes to my room. She says to me: "Something terrible happened. You know your father is Commander of the Death Star?" "Yes, ofcourse" I reply. We just heard it on the news. I was so proud. But now, a cold hand folds around my heart. Something is wrong, I see it in my mother's eyes. "The rebels have attacked the Death Star.....and destroyed it."

On that moment I pledged to myself to avenge him.

Significant Events of Adulthood:

I just graduated from the Imperial Academy as a fighter pilot. My first duty was on the Vanguard by Scorpion Squadron.

SL E. Tarkin

Jace Krips: That name believe it or not has BEEN famous to intelligence but the common man can only say, "who?".

It start many a year ago and while at the acadamy his folks were killed. They took colateral damage from a battle they were not supposed to be in. An Atilery shell missed its IMPERIAL taget and hit their house. They died in seconds.

The acadamy heard of this and benifited by the news by telling Krips that it was a purposeful target to kill civilians. KRIPS WENT NUTS. But when he calmed down, well, he had a cutting edge. He went though the rank but refused to fly anything other than a starfighter, he was a model pilot, but disaster struck.

while on a patol Krips's squadaron was ambushed, all were killed except him who managed to escape into hyperspace. The cutting edge dulled and he was given shore leave. Things only got worse. The ship he was on was destoryed and the planet then "liberated" by the NR.

He soon found a woman whom he married and they left for the outer rim and lived happily ever after, right?, WRONG his wife was killed in the "liberation" of the planet of their honeymoon.

NOW furious with the NR he goes to the largest group of Imperials left. He found the SSSD while on a hyperspace route and soon conviced them as to what he wanted, and well he got it.

LT Jace Krips

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

Name: Thrust
Rank: Sub-Lieutenant
Current Assignment: Dagger 3-3/Wing IX/ISD Relentless
Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): Thrust_ak@hotmail.com
Sex (M/F): m
Race: Taanabian
Date of Birth: 39/48/21
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Taanab
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single
Family: 6 Sisters, 1 Brother

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): well-to-do

Quote: "Fire or be fired upon"

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:

- Meet Lando Calrissian

- Witnessed battle of Taanab

Significant Events of Adulthood:

- Was piloting one of the Tie's when the Millennium Falcon took off from Baspin.

- Was at the battle of Endor, chased rebel ships out of the Death Star.

Alignment & Attitude:

Calm and collective

Former Occupations (if any):

Shop Assistant

Hobbies:

Shooting down Y-wings

Tragedies:

- Lost my home in the raids on Taanab

- Lost my best friend and wingman whiles flying into the second Death Star

Phobias & Allergies:

- None

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer):

- Rightfully restoring justice and order to galaxy

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet:

- Want to defeat pirate, and rebel functions

Other comments or information (optional):

- Reason for "Pimp" as my ship name, because when I fly I slap all of them like flies.

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

Signature: FM/SL Thrust/Dagger 3-3/Wing IX/ISD Relentless

Date:6/24/99

Part One

I woke to the sound of a thousand screaming men. I'd never gotten quite used to that sound, though I'd heard it a thousand times. It always got to me, like long nails down a plasteel markboard. It set me teeth on edge.

I lifted my head from the cold metal of the floor. Stretching to all sides lay rows of writhing bodies, soldiers screaming out in agony, shattered frames and pain-wracked bodies filling the space of a gigantic hangar bay. The coding on the wall confirmed the blue-white world and cracked Lancer frigate hanging outside; this was the Empress Teta, the torpedo-sphere encircling Aurora.

I rose slowly, amongst the darting medics and men pleading for death, my clothes and body covered in others' blood. This was the result of the terrible pull-back from the Minos worlds,

this charnel-house scene of death and desperation. We were beaten, and here we were. My head swam, and I was sick on the trooper that lay next to me, but he didn't mind, he was already dead.

The meeting with my contact had gone badly. Rumours of massive engagements and atomized Imperial ships had filtered their way to these lower levels of Lyccos, exciting the nervous crime lords and technocrats. He had lured me with a line of grav-trucks piled high with technology smuggled from the core.

I stepped from the shadows of a side corridor, my traveler's cloak powdered with the dust so prevalent down here. His nervous eyes fixed on me, but, before he could utter a word, the roof of the cavern blew in with tremendous force. I was thrown back as untold tons of rock poured down upon the little man and his precious cargo. The trap was sprung much too early. He screamed, but a boulder the size of a Star Destroyer's shield generator silenced him.

Through the choking dust men moved, bearing the obscene symbol of a blood-red bird. Filthy, archaic animal worship. I faded woozily back into the tunnel.

I hadn't known rebel troops had already landed.

The garrison base was a scene of chaos. Horribly outnumbered, there on the field, the last brave units of the Imperial army were pushing ahead, braving the onslaught to buy a few more precious seconds for the final evacuation. Blaster fire rent the ozone-heavy air.

I came to a pitted, smoking Chariot, lying listed at the end of a blackened groove in the tarmac. Against its side lay a woman with long, blonde hair, wearing the bars of a lieutenant. I knelt beside her. Her dead blue eyes stared vacantly, reflecting the smoky destruction. Small rivulets of blood stretched from her ears and nostrils, a forgotten blaster lay by her outstretched hand.

To kill a woman, and an officer! Barbarians! Behind us, a shuttle rose as two X-Wings screamed by. A soft crump, and it flipped over on its back and plowed into the remains of the main complex.

Enraged, I seized the blaster and stood, firing madly at what appeared to be an ancient Juggernaut, emblazoned with that terrible symbol. It took no heed of me.

I began to run, still firing, toward where another scarred shuttle was loading. My throat was raw. I hadn't even realized I was screaming.

Bolts of energy pocked the ground around my feet. Shattered macadam sprayed the face of the man next to me, and he fell, clutching at his ruined eyes. He didn't even make a sound.

This was real war, not like the simulations or the proving grounds. This was honour unto death, service in the name of a grand ideal. The flag of the Empire still flew, fluttering in the hot air fanned by the spreading flames. A score of men lay dead beneath it, defending the blue and white symbol to the last.

The shuttle began to rise as I stepped on the ramp. I was firing down through the haze, and I could see the X-Wings in the far distance, turning for another pass.

A red bolt of energy singed my hair but I barely noticed. I was disturbed by movement below. A patch of blue cloth fluttered, and fell to the ground.

Insane with rage, and loss, and broken with despair and defeat, I started forward, but strong hands seized me with a shout and hauled me back from the lip. I felt the coldness of a spray pressed against my neck, and all went black.

I retched until nothing more would come. Gentle hands took my bicep, and I allowed myself to be led, still hunched over, eyes shut, through the maze of grief and agony. Later we would fight back, and win, I knew it; but now there was nothing more to do but lick our wounds and wait.

Slowly the sounds of agony died behind myself and my guide, and I shuddered to think of the trials to come. That poor girl back there... How many more like her must die?

I looked up into my guide's face, into her deep blue eyes, and her face framed by gentle blonde hair.

BRAG/LCM Zoltar/[MoC-SoC]{IWATS-IIC/1-M/2}

I was born on Taanab, in a family of eight. Six sisters and one brother, and my parents were shop owners. Our shop was being inspected by a potential buyer of rare crystals. This was the first time we had such a big time buyer at my store. My father had worked hard to obtain a good amount of the rare crystals, and had kept the location a complete secret from anyone. The inspection went smoothly, and the inspector was about to purchase a large amount of our crystals. Life was going good and we were soon to be rich. With the money we could setup a mining facility to mine the crystals and increase sales. But we never got the chance to be rich, our planet was being raided by pirates. Our shop was destroyed in one of the raids. All that we had worked so hard for was now destroyed, we had to live in the back alley ways of streets. But that was also when I heard of Lando Calrissian, he saved my planet from the horrible raids. But even after the pirates were gone my family was still a victim of injustice. So I decided to personally meet this Calrissian myself and join him. But where could I meet him, he will never want to personally meet with a nobody like me. The only way I would meet him is to search one of many bars in the city and hope I notice him. I had only seen his face once and the holo was pretty bad. I must have gone through 12 bars before I found him. He actually looked different then what I thought he looked like, but maybe it was just the lighting in the bar. I approached him and started to introduce myself and told him of my situation. Little did I know, Calrissian was not a freedom fighter I thought he was, he was actually a smuggler. But because of what he did for my home planet I decided to join him anyway. The problem was Lando did not want me to join him. He told me I would have a better chance at a Imperial Naval Academy. Since I did not much of a future here on Taanab I decided to take the offer. But I found out some interesting news, the man I meet in the bar was not Lando Calrissian. He was actually an Imperial agent, who wanted me to join the academy because they needed fresh pilots. But I did not mind I was going to be a part of the law enforcers of the galaxy. I ended up on a transport heading to Vogel 7. And started my training immediately.

When I started training I was an average pilot, and did not get assigned to the first Science Station (Death Star was the slang term for it). But I was not bothered by it, because no would attack a science station and besides I would not get any action there. But a few years later I got assigned to Darth Vader's SSD. My pilot skill had increased greatly by that time, and I was about to get my chance to rid the galaxy of those rebels. I can't believe they had actually destroyed a whole planet, and the science station on one month. The time for my heroics came sooner than I thought. My commander told me to man my ship. And suddenly I was chasing the famous Millennium Falcon over Baspin. I must destroy those rebels for what they did to Alderran, I thought to my self. The ship was right in front of my sights, and its shields were gone. All I had to do is target the engines and it would be semi - disabled. Unless my command ship got a tractor beam on it. Either way it did not matter. Suddenly the Millennium Falcon entered hyperspace. Good thing I was not on the bridge of the SSD, if this Darth Vader character is as dangerous as every one says; there will be no bridge left when I get back.

But a few years later I got my chance again. When the second Science Station was constructed, and now I had a shot at the famous Rouge Squadron. The battle was furious, those Y-wings did not stand a chance under my sights. Suddenly the Science Station looked like a grim reaper of ships, destroying ships at random with one shot. But I must stay focused on the mission, I thought to my self. I got a report that the Science Station shields are gone. These rebels must be crazy flying into the super structure of a station. Heck no way I'm flying into a space station. I broke off pursuit, but my cowardice action was not noticed because there was a distress call from the SSD my command ship. "All fighters 'Executor' is under heavy fire, return and eliminate those blasted fighters." The voice over the comm said. I reached the heat of the battle around the 'Executor'.

Taking out another one of those suicide Y-wings. I was about to take on some A-wings, when the unthinkable happened. A single A-wing, that was all it took to take out my command ship. I was so stunned, I could not ever pull the trigger at a ship in my sights. All of a sudden I got a message saying the Science Station was about to explode. I can't believe this, they've won again. A bunch of pirates have defeated the Empire's greatest weapon. I headed back to the closest SD, and said to myself, it's payback time. That is when I decided to enlist in the Tie Corps.

FM/SL Thrust/Dagger 3-3/Wing IX/ISD Relentless

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

Name: Kircheis "Blond Knight" Tyhsen

Position/Rank: Thunder 2-3 - Flight Member / Sub-Lieutenant

Scandoc Transmission Code: destiel@galaxycorp.com

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 17.03 - 16BSW6

Physical Description: Blond Hair, Green Eyes, 1.93m, 97kg, Age 21

Home Planet: Corellia

Marital Status: Single

Family: Parents retired on Brentaal, Bormea Sector. Sister serves as a Lieutenant in the Corellian Security Force.

Social Status: The Imperial Navy feeds me and provides the chick magnet uniform.

Past History: Kircheis Tyhsen was born on Corellia, a densely populated planet in the Corellian Sector of the proximal outer rim territories over 21 standard years ago. He grew up in a close family with his parents and little sister, whom he doted on and was always there for her whenever she needed the 'big brother'. His parents were first generation traders and did very well with their import of rare and exotic items that the Diktat and his sycophantic lackeys enjoyed.

Kircheis was keenly interested in speed from an early age. If it went fast, it was for him, if it didn't, he'd find a way to make it. His peers still fondly recall the time he modified a landspeeder with the power pack out of an old TIE Interceptor that had been sent for scrap. The look on the faces of the Troopers that tried to catch him on Speeder Bikes was well worth the discipline infringements. His parents encouraged Kircheis' adventurous nature and had given him a second hand T-16 on his 14th birthday. Although it handled like a taun-taun, with a bit of technical and mechanical wizardry, there was nothing that could beat him in a straight sprint (something he capitalized on and made quite a few credits off many a convoy escort visiting dirtside). His prowess as a pilot brought him to the attention of the flight leader of the small Imperial Navy detachment, who took it upon himself to commence Kircheis' indoctrination with a view for service at the Academy.

Kircheis excelled in the theory and practice of spaceflight -- his understanding of Battlezone procedure (tactics, logistics and administration) was unheard of in one so young. He enrolled in several advanced courses including tactical theory, astroengineering, communications, and sublight technical studies. During his classes he was calm, reserved, and attentive, soaking up as much information as he could. After hours and off duty, he was a whole different person.

Kircheis had been lucky enough to be assigned to the 614th Training Squadron of Delta Company, now infamously known as the "Lady Killer Squadron", much to do with the personality of Kircheis and his squadmates. Apart from charming the local females with their looks and uniforms, they had successfully managed to do the impossible: Get a date with untouchable Lt. Commander Jennifer Hewitt. Of the fifteen-man squadron, three of them had been lucky enough to even get close to the knock out Communications Officer for the PLT/Daedalus. The battle for the date was between Cadets Julius Calion, Thadius Maarek, and Kircheis himself. A long story short, Kircheis ended up with two broken ribs, Calion with a

busted hand, and Thadius with Hewitt. However, the revenge that Kircheis and Calion had on Thadius more than made up for the defeat.

Kircheis graduated with honors with his squadmates and applied for assignment in Thunder Squadron, Wing X, ISD Challenge...

Alignment & Attitude: It is our duty to serve the Empire to our fullest abilities, as to do less would be to admit defeat.

Former Occupations: Trader, Self-Proclaimed Test Pilot and Engineer

Hobbies: Small Arms, Astroengineering

Combat Specialties: Fighter Sweep, Escort, Heavy Assault, and Capitol Ship Engagement

Educational Specialty: Military History

Side Arms: Blastech DL-1440, BlastTech DL 22 Light Blaster Pistol

Favorite Beverage: Taanab Martini - Shaken not Stirred

Tragedies: None

Allergies: Violent Reaction to Ewok Fur

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): "The Empire, OUR Empire, is tasked with saving our citizens. We work for the people."

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: The unifor...err...

Quote: "See, decide, attack, reverse..."

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

Kircheis Tychsen

Date: 19.06.99

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

Name: Julius Vathar Calion

Position/Rank: Flight Member/Sub-lieutenant

Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign): "Cal"

Sex (M/F): Male

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 21 B.E. (Before Endor)

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Coruscant

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single

Family: Father - Gerard Calion (deceased), Mother - Katarina Calion, Sister - Danet Calion

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Well

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:

Born on Coruscant to a pair of wealthy Imperials. His father was a flag officer in the Imperial Army and his mother was a part-time diplomat. He rarely saw his parents much since they were very busy. He quickly grew up on principles, discipline, and responsibility, as he had to take

care of his younger sister. He had an interest in the military starting at the age of eight, when he saw an Army parade.

Since his father was a General in the Imperial Army, his interests naturally focused on the Army. However, his first experiences with starfighters and starships drastically changed his life. His father was invited to take a tour of the Super Star Destroyer "Executor", and he took Julius with him. The ship grabbed his imagination, and he took a liking to the Fighter Corps. He was twelve at the time.

During his teen years, he absorbed as much information as he could about the Imperial Navy. He desperately wanted to enter the Imperial Naval Academy at an early age. His father was opposed to this (he wanted him to join the Army), so his entry into the Academy was delayed by two years.

Significant Events of Adulthood:

Julius would serve the Imperial Navy well as a TIE Fighter pilot. He flew in several battles and skirmishes before the disaster at Endor. Shortly after Endor, the ship he was assigned to was crippled in a surprise raid by the rebels. His squadron was mothership-less and eventually split-up to avoid the rebels. He crash landed on a planet in the Corporate Sector. Within time, he made a makeshift life as a commercial pilot, hiding from the emerging "New Republic". Soon, however, he learned of an Imperial group known as the "Emperor's Hammer". A friend of his had stayed in contact with Imperial agents, and soon Calion would serve the Empire once again.

Alignment & Attitude: He is extremely loyal to those he is close to and to the Empire. To him, the Empire is first and everything else is second. He is disciplined, responsible, and orderly.

Former Occupations (if any): Former commercial pilot on Kai-tan, Corporate Sector

Hobbies: Some sports, holos, studying military history and military science, and flying.

Tragedies: The disaster of Endor and his father's death.

Phobias & Allergies: None on record

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Sees the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer) as the only means of true order in the galaxy.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: To regain the Empire's rightful position as the major political and military force in the galaxy.

Other comments or information (optional):

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

Signature: FM/SL Julius Calion/Echo 2-3/Wing XV/ISD Vanguard {IWATS}

Date: 24 June 99

BRAG/LCM Zoltar/INTORG-INTSEC/INT Versk,
[MoC-2SoC][LoCx2][MoA]
{IWATS-IIC/1/2-M/2-XvT}

It was dark in the jungle, no indication at all of the sparse light of the scattered stars here on the rim, the high canopy blotting out even the light of the two moons overhead. No light at all could filter down; it was dark.

I could hear them thrashing about in the underbrush below. Newbies. Field training for the

Academy always took the recruits by surprise. They always act like they never expect it, like they are too good to go crashing around in some god-forsaken forest or under-water caverns somewhere. They think it's work only fit for a stormtrooper, but they don't realize their instructors would rather have a single stormtrooper by their side than a platoon of green recruits.

I admit, I had been the same. After nearly losing some fingers, however, in a pursuit across the arctic wastes of Delanya, I had gained a new respect for the low-tech exercises. I was an instructor myself now, I knew better.

From my perch high in the branches of a giant izhar-wood tree, I could hear one of the men approaching. I laughed silently. Listen to him curse and flail at the tangled vines. He sounds like a pregnant vornskyr!

Working only on sound, I knew he was nearing the massive trunk. I tensed, and dropped, as silent and swift as a cat.

What a yell! From the way we landed, and the loud snap, I could tell his arm had been broken. He was yelling in some bastardized version of basic, a sound mixed of rage and stifling pain. With his good arm he struck at me, and I leaned in close to his ear.

"You failed."

I struck him sharply below the temple, and he fell silent. He'll be snoring like a baby, I thought. Keep yelling like that, and we'd have tekara-birds on us in no time! By the morning, he'll have been chewed a little by the fire-lizards, but nothing a few days in a bacta-tank won't cure.

I darted off after his partner. They'd been dropped in a few hours before, just after the blue-green sun had set. Just make it to the morning, they had been told. Only one of you have to remain uncaptured by daybreak, that's all. There are no other rules. So, like newbies, they had stuck together.

I darted after the noise. It was a feral chase, a rapid dash through the undergrowth that raised my bloodlust. The branches and vines tore at my prey's body and clothing, I could hear the fabric tear away. I passed through right behind, nearly untouched, or not feeling it in my rush, my focused madness.

The slap of the branches and leaves on face and body ceased from ahead, and I knew the trainee had reached a clearing. The growth parted, and I could make out a dim outline from the light that suddenly threw itself upon the rocky ground.

The figure whirled, wide eyes staring and long brown hair swirling, though tangled and burred. So it wasn't a man, but a woman! I thought, as I rushed upon her. I could smell her fear.

She made as if to turn and run again, as I reached her, but my arms closed about her waist, and we fell. She struggled beneath me. I pulled an arm free, wrapped my hand in her hair, and smashed her face into a large, flat rock. Once, twice, three times - until she stopped moving and lay still.

I turned her over, and the dark blood leaking from her shattered nose suddenly flared bright red. I squinted my watering eyes against the sudden onslaught of light. The over-bright star had risen suddenly, as was its wont, pouring the clearing full of its odd, off-colour light.

There was already a transport in the sky. As it flew in low I stood, brushed myself off, and melted back into the jungle. Tomorrow was another night, after all.

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

Name: BigWill
Rank: SL
Scandoc Transmission Code (Screen Name): BigWillyMC@Earthlink.net
Sex (M/F): M
Race: Human
Date of Birth: Not known
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Not known, grew up on Correllia
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single
Family: None
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): poor
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Grew up on Correllia. Just lived in homes, and went to school.
Significant Events of Adulthood: Flew fighters as a system patrol unit. Eventually quit and started up own fighters/speeder repair business. An alliance attack blew up my station and friends, although on accident. So I enlisted in the Empire.
Alignment & Attitude: Empire, and laid back :)
Former Occupations (if any): Fighter pilot, mechanic
Hobbies: Tinkering, fixing up ships
Tragedies: Death of cat
Phobias & Allergies: Allergic to cat
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Good cause, I suppose...
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Family was killed.
Other comments or information (optional): Negative

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

Signature: BigWill

Date: 7,5,99

cc: Imperial Security Bureau (ISB) Liaison Officer

BRAG/LCM Zoltar/INTORG-INTSEC/INT Versk,
[MoC-2SoC-GoC][LoCx2][MoA]
{IWATS-IIC/1/2-M/2-XvT}

I met her on a sandy beach near Lamonde, the surf crowded with laughing children, and beach towels stretching left and right to the horizon.

She was young, and blonde. I was fiftyish, and my hair had begun to gray and recede from my forehead. I was the top Imperial authority on the planet however. Though I was married, the girls loved to flock to the Governor.

Not that the marriage stopped me from sampling the local flavor, now and again. As I said, I

was the governor.

She was spilling out of the two-piece she wore, and her laughter was infectious. She raised in me feelings the governess has not in fifteen years, and so she rode the shuttle that brought me back to the mansion.

As the night wore on my old man's body began to give out on me, but the wild young girl seemed satiated. When her breathing slowed and became regular, I retired to some pending business elsewhere in the house. I knew she'd rifle the room the moment the door closed behind me. It was a matter of course.

For some time now I had been on the payroll of those who styled themselves a "New Republic." My planet's goods had been smuggled out under the eyes of the system patrol. Soon enough, the 4th Sector Fleet would see Imperial TIE Interceptors arrayed against it. Well, even if their agents did look rather dirty, they paid through the nose, and that's all that mattered. I was, after all, the governor.

I had no doubt that this lithe bombshell was a present and a warning from the ragged group. I had left enough in the room to show them how well I had been playing along.

When I returned to the room she was gone. I was so sure of myself, basking in the glow of my bloated bank accounts. I was sure her superiors would be quite pleased with the news she brought.

That night, when the stormtroopers came, I wasn't so sure.

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background information

(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: R2-D6

Nickname: Crazy R2

Position/Rank: Sub Lieutenant

Imperial ScanDoc Code: smelenchuk@home.com

Sex(M/F): Neither

Race: R2 Astromech Droid

Date of Birth: Unknown

Place of Birth: Unknown

Martial Status: Single

Family: None

Social Status: Well-to-do

Significant Events: I was originally built as a lowly astromech droid to = serve the Rebellion. I estimate that I served the Rebellion for fifty = years, carrying out my programming. I was seemingly forever doomed to = work against the Empire.

Then came the Death Star...

I was the droid on Red Leader's X-Wing. His ship was shot down, and I =
was severely damaged. I managed to escape the Death Star's explosion by =
climbing into the wrecked X-Wing, and I managed to repair it enough to =
get it operational... but barely.

Three days later I managed to crash my ship into a backwater planet that =
I never knew the name of. I emerged from the wrecked X-Wing, and =
collapsed. I thought I was doomed...

How long I lay there, I never knew. I somehow managed to deactivate =
myself, and I nearly forgot who I was...

Then it happened.

A chance Imperial patrol managed to find me, and repair me enough that I =
could be used as a pilot droid. Nobody knew how I managed to become as =
if alive... but I have served the Empire from since then to this day.

FM/SL CrazyR2/Scorpion 3-2/Wing XV/ISD Vanguard {IWATS}

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background information

(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Kyle Garm Augustus

Rank: Sub-Lieutenant, Flight Member, ISDII Vanguard

ScanDoc Transmission Code: U96hydra@aol.com

Sex [M/F]: Male

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 12.23.83 ISC

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Zeta Colony, Motan Minor, Orus Sector

Martial Status: Single

Family: Father: Jetnatha, Mother: Narry

Social Status: Imperial Citizen

Significant Events of Childhood and Adolescence: Kyle Garm Augustus was one of the many refugees forced to flee from the Motan Minor system when it was attacked by the Ssi-ruuk Imperium. He escaped the invaders aboard the TL-1800 transport Mithian Star with his parents, sister, and the Mithian family. During their hyperspace jump to G'rho they were captured by the Night Hawk pirates. While he was a prisoner aboard the pirate ship Night Hawk he was almost sold into slavery. While escaping from the pirates, his girlfriend, Asla Tontomery, was shot and recaptured by the pirates. Her status is unknown. The rest of them escaped and safely arrived at G'rho.

Significant Events of Adulthood: Kyle Augustus joined the Imperial Navy shortly before the Battle of Hoth. He was placed in Enforcer Squadron, a TIE inteceptor squadron assigned to the

Imperial II-class Star Destroyer Crimson Scimitar. He participated in the removal of the Ssi-ruuk forces from Imperial space. Later, he was involved in the Battle of Endor. Kyle was one of the six Imperial TIEs that followed the rebel fighters into the second Death Star. He and two TIE fighters followed a Y-wing and an A-wing back to the surface. The two other interceptors continued to pursue the Millennium Falcon and escorting X-wing. Kyle escaped the second Death Star before it was destroyed. After the defeat at Endor, he continued to serve the Empire with distinction.

LT Kyle Garm Augustus/Scorpion 3-4/Wing XV/ISD Vanguard

file archives

The Executive Officer herein posts descriptions of files attached to this newsletter.

tiechase.rm - A RealMedia video file presented by FM/SL Darth Angelus/Vortex 3-3/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf . (Note: you must have the most current version of the RealPlayer G2 for this file to be viewed.)

PCZ-EH1.jpg - What may be the first mention of the EH in a magazine, thanks to Darkov (and to Val ricaud for the scan).

SCSQ.gif - An image by CPT/CM TopDawg/Scorpion/Wing XV/ISD Van.

DBXWABAT.zip - A group of 9 Dark Brotherhood Battles translated into XWA skirmishes by SBM Donitz.

stalker.mim - Five uniforms for the members of Stalkre Squadron presented by FL/LCM Adams/Stalker 3-1/Wing I/SSD Avenger.

grads.zip - An Excel file including the IWATS graduates list presented by TO/FA Astatine/CS-6/SSSD Sov.

iwstriker.zip - Two images by WC-TACA/COL Striker/Wing X/ISD Challenge.

wingx.zip - 22, count 'em, **22** images by various members of Wing X.

iwnl.zip - Two Infiltrator Wing Battles, Battle 15 and 16.

battle32.zip - Stories concerning the "Battle of Delena" by FL/LT Dafner Gelak/Echo 2-1/Wing XV/ISD Vanguard.

PCPLAYER.zip - The EH does it again! A two-page article in the German magazine PC Player courtesy of Major Callista.

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

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 Venearable

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://to.dotau.net/manual/index.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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