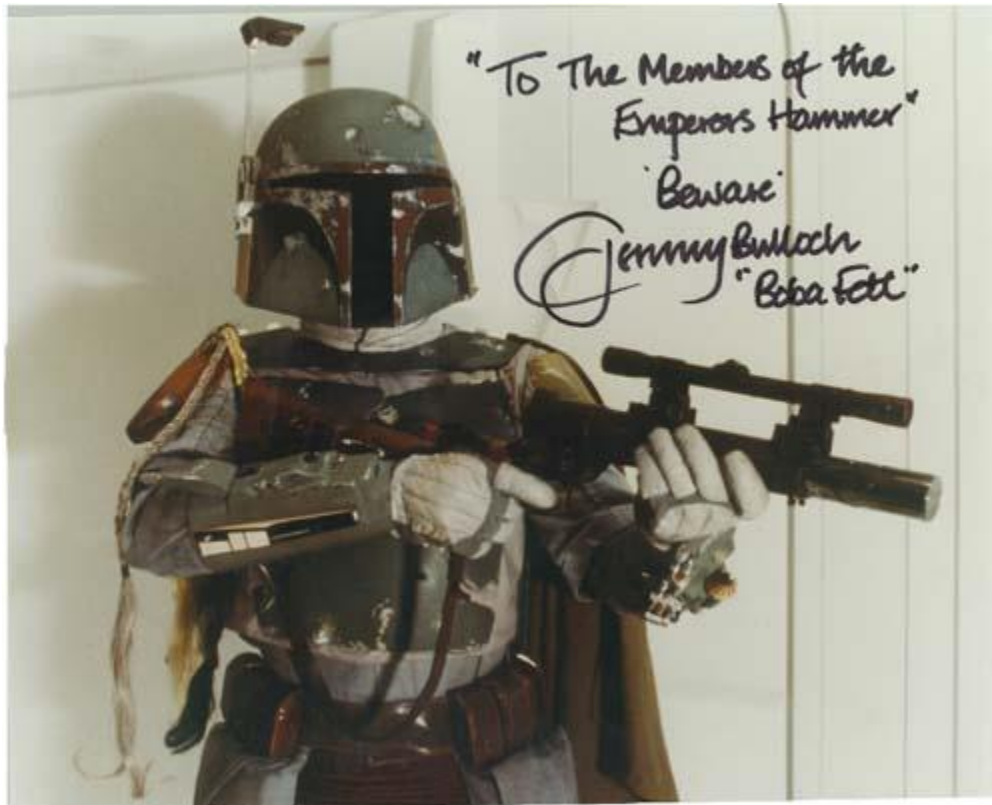


EMPEROR'S HAMMER STRIKE FLEET
THE DARK SENTINEL
AURORA SYSTEM, OUTER RIM TERRITORIES

Issue #56
September 10, 1999



An autographed picture of Boba Fett, personalized for the entire Fleet, courtesy of KE Arania Lawakiro(Krath)/M:KHP/CON/Aquillas/SC/BZ-SQ/DC-KC. A larger version can be found elsewhere in this NL.

Edited/authored by Sector Admiral Jahn Compton

3,082 members worldwide

**Many thanks to AD Astatine
for designing the new interface
for the NewsLetter!**



Six Degrees of Star Wars

As Copied From: www.starwars.com

"Six Degrees of Star Wars is a series of interconnected links that lead to various entries in the www.starwars.com databank, while offering a clear, visual map of the relationships that tie the numerous elements of the Star Wars universe together. Starting with your host, R2-D2, you are invited to follow your own path through Six Degrees of Star Wars by clicking on one of the orbiting discs. This will bring a new element to the center of the viewing area, allowing you to select another disc and keep going. The black bar at the top of the screen keeps track of the relationships you've explored, while the colored indicators on the left show what episodes of the Star Wars saga featured the element you have selected. At any time, you may also click on the flashing arrow on the right to access the corresponding databank entry. The button showing a question mark will toggle the tutorial mode on and off. Default setting is 'on', which opens explanatory boxes when your pointer rests on one of the interactive areas. Once you access a databank entry, you can get back to the Six Degrees of Star Wars through the link that shows up on the databank entry page itself.

Jump in and click your way to the other side of the galaxy and back...Six Degrees of Star Wars requires the Shockwave Plugin."

Results of XvT/XWA Competition on the Zone: 9.04.99

As Emailed From: [CMR/CM Ace Pilot/Odin/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf](#)

Combat Operations Office

Well, today's comp. was another big success. Here are the results.

<u>Squad</u>	<u>Win</u>	<u>Loss</u>	<u>Tie</u>	<u>Points</u>
Crusader	6	1		5.25
Tornado	5	1	1	4.25
Tau	3			3
Rat Pack	3	1		2.25
Avenger	3	1		2.25
Aleth		1		-0.75
Mem		1		-0.75
Beth		1		-0.75
Falcon	1	3	1	-1.25
Phoenix		2		-1.5
Vortex		2		-1.5
Odin	3	6	1	-1.5
Copperhead		4	1	-3

<u>Pilot</u>	<u>Squad</u>	<u>Win</u>	<u>Loss</u>	<u>Tie</u>	<u>Points</u>
Corran Horn	Tornado	4	1		3.25
Priyum	Avenger	3			3
Coursca	Crusader	3			3

Kircheis	Tau	3		3
Shups	Crusader	3	1	2.25
Kessler	Rat Pack	2		2
Cyric	Rat Pack	1		1
Spaceboy	Tornado	1	1	1
Weasel	Odin	3	3	0.75
Lusankya	Copperhead		1	0
Mavrick	Odin		1	0
Devlar Kaine	Aleth		1	-0.75
E. Tarkin	Avenger		1	-0.75
Sequoh Marden	Beth		1	-0.75
B.J.Morgan	Mem		1	-0.75
Ryoji	Odin		1	-0.75
Shark	Rat Pack		1	-0.75
Dras Hempor	Falcon	1	3	1
Sean Howe	Copperhead		2	-1.5
Galen	Copperhead		2	-1.5
Death	Odin		2	-1.5
Fel	Phoenix		2	-1.5
Nejaa Halcyon	Vortex		2	-1.5

Outer Rim Night: 04.09.99 - RS Wins!

As Emailed From: Lieutenant Commander Yacko S. Cantor

Outer Rim Melee Night Command Center

The Emperor's Hammer TIE Corps Pilots meet every Saturday night at 8-11 pm EST to play XWing vs. TIE Fighter (XvT) and XWing Alliance (XWA) online via the EH Internet Relay Chat (IRC)...!

<Salute> Greetings,

Well it's certainly been a long time since I was asked to do one of these. Anyway, it was a LONG and very active night, we got 43 total matches in, I think that has to be a record for OR/Minos... anyway, the RS Ended up the victor this night by a score of 27-15-1 (W-L-T).

Congrats to all pilots who played, and to those in the EH, congrats on your LoC's.

EH_SergiO vs. BigfootRS, Tl's, 8-3, EH Wins!
EH_DrasHe vs. RS Lumin, Tl's, 5-3, EH Wins!
EH_Archon vs. RS_Nils, Tl's, 13-11, EH wins!
EH_Archon vs. RS_agace99, Tl's, 15-13, EH Wins!
EH Shups vs. RS DonQui, Tl's, 10-9, EH Wins!
EH ShadowXX vs. RS Hoborg T/A's 16-12, EH Win!
EH ShadowXX vs. RS LtShikkie T/F's 19-15, EH Win!
EH CMDS-61-4 vs. RS Lumin Tl's 22-10, EH Win!
EH Ryoji vs. RS Likott Tl's 16-13, EH Win!
EH Kelric vs. RS RoyNex T/F's 14-7, EH Win!
EH DrasHempor vs. RS Lumin, Tl's 11-7, EH Win!
EH GummyBear vs. RS Agace99, Tl's, 20-14, EH Wins!
EH WetWilly vs. RS_Alexio, 18-17, TFs, EH WIN!
EH Spaceboy vs. RSz Shady, TF's, 5-4, EH Wins!
EH Shups vs. RS Shikkie, Tl's, 23-20, EH Wins!
EH Weasel vs. RS RoyNex, Tl's, 6-6, Tie!
EH WetWilly vs. RS Hoborg X's 19-9, RS Win!
EH Zero vs. RS agace99 Tl's 11-8, RS Win!

Got this interesting page from a FortuneCity mail that has a page on how to build realistic looking lightsabers...I've provided a set of links below to the pages with the best looking sabers and detailed instructions...ya'll might find something useful to do with'em... (they are all light jedi style sabers. (or made by'em) but I figure they could be modified for Dark Jedi....)

<http://www.wordsmithdigital.com/saber/parts.htm> <----- Nicely detailed
<http://meltingpot.fortunecity.com/brodie/286/rider.html> <--- detailed instructions

Others of noting:

<http://meltingpot.fortunecity.com/brodie/286/jedimort.html>
<http://meltingpot.fortunecity.com/brodie/286/talon.html>
<http://meltingpot.fortunecity.com/brodie/286/ben.html>
<http://meltingpot.fortunecity.com/brodie/286/paul.html>

Add a LightSaber Blade to the Handle with Adobe Photoshop 5.0
<http://tatooine.fortunecity.com/banks/54/sabertutorial.html>

Hope this is interesting...
DA Kumba

If you've ever wanted to make a picture of yourself with a realistic-looking lightsaber, I hope that helps.

The second thing is really sort of different. LT Andronicus of Typhoon Squadron recently started an e-mail chain asking the question "If Hollywood made a movie about the EH, who would star?" The first person to reply was VA Torres, and this was his list:

THE COMMAND STAFF

=====

Grand Admiral Stephan Ronin: Sean Connery
Sector Admiral Jahn Compton: Harrison Ford
Fleet Admiral Dev: Jim Carrie
Admiral Horn: the guy who played Apollo in Battlestar Galactica
Fleet Admiral Thedek: Keanu Reeves
Fleet Admiral Astatine: the guy who plays Zack Allen in B5
Fleet Admiral Bull: Wesley Snipes
Admiral Zoomba: the guy who stars in the 3 Highlander movies (not Sean Connery the other one)
Fleet Admiral Rapier: Mell Gibson
Admiral Zoraan: Ben Affleck
Admiral Tiger: Christopher Walken
Fleet Admiral Telf: Mike Meyers

THE SOVEREIGN

=====

Fleet Admiral Kramer: the guy who plays Paladin in the WC games.
All the Sov WCs: themselves, otherwise any of the extras for ST:DS9 will do
:P

THE BATTLEGROUPS

=====

Vice Admiral Kessler: Jerry Dolye (played in Babylon 5)
Vice Admiral Torres: Anthony Stewart Head (stars in Buffy:the Vampire Slayer as Giles)
Rear Admiral Marc: the guy plays Manic in the WC games
Rear Admiral Scoser:Christian Slater
RA Sindar Naranek:Jothan Frakes
The members of Wing X ;-):themselves...oh if not available, cast Claudia Christian as Callista

Although a few changes were made in the ensuing long (did I mention it was long?) chain of e-mail that flooded my in-box, this was the original list, and I love it. See, when I was but a wee lad, just starting my fanatical obsession with Star Wars, my favorite character was Han Solo, because he was so darn COOL. To have someone suggest that the guy who played Han Solo should play me in a movie is a really big kick for me. And this came just when a new Han Solo action figure was released. Thanks, Torres!

This just in from my hard-working CA, VA Tron:

Here is the list of LoA recipients for NL 55:

TIE Corps

Vice Admiral Kyle Kessler
WC/COL Gallows/Wing II/SSSD Sovereign/
FM/SL Caster/Falcon 1-3/Wing XI/ISD Immortal
FM/LT Andronicus/Typhoon 2-4/Wing X/ISD Challenge
FM/LCM Brandon/Typhoon 1-2/Wing X/ISD Challenge
FL/LT IQpierce/Sin 2-1/Wing II/SSSD Sovereign
FM/LT Kyle Garm Augustus/Scorpion 3-4/Wing XV/ISD Vanguard
FM/LT Kircheis "Blond Knight" Tychsen/Thunder 2-3
FM/Maj Fink/Tornado 3-3/Wing X/ISD Chal
FM/LCM Ford Prefect/ Psi 2-2/ Wing II/SSSD Sovereign
WC/COL Scoser/Wing IX/ISD Relentless
FM/SL_K'Tehmok/Shield 2-2/Wing IX/ISD Relentless
SL PeoplesArmy/Scorpion 1-2/Wing XV/ISD Vanguard
FM/LT Werdna Elbee/Beth 1-3/Wing III/SSSD Sovereign
FL/LT Raith Sienar/Aleth 3-1/Wing III/SSSD Sovereign
FL/LT Paradox/Yod 3-1/Wing IV/SSSD Sovereign
FM/LCM Cassius Leonidas Lyteraan Arctair/Tempest-2-2/Wing X/ISD Chal
FM/LT Devlin/Mu 1-4/Wing VIII/ISD Colossus
FM/LT Shups/Odin 1-2/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf
FL/Major Freelancer/Rho-3-1/Wing II/SSSD Sovereign
FL/LT Astin/Beth 3-1/Wing III/SSSD Sovereign
FM/SL Talon Drear/Typhoon 1-4/Wing X/ISD Challenge
FM/LT Jennifer/Typhoon-2- /Wing X/ISD Chal
CMDR/CPT Callista/Typhoon/Wing X/ISD Challenge
FL/LCM Syn/Kaph 3-1/Wing IV/SSSD Sovereign
FM/CM Nightwolf/Typhoon 1-4/Wing X/ISD Challenge
FM/LCM Kaneda Pellail/Tempest 1-2/Wing X/ISD Challenge
FM/LCM Vexan/Typhoon 2-2/Wing X/ISD Challenge

FM/LCM Nazghul/Tempest 1-3/Wing X/ISD Challenge
FL/LCM Sarriss/Alpha 3-1/Wing I/SSSD Sovereign
FL-OA/COL EmpReach/Omega-3/Wing-6/SSSD Sov (ret.).
FM/LT spaceboy/Tornado3-4/Wing X/ISD Challenge
WC/MAJ Marc/Wing XV/ISD Vanguard
CMDR/CM Wedge/Hunter 3-1/Wing I/SSD Avenger
FL/CM Badlands/Tornado 3-1/Wing X/ISD Challenge
CMDR/CM Corran Horn/Tornado 1-1/Wing X/ISD Challenge
FM/LT Kermee/Vortex 2-3/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf
FM/LT EH Member/Pi 2-3/ISD Col

NON-TIE Corps

(khrethlaw@bigfoot.com) MRC/Khrethlaw/Omega/BHG-H
(afoley23@hotmail.com) MO/CZ Alex 'Viper' Foley/MC-4/Gondor Base/Aurora Prime
(alduin@jps.net) CCo/CPT Ares/Alpha/Carrida II =SS=
(GNZoltar@aol.com) COMM Assistant (COMMA) - Zoltar

CA:XO/VA Tron/CA-2/SSSD Sov
SBL (Sith)/CON, M:GM/Clan Naga Sadow

Congratulations to everyone! NL 55 was, in my opinion, the biggest NL in EH history. Bigger even than the 6.4 meg NLs of old (The NL.doc files were about 3 megs at that time, but would be about 800K in html). This one's no slouch, either. I'm happy to see that so many folks are submitting. Keep up the good work!

XO/SA Compton/CS-2/SSSD Sov
...mah woman just joined the EH. Heaven help us all...

A Grab from the Fist...

Prefect's Report by Field Marshal Tarkin

EH & HF Edition/Bulletin No. 3
August 30th, 1999

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August has been very busy in the Hammer's Fist with the commencement of Operation White Storm at the beginning of the month. This highly successful event is now half complete with week 4 of the eight week operation well and truly over. To give you some idea of how well it is being participated in here are some interesting Statistics:

No# of people
signed on: 54 (out of a total of 65 HF members)

No# of Weeks Mission has been running (including 3 weeks of pre mission activities): 7

No# of email submissions sent to my office by participants (includes ALL submissions not just fiction): 363 (approx)

No# of emails sent out of my office relating to White Storm: 379 (approx)

Average No# of incoming submissions per day: 7
Average No# of out going emails from my office per day: 8

If you haven't heard of Operation White Storm or would like more information then visit the website below:

<http://users.wantree.com.au/~arttime/tarkoffice/operation/whitestorm.html>

News for the Month...

Operation: White Storm...

<http://users.wantree.com.au/~arttime/tarkoffice/operation/whitestorm.html>

Stage 1 of the mission is all but complete. All activities for Stage 1 will remain open until the conclusion of the entire mission on September 26th. So anyone thinking of taking part still has plenty of time to sign on and catch up.

Stage 2, set on the surface of Carrida II, has been set forward a week because I just haven't had the time to complete the development on this section due to the overwhelming response to stage 1. Stage 2 is expected to start on September 6th and run for 3 weeks.

New Dragoons Web Site & Platoon League...

<http://www.geocities.com/Area51/Omega/6837>

Dragoon Commander, Maj Daala has posted a new web site for the Hammer's Fist Dragoons. This includes a new and very comprehensive Platoon League Ladder which I hope all our members will take an active role in participating in and earning points for.

Imperial Army proposal...

CPT Proteus has put forward a proposal to include the Imperial Army along side the Stormtrooper legion within the Hammer's Fist. This has come about to create a new structure for the HF which better suits the soon to be released 'Force Commander' (set to become the HF's main game platform).

Legion Weekly Reports...

<http://hf.frenzy.org/report.htm>

Batallion Commander, HC Spazninmov is now requesting weekly reports from his legion CO's. To make this easier he has created a form above. Reports can be anything from a simple one sentence check in to a full length detailed report.

Dark Legionnaire NL Html version...

<http://www.geocities.com/Area51/Stargate/2573/>

It's been a long time coming however thanks to some hard work by the Assistant to the Commander of

Development, LTC Wolver, a new release of the Legionnaire is now available. PTE Thanatos has HTMLised this latest volume of the HF's official newsletter. Visit the site above for some highly recommended reading from the Stormtrooper legion.

Carrida Stormtrooper Military Academy to move...

Commander of Training Marenta Jean is moving the CSMA site from GeoCities to VirtualAve due to problems with GeoCities bandwidth. The new location URL is expected to be:
<http://csma.virtualave.net/>

That's it for this month untill next time,
Thanks for your support.

}-----yTTTTTo=([)]])]=

Field Marshal Tarkin
Prefect, Hammer's Fist Stormtrooper Legion/Carrida II
(MoH)(LC)(IC)(GoE)(GS)(MoC-Silver-Bronze) =MS=
Email <etourist@iname.com> UIN 4074014

Tarkin's Office
<http://users.wantree.com.au/~arttime/tarkoffice/>

THE BOUNTY HUNTERS GUILD

Let the games begin.

Games? What games? The Kabal Authority Games, that is. The Bounty Hunters Guild's Olympics. This is it. This is every hunter's chance to win it all for his Kabal. And every Kabal's chance to be it. The Big Kahuna. The Head Honcho. This - this is what hunters live for.

And it starts this month.

How can you get information on the most glorious of the wide range of activities in the Bounty Hunters Guild? The best way is to visit the new and staggeringly lavish website furnished by our own Specialist, Elliad Gavron. Point your browser to this URL:

<http://thebhg.cjb.net>

Take a look at the entire site - it is the number one news source for all hunters!

Another great way to find out the latest happenings is to visit our IRC channel, #BHG, on the Undernet network. Not only can you find that out, but you can chat live with other hunters and, if there are Commission members in the channel, really impress them. If you're not sure how to get on IRC, e-mail any Commission member, who will be glad to explain.

One recent appointee to his new position is Drakkar (drakkar@frenzy.org) to the position of Marshal, an assistant to the TACT, whose job it is to make sure that Stalker Shipyards, Ltd., one of the BHG's truly unique creations, is fully operational. These shipyards are one of the most innovative ideas ever to be put into action in the Emperor's Hammer's history - to find out more, check our website or e-mail Drakkar himself!

Perhaps most importantly, I, the Dark Prince, having been absent for a month, give or take a few days, am back. The large part of my absence was undesired, and I know a number of hunters expressed concern over it, but worry not. My e-mail address is trench@juno.com; feel free to use it for any questions or concerns.

Let the games begin...

~Dark Prince Trench, Head of the BHG
trench@juno.com

The Directorate Communiqué - 3/8/99

From the office of the Grand Moff

As you might have already heard, the Fleet Commander has decided to create a new subgroup. Since this new group will be using the positions of Senator and Chancellor, he has requested that I change the names of our positions.

From now on, the Chancellor (MC-2) will be known as Prime Minister, and Senators will be called High Moffs.

So the Ministry Council would be:

Grand Moff Z'lar Kahn - MC-1
Prime Minister Armus - MC-2
Minister of War Vekk - MC-3
Minister of State Malachdrim - MC-4
Minister of Operations Alex Foley - MC-5

Rest of the membership:

High Moffs
System Moffs
Planetary Governors
Regional Governors

If you have any comments on this, please mail me at zlarkahn@arnet.com.ar

That will be all.

GMF Z'lar Kahn

From the office of the Prime Minister

Member accounting plan began, make sure to get it done, failure to do so will result in disciplinary action.

Roster at 84 members. Hopefully it won't go down with the new system.

PM Armus

From the office of the Minister of War

Well, here it is for this week...

1. I have returned from vacation to find lots of new activity. It will take me some time to get caught up.
2. Plans are proceeding about the Academy... expect something soon.

Czar Vekk
Minister of War

From the office of the Minister of State

Diplomacy is still on hold until I can get a satisfactory structures report from Delta Territory, and until the Ministry of State Web page is up, that will probably happen some time next week.

Any questions or ideas for diplomacy are welcome.

Minister of State
Malachdrim Tremayne

From the office of the Minister of Operations

Sorry for this being short...I am working on a laptop, and my computer is being formatted. So, here we go...

- 1- The competition will start soon, possibly this week, or the next. First will be fiction, web design, and graphics, then the gaming.
- 2- I am unsure of the awards for the competition...Please, anyone who was here for the past ones, please describe the awards...

MO/CZ Alex 'Viper' Foley/MC-5/Gondor Base/Aurora Prime

Alpha Territory Report

Nothing much new again this week. BR Chronos, Moff of the Phare System, will be on leave from August 3rd to August 11th. Once he returns, him and I shall work on getting the Phare roster taken care of and then Diplomacy will be all ready for Alpha!

SEN/CT Paul/Alpha Territory, CoS/MoS

Beta Territory Report

- 1) Carrida has a new Moff, Earl Assasin, as well as a new PG, Mike Sith.
- 2) Sahare in the Karana system needs a Governor. Apply to Marquis Byn JoGare at garvey@kdsi.net
- 3) Beta structures almost done, just have to add the tourist stuff. (Those bloodsucking tourist traps. :P)

SEN Armus

Gamma Territory Report

Unlike last week, there is much to report for this time.

1. I have constructed a site for the Gamma Territory called "Gamma Territory Gateway." It will function as a hub for territory news, as a way to contact me, and most importantly, as a way to keep up to date on the game of Diplomacy. Even though it has been up for less than a week, I am going to revise it, removing the frames for starters. I am a fan of frames, when used in moderation and properly, but in this case, the format of the site lends itself more to a non-frames approach. The site's address is <http://www.ips.net/vulpine/starwars/Gamma/> It resides on my personal ISP web account.

2. I am encouraging at the very least for each system to have a website. In conjunction with this, I am drafting a guidelines text file for Gamma websites so that each site will be guaranteed of having certain necessary features. Planetary sites are not needed, but are still greatly encouraged. If a planet does not have a site, then the system site will be required to have information on it to remedy that. Guidelines for planetary sites will be included in the text file.

3. I am also asking for banners from each of the planets and systems. Dimensions must be 400x50. No more, no less. Again, this is to make things in Gamma more standardized, giving us an identity and sense of union. (It also makes my life easier in maintaining the Gamma website!)

SEN/DK Alduin dor Lammoth/Gamma, JCx3

Medals

- HMF/CT Alduin dor Lammoth/Gamma Territory, Jerjerrod Cross (Moff George, for the creation of a planetary web page as requested).
- PG/BR Karva /Lears/Karana System, Medal of Strategy (HMF Jedi Jawa, for the creation of a planetary web page as requested).

The Directorate Communiqué - 10/8/99

From the office of the Grand Moff

A quiet week in the Directorate. After getting to an agreement with the GA about the changes we would have to do in order to adjust to the creation of the Imperial Senate, I am now monitoring the creation of the academy, which will help members get involved with politics in the Dir and the soon to be released Diplomacy. A new section of the Operations Manual has been created by MW Vekk (headmaster of the Academy). I will review it and add it to the manual soon.

I received a document with information on the monetary system created by the CD, and I am adding comments. Expect to hear about this soon.

That will be all.

GMF Z'lar Kahn

From the office of the Prime Minister

Member accounting plan began, make sure to get it done, failure to do so will result in disciplinary action.

Roster at 84 members. Hopefully it won't go down with the new system.

PM Armus

From the office of the Minister of War

Greetings, Ministry of War report:

1. I have someone working on the Academy web page.... we should see some results in this development shortly.
2. I have completed the Final Exam for the Academy and CT Zsinj is working on the first part.
3. The medal board has been fully updated. If there are any problems please e-mail myself and the Grand Moff.

Czar Vekk
Minister of War

From the office of the Minister of State

Nothing new to report. Still waiting for the Delta report and the Ministry of State web page, I expect that both things will be completed this week.

High Moffs: please look over your structures reports and make sure that you have added the new Tourist Attraction structure, and make sure to have a IC/Trading balance made up and sent to me and my deputy, Syn Kaek.

That is all

Respectfully

Minister of State
Malachdrim Tremayne

From the office of the Minister of Operations

1.) Not sure of the status of the comp. If we can still start it with all the platforms I was hoping to use, We can start the Web, Graphics, and System, and Fiction on Friday. Till the next Sunday to submit

That's about it!

MO/CZ Alex 'Viper' Foley/MC-5/Gondor Base/Aurora Prime

Alpha Territory Report

1) After talking with Moff Ironfist and Moff Chronos, I've decided to say that Alpha Territory is all set up for Diplomacy. Chronos returns from leave in a few days so once he returns, Alpha members can expect something to come from their Moffs that I sent to them.

2) Due to various leaders on leave in Alpha Territory, I can't quite get the new roster system that High Mof Armus proposed. Hopefully I can get that working for next week.

3) On a side note, congratulations to former Directorate member and good friend, the new Chancellor of the Senate Nighthawk. He's done good things in various other organizations and I'm sure the Senate Subgroup has a bright future ahead :)

<SALUTE>

HMF/CT Paul/Alpha Territory, CoS/MoS

Beta Territory Report

1) Carrida has a new Moff, Earl Assassin, as well as a new PG, Mike Sith.

2) Sahare in the Karana system needs a Governor. Apply to Marquis Byn JoGare at garvey@kdsi.net

3) Beta structures almost done, just have to add the tourist stuff. (Those bloodsucking tourist traps. :P)

SEN Armus

Gamma Territory Report

The Gamma Territory Weekly report:

Not much today.

1. Gamma has checked in for the weekly awol check. A-okay.
2. The Gamma site Diplomacy section is going to be very nice. It will have "public" and "sensitive" sections, with the sensitive parts available only to those individuals who need to see them. This requires some serious java scripting and a careful layout and data hierarchy structure. I'm plotting it all out on paper. It will be a model for Diplomacy information, and I'll be willing to port it to other Territory sites if there's interest from my High Moff colleagues.
3. The System Manual revision is coming along nicely. Did a few more planet photos. Sahare and Ulyyr are done.

HMF/DK Alduin dor Lammoth/Gamma, JCx4

Delta Territory Report

Well I just got back so here is the Full Report:

- 1) I am back so hopefully we can get the diplomacy Resources completed, so that diplomacy can start.
- 2) While I was away Moff Kuat of Kuat re-designed the Lynara system homepage it can be found at <http://deltaterritory.virtualave.net/Lynara/system/>
- 3) I will start the weekly report system as soon as possible.

That's all for this week!
Count Zsinj

Medals

- MF/Earl Corran Force/Pirath System, Medal of Strategy (HMF Jedi Jawa, for the creation of a system web page).

The EH Directorate
<http://directorate.tsx.org>

The Directorate Communiqué - 17/8/99

From the office of the Grand Moff

1. At last, the academy is almost ready. I am reviewing the exams, and will submit the final version to MW Vekk so he can include them in the page. This way we will be able to tell which members will be productive, and at the same time we will help the get more involved with our system, and Diplomacy.

2. Our territories are almost ready for Diplomacy. The only thing we need now are the final updates to the manual to be performed by MS Malachdrim. As soon as this is done, we will be able to start using the long awaited platform.

3. MO Alex Foley is releasing Operation: Manero this friday. I hope all members participate in any of the available platforms.

That will be all.

GMF Z'lar Kahn

From the office of the Minister of War

1. The first and final exams for the Academy are completed and the webpage is coming along. It should be completed soon.

2. I still cannot access my Geocities account so Medal Board updates will be delayed...I am trying to fix this problem.

Czar Vekk
Minister of War

From the office of the Minister of State

1. The Ministry of State Web page, which will include Diplomacy related databases and Trading pages, will soon be finished.

2. The only things that still holds Diplomacy back are a few administrative difficulties, as Trade, Moral and Crime.

Minister of State
Malachdrim Tremayne

From the office of the Minister of Operations

1. The Competition will be starting this week. Operation Manero. See the e-group for more details.

2. I Need some insight on the awards from the previous comps, so I can develop some...I have some ideas...

MO/CZ Alex 'Viper' Foley/MC-5/Gondor Base/Aurora Prime

Alpha Territory Report

- 1) I'm gonna go back and look at the structures and such for Malachdrim so I can send them to him again.
- 2) I'm in the same boat as Lammoth. I've got an AWOL territory as well.

HMF/CT Paul/Alpha Territory, CoS/MoS

Beta Territory Report

1. Working on Beta Territory page. Maybe I can get High Moff Lammoth to help me out.
2. Beta is ready for Diplomacy.

Gamma Territory Report

- 1) Gamma site is coming along. Big setback in time due to a computer that refused to work. Given up on it, so I'm back to the Gamma site.
- 2) No reports from any of my territory. Guess the whole territory is awol.

HMF/DK Alduin dor Lammoth/Gamma, JCx4

Delta Territory Report

1. We are almost ready for Diplomacy, I just need to add taxes and final calculations into the mix.

High Moff Zsinj

Medals

- PG/BR Shiatsu, Medal of Strategy (HMF Jedi Jawa, for the creation of a planetary web page).

The EH Directorate
<http://directorate.tsx.org>

The Directorate Communiqué - 25/8/99

From the office of the Grand Moff

1. Count Paul has decided to resign as HMF. Count Krail Darkblade has been appointed to this position. Good news is that, as Darkblade participated originally in the creation of Diplomacy, this change will not delay the platform's release that much.
2. Operation: Manero has started. This is a good chance to show activity and gain some respect, gentlemen. Get moving.
3. The roster has finally been updated. We are about to reach 100 members. When we do that, #directorate will be recognized as an official Emperor's Hammer channel. So start recruiting!
4. If you are good at HTML, pay attention to the Ministry of War announcements. Interesting opportunity for you.

That will be all.

GMF Z'lar Kahn

From the office of the Prime Minister

1. Roster Updated, roster stands at 91 Members
2. Positions Open:
 - Governorship of Pirath III
 - Governorship of Braaksma
 - Moffship of the Hiran System
 - Governorship of Dar
3. I would like all High Moffs to conduct a FULL AWOL check, and have it on my desk by Monday. This is not a request.

PM Armus

From the office of the Minister of War

1. I had assigned someone to make the webpage for the Academy, however I have not heard from him in quite some time. I have decided to make a competition and see who makes the best page. The Academy simply cannot progress without a page and since I cannot make one, this is the alternative. (note from the GMF: important rewards will be given out for the creation of this page)

Czar Vekk
Minister of War

From the office of the Minister of State

1. First off I would like to thank all those who have supported, and supports, Diplomacy. needless to say it is a very complicatedN procedure to produce a game platform from scratch.
2. The Ministry of State Page will soon be up, and as soon as a replacement for Paul has been found Diplomacy development can start again.

That is all

Minister of State
Malachdrim Tremayne

From the office of the Minister of Operations

- 1.) Operation: Manero started not so good. Ministry... :)
- 2.) Thinking about an Operation Page goin' up...

MO/CZ Alex 'Viper' Foley/MC-5/Gondor Base/Aurora Prime

Alpha Territory Report

Count Krail Darkblade has just been appointed HMF of Alpha Territory. His first report will be posted next week.

Beta Territory Report

No report received.

Gamma Territory Report

1. The Pirath website is coming along, and should be finished in a handful of days. I am confident in EL Corran Force's estimate.
2. The Gamma Territory site is nearly done as well. Probably by Monday night or Tuesday morning, its fourth incarnation will be unveiled. Fourth? Yes, although the outward appearance is much the same, its underpinning have constantly been shifting. This last revision will hopefully be the last. Along with the new revision, the site will have a completed Diplomacy section (public area). The private area will take a bit longer to complete (security issues). It will probably end up using cookies, so for those who have cookies disabled, the private area will be closed to you.
3. I have implemented a rotating schedule for my planetary reports. PGs report to their moffs every other week. So that I have something to report every week, the two systems alternate "on" weeks. When Pirath's PGs are quiet, Setii's PGs report in, and vice versa. I'm seeing if it'll work out.

HMF/DK Alduin dor Lammoth/Gamma, JCx4

Delta Territory Report

1. My Moff is back from a vacation, and I haven't gotten any reports from any of the other PG's or RGs in a little bit. I am still trying

to figure out how to add taxes into the resource list and calculate all the other things that need to be on the Diplomacy Resource lists, if you can help e-mail me at SLookabill@aol.com.

High Moff Zsinj

Medals

- PG/BR Shiatsu, Star of Domination (MO Alex Foley, for assistance in Operation: Manero).

The EH Directorate
<http://directorate.tsx.org>

Imperial Senate Newsletter Report

By: CHS Nighthawk

The Senate has finished its first few weeks of existence, and they have been busy ones. We've written the manual, set up the Committees, appointed a High Council, and had several competitions. We have 90 members, at the moment, representing planets ranging from Aurora Prime, to Coruscant, to Sluis Van, to Naboo and Tatooine.

For those who don't know, the Senate is led by the High Council, led by the Chancellor (me), who is the SGC, and runs all activities that go on. The second in command is the Deputy Chancellor, and that position is held by Kryder. The DCH makes the Senate's Newsletter, the Senatorial Address, and supervises full Senate competitions. Next, is the Administrative Councilor. The Admin Councilor position, currently held by Wet Willy, maintains the roster of the subgroup, and of each of the committees. The fourth Council position is Communications Councilor, which is currently held by Gavron. The Comm Councilor makes and updates the Senate's webpage, which is currently in the works, and will be out this week, and from what Gavron has told me, it's going to be quite nice looking. Next is the Security Councilor, who keeps an eye on the Senate's message board, located at <http://narsissi.tky.hut.fi:81/is>, and the Senate's IRC channel, #The_Senate_Floor. The current CO-S is Kelvis. The final High Council position is Operations Councilor, who keeps track of all the awards given in the Senate. The current Ops Councilor is Eric. There's also one Assistant position, which is that of Senate Librarian. The SL, currently, Kueller, maintains an archive of Senatorial fiction, graphics, and other things.

Now, we have the committees. The Senate has seven committees, one for HTML, graphics, trivia, debating, fiction, run-ons, and tactics. Senators can join as many committees as they want. Each of the Committees is led by a chairman, and they each run their own individual activities, projects, and competitions.

As for the awards the Senate gives out, there are such things as certificates, robes, senatorial items (iron podium, granite desk, marble chair), tributes (bust, statue, monument), property (office, chamber, suite, estate), ships (luxury yachts, shuttles, transports, corvettes), and the

Ch'hala Staff. The Staff is the highest award in the Senate, it's made of the wood of the Ch'hala tree, which are the huge trees that line the Grand Corridor of the Imperial Palace in Coruscant.

So far, the Senate has had, or is having, three projects.

Project Chancellor's Banner – design a banner for the Chancellor's Office website

Status: Completed

Winners: CCN Patrick, SEN Priyum Patel

Project Design Senate Hall – make a text description of the Senate Hall building, on Aurora Prime

Status: Ongoing

Completion Date: August 29th

Project Starguider – three pieces, one for tactics, where Senators must design a battle plan for an Imperial battlegroup to defeat a Rebel one, and recapture a disabled Imperial Escort Carrier, one part for fiction, where Senators must write a speech to be presented to their planet to persuade them to join the Emperor's Hammer, and one for graphics, where the Senators must design pictures of the Senate's awards.

Status: Ongoing

Completion Date: September 10th

After Project Starguider is finished, the Committees will have time to do their own projects for a few weeks, and then after that, more full-Senate competitions will be started.

Important Senate URLs:

Main page – not up yet

Chancellor's Office – <http://senatechs.cjb.net>

Deputy Chancellor's Office – <http://deputy.cjb.net>

Message Board – <http://narsissi.tky.hut.fi:81/is/>

So, if you like writing, making graphics, doing trivia, debating, or any of the other things the Senate does, you can become a Senator by emailing me, Chancellor Nighthawk, at jr9090@aol.com, with the name and email address you want to use, and the planet you want to represent.

Thank you.

Chancellor of the Imperial Senate Nighthawk

Since I haven't received any humor for the NL in a while, I thought I'd share this little missive. Some of you may have seen it already, but it's still funny. I had to edit a couple lines. Hey, this is a family NL, don'tcha know.

C

STAR WARS: THE PHANTOM MENACE: THE ABRIDGED SCRIPT

By Rod Hilton

FADE IN:

INT. SPACESHIP

LIAM NEESON

It is vitally important we enter trade negotiations with the federation.

EWAN MCGREGOR

I agree. This one planet and how it trades with other planets is certainly an important enough topic to be the entire plot of a Star Wars film.

INT. SPACESHIP - MAIN DECK

EVIL ALIEN

Werr. What wirr we do now? My evil, obvioustry Asian race must prevail. ` I wirr not face de Jedi. Send de droid.

INT. SPACESHIP - BACK TO THE JEDI

A droid enters.

LIAM NEESON

I sense a disturbance in the force.

EWAN MCGREGOR

Well, crap.

Suddenly, numerous pieces of CGI enter and begin attacking the Jedi. The Jedi use the high concentration of midichlorians in their bodies to use the force to destroy the CGI. They run outside.

EXT. NABOO

They run until they smack into some more CGI.

JAR JAR

Who might you be?

LIAM NEESON

(staring in the general direction of Jar Jar, but not really staring at

him)

I am a Jedi. There are bad things coming. Take me to your homeland.

JAR JAR

I see. That is quite interesting. I will guide you to the land from which I have come.

Suddenly, GEORGE LUCAS realizes the Jar Jar toys aren't selling well enough.

JAR JAR (cont^Ed)

Oh! Meesa sorry! Meesa ment to saysa: Weesa can go back to Jamaica mon, okeyday?

EWAN MCGREGOR

(staring at something right above Jar Jar)

Good. Do you have a hotel room for me and Liam? We have..uh..Jedi business to attend to.

AUDIENCE

Die. Die, Jar Jar. Nobody likes you.

INT. SPACESHIP - MAIN DECK

The queen appears over some kind of thing which appears to be better in technology than the kinds of things in the original trilogy.

NATALIE PORTMAN

I am the queen. You've gone too far this time. I will tell the senate and you will be in a lot of trouble.

EVIL ALIEN

I'm so sorry, Amidala.

NATALIE PORTMAN

No, no, I'm Padme now.

EVIL ALIEN

I thought when in the makeup, you were the queen.

NATALIE PORTMAN

No, I'm whoever is playing the queen at the time. The voice changes don't help you figure this out?

EVIL ALIEN

Stop trying to confoose me! Droids, capture the queen..
or Padme.. er.. just capture everyone!

LIAM and EWAN and, JAR JAR too take NATALIE PORTMAN and
other members of her staff onto a ship and they escape. They go to
Tatooine.

INT. TATOOINE - SOME SHOP WHERE JAKE LLOYD IS HELD SLAVE

JAKE LLOYD

Hi there! Golly I'm cute.

NATALIE PORTMAN

You certainly are, little boy.

JAKE LLOYD

I'm the only one disturbed by the fact that I'm gonna bone
you in episode two?

LIAM NEESON

Jake, I need you to have a pod race so I can get the parts
I need and free you.

JAKE'S MOM

No, I won't allow him to pod race. He'll get hurt.
(pause)
Ok, I will. Nevermind. Good luck.

They pod race. It looks really COOL.

GEORGE LUCAS

(attempting subtlety)

Oh! Look! There's a video game of this scene... uh.. buy it! Hey, I had to sacrifice a part of my grand vision for these movies to include a part that could be turned into a game, so buy it or I'll do it even more in episode 2.

JAKE wins! He has to leave his mother, which will become very important in the next movie. He also has to leave his protocol droid, THREEPIO.

AUDIENCE

He built C-3PO? Why wasn't this ever mentioned in the original trilogy?

GEORGE LUCAS

Because I just made it up. Speaking of stuff I'm just making up, how do you like the midichlorian bullpuckey I pulled out of my ass?

They all get into their ship and go to Coruscant.

INT. CORUSCANT - JEDI COUNCIL

LIAM NEESON

I want to train this boy.

YODA

Nope. Sorry. Too old the boy is. Clouded his future seems. Vague my worries are.

LIAM NEESON

Well, he is the chosen one. He will bring balance to the force. I'm training him.

SAMUEL L. JACKSON

Yoda told you no, muthaf---a. What the f--- is wrong with you, b----ass? I'll f---in' kill you! I'm gonna be a f---in bad ass in the next two f---in movies, you know. My toy has a f---in lightsaber.

LIAM NEESON

I'm going to go over your head and train him myself, then. So there.

He exits.

INT. GALACTIC SENATE MEETING

IAN MCDIARMID

Damn I'm evil.

Suddenly, we see E.T! This does not make the film HYPER-CUTESEY like Return of the Jedi, but CLEVER.

EXT. NABOO

NATALIE PORTMAN

I am either the queen or Padme now. Regardless, your cheesy-looking race of annoying, unrealistic characters need to ally with our badly acting race of creatures so we can capture this one guy.

BOSS NASS

One guy? The climax of this film revolves entirely around us capturing one, pretty insignificant guy? Doesn't that make this whole thing kinda pointless?

NATALIE PORTMAN

No more pointless than the fact that this entire film revolves around taxes on trade and the cutting off of one, pathetic little planet half-filled with annoying creatures.

They go after the bad guy or whatever. Who cares?

Finally DARTH MAUL shows up for a prolonged fight sequence. Darth wears black boots, a black cloak, a black shirt, has a red lightsaber, wears red and black face paint, and has horns. He is EVIL.

Meanwhile, the Naboo people go after this one insignificant guy and we really don't care.

Meanwhile, the Gungans go against a bunch of droids and we really don't care except we want the Gungans to die.

Meanwhile, Anakin takes off into space to join the space-battle, which is mostly over by the time he arrives. We care a little bit.

INT. SOME KIND OF THINGY WITH SOME RED FORCE FIELDS

MAUL, LIAM, and EWAN all have a huge lightsaber battle which has had a lot of effort put into the choreography and is thousands of times better than any other lightsaber battle in a Star Wars film.

AUDIENCE

Whoa! This is really cool!

Suddenly, we go back to one of the other three stupid battles going on at the time. Eventually, we return to the good one.

DARTH MAUL

(menacing as hell)

Grrr.

Eventually, MAUL stabs LIAM, which is very surprising, especially to those of us who bought the film score which has a song whose title gives away the ending. He then kicks EWAN into a shaft. EWAN grabs onto something on the side and holds on for dear life.

EWAN MCGREGOR

Well, you certainly are an experienced fighter and there is little question you could kick pretty much anyone's ass.

DARTH MAUL (cont^Ed)

Muahahaha.

Slowly, EWAN uses the force to grab LIAM'S lightsaber, jump up out of the shaft, over MAUL, press the button on the saber, and slice MAUL in half while MAUL stands there like an idiot and does nothing at all. He dies.

EXT. SPACE

JAKE LLOYD

Whoaaaaa! I'm in space! Now this is pod racing! Yipee! Uh oh! Man, I'm so cute.

JAKE goes into a hangar, where the main reactor for the ship is kept.

He accidentally blows it to HELL.

JAKE LLOYD (cont^Ed)

Uh oh! I better leave! Let's leave Artoo!

They exit quickly. The ship explodes, which stops all the droids and just makes everything great, because it's always enjoyable when a serious conflict is resolved with a slapstick accident.

EXT. THE STREETS OF NABOO

The Gungans are dancing and such, still alive. A huge party ensues.

AUDIENCE

Wow! Watching this party and all this celebration has convinced me that the tiny, pathetic problem that has been taken care of is actually really significant! Hooray!

Suddenly, the AUDIENCE realizes that behind all the mindless celebration and kiddie cartoon bullcrap, what actually happened was the future-emperor has actually manipulated everything, come into great power, and that one tiny problem has actually been resolved, but thousands more have been created.

GEORGE LUCAS

Three years, suckers. I'd make them come out sooner, but I work very hard on my films, as I am an independent filmmaker due to my disgust with Hollywood's commercialism. Now go buy some Star Wars toys!

THE END

TACTICAL OFFICE

I have selected a new CA:TAC, RA Jarak. He will be responsible for assisting me in my duties.

This month, quite a few new battles have been released. They are:

EH Battle 109 – Eclipse the Sun, by CM Blackbird – TC109.zip

EH Battle 110 – Advanced Mag Pulse Tech, by LC Striker – TC110.zip

EH Battle 111 – Tolkin Maneuver, by LCM Jeff Domm – TC111.zip

Free Mission Corran Horn, by CM Corran Horn – chorn1.tie

Free Mission Striker, by LC Striker – striker1.tie

Free Mission Torres, by RA Torres – torres1.tie

Free Mission Khaine, by CPT Khaine – khaine1.tie

Also, the TACA is operating a site where pilots can rate battles and submit information about bugs so they can be fixed by Project Vega. This website can be accessed at <http://members.xoom.com/jmc00/tac>, and we encourage all pilots to use it so we can help improve the EH Battles.

The Battle Board is being reprogrammed one final time, this last incarnation will be 100% stable and permanent, because it will use a different system. Therefore, we ask your patience as we develop this time-consuming program, and we assure you that the final product will be more than worth the wait. Thank you for your cooperation.

From the TAC Office,

Tactical Officer, Fleet Admiral Dev

Command Attache to the Tactical Officer, Rear Admiral Jarak Maldon

Assistant to the Tactical Officer, LC Striker



Greetings from the Flight Office! This last month hasn't been a major ground breaking time, but it did have some important changes. Late in August the TIE Corps became the single most largest group within the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet! Surpassing the Dark Brotherhood's membership for the first time ever was a great accomplishment! New database updates have happened with **High Admiral Kawolski (retired)** coming back and making some nice updates! More information on the new features can be found at the [TIE Corps Domain](#).

Earlier in the month, a type of Platform Daedalus Helper Program was initiated. The hope was to get more cadets completing their training and into the active squadrons. Pilots were supposed to e-mail a few cadets offering their help. This program seems to have worked! We've had more cadets graduating off Daedalus then becoming AWOL. A great plus!

To make assigning pilots easier and more accurate, I asked Wing Commanders to send me their top two squadrons that they would want filled. Now, any pilots going to that wing go to the specified squadrons, hopefully filling up the ones most needed!

A few rank structure changes happened over the last month. The first was a modification of the time it takes to be promoted to FM/LCM from FM/LT. The old time limit was 3 months, which I, and many others, believed was too long. This has been changed to 2 months with the requirement for a FL/LT -> FL/LCM promotion staying the same at one month. The other change was an added rank for Elite Commanders. Now, it is possible for the commander of an Elite Squadron (Omega, Tau, Praetorian, Avenger) to be promoted to the rank of General. This only applies to Elite CMDRs.

- Applies to Commanders of Elite Squadrons ONLY.
- Must have served at least 6 months at their current post.
- Performance must be EXEMPLARY as deemed by the "supervisor" of the squadron.
 - Omega (Fleet Admiral Kramer)
 - Praetorian (Rear Admiral Slade)
 - Tau (Grand Master Khyron)

- Avenger (Vice Admiral StarLion)
- Promotion must not only be approved by the Flight Officer, but also by the FC and XO.

As stated earlier, some new features were added to the database this month. The most prominent by myself was the new group mailing list feature. This allows Wing Commanders, Commodores, and Battle Group Commanders, to generate on the fly mailing lists for specific groups under their command. WCs can access squadron mailing lists or their full wing, COMs get access to separeate wings under them or the full ship, and BGCs can access different ships in their battlegroup, or the entire unit. This idea was first suggested by Admiral Zoraan, then Rear Admiral Zoraan, and implemented by myself with some help from High Admiral Kawolski (retired).

My second Command Attaché, Vice Admiral Tim, retired this month. With his leave, I have decided to close down the position of CA:FO2. Please DO NOT apply. Later on, if I feel another assistant is needed, I will announce that I am taking applications, but until then, the Flight Office will be handled by myself and my Command Attaché, Vice Admiral Eric O'Flynn.

That's just about it from the Flight Office, remember to always have fun. If you aren't having fun, then the people around you probably aren't either. Until next month...

Respectfully submitted,

Flight Officer Admiral Horn
TIE Corps Commander

Greetings,

Well, there have been a lot of changes just recently in the Internet Office. With the resignation of both my Internet Officer Assistant, Mav, and my Command Attache, Vice Admiral Gavron, I have begun the look for new members. I have already hired Vice Admiral Kryder as Command Attache and to help finish the new page VA Gavron was working on. I will be deciding on a new IOA sometime soon.

Please be patient as the office shifts through a somewhat difficult time. I'm sure with VA Kryder and whoever we decide to add to help us, this office will get back on track from it's lack of obvious work. On the other hand, any members still looking for HTML help, advice, code examples, etc, can continue to mail me and get help. That's what I'm here for and what I seem to be doing the most.

Fleet Admiral Thedek

Training Office/IWATS

After some very good applications, I've appointed Lt Kircheis as my Training Office Assistant. He has proven to be exceptionally qualified for the spot and I look forward to working with him.

The second TO comp was a little more successful than the first. In all there was 59 valid submissions, around 5% of TIE Corps membership. Wing XV had the highest wing participation, while the Sovereign (of course) had the highest participation rate of all the ships. You can see the results at <http://to.dotau.net/comp-2-results.htm>. The third TO comp has started. We have a 5-component competition planned, covering graphics, fiction, a TIE battle, XWA mine racing and mission design. Hopefully, we'll see even better participation than last time.

My TOA and I have selected which of the suggested medal names and add-ons will be used for the proposed TO competition participation medal. This will form the basis for the graphics section of the 3rd TO competition

IWATS has seen some activity, considerably more than in the last few months. Firstly, there are some new courses. These are XvT Mission Creation by MAJ Jeff and TIE Fighter Mission Creation by CM Aragorn. In addition, several courses are in construction, including X-Wing Tactics, XWA Mission Creation, Coding VBScript, Coding ASP and Rebellion Tactics/Strategies. If you have an idea for a course, you can e-mail me about it. Some courses are also down for renovations and will be back up as soon as possible.

As always, the number of graduates increases. The IWATS Core is currently on 630, as well as turning a year old this Monday (6th) while mIRC/1 is almost at 300. Current estimates put the graduate count at a mere 175 or so from a 2000 total. Hopefully, this will be reached soon, as this will be quite a milestone for IWATS.

Current Staff

- IWATS Dean/Training Officer– FA Astatine
- Training Office Assistant – LT Kircheis
- Assistant Dean – LCM Mauser
- *Professor, Squadron Management – Vacant*
- Professor, TIE Tactics – CM Tiberius
- Professor, XvT Tactics – LC Pavel
- Professor, Quake and Unreal Level Creation – BG Assassin
- *Professor, ICQ – DJK Joker*
- Professor, RebED – CM Zsinj
- Professor, XvT Missions – MAJ Jeff
- Professor, TIE Missions – CM Aragorn
- Quality Control - SL Jennif Es'mith and LT Gen Es'mith

Important URLs

- <http://to.dotau.net/> – Training Office
- <http://to.dotau.net/comps.htm> – TO Competitions
- <http://to.dotau.net/manual> – Training Manual
- <http://iwats.dotau.net/> - IWATS

Respectfully submitted by,

TO/FA Astatine/CS-6/SSSD Sovereign

MoH/IC/GOE/GS/SS/BSx2/PC/ISM/MoI-BC/MoC-2SoC-2GoC-1PoC/OA

{IWATS-IIC/2}

Greetings, over the past few weeks the LO page has gone under a move, several re-do's, but there have been some server problems which have helped delay the total completion of the page. There are only a few sections which are infected still, but you can view what is done and hopefully what is being done at <http://logisticsoffice.8m.com>. But hopefully the weekend coming up the page will be completed.

Sincerely,

CA:LO/VA Zsinj/CA-11/SSSD Sovereign (Cav) [TIE-BoP]
[SS] [BS] [PC] [ISM(*3)] [LoC] [MoC-B -S -G*2 -P*3 -D*18]
{IWATS, XTT, SM, M1/2, IIC/1/2/3}
IWATS-Rebed Professor
JH(Sith)/M:HM/Clan Alvaak [GMRG:INI] [DC] [LSS]

ISD Challenge, Tempest CMDRs office, 2100 hrs

"Kess, you're sure about this?" Nightflyer seemed apprehensive-he didn't enjoy going over Torres' head about these types of things, but it was absolutely necessary that Kessler heard about this right away.

"Yes, I'm sure. The kinds of thing he was doing, fell they fit what he's gonna get."

"If you say so... Nightflyer out."

ISD Challenge, Challenge Cantina, 1400 hrs the next day.

MAJ Nightflyer stood in a group with pilots from Typhoon and Thunder, talking. He had just come off flight duty, and was taking a chance to relax before he went to write reports. He chatted for a while, then stopped when he noticed RA Torres walk in.

"Afternoon, guys." Torres sat down with them at their usual table.

Several "heys" and a couple "how are yas" were exchanged.

"Tor, can we all talk about something for a second?" Nightflyer lowered his voice considerably.

"Sure, what is it?"

"Not here... maybe down in the interrogation room." Nightflyer drew his sidearm and his Ranger shield. "Rear Admiral Torres, I have orders from our Battle Group Commander to place you under arrest."

The other pilots were between shock, surprise, and fury.

"Sir, if you would kindly stand with your hands behind your head, we can put an end to this."

"Major, I don't--"

"All due respect, sir, that's Ranger Nightflyer."

"Whatever your title is. What exactly have I done?"

Nightflyer shrugged as he pulled out a datapad and activated it.

"Consistent performance above and beyond the call of duty, dedication to the Challenge and her crew, support of the pilots when needed... the usual."

All the others in the room thought Nightflyer and Kessler had gone crazy.

Arrested for doing a good job? What was the EH coming to?

"Sir, hands behind your head." As Torres obligingly-and somewhat

grudgingly-brought his hands up, Nightflyer placed a pair of deactivated stun cuffs on him. "Now, the only reason for that is so you can't refuse this." He grinned. All of the other pilots were just plain shocked.

"Rear Admiral David Torres, on behalf of the Flight Office of the Emperor's Hammer and the pilots and crew of the ISD Challenge, I hereby promote you to Vice Admiral with all the rights and responsibilities thereof. Congratulations, Vice Admiral Torres." Cheers of surprise and joy went up from the surrounding officers. But the words most paid attention to were Nightflyer's last before the crowd drowned him out.

"Drinks on the new Vice Admiral!"

Congratulations, VA Torres. I guess I shouldn't be doing this, as one of your juniors, but the promotion wouldn't be complete without it.

Your new ID Line is:

COM/VA Torres/ISD Challenge

Again, congrats from all of us-you deserve it.

Respectfully submitted,

CMDR/MAJ Nightflyer/Tempest-1-1/Wing X/ISD Challenge,
SBM(Sith)/M:SHW/Tridens of Tarentum, ISM x3

The Darkness will consume you, yes
Up you'll be no time for rest.

You'll start apprentice, and up you'll go
You'll gain powers even I don't know.

Destroy the Jedi, that's your goal
And soon your heart, as black as coal.

Now you know of the Brotherhood
If you haven't joined maybe you should.

SEN Karva (Lears) / Tactical / [LXY: Magestic]

Escape From Your Own

Everything seemed to be quiet outside of the New Alliance's Prison =
Colony. It was a nice day with the sun shining in the purple sky and the =
desert looking as beautiful as ever. The huge, ugly prison could not =
even take your eyes off the magnificent landscape, but the growing dots =

floating in the distance could. In the sky you could make out four = shapes coming closer and closer towards the colony. Suddenly, the = prison's laser turrets span into action as the approaching crafts became = more obviously TIE shaped.

"BOOM!"

The first shots are fired and the prison takes the brunt of it, shaking = the place to its foundations. As the lights flicker inside the prison, = one of the occupants sees that his chance for escape has arrived. Emon = Kaaren was not going to stick round. As all of the other prisoners broke = into a cheer, Emon knew that he had to escape now, as the attack was not = a rescue mission, but an assassination.=20

The pounding against the Prison got harder and harder and when the = electricity finally went off, Emon was able to open his cell door. He = ran in the massive crowd of prisoners heading towards the exit. Lasers = were being fired around him as the guards attempted to control the crowd = and the prison was beginning to cave in around him. Emon was able to = find a hole that had just been blown through the wall and he crawled = through into the bright daylight.

The prisoners were all congregating outside of the prison to await their = rescue, but Emon could not join them as he was wanted dead by the = Empire. He wasn't a traitor, or even an enemy of the Empire, but he did = know something that he should not. That alone was reason enough for the = Empire to murder him.

Emon stopped for a moment and watched a TIE Fighter fly low over the = crowd of prisoners in an attempt to locate Emon. The prisoners were = still cheering when the starfighter took another sweep over the crowd. = Suddenly, green lights flashed as it opened fire on the crowd. The = prisoners didn't stand a chance and were killed in only a couple of = sweeps by the TIE Fighter.

Emon desperately looked around for somewhere to hide until he decided to = bury himself in the sand. He jumped into a small hill of sand. It was = lucky for Emon that every prisoner was given a small respirator because = of the thin air on the planet. It was only supposed to be used = occasionally when he had problems breathing but he didn't know how long = they could last for a long period of time.

Even under the sand, Emon could still hear the explosions as the Prison = colony was being blown apart. How many people had died, Rebel and = Imperial, just so he could be killed? Is the information that he knows = so important to the Empire that they don't mind what the costs are? Only = three people in the galaxy know what he knows, of which he is the only = one alive.

Emon used to be a great pilot, one of the best in fact. Even the Emperor = was impressed by his skills. It was the Hoth mission that got Emon = noticed. It was his job to take out the starfighters that were defending =

the Rebel base and he did, a little too well. He took out three times as many ships as the other pilots had and was honoured by being awarded a medal by Lord Vader himself.

He was so awe-struck by Lord Vader that he didn't realise that there was no one else in the room as he was awarded the medal. He was very surprised when Lord Vader ordered him to take on a very important mission that only he and the Emperor knew about. It was to investigate something that could have the power to destroy the entire Empire but when the mission was completed Emon found out that Lord Vader and the Emperor had been killed, so he went into hiding. There had been rumours about the mission flying around and when Emon went AWOL it was decided that he would have to be killed to protect what was left of the Empire.

Emon then decided to become a Bounty Hunter but was eventually captured by the New Alliance for the many people he had killed during his career. Emon didn't mind, he felt safe in the prison where he could not be touched by Imperial hands. That peace of mind had gone now and he had to wonder what he would do now his sanctuary had gone, but first he had to get out of this scrape alive.

The firing had now stopped and there was no sound on the surface. Emon could barely breathe now as his oxygen was running low. He gets out of the sand, dusts himself down and looks around to evaluate the devastation. There was barely anything standing where the prison used to be and there seemed to be little sign of any other survivors. =20

He looked at what was left of the colony to see if he could salvage anything. There was little chance of being caught in a fire due to the lack of oxygen so he entered the damaged structure of the prison. There was nothing of use in the prison as everything had been blown apart. The sun was making Emon very hot so he lied down in a shadow made by one of the walls still standing and decided to get some sleep.

"Is anyone still alive?"

Emon woke up startled. He peered around his wall and saw a Rebel pilot looking for survivors. Emon tried to keep out of sight but the pilot caught a glimpse of him and started to wander over in his direction.

"Hello?" The pilot looked around the wall, but no one was there. "I'm sure I saw..."

Emon jumped on the pilot from behind and he grabbed his head. Emon was thrown off as the pilot fought back. Emon cracked the pilot around the head a few times. The pilot was still a bit shocked and barely fought back. The pilot's helmet fell to the ground letting Emon's blows to his head become even harder. The pilot tried to back away so he could get his laser out. As his back was turned Emon struck the pilot sharply in the back of the neck. The pilot went down in a heap. Emon took his laser and helmet and went looking for the pilot's ship.

He walked out of the prison and towards the pilots supply ship. It seemed to be a decent craft and the supply ships that usually come to the colony had food, cloth, water and other things that could easily be sold for a good price. The weapons were a bit weak with only a couple of lasers but they could be modified fairly easily. The ship seemed to be old but well kept, just the way Emon liked them. He found the Imperial ships he flew in were a bit boring and sterile, unlike other ships in the galaxy that were run down and full of character.

As Emon boarded the ship he noticed the name of the ship on a plaque. It was called Oasis and it certainly was on this hellhole. Emon laughed to himself thinking about how well things had turned out. Sure, he had an attempt on his life but he was free, had plenty of supplies for his trip and the Empire thought that he had been killed with every one else.=20

Emon sat back in the pilot chair and thought of what he could do with his new found freedom. He could offer himself back to the Imperials, but there would be too high a chance of them firing at him as soon as he came in range of any of their ships. Trading passed his mind but he knew he could put his skills to better use, and for better money. He had been a Bounty Hunter before, and a good one at that, but it's hard to get a contract if you can't work for the Empire or the Alliance. Emon also knew that he could do better than be some Warlord or Kingpin's lackey. He just couldn't make his mind up so he eventually decided to take whatever job came along.

As the craft took off Emon thought about giving away the secrets of his mission to the New Alliance but decided that he could not do that to the Empire. Fair enough, they want him dead but Emon would always be Imperial through and through. He wasn't a big fan of the Empire but he preferred it to the Rebels.

Emon didn't know where he was going, didn't really care. He was just happy to be free, if a little wary of what the Empire would do to him if he were caught. The Alliance wouldn't be too pleased about him escaping either, but that's just what adventures are made of.

FL Werdna Elbee/Beth 2-1/WingIII/SSSD Sovereign
[ISM][IWATS-IIC/1/2/3] T/D-"Morning Glory"

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

Name: Robbie Poole

Rank: Sub-Leiutenant

Current Assignment: Gimel Squadron, Flight 2, Position 3

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): Robbie_Poole@Coruscant.net

Sex (M/F): Male
Race: Caucasian
Date of Birth: 9/18/73
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): New Orleans LA, USA, Earth
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single
Family: Mother, Father, Sister, Brother
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Wealthy
Quote: Everyone can look defeated at the wrong end of the gun. - my grandfathers

favorite saying

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Sports, mainly. All Star Baseball 12 years straight... Scholarship to Tulane, etc.

Significant Events of Adulthood: Founding the first Internet Sales Division offices for a dealership... full online service buying cars

Alignment & Attitude: Laid back, resourceful, driven

Former Occupations (if any): Combat Control, 332 squadron, USAF

Hobbies: XWA, fixing things, going out on the weekends

Tragedies: Death of my grandfather

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The fact that this amount of organization is handled online is amazing... it give EH a good name. The Empire is the only way to "fly", so to speak. Just had a run of bad luck.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet:
Wanted to be part of a group of people that enjoy the same things I do

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

Signature: Robbie Poole
Date: 8/19/99

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

Name: Patrik Liljecrantz
Rank: Ace 2
Callsign: Ace Cya
Internet E-Mail Addresses: Cya_vision@hotmail.com

Sex (M/F): M
Race: Human
Place of Birth: Planet Hoth
Marital Status: Single
Family: Father Mother Sister
Social Status: Wealthy
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: ?
Alignment & Attitude: Nice, Happy
Former Occupations (if any):
Hobbies: Star wars models, Star wars modeling
Tragedies: No
Phobias & Allergies: No
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer):
Other comments or information (optional):

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

Signature: Ace Cya

Date: 5/8 1999

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

Name: Calderan Halcyon
Rank: Sub-Lieutenant
Callsign: MonCal
Internet E-Mail Addresses: NECommand@hotmail.com,
Calderan_Halcyon@wattosjunkyard.com
Sex (M/F): M
Race: Corillian
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld and make it a Star Wars planet): Corillia
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single
Family:
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Wealthy
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: parents died
Alignment & Attitude:
Former Occupations (if any): starcruiser pilot
Hobbies: piloting
Tragedies: parents died
Phobias & Allergies: none
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): enjoys it and thinks it's a good idea
Other comments or information (optional):

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

Signature: Calderan Halcyon

Date: 8/7/99

cc: Imperial Security Bureau (ISB) Liaison Officer

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

Name: Ricardo

Rank: Lieutenant Colonel

Scandoc Transmission Code (Screen Name): Ricardo

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Twi'Lek

Date of Birth: 6/14/71

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Ryloth

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

Family: Separated from family

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

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: The earliest known mention of the Twi'lek Ricardo was when he was kidnapped from his home on Ryloth at the age of six. Early on, he had shown remarkable intelligence and many scientists had begun to take interest in him. After being kidnapped he was taken to a secret Rebel think-tank where he served with many other species studying battle plans and tactics, starship systems, and Imperial plots. There he served for ten years his mind being primed, his skills being tested almost daily until him and two others decided to take a stand. They were Ricardo, Quoo, a Rodian; and a Human, John Salle.

They tapped into the institution's main computer and shut everything down except life support. Their many years of computer and technology training had paid off. Quietly, they crept through corridors until they came to the docking bay. Ricardo, Quoo, and Salle boarded a small assault shuttle and exited the hanger. Acting fast they sent out a distress signal to a nearby Imperial fleet.

Suddenly out of hyperspace came a Rebel force! It contained two Modified Corvettes and a squadron of X-Wings. Reacting quickly, Quoo and Salle took to the shuttle's laser turrets while Ricardo piloted the shuttle. The Corellian Corvettes shields were quickly brought down. Using the ship's ion cannons, Quoo disabled the first corvette.

Just then, a Imperial Class Star Destroyer came out of hyperspace! It immediately began attacking the second Corvette. A squadron of TIE Interceptors screamed out of the ISD's hanger. One by one, the X-Wings were

destroyed. At the end of the battle the assault shuttle and the disabled Corvettes (whose crew were later interrogated) were brought inside the ISD Nomad's hanger. The Imperials set Ricardo, Quoo, and Salle free for helping destroy the Rebel force.

Significant Events of Adulthood: Ricardo worked for 3 years as a smuggler and information broker to different Imperial warlords and moffs. One day Grand Admiral Thrawn came across files of the events and personally asked Ricardo to join his fleet. Ricardo accepted. His lightning quick reflexes made him a great pilot.

After Thrawn was killed Ricardo decided to join the Emperor's Hammer. He has supplied the Hammer with much needed information on Rebel plots and tactics. Ricardo has also done himself well using his mind power to win many Sabaac games. His winnings include two small planets, starships, property and many credits.

Alignment & Attitude: I think the Emperor's Hammer is great. Long live the Empire!

Former Occupations (if any): Smuggler and Information broker

Hobbies: Playing Sabaac.

Tragedies: Serving in a Rebel think-tank after being kidnapped as a child.

Phobias & Allergies: none

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The Empire will reign forever!

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: I want to finally destroy the Rebels.

Other comments or information (optional): none

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

Signature: WC/LC Ricardo/Wing IV/SSSD Sov

Date: 8/11/99

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

Name: Halcyon

Rank: Sub-Lieutenant

Current Assignment: Member of Yod Squadron

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): jdasilva@pathcom.com

Sex (M/F): Male

Race: Corellian

Date of Birth: May 12, 1968

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Coronet City, Corellia

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

Family: None

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

Quote: "I'm Corellian, screw the odds!"

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence

N/A

Significant Events of Adulthood:

- Joined CorSec
- My dad died in my arms
- Joined the New Republic
- Joined Rogue Squadron
- Liberated Courscant
- Married Mirax Terrik
- Learned I was of Jedi heritage
- Joined the Jedi Academy
- Killed my wife
- Joined the Tie Corps of the Emperor's Hammer

Alignment & Attitude: I am aligned with Imperial forces, forces which I helped slowly destroy for 6 years. Joined because the Rebels are just a bunch of pushovers with no direction.

Former Occupations (if any):

- Corsec
- Rogue Squadron

Hobbies: Improving my grasp on the darkside.

Tragedies: My dad died in my arms during a stakeout in CorSec. Lost many friends during my time with Rogue Squadron. I killed my wife but she was just in the way at the end.

Phobias & Allergies: A Jedi fears nothing

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The Empire is but a means to an end. That end is still many years away but closing in.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Of all the fleets out there, this is the only one which will be able to defeat those Rebels and their alien friends.

Other comments or information (optional): I am a Jedi Knight turned to the darkside. I have no more ties to any groups. I am alone and dangerous. Do not cross my path.

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

Signature: Halcyon

Date: September 3rd, 1999

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

Rank: Sub-Lieutenant
Callsign: FM/SL Fondor/ Mantis 1-2/ Wing XV/ ISD Vanguard
Internet E-Mail Addresses: Jehu1313@aol.com
Sex (M/F): M
Race: Jawa
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld and make it a Star Wars planet): Fondor
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): single
Family: none
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Wealthy to poor
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Once stole 20,000 credits worth of power couplers
Alignment & Attitude: I have a bad attitude towards rebels
Former Occupations (if any): Bounty Hunter, Con Artist, gambler, Combat arachnid trainer, spy, junk dealer, and Umgul racing blob trainer
Hobbies: Bounty Hunting
Tragedies: Rebels killed my whole family when I was 14
Phobias & Allergies: Allergic to: bacta, glitterstorm, and ryll. Afraid of: Feral Banthas
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The only good rebel is a dead one.
Other comments or information (optional): Warlord Zsinj

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

Signature: Fondor

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

Name: Michael Schmidt
Rank: Flight Member, Sub-Lieutenant Mike Fett
Callsign: Mike
Internet E-Mail Addresses: boba.fett@aon.at
Sex (M/F): m
Race: human
Place of Birth: Corellia
Marital Status: Single
Family: Brother of famous Bounty Hunter Boba Fett – mother and father unknown so far..
Social Status: Well-to-do

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: does not know parents...grown up at an imperial outpost
Alignment & Attitude: Flight Member in Mantis Squadron
Former Occupations (if any): mechanic at hangar bay at Imperial outpost
Hobbies: hyperdrive improvement
Tragedies: grown up by adoptive parents - father Imperial officer at outpost, mother worked in the Imperial Security Office!
Phobias & Allergies: hates spiders of every size...
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): hates the rebel scum
Other comments or information (optional): looking to get in contact with brother Boba Fett...

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

Signature: Mike Fett
Date: 3rd of August 1999

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

Name: Jahan Kalar
Rank: Sub-Lieutenant
Current Assignment: Gimel Squadron, Wing III, SSSD Sovereign
Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): jahankalar@hotmail.com
Sex (M/F): M
Race: Human
Date of Birth: 6/5/83
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Corellia
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single
Family: None known
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Well-to-do
Quote: Shoot first, shoot straight and keep on shooting.
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Placed 3rd in the Interplanetary Martial Arts Championship on Coruscant in the 14-18 year old division when I was 16.
Significant Events of Adulthood: Purchased a YT-2000 freighter and started a freight business at age 20. By age 22 had 3 YT-2000's and 4 employees. At age 23 placed 1st in the Interplanetary Martial Arts Championships in the under 40 division. Parents killed when a madman set off a thermal detonator in a crowded marketplace. Sold business for a sizable amount of money and joined CorSec to prevent a similar tragedy from happening to anyone else. By age 25 I realized that the New Republic was a weak government and represented the greatest threat to order in the galaxy. So I joined the Emperor's Hammer to continue his work at CorSec on a larger scale.
Alignment & Attitude: I am very lawful and believe strongly in justice and fairness. My attitude is somewhat cocky but I am very helpful and ready to assist at every opportunity.

Former Occupations (if any): Trader, CorSec officer.

Hobbies: Martial Arts

Tragedies: Parents killed by thermal detonator when I was 23.

Phobias & Allergies: None

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Believes that the Empire (through the Emperor's Hammer) is the best way to restore order to the galaxy.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Found myself to be very proficient at flying and I want to fight for justice in the best way that I can.

Other comments or information (optional):

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

Signature: Jahan Kalar

Date: 8/14/99

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

Name: Caramon "Raven" = Ravenbane

Rank: Sub-Lieutenant

Current Assignment: Flight Member

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): raven@psynet.net

Sex (M/F): Male

Race: Human

Date of Birth: Unknown

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Coruscant

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

Family: None

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

Quote: "Silence and darkness can be deadly... Use them = well"

Significant Events of Childhood = & Adolescence: Abducted by pirates as a child during a raid on his family's luxury = yacht. Raised to believe he was one of them. Trained in the arts of assassination and = stealth. When he reached 18 he left the pirates and was then told the truth about his = family.

Significant Events of Adulthood: = Joined the Empire after being captured by Imperial Storm Troopers to avoid going to = prison.

Alignment & Attitude: = Believes in whatever cause he is currently pursuing. Currently that is the same cause as that of = the Empire. Caramon works for whomever pays the most.

Former Occupations (if any): = Assassin.

Hobbies: Target practice, graphic = design.

Tragedies: Lost his parents too = early in his life.

Personal views of the Empire (and = Emperor's Hammer): As long as the Empire pays him well, there is no reason not to = help.

Reason for applying to the = Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: A good way to meet people with similar interests.

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

Signature: Caramon Ravenbane

Date: 08/13/99

Once again, the ISD Challenge had 'degenerated' into the party ship of the fleet. The order and principles of the Empire were forgotten, literally thrust aside by the urge to consume alcohol in large quantities due to a friend's promotion party. The whole crew of the ship had assembled in the Challenge cantina, the Commanders, the pilots, the mechanics, the medical crew - even the navigation crew was present, but nobody cared about the Challenge's course at the moment, so long as it didn't crash into a sun or planet.

The ship was vacated, save for the centre of action in the cantina.

And save for three lonesome figures that held the fort.

Jenn, Andron and Talon were still in the hangar, polishing their fighters' windshields, at Cal's order, striving to overhear the laughter and chatter that came from the other side of the ship. Jenn was pissed, and that was the nicest expression one could find for her present state. It wasn't fair, to let her clean her fighter, seeing how it was gleaming already. She glanced at Talon and Andron who were sitting on top of their cockpits, trying not to slide down the freshly waxed metal. It wasn't hard to see that they too weren't all too happy. Andron had been polishing the same spot on his fighter for about half an hour now, and the look on his face, the flashed teeth and the grip that held the chamois as if it were a lethal weapon weren't an expression of pleasure, that much Jenn was sure of. But nonetheless, they weren't allowed to stop til Calli would come to fetch them.

'Why are we doing this here anyway?' Talon inquired.

‘Calli said she needs something for our activity reports.’ Jenn replied and chuckled to herself. What a lame excuse, she thought.

‘She’d better not be on this ship anymore when I get to be the doctor here. Or she’d have to stay all healthy for the rest of her life, which is impossible, proolly, so... she’d better not be on this ship anymore when I become the ship doctor.’ Andron stated.

Talon was bored to say the least. Scrubbing a piece of metal wasn’t fun at all, and he wasn’t doing a good job either.

‘Jenn? Why’s this silver metal shining through? Shouldn’t my hull be all black?’ he shouted.

Jenn chuckled.

‘Ha, you proolly used too much of the detergent. Nerf. There’s acid in it you know.’

‘Oops. Well, you as a woman should be well acquainted with these kinda things...’ Talon said and ducked just in time to dodge Jenn’s chamois.

‘What’s going on here? I told you to give your fighters a mirror-finish, not to play kinky sponge games!’ Calli shouted, who’d just stepped into the hangar to see Talon fall backwards into his cockpit as the result of his evasive manoever.

‘You having fun back there?’ Andron grumbled.

Cal almost stumbled over a carelessly placed pilot overall. Apparently she’d had a couple of Chalquilas already.

‘Yeah, it’s quite interesting really. Esti’s trying to entertain the folks with his guitar, and he’s had like, 4 Chalquilas and 5 little plum things. It’s quite impressive really, how he still manages to sing, but then, I suppose that’s what’s entertaining the others most. It’s quite amusing really.’ she stammered.

‘It’s quite weird really, that you talk such crap.’ Talon said to her when he got back out of his cockpit. ‘Oops, did I just say that to my boss?’

Cal grinned at him with no malice at all. Jenn figured her Commander had lost any and all ability to think properly some time ago.

‘Anyway, my honeybees, I’ve come to release you here. I actually got a bad conscience when I thought of you- So come on, your drinks are waiting.’

Andron’s face lit up a bit, but he pretended to be angry nonetheless, cause he wanted his Commander to have a bad conscience. Serves her right for letting me do that crap.

The four of them headed for the cantina, but the closer they got, the more imperceptible the chatter became. No, actually the laughter and chatter had faded away completely.

When they finally arrived at the door to the cantina, the lights went out. Once, twice, they flickered up, but then all was darkness. Jenn got the creeps just a bit, but didn't show it.

'What the...!' Cal touched the sensor pad on the wall, but the lights didn't go on again. Andron had found his torch and switched it on. Calli's face showed worry and unease. Her drunkenness had vanished in an instant. She drew her blaster, then rapped at the door.

There was no answer.

'I have a bad feeling about this, pilots... you stay here and wait for my sign. I'll check what's going on in there.' she said, opened the door just so she could sneak in and then she was gone, and the door was closed again.

'The lights in there aren't working either...' Jenn had noticed. All of the three pilots had drawn a weapon of some sort now- Jenn had a miniblaster, Talon a vibroblade and Andron a small disruptor.

'What do you think this is? Seems like there's noone in there at all...' Talon muttered.

'Or they're all wiped out... however.'

'Pah, don't talk jack-shit. I'd like to see you kill about 80 people within a few minutes and without any sound whatsoever.' Andron added to the conversation.

Then, quite distinct, a faint scream from inside.

Andron jerked, but didn't utter a sound.

Then something was thrown against the door and landed thudly on the floor of the cantina. The sound of the door being locked from the inside. Then nothing.

The silence was overwhelming.

'Oooooook.' Talon started. 'Who's gonna go in there next and check what's going on?'

'What if it's the Ewoks?'

That wasn't a nice thought at all. They all still remembered their individual experiences with the deadly furballs vividly.

'Don't talk crap Jenn, they were all killed. Well, at least as far as I know... They breed fast... and only they can get rid of a big group of people that fast and that silently...'

‘Gah, you’re all paranoid. They’re kidding us, playing a prank on us. I bet they’re in there and try to keep from bursting out in laughter.’ Andron said.

‘Geeez... look at that guys.’ Jenn pointed her torchlight on the floor.

There was a red substance coming through the treshold.

The three pilots looked at each other for a moment, then started to kick against the door in one synchronized movement. Certainly there was some sort of fear in each of them, but the loyalty to their comrades was their primary feeling at that moment. They were willing to save what was left of them.

The door was locked properly, no chance whatsoever to open it without damaging the lock itself.

Jenn got the idea first. She watched the two guys go on kicking the door for a bit, then aimed her mini-blaster at the electric lock next to the door on the wall and shot. It melt in an instant, and the door was unlocked. The three looked at each other again, then Talon kicked the door open.

Complete darkness. Their hearts were pounding. Their breathing was way too fast to be healthy.

Then, out of the darkness, a well-known sound, almost deafening.

‘YUBYUB!’ eighty-three crew members of the Challenge shouted at the three startled pilots and the lights went on.

Talon apparently almost suffered from a heart-attack, but of course, as a man, he couldn’t show that in public. Somebody took a picture of the moment, a hilarious shot of three really extremely puzzled looking LT’s. After a while they cautiously started joining the common laughter.

The recently promoted LC Callista stepped in front of the crowd.

‘Jenneeee, Talon and Andron, my luvvies. Now after this little show, that was to everyone’s entertainment as you see, it is my very pleasure to announce that Flight Officer FA Horn has approved your promotions to the rank of LCM’s!!! For your true dedication and your heartfelt concern for everyone’s health here, and of course for your excellent service in the Squadron League, I am honored to give you these drinks... oh and your new rank badges as well! Wear them with pride, the same pride I feel because you are members of Typhoon Squadron. I hope your stay with our Squadron will still be long and errr... fertile. And now drink as much as you can, my sweeties!!’

With this, LC Callista downed her 5th Chalquila and had to sit down for a moment.

CMDR/LC Callista/Typhoon/Wing X/ISD Challenge

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

Name: Zaar Phillen
Rank: Lieutenant
Current Assignment: Flight member - Zeta 1-3
Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): ben@rotundo.freemove.co.uk
Sex (M/F): Male
Race: Corellian
Date of Birth: 18-6-76
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Austine City, Corellia
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single
Family: Three brothers - All Serving The Empire
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Well-to-do
Quote: "I will always do whatever it takes....."
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:
Meeting Grand Moff Tarkin as 15 year old and being told "Serve only the Emperor"
Significant Events of Adulthood:
Becoming a Pilot in the Imperial Navy
Alignment & Attitude:
Positive, Confident and Determined To Succeed
Hobbies: Sport
Tragedies: My sister running off with a rebel
Phobias & Allergies: Rebel Scum
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Long Live Emperor Palpatine - Long may he and his empire reign.
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: It is time to eradicate the rebel stain on the glorious Empire and return to law and order. The Emperor's hammer will lead this battle and I am proud to be part fo it.

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

Signature: FM/LT Zaar Phillen/Zeta 1-3/Wing VI/SSSD Sovereign

Date: 18/8/1999

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

Name: Nareno Mayowen
Rank: Lieutenant
Current Assignment: SSD Sovereign
Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): dhondup@yahoo.com

Sex (M/F): Male

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 09/17/69 Galactic Standard

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Brida City, Corellian System

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

Family: None

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

Quote: "None Shall Attack Me With Impunity"

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:

Mayowen has no knowledge of his parent's whereabouts, since both of them went missing soon after he was born. He was raised, first in a Correllian orphanage, but later, after running away from that institution, was taken in by a pirate by the name of Loja Muoss. Muoss was quite harsh with the young boy, but this treatment softened as the boy grew up. At the age of thirteen, Nareno Mayowen stole Muoss' personal T-16 and buzzed the Capitol Tower. Although he was sternly punished for this, it marked the beginning of Mayowen's life as a pilot. Despite any harsh treatment from his adopted father, Nareno Mayowen was quite fond of Loja Muoss, and the aging pirate allowed the boy to indulge his fancies of becoming a pilot.

Significant Events of Adulthood:

As Nareno Mayowen grew into manhood, Loja Muoss came to rely on him more and more for his keen skills as a pilot, even going so far as to make Mayowen his fleet manager, overseeing Muoss' smuggling fleet. Even as a fleet manager, Mayowen liked to stay in the center of action, and ran numerous missions for his adopted father and employer. As time went by, it became more and more apparent that Mayowen would take over the operation when Muoss passed away. However, these plans were shattered when, due to a misunderstanding during a cargo transfer in the Modell Sector, Muoss' private frigate was fired upon and destroyed by Rebel forces. Muoss was killed. Mayowen was deeply grieved by the loss of his adopted father and mentor. When Rebel agents appropriated all of Muoss' funds and assets, Mayowen's heart was forever hardened against the Alliance. Since the Muoss Combine had maintained friendly (if quiet) business relations with the Empire, and had never experienced the harshness that the Empire sometimes doles out to piratic operations, Mayowen had grown up admiring the Empire. However, with the murder of his mentor and the illegal seizure of his assets by the Rebel Alliance, Mayowen gave his heart to the Empire.

Alignment & Attitude:

Nareno Mayowen grew up seeing the cruelty and dishonesty of sentient beings, and so is very mistrustful of anything or anyone claiming to be virtuous and universally good. Seeing the respect and admiration won by his mentor, Loja Muoss (Who, by all reports, was a ruthless man whose cunning was often compared to that of Jabba the Hutt), Mayowen has strong leanings toward the Dark Side of the Force, and it has been speculated that he even may have talents in that direction, though it is certain that he is not a Jedi.

He is a quiet man of few words, though he can be quite talkative with the few people he trusts. The few people he trusts are typically servants of the Empire. It has been said of Mayowen that the Empire is his family.

He is known to never brag, so determining the full extent of his talents and abilities is difficult.

Former Occupations (if any): Smuggler, Fleet manager for a mercenary combine.

Hobbies: Heraldry (The study and creation of coats of arms), philosophy, military history
Tragedies: Loss of both parents as an infant, loss of his adopted father and mentor to the treachery of the Rebellion.

Phobias & Allergies: Known to have an allergic reaction to spice. Strong dislike of disorganization and gossip. Known to have a strong fear of failure.

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

Mayowen believes whole-heartedly in the might and majesty of the Empire, and in the power of the Emperor's Hammer as the greatest hope for bringing order to the galaxy.

Have grown up amid chaos and confusion, Mayowen believes firmly in the Empire's vision. He considers all servants of the Empire his family, and, unless he has misgivings about their loyalty, will tend to trust them deeply.

With Mayowen, honor and duty are pastimes. Even during downtime, Mayowen seeks ways to further serve the Empire. His greatest desire in this life is to earn the approval and blessings of his superiors, with the emphasis on "earn." He constantly pressures himself to do his best for the Emperor, whom he reveres almost as a god.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Mayowen has a strong desire to serve his Emperor and to help bring order to the galaxy. He feels that the best way to serve is to strive to become one of the best of the best.

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

Signature: FM/LT Nareno Mayowen/Zeta 1-4/Wing VI/SSSD Sovereign

Date: 8/19/99

You entered the main bridge of the SSSD Sovereign, "The Pride of the Empire" and mighty flagship of the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet. The massive bulk of the SSSD Sovereign strikes fear into every adversary. Armed with countless turbolasers, ion cannons, and warhead launchers, the Sovereign's main punch comes from the powerful Axial Superlaser, the smaller counterpart of the Death Star's superlaser.

To compliment the awesome superlaser are the five wings of TIE and other Imperial fighter craft that are housed in the Sovereign's massive hangers. Fleet Admiral Kramer, the Commodore of the SSSD Sovereign keeps the records of all Wings and Squadrons here in this database. Feel free to research the elite units of the Sovereign, learn more about the Sovereign Class Star Destroyer, or meet the Commodore and learn of his illustrious career in the Imperial Navy and Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet.

<salute>

FM/LT Bob-Fett/Rho 3-3/Wing II/SSSD Sov

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

Name: Noily Pratt

Rank: Lieutenant

Current Assignment: Zeta Squadron - Wing VI - SSSD Sovereign

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): andrew@atjpratt.force9.co.uk

Sex (M/F): Male

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 11-02-63 SSST

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): GB EU Earth

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

Family: Wife - Enaj Eneri No offspring

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

Quote: "Never eat yellow snow"

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:

Not Known

Significant Events of Adulthood:

Noily Pratt was previously a UEF (Unified Earth Forces) pilot.

During the expansion to the off world colonies during the year 2019 he served as a TLV (Tactical Landing Vehicle) weapon operator / pilot moving NEXUS 6 combat troops.

Whilst on a covert operations off the shoal of Orion, a severe meteor storm destroyed the TLVs engines and comms systems.

After 30 days drifting and unable to repair the damaged systems the crew initiated escape procedures.

This involved the crewmember entering an escape module, which would then place the person into ACS (Advance Cryogenic Suspension), followed by ejection from the ship, according to historical records.

This type system was developed to allow survival until a passing ship could recover the module, which in distant systems could take up to 10Yrs, although a great risk over 2000 crews were saved this way.

Noilys module due to a fault did not eject correctly remaining in the ejection port.

The TLV drifted for a further 90Yrs, at this point the ships automatic log ended, the reason unknown.

The module was found by Imperial Survey Corps personnel during a search on Gemelo Paraiso of the Lyarna System, in an underground storage facility of an abandoned cloning station.

Along with the module was a holographic record of the TLVs log.

How either got there remains unclear.

The module was brought back to New Imperial City on Aurora Prime and was given to the Imperial Medical and Science school for historical / instructional usage.

To their amazement the recovery system worked, Noily took two weeks to come round from suspension and after extensive re-education returned to full health.

He has hardly any memory of his past life, but occasionally lapses into memory flashes, much to the amusement of others, telling tales of the Old times;

After his recovery he was keen to return to the Military and so joined the Imperial Navy.

Alignment & Attitude:Loyalty to those who help him.

Former Occupations (if any): UEF (Unified Earth Forces) pilot

Hobbies: Military History

Tragedies: None

Phobias & Allergies: Allergic to Chicken in white sauce - this was the only dish the replicator would make on the TLV after the damage.

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer):Eternally grateful to Empire for returning him to living status. Sworn to uphold the Empire against the rebel forces.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Piloting military space craft is the only life.

But he is getting a little old.

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

Signature: FM/LT Noily Pratt/Zeta 1-4/Wing VI/SSSD Sovereign

Date: 26-8-99

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

Name:

Ryan Halcyon

Position/Rank:

Commander/Ra Squadron Commander

Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign):

Nemesis

Sex (M/F):

Male

Race:

Human

Date of Birth:

Unknown Exactly, I am around 25 standard years old

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld):

Corellia

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

Single

Family:

None (lost in Rebel invasion)

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

Well-to-do

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:

In my young years I lost my family in a Rebel "Liberation", after this I trained at the Imperial Academy and graduated as a pilot.

Significant Events of Adulthood:

I was assigned to the Sovereign-class Super Star Destroyer Sovereign.

Alignment & Attitude:

I am a well-trained and disciplined pilot with a good attitude.

Former Occupations (if any):

A assistant to my father at a Coreilian Shipyard

Hobbies:

Joy-riding in my TIE Defender

Tragedies:

My parents being killed by the Rebels and my best-friend and wing mate killed in battle.

Phobias & Allergies:

None

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

The Empire should rule the galaxy and should have no resistance.

The Emperor's Hammer should be the Empire's main Strike Fleet.

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

To put my pilot skills to use against Rebel scum.

Other comments or information (optional):

Always remember: "Serve the Emperor Above All Others"

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

Signature: Nemesis

Date: 11-23-98

“What the...” muttered Commander Ryan "Nemesis" Halcyon

“Huh...?” said Lieutenant Backstabber

There was a loud knocking at the door of their stateroom. Ryan got out of bed and keyed the comm.

“Who is it?” he asked sleepily. There was no response. “Who’s there? Hello? Anyone there? God damn...” He hit the door release button and stepped out side. The hallway was completely dark. This was unusual, the ship corridors were required to be lit to some degree, even in a power failure emergency power would light the alert lights.

Suddenly, Nemesis was kicked in the stomach. The blow knocked him back against the wall where he smashed his head. He looked up at his assailant but could only make out a large figure, humanoid. He was kicked again in the side, and he felt his ribs crack under the pressure.

“Ahhhhh!” he yelped.

He scrambled away from another kick. But it didn’t matter. He heard the smooth sound of metal against leather, the drawing of a blaster. Then the click of the safety release. Ryan rolled up against the wall and waited for the shot.

“Freeze!” yelled Backstabber. The figure turned to face Backstabber. He fired a shot but Backstabber was too quick. He dodged the blast and fired at the figure. It looked like it hit him in the arm but there was no way to tell in the dark.

The assailant turned to run. He started running down the corridor but when Backstabber got up to follow suite the pulled out a thermo detonator. But instead of throwing it at the two pilots, he let the “Dead Man’s Switch” go.

The blast was defining. The unknown assailant’s body was vaporized instantly. The walls were bent and the outer layers melted, and the whole end of the hall was on fire. The other pilots of Resh Squadron had finally woken up and came outside their quarters to see what had happened.

* * * * *

The six pilots stood at attention when their wing commander, General Brian walked into the room.

‘At ease.’ He said, “The six of you have had your quarters relocated while the corridor that these two destroyed is reconstructed.

They all laughed at the remark, even though the situation was very uneasy.

“I need to talk to Commander Halcyon and Lieutenant Backstabber alone. The rest of you are dismissed.”

“Yes sir!” said Captain Joe. When the four other pilots had left, General Brian’s mood became dead serious.

“Are you two alright?”

“Yes sir.”

“Yes, sir”

The Wing Commander raised his eyebrow.

“Sir, its just broken ribs. I’ve got a bacta treatment scheduled this afternoon. I’ll be fine in two days.” Reported Commander Halcyon

“Good. There are at least two Rebel infiltrators on board. The guy got into your corridor through the ventilation shafts. Since he killed himself, he was never able to close the shaft, so when the scanner team inspected the shaft they picked up three different heat signatures. Your attacker and two other beings, most likely humans.” Explained the General

“Any idea why they attacked me?” asked Nemesis

“No, but we think it didn’t matter between the two of you. Who ever answered the door.” Said Brian

Nemesis grinned.

“You’ll be answering the door from now on.”

They all laughed.

“Alright, you two are dismissed. And try not to blow up anymore hall ways-“

“But...”

“-Or drive any rebels to do so either, ok?”

“Yes, sir!” and they walked out.

* * * * *

The two pilots walked into the bar and looked around. They saw their commander sitting at a table in the corner, alone. They walked over and took a seat.

“Something wrong, commander?” asked Backstabber

“No.” he responded quickly, “Well...it’s just that look at this squadron, we’ve got six great pilots, but only six. We’re supposed to have twelve. We’re going on these special ops missions now and we aren’t even special operations! We’re good at what we do, but now we don’t have that many people to do it!”

“Yeah, I know what you mean. But look at the bright side, in the past six months, the TIE Corps’ population has risen almost 50%! That pretty good, if this keeps up, we’ll have a full squadron in no time.” Said Halcyon, “Speaking of six pilots, who’s the new guy in Banshee?”

“That would be Sub- Lieutenant Roy Brown.” Answered Joe

“He any good?”

“Very, he’ll fit in just fine.”

“That’s good.” Said Backstabber

* * * * *

Galan "Phoenix" Willig was the flight leader of Banshee Flight or flight three. He had just recently been promoted to the rank of Commander, which made him now the second highest ranking officer in the squadron. He had been waiting for the promotion for some time now, but he would have gotten it sooner or later.

Right now he had to write the letter to his wingman’s family. LT Valen “Annihilator” Miro. Miro had recently been shot down and taken prisoner on one of their covert missions to Flantar. Now, as his wingman and room mate it was his duty to right home the letter telling the family of his death.

According to his Imperial Navy Pilot Record, INPR, the LT had no wife or kids or a father. He would address it to his mother.

Dear Mrs. Miro,

I trust that you have been notified that your son has become a prisoner of war. I was flying as his wingman at the time of the incident, and I can confirm I saw his chute open. The search and rescuer personnel have confirmed that they talked with your son before he was captured.

Even though I realize that words of comfort cannot dispel your grief, we have to be thankful that your son landed alive. As you well know, your son is a strong, courageous man of tremendous determination. I have every confidence that Valen will return to you.

If there is anything I can do-anything-please let me know. Please allow me to be responsible to you until you and Valen are reunited.

With respect and warm regards,

Galan

He clicked the ‘send’ button and the holo message was sent to Corellia. He looked over to the other side of the room where all of Valen’s belongings still stood. He had packed them up last night.

There was a knocking at the door.

“Who is it?” Phoenix asked

“It’s me Roy...” the knocker responded.

“We have to get you a key...” He keyed the door release and the door slid open. Almost immediately he was kicked in the stomach.

“ooooff!!”

Phoenix rolled and came up with his blaster firing. The two bolts hit the far wall outside in the corridor. He heard running and ran out into the hall. His appearance was greeted with a blaster bolt. It whizzed by his head, burning the hair on top.

“Damn it!” he swore

He came out again and fired at the fleeing attacker. The third shot hit him square in the back, and the fourth hit him in the head. He was almost certainly dead. Brown was on the floor, in a pool of blood. Phoenix ran inside and keyed his comm.

“We need a medic in Section D, Resh Squadron. Hurry!”

Five minutes later, Brown was being carried away on a hover-stretcher to sickbay. The doctor said that he would be fine as long as they got him to a bacta tank.

* * * * *

Galan Willig walked into the ship’s cantina and saw Nemesis, Backstabber and Knight.

“Hey guys.”

“Oh no, not you too!?” said Nemesis, “What’s wrong?”

“Roy Brown, the new pilot was just shot.”

“What?!” said Joe

“We were attacked by another man dressed in black. I shot him twice, in the back and in the head. The bastards dead.” Explained Phoenix

“Is Roy alright?” asked Backstabber

“Yeah, he’s in the bacta tank now. He was shot in the midsection. I don’t know how serious though.”

“Sith Spit!” said Joe, “that’s twice in two days. Something’s up”

“Yeah, and it’s been us, not any of the other squads.”

“We should get some...” said LT Backstabber

The alarm started blaring and all the pilots in the room jumped up and ran for the door. They raced to their hangers.

* * * * *

The five pilots raced for their flight lockers. Joe, Galan, Ryan and Backstabber had met up with LT Jeroen in the hallway. They quickly slipped into their g-resistant flight suits, put on their life support vests and tightly secured their helmets onto their heads.

Nemesis raced to his fighter, Resh 5. He climbed up the service ladder and jumped into his seat. He waved to Talnt, his flight service officer. Talnt pulled the ladder away and raced off to LT Backstabber’s starfighter, Resh 6. He waited for his canopy to lock closed and started his fighter up. He looked at the corner of his HUD. The Heads Up Display read that his engines, weapons, shields, life support, and flight controls were all ready to go.

“I’ve got five in the green. I’m ready to go!” he said

“Resh 5, you’re cleared to launch.” Said the control officer on duty.

Nemesis put the engines to full and rocketed out of the hanger.

* * * * *

“Nine is green!” reported CM Phoenix
“You’re cleared, Nine.”
Phoenix sped out of the hanger.

* * * * *

“Wraith Flight ready to go.” Said CPT Joe
“Cleared for launch Wraith.”
“On me two.”
“Copy lead.” Said LT Jeroen

* * * * *

“Six is go!” said Backstabber
“Cleared.”

* * * * *

The three TIE Defenders and two Missile Boats raced along in a very loose formation. They flew the length of SSSD Sovereign and looped back.

“Resh, There has been an unauthorized shuttle launch. You’re to disable it at all costs. But if it tries to escape, destroy it. It’s five clicks away at two oh three, mark five. Go get it!” said Control

“You heard him. Let’s go! Arrow head formation. Phoenix and Jereon, form on me...Phantom Flight, you’ve got the ends.” Said Joe

The five ships streaked to the shuttle. It was now five and a half klicks away. The hyperspace jump point was eleven klicks away.

Five klicks away.

Four klicks.

“Backstabber, when we hit two klicks, get a lock. If they can’t disable it, we have to destroy it. Use torpedoes. Copy?” said Nemesis. Since the Missile boats had no ion cannons, they would be no help in disabling the stolen shuttle. Besides, if it got to the jump point before they could disable, there was no way the TIE’s could lock on and shoot. So they had to be ready.

“Copy, five”

Three klicks.

“It’s two klicks from jumping!” said Jeroen He saw that there was no chance in them reaching and disabling the shuttle in time. He flipped two switches that converted all power from his shields and laser into the engines. The sudden thrust in speed pushed him back into his ejection seat.

He raced out of formation, and sped for the hyper buoy. He powered up his tractor beam and locked onto the buoy. He raced past the shuttle, which opened fire on him, but didn’t hit him at all. He was a quarter klick away when his flight computer gave the tone for a solid grasp on the buoy. He sped past it with such speed that the beam yanked it with the starfighter. Jeroen pulled up completing an eleven-g maneuver. The beam lost its lock, and the hyper buoy went sailing off into space.

The shuttle was unable to go to light speed with out the coordinate feed from the buoy. The rest

of Resh quickly caught up to the shuttle. The ship was engulfed in blue energy as the ion cannons flashed disabling bolts all over its hull. The ship was soon disabled, and the Stormtrooper unit was coming out to board. It was escorted by Nu Squadron. The five Resh ships flew back to the ship with the Comm frequency filled with commendations to Jeroen.

* * * * *

TWO WEEKS LATER

The six, well-rested pilots stood or sat around in the briefing room. General Brian was standing in the front along with Captain Joe and Fleet Admiral Kramer. The three of them talked and talked about the interrogations the shuttle pilot went through in the past two weeks.

Commander Ryan Halcyon could not pay attention. He was just set on his stomach, he'd been in the simulator for the past four hours and hadn't eaten a bite. Food, food, he needed something to eat.

"Commander Halcyon, what did I just say?" asked the General.

Halcyon sat up straight and looked around quick.

"Uh... That the briefing has been recessed for fifteen minutes for a food break?"

The pilots chuckled.

"Well considering I wasn't the one talking, and that Joe was talking, I come to the conclusion that you weren't paying attention. Am I correct?"

"Yessir!"

"Pay attention more often... please" he asked

"Yes, sir."

Nemesis slouched down in his chair, turning red. He glanced at Phoenix who was trying to hold back a laugh. But he couldn't, he and then the rest of the group started laughing like crazy. Even Nemesis got a couple of laughs.

"Alright quiet down, quiet down. The basic thing here is that the men that attacked Resh squadron two weeks ago were not from the New Republic. They were men sent by Admiral Phannon. The man that you guys really pissed off at Flantar. You basically ruined his life and we think he sent these commandos for revenge."

"Really? Wow, I feel special. I mean, one man would send three trained assassins to kill us? Resh Squadron? Wow, that makes my day." Said Phoenix.

"The man we interrogated gave up the location of the fleet the Admiral has under control, it consists of several Imperial Star Destroyers. Of various sizes. ImpStar Deuces, Victory Class, even and Interdictor. Since he is one of our most powerful enemies, Grand Admiral Ronin has decided to attack." Said Brian

"Some action??" said Backstabber

"Yes, some action. All of you take a break and get some rest. We'll meet back at 1900 hours.

* * * * *

The five pilots that had left the briefing room stood at the bar talking and laughing for the ninety-minute break they had been given. Nemesis sipped at his favorite drink, Corellian Ale, as did Phoenix and Roy Brown. Backstabber had a Whiskey in his hand, and Jeroen had an exotic gin that the CMDR had given him.

"So, what do you think we got to do this time?" asked Galan "Phoenix" Willig

"I don't know... maybe some more Special Ops crap we're always fed." Responded Jeroen

“Crap? I don’t know about that. I kinda like the sound of that!” Said SL Roy Brown

The group eyed him.

Was it something I said? Thought Brown.

Nemesis shook his head.

“So, what can you do? You must’ve gotten stuck with us for some reason...”

“Well beside my piloting skills, I know how to use a sniper rifle well, and I’m trained in some medical aide.” Responded Brown, “They said I was replacing some guy...uh...I think his name was Miro, or something?”

Everyone went silent at Valan’s name being mentioned. There was a long silence.

“Times up ladies! Get in here ASAP.”said Joe breaking the silence.

* * * * *

The group discussed their plan in grave detail for hours. It turned out that they had decided to send them in again...undercover. In three weeks they were to respond to Admiral Phannon’s call for assistance. He was requesting the aid of fellow imperial warlords and mercenary groups. Resh was going to take him up on the invitation.

They were to fly to a planet taking on new identities, and get a position in Phannon’s fleet.

When the time was right, they would signal Sovereign in along with some support ships and take out Phannon’s fleet.

“We’ll consist of two flights. One flight will be me, Backstabber and ShadowLord. Two flight will be Phoenix, Nemesis and Brown.” Informed Joe

“Who will be flight leaders?” asked Phoenix

“I’ll head One flight as usual, and since two flight is mostly your flight, you’ll head that one. Ok?” said Joe

“Oh, it’s fine.” Said Phoenix. He glanced at Nemesis who gave him a fake “good job smile”. Phoenix just smiled back, which got Nemesis to chuckle.

“Ok, now for identities. We’ll be Talon Squadron for this operations. I’m Talon One, Jeroen’s Two, Backstabber Three, and so on. You have you personal bios in your data pad...which you’ll review on your own time.”

“Will we be flying TIE Defenders?” asked Backstabber

“Yes, you and Commander Halcyon will be issued Resh’s spare TIE’s. Just so that we have some unity in the eye’s of Phannon.” Said Joe, “If no one has any more questions we’re finished...no? Dismissed.

Everyone got up and left the room, including General Brian and Fleet Admiral Kramer.

* * * * *

THREE WEEKS LATER

Six TIE Defender’s came out of hyperspace in perfect formation. The looped around and headed toward a near by planet.

“Welcome to Distell gentlemen.” Said Joe over the secured channel.

“Unknown Squadron, please state your name and business.” Said a deep voice.

“This is Commander Gright, Commander Officer of Talon Squadron. We’re here to join up with Admiral Phannon’s fleet.” Said Joe

“Ah. And you think you can just waltz in here and sign up?”

“Hmmm...I didn't know of any other wa-”

A bright flash of light shot past his viewport. Joe rolled his fighter left and saw his flight do the same, and two flight rolled right. Just in time too. Green laser bolts shot in-between the two flights.

“What the hell?! Take evasive action!” ordered Joe, “Engage at will!”

Eight heavily modified Assault Gunboats roared at them with tremendous speed. The broke off into two groups, each following one of Talon's flights.

“Pick a target and light'em up!” Phoenix ordered two flight.

“Copy.” Said Roy Brown. He rolled his craft and locked onto the lead Gunboat. He flipped his missile switch to dual mode and fired two concussion missiles into the nose of the fighter. The whole front section was melted away from the blast. He pulled up, looking for another enemy to vape.

Nemesis pulled back on his flight yoke so hard that the compensator has trouble keeping up with the g-forces. He started to feel the effects of gray out, but he snapped his ship down into a clockwise roll and cut all forward thrust in his engines. He watched the Gunboat that was on his tail shoot by his ship. He pulled his trigger, which launched two unguided missile into the fighter's port side. The wing was blasted off and the cockpit was vaporized.

“Nice shot Six!” said Phoenix

“Yeah, I know. All in a days work.” Said Nemesis with a concealed smile. He looked around and saw that the last two Assault gunboats were running for the planet.

“What the hell was that all about?” asked Jeroen

“Quiet Two.” Said Joe

“Nice, very nice. I think you'll fit in nicely with us here.” Said a new voice

“Phannon?”

“Very good Commander Gright.” Said the voice, “Land at the given coordinates and I'll personally greet you.

“How do we know it's not another trap?” asked Joe

Only silence answered him.

“We're going in...but keep your shields at maximum, ok?” said Joe

“Copy”

* * * * *

Admiral Alan Phannon watched as the half dozen imperial starfighters floated into the hangar with such skill that he couldn't keep a smile from appearing on his face. They drifted into the hangar with four fighters in front and two in back. They stopped forward thrust, spinned in sync with one another and settled onto the ground with barley a sound.

The fighters went through shut down procedures and cooled down. All six egress hatches popped open with a familiar hiss the brought another smile to the Admiral's face. The pilots got out of their ships and formed a line, abreast with one another facing him.

“Greetings. I am Admiral Phannon and this is my capital planet Distell.” He said. He walked to the first pilot, gave him a quick glance up and down and said, “Commander Gright I presume?”

“Yes.”

“You've demonstrated great skill in flying a starfighter and beating your enemy when the odds are against you. This has earned you this meeting. I can already sense you will be a great asset to

our forces. Am I right?"

"I'm sure you are."

"Well I would hope so, because you just cost me six pilot and their fighters." he said

Joe just smiled.

"Hmm...well, may I ask who your pilots are?" Phannon asked

"You may."

Obviously annoyed Phannon said, "Who are your pilots?"

Joe stepped forward and motioned to the man next to him, Jeroen.

"This is LT Bentli. He has been with me for some time and is a great pilot." Joe said. Motioning to Backstabber he said "This LT Quallmen. He is also a superb pilot and is my wingman, as is Bentli.

Moving to Phoenix, "This is LCM Gale Willan. A good friend and the second flight leader." Said Joe. He had to bite his lip to keep from smiling. Nemesis had been in charge of disguises. He had Phoenix's hair died yellow with a black streak down the middle. He look absolutely ridiculous.

"Ah. A fine looking pilot." Said Phannon

Roy Brown almost choked from holding in a laugh and covered it up by coughing.

"This is my newest pilot, LT Regis Leggal. He is still recovering from a recent blaster wound which he got in a bar fight about a two weeks ago." Explained Joe

"And last but not least, this is LCM Ryack Halyl. He is a great pilot...almost as good as me, and has been with me for some time."

"Well Commander Gright, it looks to me as if have a skilled bunch of pilots assembled here. I think they will do fine on the Grasp." Said Phannon

"Grasp sir?"

"That's my flagship, it's an Imperial Star Destroyer. It was formally Warlord Farrel's, but he no longer has any use for it. I renamed it from Black Knight."

"Which was renamed from the Glory, right?"

"You know your history commander." And with that the admiral left the hangar with his four stormtrooper bodyguards.

Joe turned to his squadron.

"Get your gear, we're going to our quarters."

* * * * *

"I hate this! This thing keeps digging into my forehead!" said Nemesis. He picked at his new prosthetic eye. Thing was part of his disguise.

"That's because you had your helmet on, it's better once you take it off." Said LT Roy Brown

"And how'd you know this?" nemesis said

"Just common sense sir." He said

"Roy, Ryan has no common sense." Said Phoenix

Ryan "Nemesis" Halcyon just smiled, gave one of his lopsided grins and turned back to his bed. He had his flight gear laid out neatly. He picked up his helmet and life support vest and walked over to his locker. He put them away and grabbed his belt off his bed.

"I'll keep this on." He said, and clipped the belt on. He knelt down and tied his blaster holster's hip tie. He grabbed his blaster and stuck in into his holster.

"Let's go, we're suppose to meet the others in the base cantina."

* * * * *

Joe, Jeroen, and Backstabber walked into the cantina that their temporary wing commander had told them about. It was very busy, packed with many “imperial” pilots. They walked in as to not block the door. They glanced all around and finally caught sight of the others.

Phoenix, Nemesis and Brown had picked a large wrap around both and were about to order drinks from a 3PO droid. They walked over and sat down and ordered their drinks.

“So, notice anything in your quarters?” asked Nemesis

“Yes, we found the bugs. Cheap pieces of crap. One of them barely worked. We placed them in the sectors bathroom on our way over.” Said Jeroen with a smile.

They all laughed. Their drinks came and they casually chatted about their new surroundings. But then Joe got serious.

“Ok, yea know that jack ass over there?” Joe said pointing to another squadron commander.

“No, not yet. But some of his boys came over and started mouthing off. Saying that we didn’t belongs here and that they could take us any time.” Said Phoenix

“Same here, they challenged us to a simulator run, six of his best against the six of us. Everyone game?”

Nemesis groaned. “I can’t get one hour of sleep at all around here. Why’d you have to accept the challenge Joe?” he wined

“Hey, you know me. Anyone badmouth us...I gotta kick their ass. You know how it is...”

Nemesis just winced.

“Yea, we’re game.” Said Phoenix

“Good, meet at the simulators in one hour.”

* * * * *

“This is Talon Squadron, we’re all set. Whenever your ready Captain.” Said Joe

“We’ve been ready for some time now Commander Gright.” Said Captain Peel

“Ok then. Now, what are the rules to this little game? Last squadron standing? Is there a time limit?” asked Joe

“No time limit, the squadron with the most kills wins. We will be starting in hyper space and each squadron will exit 10 clicks away from the other.” Said Peel

“Ok. Good luck Bolt Squadron!” said Joe, he switched off the open comm, “Your gonna need it.”

He heard a buzzer which signaled the sim had begun. His simulator’s cockpit lit up with light and the familiar lines of hyperspace appeared on the viewport. He flipped a few switches and keyed his comm on.

“Alright Talons, we got to win this. Let’s kick their ass...” he said but was interrupted. They came out of hyperspace...inside an asteroid field. He had to pull up to ovoid collision with large chunk of rock.

“We’ve got six TIE Defenders coming at us...from behind. They are nine clicks away.”

Reported Backstabber

“Oh shit! Ok, form up on me one flight. Two, you’ve got right flank, three is left!” he ordered

“Copy.” Said Jeroen. He slid into Joe’s right flank. They held the triangle formation for about thirty seconds. Suddenly he caught a yellow flare right in front of him. “Evasive!”

The three ships rolled left or right, and watched four missiles pass straight past them. The

missile went ballistic when the over shot their target and self detonated. The shockwave slammed into their fighters. Backstabber was thrown forward in his chair and smashed his head on the console.

“Jeeze! What kind of simulator’s are these?” he said, “Joe, my aft shield is out, I can’t even reroute power to it.”

“These are “modified” sims...I don’t know. Ok, you’ve got point, I’ll cover your aft.” Said Joe

* * * * *

“Woohoo! That’s one down!” said Roy Brown

“Nice shot five,” said Nemesis.

“Five more to go Joe.” Said Phoenix. He rolled and dived for the lead fighter. He pulled hard on his stick, pulling almost ten G’s. He flipped his weapons over to lasers and set them at quad fire. He jinked to avoid other laser bolts and settled in on his target. His targeting array went green and he pulled the trigger twice, seven of the eight shots hit his target, collapsing the aft shields. He flipped to missile and set those at single fire. He took careful aim and got an unbreakable lock. He flipped on last switch. “Nice playing with you Captain” he let go and saw Captain Peel’s ship explode in front of him.

Nemesis was hot on his second target, he’d vaped his first one with two missiles and a laser blast. A cake walk. This one was harder though... He struggled to get a clean lock but couldn’t, his target was too fast. Then he remembered his tractor beam, he switched in on and slowed the enemy’s craft down enough to get a shot off. But before he did it exploded in front of him. He saw Joe’s fighter streak across the front of his and roll out of view.

“Joe! Don’t you believe in sharing!” he said.

“No, Commander Halcyon, I don’t.” he responded.

Nemesis glanced down and made sure that last remark had been on a secure channel, it was. Suddenly everything went dark for a second and his simulator cockpit opened. But only fifteen minutes had gone by. What had happened? He climbed out and saw the other Resher’s get out. Peel’s people had already left!

Losers. They can’t fly, and when they realize it, they run and hide.

“I think we won...” said Backstabber

“Of course we did,” said Joe

* * * * *

9 DAYS LATER

The six pilots walked down the hallway leading to their new quarters on the Imperial Star Destroyer Grasp. It was long and only half lit considering it was way after hours and the pilots had just gotten out of the simulators. They were extremely tired and weary. They split in two and stopped at their rooms. Nemesis, Phoenix, and Roy were on the right side of the hall opening their room when five stormtroopers stepped around the corner...followed by Peel and three of his pilot.

“Freeze!” said one of the stormtroopers. But one of them had already started firing. blue stun bolts and red kill bolts streaked out at them. The trio pushed into their room drawing their blasters.

The other three Resh Squadron Pilots did the same. They were a little farther down the hall, but the stormies still saw them. They were under fire too. They pulled their blasters and returned fire. Two of the stormtroopers went down, knocking one of Peel's pilots down.

Nemesis glanced down the hall and nodded. Joe knew what he was doing and they both acted in unison. They leveled their blasters at the doors across the hall from them, set for stun and blew the door controls. Both doors opened. They rolled across the hall and dove in the parallel rooms.

Joe saw three pilots sit up in their beds and they stunned them. Nemesis did the same in his room. They returned to the doors. The operation they just did gave them more cover and gave them more firepower. Instead of just two positions in the hall returning fire, they now had four.

Nemesis poked his head around the door and jumped back almost as quickly. Blaster bolts were every where. The hallway was now filled with smoke and he could barely see. He just fired in random intervals.

* * * * *

Phoenix ran into the back of their room. He glanced around and saw the data pad. He plugged it into the Holo Net port and with a few strokes he was connected with a Comm Officer at SSSD Sovereign.

"Give me Admiral Kramer! Now!" he ordered the surprised officer. Three seconds later a familiar face appeared.

"Go ahead Commander."

"Sir, our cover is blown! We need the fleet here ASAP! How fast can you get here?"

Kramer glanced down and Phoenix assumed he was looking at a tracer feed.

"One standard hour."

"Oh god! That's too long, but it'll have to do. See you in one hour! Phoenix out!"

He canceled his connection and ran to Nemesis's locker. It was locked. Damn it Ryan! He blasted the lock and opened the locker. He saw the rifle in the back and grabbed it. He saw the scope lying on the bottom. Picked it up and snapped it on. He grabbed the extending barrel and screwed that on. He grabbed a power pack and snapped it into the clip. He raced to the door.

"Ryan! Time to snipe!" he said

He slid the sniper rifle across the floor to Nemesis. But it got caught on the end of something and spun to the middle of the hall, out of his reach or Nemesis's.

* * * * *

Joe saw what happened down the hall. He swore and glanced around. He saw that the blaster bolt down the hall were thickening, almost to fast. They've got a Repeater. Without that rifle, we're dead.

"Resh, give him cover!" he yelled

The pilots shot blast after blast down the hall. The stormies has to dive for cover so the blaster bolts paused for a minute. Resh Squadron ceased fire. Nemesis ran out, grabbed his rifle and dove back into his room.

* * * * *

Nemesis powered on his scope, clicked the safety off and aimed his sniper rifle down the hall. He immediately saw the enemies. They were somewhat diminished. The three stormtroopers still remained, but there was only one pilot left, Peel. He aimed his rifle at Peel's head and squeezed

the trigger. The muzzle flash blocked the horrific scene and Peel was now longer in view. He moved to the closest stormie and took him out. The other stormtrooper jumped at the death of his comrade. He squeezed off shot after shot in rage; Nemesis put him out of his agony.

The last stormie was lying on the floor, commando style manning the portable repeater. Nemesis carefully aimed his rifle's tracer hairs onto his last target and killed him. The dead body fell on the repeater gun. It fired into the wall until it over loaded. It exploded with such force that the bodies were thrown up against the walls. He did one more sweep with his infrared scope and stepped out into the hall

"All clear."

The pilot stepped into the hall, smoke was almost cleared. Jeroen was walking down the hall when he stumbled on something, the same thing the sniper rifle had been caught on. He looked at the floor, there lay Backstabber. He was moaning and somewhat awake. He looked up and smiled, or what was suppose to be a smile. His sleeve was torn, rather vaporized and his arm was black and blue.

He had been grazed by a blaster's stun bolt. His arm was completely numb and he was lucky to be conscious.

"They were newbies. Using stun and kill bolts. And their formation was pathetic." Said Jeroen.

"Thank god..." said Backstabber

"Yeah, even though it wouldn't be to bad if you were popped by a killer, we need you for this mission." Said Phoenix.

Backstabber just muttered something and the others laughed.

"It's nice to stay and chat, but we're gonna have company soon!" said Roy Brown.

The pilot hauled Backstabber to his feet and they walked down to the bodies. They were scattered every where. The right wall was scattered with the remains of Peel's head. They all looked away.

"Jeeze Commander..." Said Backstabber. Nemesis just shrugged.

They looked at the other pilots. Nemesis, Phoenix, Joe, and Jeroen all stopped at the same one. There was a long silence.

"Castor..." said Phoenix

The others just stared. LT Castor Troy's body lay on the ground. Troy had been a pilot in Resh squadron a long time ago, way before the Flantar Op.

"No! That's not possible. He has a wife! He retired because of her! He wouldn't come back with us, let alone Phannon!" said Nemesis with a scratchy voice. Backstabber just stayed silent, they hadn't been in the squadron when Castor was.

Roy Brown knelt down and felt for a pulse. There was one! It was so weak how ever that there was almost no chance of living. He didn't even bother to get their hopes up. He just shook his head.

"Let's go..." said Joe

Phoenix just stayed silent. He had known Castor best. Hey finally looked away and followed the group.

"Phoenix?"

"Sir, they'll be hear in twenty minutes." He reported.

"OK, we'll go to our rooms, grab you flight gear and then we'll go to the hangar." Said Joe, "Hopefully, probably, these guys didn't tell anyone about their little mission. They would have had reinforcements by now. Grab the bodies and move them out of sight."

They cleared the bodies, Joe could've sworn he saw Castor's eye's open and close.

* * * * *

The weary pilots moved to their hangar stealthy. There was no guards stationed at the hangar, so that made sure no one knew yet, of what happened. They entered the dark hangar with their weapons drawn. They were in full flight gear and moved to the middle of the hangar. The hangar was dark and they could barely see their ships.

“Ok, get to your ships and prepare for a hot start up. When the fleet arrives, we’ll launch. We meet up with Sov, and help with the fighters.”

The pilots raced for their ships.

* * * * *

Since there were no ladders the pilots had to climb up on the solar panels. This was no easy task, but not an impossible one either. With a voice-activated command, the hatch opened to Joe’s fighter. He climbed in and settle into the cockpit. He pulled the hatch closed after him and he frowned. Something had gone wrong, very wrong.

How did they find us? We were so careful; they couldn’t have figured us out. Troy? No, he wouldn’t do that! But why was he were with Phannon? Now is not the time. Thought Joe.

Suddenly he saw a gigantic ship come out of hyperspace off in the distance. He looked out the viewport. Sovereign was here! They could finally get out. He moved to key his comm, but suddenly the blast doors closed on the hangar’s opening. The magnetic field was shut off. And the lights went on.

“Captain Joe. This is Admiral Phannon, surrender now. Theres no way out. You have thirty second to reply, if you do not, you will be destroyed.”

Joe didn’t know what to do. He couldn’t surrender, but he saw no other choice. He flipped his missile switch to dual and pulled the trigger. Nothing happened, they had emptied his warheads! He couldn’t blast his way out, not that would have worked.

“Fifteen.”

“Phoenix!”

“I’m can’t sir, I’m trying but I can’t get them open!”

“Five, four, three, two...”

“One” was a scream and a blaster shot.

“What the hell...” said Jeroen

“Joe...Ryan, Galan...Jeroen...go...” said Castor Troy with a cracky and shaky voice. The hangar door opened. The fleet was almost within firing range.

“Castor! We’re coming for you, where are you?!” said Phoenix

“Stay in your ship Commander! That’s an order!” said Joe

“Galan, it’s no use...don’t wait..on..me.”

Ion bolts started hitting the Grasp. The pilots start launching, first Joe, then Jeroen, then Backstabber and Roy Brown.

“Galan, Let’s go!”

After a short pause, Phoenix’s Tie Defender lifted off and sailed out of the hangar. Nemesis launched last and smiled when he saw the fleet, the BIG fleet. They had already disabled or destroyed half of Phannon’s.

“Resh Squadron, land in you hangar now. We’ll cover you!” said LC Pel

“Pel, is that you?” said Joe

“Hey, some one had to save your asses! So I volunteered to take Koph out...for old times sake.”

“We’re right with you...” said Joe
“No Captain. Get in here now!” said Fleet Admiral Kramer
“Uh...Yessir.”
The six ships streaked for their hangar.

* * * * *

ONE WEEK LATER

“I would like to congratulate Resh Squadron on their amazing operation in the past week. We were all scared shitless for you guys.” Said Pel

Joe stood up to except the congratulation and fell down laughing.

He’s drunk Nemesis Chuckled. He glanced over at Phoenix who was sitting alone drinking several shots of whiskey. He wasn’t the same since the mission.

Another Wing Commander walked into the room. Their own, General Brian.

“Woowoo. That’s not all. I have another announcement to make. For his great efforts in the past mission, Commander Halcyon has been promoted to the Commanding position of Ra Squadron. Congratulations CMDR.” Said General Brian.

Everyone cheered and Nemesis stood up. Brian tossed him his new rank wings, and he just put them in his pocket. Everyone soon died down and went to their own conversations. Nemesis walked over to Galan.

“Hey”

“Hey”

“I’m sorry about Castor. I was talking to FA Kramer, he said he found Troy’s wife and the nine month old kid on one of Phannon’s transports. They said Castor was forced to join Phannon. They’re fine, and they are going to Corellia to stay with her parents.” Said Nemesis, “That’s not all. They found Castor alive on the Grasp, he’s in severe condition, but they think they can save him. He will lose his arm, he was hit with a blaster there. Not by us either, it was a E-11 wound. Stormie shot him, friendly fire. He will also lose some back strength.”

Phoenix’s facial expression brightened.

“If you’re lying to me, I’m going to kick your ass.” He said

Nemesis smiled.

“I’m serious.” He said, “Not that you could kick my ass.”

Phoenix laughed, looked up at his friend and smiled.

“Thank you.”

“Hey...no problem.”

Galan “Phoenix” Willig looked around and smiled. He saw all of his fellow pilots laughing and talking.

Resh Squadron had survived another one.

THE END

CMDR/CM Nemesis/Ra 1-1/wing VI/SSSD Sovereign

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

Name: Hem Dazon
Rank: SL (Sub Lieutenant)
Current Assignment: Gimel Squadron
Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): fess@xtra.co.nz
Sex (M/F): m
Race: Arcona
Date of Birth: 7/10/81
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Mos Eisley - Tatooine
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single
Family: Father, Mother, and one sister
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Well-to-do
Quote: 500 kills and still counting
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: none
Significant Events of Adulthood: became addicted to Spice
Alignment & Attitude: To the Empire, complete dedication
Former Occupations (if any): Scout, mercenary pilot
Hobbies: none
Tragedies:
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): I support the movement of the Emperors Hammer and the Empire fully and are prepared to do any thing.
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet:
Wanted to get involved in some new space sim flying opportunities

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.
Signature: FM/SL Hem Dazon/Gimel 2-2/Wing III/SSSD Sovereign
Date: 22/8/99

Everything seemed to be quiet outside of the New Alliance's Prison = Colony. It was a nice day with the sun shining in the purple sky and the = desert looking as beautiful as ever. The huge, ugly prison could not = even take your eyes off the magnificent landscape, but the growing dots = floating in the distance could. In the sky you could make out four = shapes coming closer and closer towards the colony. Suddenly, the = prison's laser turrets span into action as the approaching crafts became = more obviously TIE shaped.

"BOOM!"

The first shots are fired and the prison takes the brunt of it, shaking the place to its foundations. As the lights flicker inside the prison, one of the occupants sees that his chance for escape has arrived. Emon Kaaren was not going to stick round. As all of the other prisoners broke into a cheer, Emon knew that he had to escape now, as the attack was not a rescue mission, but an assassination.

The pounding against the Prison got harder and harder and when the electricity finally went off, Emon was able to open his cell door. He ran in the massive crowd of prisoners heading towards the exit. Lasers were being fired around him as the guards attempted to control the crowd and the prison was beginning to cave in around him. Emon was able to find a hole that had just been blown through the wall and he crawled through into the bright daylight.

The prisoners were all congregating outside of the prison to await their rescue, but Emon could not join them as he was wanted dead by the Empire. He wasn't a traitor, or even an enemy of the Empire, but he did know something that he should not. That alone was reason enough for the Empire to murder him.

Emon stopped for a moment and watched a TIE Fighter fly low over the crowd of prisoners in an attempt to locate Emon. The prisoners were still cheering when the starfighter took another sweep over the crowd. Suddenly, green lights flashed as it opened fire on the crowd. The prisoners didn't stand a chance and were killed in only a couple of sweeps by the TIE Fighter.

Emon desperately looked around for somewhere to hide until he decided to bury himself in the sand. He jumped into a small hill of sand. It was lucky for Emon that every prisoner was given a small respirator because of the thin air on the planet. It was only supposed to be used occasionally when he had problems breathing but he didn't know how long they could last for a long period of time.

Even under the sand, Emon could still hear the explosions as the Prison colony was being blown apart. How many people had died, Rebel and Imperial, just so he could be killed? Is the information that he knows so important to the Empire that they don't mind what the costs are? Only three people in the galaxy know what he knows, of which he is the only one alive.

Emon used to be a great pilot, one of the best in fact. Even the Emperor was impressed by his skills. It was the Hoth mission that got Emon noticed. It was his job to take out the starfighters that were defending the Rebel base and he did, a little too well. He took out three times as

many ships as the other pilots had and was honoured by being awarded a medal by Lord Vader himself.

He was so awe-struck by Lord Vader that he didn't realise that there was no one else in the room as he was awarded the medal. He was very surprised when Lord Vader ordered him to take on a very important mission that only he and the Emperor knew about. It was to investigate something that could have the power to destroy the entire Empire but when the mission was completed Emon found out that Lord Vader and the Emperor had been killed, so he went into hiding. There had been rumours about the mission flying around and when Emon went AWOL it was decided that he would have to be killed to protect what was left of the Empire.

Emon then decided to become a Bounty Hunter but was eventually captured by the New Alliance for the many people he had killed during his career. Emon didn't mind, he felt safe in the prison where he could not be touched by Imperial hands. That peace of mind had gone now and he had to wonder what he would do now his sanctuary had gone, but first he had to get out of this scrape alive.

The firing had now stopped and there was no sound on the surface. Emon could barely breath now as his oxygen was running low. He gets out of the sand, dusts himself down and looks around to evaluate the devastation. There was barely anything standing where the prison used to be and there seemed to be little sign of any other survivors.

He looked at what was left of the colony to see if he could salvage anything There was little chance of being caught in a fire due to the lack of oxygen so he entered the damaged structure of the prison. There was nothing of use in the prison as everything had been blown apart. The sun was making Emon very hot so he lied down in a shadow made by one of the walls still standing and decided to get some sleep.

"Is anyone still alive?"

Emon woke up startled. He peered around his wall and saw a Rebel pilot looking for survivors. Emon tried to keep out of sight but the pilot caught a glimpse of him and started to wander over in his direction.

"Hello?" The pilot looked around the wall, but no one was there. "I'm sure I saw..."

Emon jumped on the pilot from behind and he grabbed his head. Emon was thrown off as the pilot fought back. Emon cracked the pilot around the head a few times. The pilot was still a bit shocked and barely fought

back. The pilot's helmet fell to the ground letting Emon's blows to his head become even harder. The pilot tried to back away so he could get his laser out. As his back was turned Emon struck the pilot sharply in the back of the neck. The pilot went down in a heap. Emon took his laser and helmet and went looking for the pilot's ship.

He walked out of the prison and towards the pilot's supply ship. It seemed to be a decent craft and the supply ships that usually come to the colony had food, cloth, water and other things that could easily be sold for a good price. The weapons were a bit weak with only a couple of lasers but they could be modified fairly easily. The ship seemed to be old but well kept, just the way Emon liked them. He found the Imperial ships he flew in were a bit boring and sterile, unlike other ships in the galaxy that were run down and full of character.

As Emon boarded the ship he noticed the name of the ship on a plaque. It was called Oasis and it certainly was on this hellhole. Emon laughed to himself thinking about how well things had turned out. Sure, he had an attempt on his life but he was free, had plenty of supplies for his trip and the Empire thought that he had been killed with every one else.

Emon sat back in the pilot chair and thought of what he could do with his new found freedom. He could offer himself back to the Imperials, but there would be too high a chance of them firing at him as soon as he came in range of any of their ships. Trading passed his mind but he knew he could put his skills to better use, and for better money. He had been a Bounty Hunter before, and a good one at that, but it's hard to get a contract if you can't work for the Empire or the Alliance. Emon also knew that he could do better than be some Warlord or Kingpin's lackey. He just couldn't make his mind up so he eventually decided to take whatever job came along.

As the craft took off Emon thought about giving away the secrets of his mission to the New Alliance but decided that he could not do that to the Empire. Fair enough, they want him dead but Emon would always be Imperial through and through. He wasn't a big fan of the Empire but he preferred it to the Rebels.

Emon didn't know where he was going, didn't really care. He was just happy to be free, if a little wary of what the Empire would do to him if he were caught. The Alliance wouldn't be too pleased about him escaping either, but that's just what adventures are made of.

FL/LT Werdna Elbee/Beth 2-1/WingIII/SSSD Sovereign
[ISMx2][IWATS-IIC/1/2/3-mIRC/1] T/D-"Morning Glory"

"I can't hold them off any...AARHH!"

Lieutenant Eclipse watched another pilot succumbing to the attack by the Rebels. While weaving and turning to avoid the laser blasts by the massive Rebel fleet he could see the explosions of TIE Fighters all around him. Surely, in time, it would be his turn to make a mistake and be harshly punished for it by one of the opposing craft.

The Modified Frigate transporting Eclipse had only been hyperspaced into the area ten minutes ago and within that time his fleet had been cut in half by the trap set by the Rebels. He was supposed to be destroying a small outpost with only a few starfighters, but when the Modified Frigate he was onboard entered the area the place was swarming with enemy ships. As soon as he took off in his TIE Interceptor to protect the frigate, it tried to make its escape through hyperspace. It didn't stand a chance and was eventually destroyed when the masses of Y-wings dropped their load of warheads on to the frigate.

Eclipse and the surviving pilots were now stranded. There was only one TIE Defender that was able to take off before the frigate was destroyed and that had hyperspaced five minutes ago to get help. There were only a few basic TIE Fighters flying and they were being picked off one by one. Hope was leaving the pilots as each ship went down and there seemed to be no chance of a rescue. Still, Eclipse fought on was able to pick off one of two of the Rebel starfighters.

There were only about a dozen TIE Fighters left to fend off the several Rebel squadrons and their chances were incredibly slim. In the panic, Eclipse noticed the capital ship. It seemed to be a basic Mon Calamari cruiser and Lieutenant Eclipse tried to fly over to it, while dodging the opposing fire. He was able to fly incredibly close to the ship and scanned the ship. They must have thought that they were very safe, as there were no shields on.

It would have been any other pilot's instinct to open fire straight away, but he would have been killed in an instant. Instead, he flew away from the ship and back into the fray. There were only several TIE fighters on the scanners now but a plan went into Lieutenant Eclipse's head. They may not get out of the battle alive, but they could still get their vengeance.

"Everyone, focus your attack on the Mon Calamari cruiser. The shields are off."

"But we won't stand a chance!" a voice piped up the radio.

"You won't anyway. Attack the ship."

No more voices appeared on the radio. Eclipse took that as an acceptance. He turned his ship to face the cruiser and locked on his last torpedo. The capital ship grew larger and larger as Eclipse approached for his final attack. He flew at the main bridge and he got so close he could see the officers in the windows wondering what he was doing.

"Kaboom!"

The warhead hit the window and blew it apart. The people who were inside floated out of the ship and Eclipse took a few shots at the insides of the bridge with his ion cannons. The sparks flew from the controls. The other ships had taken a few shots at the cruiser as well and parts of the ship were in a state of disarray.

"Back away! It's going to blow!" Eclipse sharply turned away from the ship but he could still see the bright orange light from the explosion behind him. The gunfire from the Rebel starfighters stopped for moment as they watched their ship exploding. There were now only five TIE Fighters left but they took their opportunity to take out some of the starfighters.

The Rebels were taking their time to recover and now it was the Imperial's turn to punish them. It was like shooting fish in a barrel and the numbers were slowly going down. Lieutenant Eclipse knew that he was still seriously outnumbered still but at least he would go out in style.

A loud beeping started and Lieutenant Eclipse noticed a torpedo coming at him on his scanner. Eclipse made his TIE Interceptor spin and turn as if it was dancing with the tornado. There was barely any space between the ship and the torpedo and the slightest mistake would mean defeat.

Eclipse was getting tired battling his ship to make it take the turns he needed to survive. The sweat was pouring off his forehead and it was making his helmet steam up. His sight was going as his view became cloudy and felt as if his arms would fall off if he had to fight the warhead any longer. An explosion came from beneath his ship, so close that Eclipse thought that it was all over, but it wasn't. The torpedo had gone from his scanner but there were new ships in the area.

Eclipse noticed the huge Imperial ship in the distance and the massive number of TIE Defenders that had entered the battlefield while he was avoiding the torpedo.

"This is the SSSD Sovereign. Any survivors may dock with us now." Eclipse knew that the Flagship of the Empire was close by but he would have never have thought that they would risk using it for a rescue mission. Luck was surely on Eclipse's side this day and he headed for the SSSD Sovereign at full speed.

The burning red lasers of the Rebel starfighters were all around Eclipse as he tried to weave his way to the SSSD Sovereign. Eclipse came to a full stop and an X-Wing shot past his ship. Eclipse picked up speed again and fired upon the Rebel. The enemy starfighter could not react in time and it was too easy for Eclipse to get his shots on target. The X-Wing blew up in a bright, powerful explosion and Eclipse just flew through it to show off. Sure it was dangerous, but Eclipse now thought he was invincible after surviving the recent events.

Lieutenant Eclipse made it to the SSSD Sovereign and docked with a smile on his face. A lot of people had died today, but at least he wasn't one of them. He got out of his ship and was greeted by an officer who led him down long stretches of corridors until he came to a huge door.

"Please, enter the room and you will be debriefed" asked the officer politely. The doors slowly opened and allowed Eclipse to peer into the room before he entered. It was a massive office with a large window at the other side of the room. Eclipse could see the battle going on outside and the Rebel ships were being crushed by the majestic TIE Defenders. He entered the room and walked towards a large desk that was just below the window. He got half way into the room before a booming voice came from behind him.

"Congratulations on your victory Commander. You fought bravely." Eclipse span around to see a tall man with blond hair wearing an Admiral's uniform.

"Thank you, sir. But I wouldn't call losing hundreds of pilots a victory, sir, and I'm a Lieutenant."

"Not anymore," the Admiral said knowingly, "you've just been promoted for your next mission."

"Next mission, sir?"

The Admiral stared at Eclipse for a moment before continuing, "I knew = that you were being sent into a trap and I know that only three pilots = survived but it had to be done to test you and the other pilots out = there. I'm Vice Admiral Gorsky and I've been given the task of = supervising a mission of the up most importance, and secrecy."

"As far as I know there is no Vice Admiral Gorsky on the rosters, and = what do you mean you knew about this trap."

"There's no Commander Eclipse on the rosters either, as are all of the = other people on this mission. As I said, this is Top Secret and it was = worth every death on that battlefield today. People are being tested = everywhere and I am going through everyone's records to get the right = people for this job. Obviously, I can't tell you too much about your = mission but I can tell you that you will be commanding a task force of = 12 people, including the other two pilots that survived today."

"Why am I commanding, sir?"

"Oh now, don't be modest, it's because of that stunt you pulled out = there on that Mon Calamari cruiser and you know it. It was a stupid = thing to do at the time but we all know that a stupid stunt isn't stupid = when it works. It could have gone wrong just as easily and you and = everyone else knew it. The other two pilots have already explained that = they would never have survived if you hadn't taken command and made them = follow your orders. I need someone like that to command this mission, = someone who can do the stupid thing when necessary and make other people = do it with you."

There was no other ships in space now as the battle had been won. His = life had been risked for a futile cause and it made him wonder if his = life would be risked again for similar means.

"What if I don't accept this mission, sir?"

"The records already say that you died in this battle. Your only way out = would be to make that statement true" explained the Admiral in a cold, = unemotional voice. "The letter about our death has already been sent to = your family and the remembrance service for the pilots who died today = will be held in a couple of hours. I would suggest that you didn't turn = up for our own funeral."

Gorsky marched out of the office to leave Eclipse with his thoughts. = What sort of mission would be worth killing hundreds of pilots? How many = other people had been killed to test the others? How will he get by = never seeing his family again? Why the secrecy? Questions were spinning =

around his head but he had no doubt that he was going to take this = mission for curiosity alone.

FL/LT Werdna Elbee/Beth 2-1/WingIII/SSSD Sovereign
[ISMx2][IWATS-IIC/1/2/3-mIRC/1] T/D-"Morning Glory"

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

Name: Calvin Nothos
Rank: Sub-Lieutenant
Current Assignment: none
Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): mtrsapocalypse@juno.com
Sex (M/F): male
Race: human
Date of Birth: unknown
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Eriadu
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated):single
Family: yes(adopted)
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy,
Nobility): wealthy
Quote: You may swing your fists all you want, but it ends at my nose.
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Was adopted into a wealthy family who believed in order and discipline
Significant Events of Adulthood: Joined the Empire
Alignment & Attitude: positive
Former Occupations (if any):apprentice to father
Hobbies: Flying
Tragedies: none
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Powerful,
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite
Strike Fleet: Good Rep.

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

Signature: Calvin Nothos

Date: 8/26/99

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

Name: Paul "Demon Yoda" Giovanni

Rank: Commander

Current Assignment: Commander, Gimel Squadron, Wing III, SSSD Sovereign

Scandoc Transmission Code: DemonYoda@yahoo.com

Sex (M/F): Male

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 22 Standard years ago. Exact date unknown...

Place of Birth: Nar Shadaa

Marital Status: Seeing various women

Family: Father, Armondo "Papa" Giovanni. Papa is a veteran smuggler and owner of a successful shipping company. Mother, unidentified prostitute.

Social Status: Wealthy

Quote: "When I'm God, Everyone Dies!"

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Not long after birth, Papa Giovanni took his son away from the prostitute that had served as Paul's carrier and had his mother killed. Paul was raised in a wealthy setting and was spoiled very quickly. He was a teenager when he learned the truth about his mother. He felt some resentment towards his father but continued to do as his father wished.

Significant Events of Adulthood: Once he was 16, Papa Giovanni decided to employ his son as a pilot. Paul would pilot the various ships that Giovanni Shipping had purchased for the task of escorting freighters. One time while escorting his father's personal ship, Pirates attacked and tried to hijack the Eye of the Beholder, Papa Giovanni's personal ship. Thanks to the efforts of Paul, another pilot, and the gunnery crew on board the Eye, the Pirate's attack was thwarted. Paul did come home a hero for his help but that was the first time he had seen combat on such a scale. He then decided to be an Executive Assistant to his father and help run parts of Giovanni Shipping.

Alignment & Attitude: Paul was brought up to believe that no matter what cause you pursue, always put your maximum effort into it. Paul was known as one of the most loyal workers that Giovanni Shipping had ever had despite disagreements with his father.

Former Occupations (if any): Escort Pilot and Executive Assistant.

Hobbies: Paul enjoys listening to fine music, dancing with fine women, and meditating to become one with the Dark Side.

Tragedies: Learning the truth about his mother.

Phobias & Allergies: Has always been afraid of losing and not pleasing superiors. Paul is also paranoid that his father is also holding back on other information about his life as well.

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Paul believes that the best kind of government is one with an iron fist. No one has proved that to him better than his father and of what he has heard of the late Emperor Palpatine.

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

restore the original, iron-fisted rule of Palpatine and to show his father that he can take care of himself.

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

Signature: Paul "Demon Yoda" Giovanni

Date: 08/15/99

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

Name: Azrael

Rank: Sub-Lieutenant

Current Assignment: Gimel Squadron, Wing III

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): Azraelkod@aol.com

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 8-7

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Unknown

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

Family: None

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

Quote: "I sow the seeds of damnation and reap the souls of the tainted"

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Nil

Significant Events of Adulthood: Nil

Alignment & Attitude: Empire

Former Occupations (if any): Imperial Royal Guard (not in the EH)

Hobbies: Blowing away X-wings (on Super ace using an interceptor)

Tragedies: Battle of Endor

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

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: I need people i can trust in a team battle.

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

Signature: Azrael

Date: 8-23

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

Name: Derick Krayt

Rank: Sub-Leiutenant

Current Assignment: Flight Member

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): bobolubu@AOL.com

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Human

Date of Birth: Unknown, lost in takeover of Tierfon, Im 22

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Tierfon

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

Family: None, killed in Pirate raid in Tierfon airspace

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

Quote: "I hate the Rebellion, and I always, for I can never forgive them, for the death of my family"

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: AT age 6 took up flying in simulators, Parents killed at age 16, Killed my first rebel at 17

Significant Events of Adulthood: Placement at Cardia Academy, re-located to PLT Daedalus

Alignment & Attitude: Empire, Highly Loyal to Imperial cause, don't expect any defection from me

Former Occupations (if any): Tierfon Security Force special operative

Hobbies: Fixin' things, flying a fighter, playing Quadrant, reading, pickin up women

Tragedies: Parents were killed in Pirate raid, girlfriend killed by Rebel forces after taking Tierfon.

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Only one thing to say, "Long live the Emperor's glory,".

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: After becoming part of Tierfon security team at the planet's main Spaceport, my family was killed by Pirates which was later found out to be a scheduled hit on my Uncle, he was a huge Imperial loyalist, and I left for Cardian Spaceport but as soon as I arrived I was transferred to Daedalus because of the Emperor's death.

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

Signature: Derick Krayt

Date: 8/17/99

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

Name

Kaedryl Di'Mathe

Rank

Lieutenant

Scandoc Transmission Code (Screen Name)

agunders@iname.com

Sex

Male

Race

Human

Date of Birth

22 years before the Battle of Endor (25 years old)

Place of Birth

Coruscant

Marital Status

Single

Family

Twin Sister

Social Status

Wealthy

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence

Life was easy on the imperial homeworld of Coruscant. Years earlier Jek Di'Mathe, Kaedryl's grandfather, had established himself as a trader of rare objects and curiosities, much sought after by the republic's wealthy senators. Gaining the trust and respect of these men and women of power enabled him to learn much of the inner workings of the galactic senate. This became especially important for his true profession, as a dealer of far more valuable material...information. Few could rival Jek's skill and cunning as an informant, nor his complete lack of scruples. For the right price, he would sell out the very soul who earlier had paid him so dearly for information. For years, this playing both sides of the table made Jek, and his family, extremely wealthy.

However, on a planet that is also the galactic seat of the Jedi Council, this type of activity can not go unnoticed. While in his shop, he overheard a pair of Jedi discussing a dispute that had been occurring on one of the outer rim worlds. A world rich in resources, the native people were being wiped out by a greedy and ruthless cartel, intent on controlling the planet for themselves. Being the defenders of justice in the old republic, a delegation of Jedi was soon to depart for the planet to aid the natives. Sensing profit to be had, Jek wasted no time selling this information to an arms dealer who was supplying the cartel the Jedi were preparing to stop. Not wanting this source of fat profit to disappear, a fleet of warships were waiting for the Jedi's' cruiser as it left hyperspace. Though valiant warriors, the sheer numbers overwhelmed the lone ship and it, and all aboard, were destroyed.

Content back on Coruscant, Jek was enjoying the large purse made from the sale of this information when two more Jedi came into his shop. In an ironic twist of fate, the informant had himself been sold out, and the Jedi knew all too well of his involvement in the deaths of their brethren. Quietly and quickly, Jek was arrested and brought before the council, charged with crimes against the republic, and more severely, the Jedi themselves. Having no reasonable defense, Jek was found guilty and sentenced. Being fair and merciful, even when wronged, the Jedi had no death sentence, but rather sent Jek to the prison on Talos IV for life, leaving his family to fend for themselves.

It was this banishment of his father that started Jek's only child, Jaekre's disdain for the republic, the Jedi, and all they stood for. However, he also realized that while they were the ruling force in the galaxy, one had no choice but to live within their laws, or suffer a fate as his father had. And so it was this realization that led Jaekre to follow not in his father's footsteps as a dealer in information, but rather find a path of his own. Taking the fortune his father had made on Coruscant, Jaekre purchased an orbital platform that circled the world of Malastre. It was here, away from the interference of the Jedi that he started what would become his legacy.

Using the knowledge of political workings he had acquired from his father, and the contacts he had in the underworld of Coruscant, Jaekre became a dealer in weapons and arms. His knowledge of the quarrels and rivalries on the senate enabled him to easily find customers, and soon he established a fortune that dwarfed his father's. Branching out, he would assist those senators who wished to take a hands-off approach to the elimination of their rivals, and assisted with assassinations. His father's contacts gave him a huge selection of candidates, and he was more than happy to assist in the end of those he blamed for his father's imprisonment.

It was through these connections that he came to the attention of a rebel faction within the republic. Tired of the strong-arm tactics of the Jedi, and the endless deliberations of the senate, this new group sought to overthrow the republic and set-up their own rule. Jaekre would learn little else of this group, as they kept themselves shrouded in secrecy, and would quickly stop any attempt of Jaekre's to question them on their identities or plans. Deals were done through an anonymous source, weapons and ships were picked up by droids, and money distributed into one of Jaekre's many accounts. All of this was fine with Jaekre, who didn't care about the morals or purpose of this mysterious group, as any enemy of the republic was a friend of his. The money kept coming, and so he continued to sell weapons, never questioning the huge numbers of weapons purchased, or seemingly endless account his mysterious clients seemed to possess.

And so when word of chaos within the galactic senate was first heard Jaekre was little surprised. His handiwork had helped make the overthrow a reality, and his loyalty was not forgotten. After the disbanding of the senate, and the establishment of Coruscant as the government's, the Empire's, center, Jaekre moved back to his homeworld, and established his arms dealership there. A now loyal citizen to the Empire, Jaekre spent the rest of his years helping to supply the navy that had overthrown those that had imprisoned his father, and aiding them as they moved out from Coruscant to the surrounding worlds. And it is into this life Kaedryl Di'Mathe was born. The younger of Twins, Kaedryl was inseparable from his sister Jaelyn. The son of a wealthy arms dealer, he had every luxury. Any desire was fulfilled and he lived what many would call the ideal life. His childhood was one of happiness and joy, never knowing the loss or sorrow his father had as a child.

Being surrounded at all times by a multitude of weaponry and equipment, Kaedryl became adept at a plethora of weapons. His father paid for the best instructors to teach his children a variety of fighting arts, and Kaedryl was a ready student. Having been given everything in life, the

challenge of having to achieve skills in combat was a welcome friend. Soon this drive consumed his life, and there was little else he looked forward to than the time spent with his instructors. For the majority of his childhood years, Kaedryl was a student of combat and tactics. In addition to the hand-to-hand and small arms training, he was also taught the theories of larger military engagements. From the Sith wars, to the fall of the republic, Kaedryl learned it all, the victories, the failures. The combined knowledge of a thousand years of military leaders was distilled and taught to him over the years he grew-up on Coruscant.

By the time Kaedryl was a young man of 16, he had the tactical knowledge to rival many of the imperial navy's leaders, or so he thought. This combined with his skill in melee and small-arms combat made him a dangerous youth. Added to this was an unexpected side effect of his years of training and knowledge. While extremely loyal to his teachers and family, he had almost complete disregard for anyone else. Having studied the atrocities committed by leaders throughout the millennia, there was little he saw that could not be justified and any that willingly stood in his way deserved their fates. This coupled with his stature as the son of one of the Empire's most trusted citizens; he felt he was untouchable.

Significant Events of Adulthood

It was during his 18th year that he had a run in with members of the imperial academy. Recent graduates awaiting their first assignment, the four were enjoying themselves in a local inn. Having spent several hours hearing them congratulate themselves on surviving the rigorous training, and soon to be serving the empire directly, Kaedryl tired of their drunken boasting. After asking them to quiet their tongues, they challenged what they thought was a spoiled merchant's son to meet them behind the establishment. Kaedryl was only too happy to oblige. The fight was short and bloody. In the end, Kaedryl stood over the bodies of the four, nursing an abdominal wound and marveling at his handiwork. When the imperial troopers arrived, he was still standing over his kills, a slow smirk on his face. Arrested for the murder of imperial soldiers, his fate was sealed. Even his father's influence would not change the verdict.

Sentenced to death, Kaedryl spent weeks in a small cell on Coruscant, awaiting his execution. It was during this time he was approached by a member of the Emperor's guard. During the visit, he was given an offer, stay on Coruscant and be put to death, or come with him, and perhaps earn back his life. Not being a proud fool, Kaedryl gratefully took his offer and left Coruscant.

On a distant world, devoid of civilization, Kaedryl became a member of an elite group of candidates to join the Royal Guard. Skilled in combat, and devoid of regret, he was a perfect warrior, cunning, ruthless, and cold. He easily outpaced his classmates, and when called upon to take one of their lives while sparring, he did not hesitate a moment. He would have been an ideal guard, had not the battle of Endor occurred.

Kaedryl had spent years in training for the Royal Guards, and was enroute to the Emperor's service when the battle of Endor occurred. A missed blessing, as he survived not only the death of the emperor, but also the betrayal within the Royal Guards themselves. Arriving among the wreckage, his shuttle had little power left and he had no options that he could see. Not knowing where his life would take him now, he returned to Coruscant, where his father and sister remained. The homecoming would not be pleasant.

The death of the emperor had thrown the planet into chaos with the uprising of the unloyal. His father, well known and loyal to the republic, had been killed shortly after the news of the emperor's death had arrived. He arrived home to find his father's mansion being ransacked, the petty thieves stealing whatever they could carry out. Quick with a blade and having just completed the guard training, Kaedryl killed as many as he could, but the damage was done. His

father was dead, his Emperor had been murdered, his sister was missing, and now even his family home was in ruin. Not knowing where to go, he again returned to the very inn where he had met those fateful cadets years earlier.

Drowning his sorrows, he was approached by a man who recognized the imperial weapon he carried. He spoke in hushed tones, and asked if Kaedryl would like to see the fall of those who had killed his family and emperor. Think at first he was being mocked, Kaedryl drew his blade and attempted to silence the fool. He quickly found himself pinned to his seat by an unknown force. The stranger gave him one warning that the next attack would be his last, and asked him again if he would like revenge. With a grim nod Kaedryl agreed, and followed the stranger out of the bar.

A short while later, he found himself among other candidates for the Emperor's Hammer. After a brief training and initiation period, he was appointed a member of the Hammer Fist. After the first ground assault, however, he soon learned that massive ground attacks meant one thing...huge losses for both sides. Still an extremely deadly hand-to-hand combatant, he realized that all his skill meant nothing when faced with thousands of enemy troops, all wielding blasters. Not wanting to meet an untimely end before he had his chance for revenge, he quickly put in for a transfer.

And so Kaedryl Di'Mathe became a member of the Tie Corps. Blessed with deadly accurate coordination from his years of training, he took quickly to the cockpit, and proved himself an accurate and deadly shot. As the dogfights in space lended to more one on one combat, the challenge of conflict he so longed after as a youth was once again his. An able, but still rookie pilot, Kaedryl has the potential to become one of the most deadly warriors in the service of the Hammer.

Alignment & Attitude

Kaedryl is still an extremely quiet and volatile young man. Without guilt or remorse, he is a deadly accurate marksman who willingly destroys any obstacle in his way. Extremely loyal to the empire, if only because he sees it as an end to those who destroyed his family, he has now pledged his life in its service.

Former Occupations

Royal Guardsman.

Hobbies

Honing his melee combat skills, and perfecting his piloting ability.

Tragedies

Death of his father, disappearance of his twin sister, Jaelyn.

Phobias and Allergies

None.

Personal View of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer)

The vehicle by which he can extract revenge on those who destroyed his family: The Republic and the Jedi.

Reason for Applying to the Emperor's Hammer

Given the option of staying on Coruscant and striking only small victories against the rebellion, the EH gives him the ability to deliver staggering blows to the upstart rebels, and one day bring back the wholeness his life had under imperial rule.

Other Comments or Information

Little matters to Kaedryl other than revenge. Those who he feels were responsible for his fathers death must be punished, and if this means the destruction of the entire rebellion, then so be it.

The only quest more important to him than this revenge is the search for his lost sister, for while he found his father's body among the wreckage of his former home, Jaelyn's was no where to be found. Possessing fighting skills equal to his, he can only assume she escaped and is now somewhere in the galaxy. Perhaps one day he will again be united with her, and together they will work to restore the glory of the Empire.

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

Signature

Kaedryl Di'Mathe

Date

August 22, 1999

NL56-TAC.zip - The latest group of new Emperor's Hammer missions, presented by TAC/FA Dev/CS-3/SSSD Sov.

JeremyBullock.jpg - A wonderfully signed picture of Jeremy "Boba Fett" Bulloch, courtesy of KE Arania Lawakiro(Krath)/M:KHP/CON/Aquillas/SC/BZ-SQ/DC-KC.

iwatsmedal2.zip - The new medal for graduates of the Imperial Weapons And Tactics School, by kircheis@galaxycorp.com (TOA Kircheis).

MoC.jpg - The updated Medal of Communications by OA/COL EmpReach/FRG Phoenix.

slade.mim - Three images by COM/RA Slade Holm/DGN Lichtor V.

LOGOW.zip - Some EH-related Windows shutdown/startup screens for Win98 by DA Kumba. To install, "place the logow.sys and logos.sys in your C:\windows dir, and that'll havem' for shutdown...to get'em for startup, just take one and copy it as logo.sys and place that in your root folder (c:\)."

OA-1TO~1.ZIP - The Order of the Vanguard images, OA-1yr.jpg through OA-6yr.jpg, representing the Order of the Vanguard medals for the first through sixth year of membership, including the 50% reductions for the uniforms by OA/COL EmpReach/FRG Phoenix.

Tempest1.zip - A new banner for Tempest Squadron by FL/LCM Kaneda Pellail/Tempest 3-1/Wing X/ISD Challenge.

SACOMP.jpg - A version of the XO's uniform presented by FL/LT Tra Tal'kail Coursca/Crusader 2-1/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf.

CMNEME~1.ZIP - A group of images by CMDR/CM Nemesis/Ra 1-1/wing VI/SSSD Sovereign.

ewokstory.zip - The ISD Challenge run-on story (all 40 pages of it, including pictures), submitted by FM/LT Kircheis Tyhsen/Tornado 2-3/Wing X/ISD Challenge et al.

dalshar_location.gif - The updated map of the EH Territories, including the newly-discovered Dalshar system. Thanks to HMF/DK Alduin dor Lammoth/Gamma.

DaggLinkBann.jpg - A new Dagger Squadron link banner by FL/LCM Nazghul/Dagger 3-1/Wing IX/ISD Relentless.

DAGGBANN.JPG - A banner for Dagger Squadron by FL/LCM Nazghul/Dagger 3-1/Wing IX/ISD Relentless.

RICFIC~1.ZIP - A large piece of fiction titled "Far Upon The Tide" by CMDR/CM Val Ricaud/Mu/Wing VIII/ISD Colossus.

The Infiltration of Hiran - Chapter 1.doc - The first part of a new, fictionalized story by

INQ/AD Shotgun.

Harkonnen.mim - Harkonnen-1.doc is a story titled "Why Us?" and was written by FM/MAJ Harkonnen/Rho 3-2/Wing II/SSSD Sov as part of the Wing II Bombing Run Blowout contest. Harkonnen-2.doc contains the first five episodes of the Wing II Chronicles, a story shared by all the members of my Wing. Credits for the writing go to FM/MAJ Harkonnen/Rho 3-2/Wing II/SSSD Sov - Episodes III and V, WC/GN Gallows/Wing II/SSSD Sov - Episode IV, FL/MAJ Freelancer/Rho 3-1/Wing II/SSSD Sov - Episode II, FM/LC Calias/Rho 3-4/Wing II/SSSD Sov - Episode I. Harkonnen-3.doc is Rho Squadron's Theme Song, a short little ditty, written by FM/MAJ Harkonnen/Rho 3-2/Wing II/SSSD Sov.

betatr~1.zip - The Sovereign Squadron League trophies, presented by FM/CM Blackbird/Typhoon 1-3/Wing X/ISD Challenge.

Some Sith Lords have all the luck.doc - Fiction presented by LCM Brandon/Typhoon 1-2/Wing X/ISD Challenge.

Intruder.jpg - A banner submitted by FL/CM Wedge/Hunter 3-1/Wing I/SSD Avenger.

battleboard.zip - An Excel 97 version of the Battle Board, presented by CA2:TAC/VA Striker/CA-3/SSSD Sovereign.

hunterlogo.jpg - An image for Hunter Squadron by FM/LT Padawan Hap'Kette/Hunter 2-2/Wing I/SSD Avenger.

rec.doc - An AOL recruiting manual, presented by CMDR/CM Dan/Zayin-1-1/Wing IV/SSSD Sov.

INPR-Wolly.doc - Get a load of this guy. Not only does he submit a novel for his INPR, but he even had COL Fireclaw write it for him! The one and only "Bad" Wolly's INPR. :-P

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.

Craft Name	Craft Designation/Assignment
Core Forces	
Flagship/Escort	
SSSD Sovereign	SSSD Sov
Aggressor Strike Force	
ISD Grey Wolf	ISD GWif
ISD Intrepid	ISD Int
ISD Vanguard	ISD Van
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

ISD Colossus

ISD Relentless

ISD Immortal

ISD Challenge

ISD Col

ISD Rel

ISD Imm

ISD Chal

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, 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, Torpedo Sphere, Empress Teta, 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

Auxillary Vessels

Dark Brotherhood

SSD Avenger

ISD Subjugator

SSD Avr

ISD Sub

Hammer's Fist

DREAD Retribution

LCF Excelsior

LCF Friggia

LCF Falcon's Eye

DREAD Ret

LCF Exc

LCF Frig

LCF Falc

Bounty Hunter's Guild

Star Galleon IvanHoe

SGAL Ivan

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

Directorate BattleFleet

M/ISD Tiger's Claw, INT*2, VSD*4, DREAD*2, ESC*2,
M/VSD-II Firebat

Phare system

VSD Rampart, FRG Raging Bull, FRG Hornet's Nest, 4
Carrack Cruisers

Lyarna System

VSD Concorde, FRG Veneerable, 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

Intelligence Division

Imperial Dungeon Ship Lichtor V

FRG Stormwind

Corvette Grau

Corvette Guren

Corvette Rune

Corvette Ietra

DGN LichV

FRG Storm

Heimlichkeit Strike Team

Nazgul Strike Team

Jaeger Strike Team

Moerder Strike Team

Corporate Division

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 Training 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)

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pilot manuals

This document contains the current list of EH related files.



version 4.0

By GA Ronin, HA Paladin, SA Havok (ret.) and FA Astatine.

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!

<http://to.dotau.net/manual/index.htm>



version 3.0

By GA Ronin, SA Havok (ret.) and AD Zoraan

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://www.pangea.ca/~zoraan/flt-man/>



IWATS Help file

Sites:

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/iwats.hlp>

Uniform Template Help file

Sites:

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/uniform.hlp>

The Map of the Empire and Emperor's Hammer Territories

Sites:

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/eh-camp1.zip>

Emperor's Hammer AVI Logo

Sites:

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/emplogo.zip>

Emperor Palpatine & Lords of the Sith WAV files

Sites:

<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://www.inil.com/users/hireme/ops/manual/manual.htm>

SYSTEM MANUAL

version 3.0

By GA Ronin and SA Havok (ret.)

The Systems Manual has very detailed information about all the Emperor's Hammer star systems. Very essential to the fiction writers.

Sites:

<http://members.xoom.com/Directorate/sysman.htm>

TIE Fighter CD Bonus Goal Help file

By SA Compton

Sites:

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/tiecd.hlp>

The Fleet Commander's Dark Brotherhood Grant of Arms

Sites:

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/ga-grant.zip>

Poster Art

Sites:

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/eh-postr.zip>

Tie Fighter Missing Man Formation AVI

Sites:

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/missing.zip>

The Emperor's Hammer Tactics Manual

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/dragon128/tacmanual.html>

The Emperor's Hammer Recruiting Manual

by FA Darth Vader

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/Clanofgunn/Rec-Man/main.htm>

If you have any questions please contact the Logistics Officer.

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