

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

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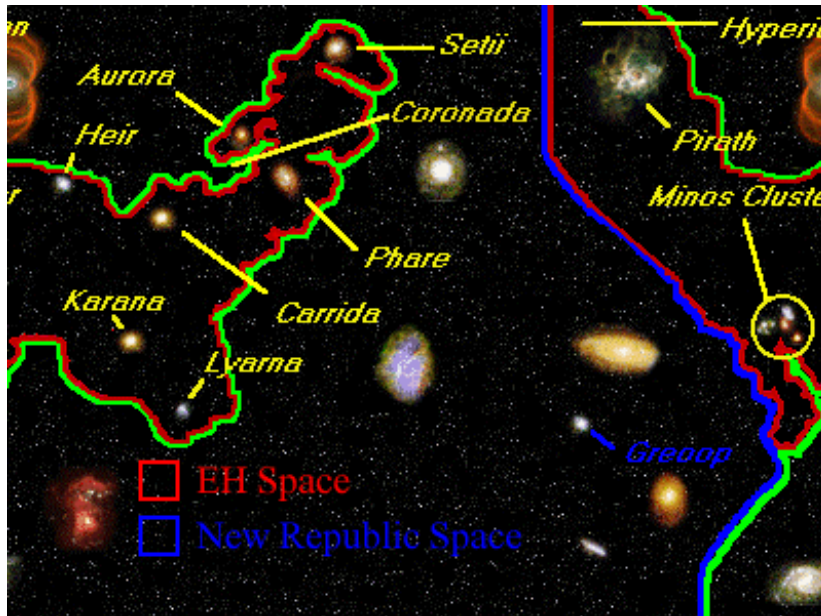
The Grand Admiral and his new bride
as visualized by Primarch Faethor (design@2ndfloorcomputers.com).

Edited/authored by XO/SA Compton/CS-2/SSSD Sov
2,409 members worldwide

HYPERION SYSTEM

"Thrawn's Return" (Chapter 1)

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



...The Emperor's Hammer Territories in the Outer Rim...
(<http://www.emperorshammer.org/imperium.htm>)



A flight of CloakShape Fighters of Dark Jedi Clan Alvaak's Black Omega Squadron patrol the superheated canyons of Kobot-12 under the blazing yellow giant, Hyperion

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

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

M/CRV Corvette Doomsday



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

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

Special Features:

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

Fighters:

While Modified Corvettes have the capacity to carry 1 fighter in their bays, since the *Doomsday* has an increased hull size, that number has been increased to three. In addition, an external rack has been added to allow an additional three fighters to be

carried externally, giving the *Doomsday* a total fighter complement of six. However, since fighters mounted on external racks are not coated with the sensor-absorbing material (SAM), fighters are not carried externally unless the situation warrants it. The *Doomsday* carries one Phalanx-Interceptor Gunboat, one TIE Defender, and one Escort Shuttle. (All of which are coated with the SAM)

Sensors:

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

Weaponry:

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

Defensive Systems:

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

Crew:

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

Hyperdrive:

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

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

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

Length: 200 meters

Hull Strength: 75 RU

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

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

Nav Computer: KDY-1191 Nav Computer

Top Sublight Speed: 45 MGLT

Crew: 150

Troops: 20 Zero-G Stormtroopers

Weapons:

9 Turbolaser Batteries

3 Warhead Launchers

Starfighters: 3 (Standard); 6 (Special)

Shields: Rated at 150 SBD

Sensor Countermeasures:

Hull coated with Sensor Absorbing Materiel (SAM)

Morph-Matrix Transponder

Low observability color scheme

Orbital Nightcloak

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hyperion System

PRIMARY SYSTEM FACILITIES (unknown at this time)

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

Hyperion is a huge yellow giant star surrounded by the orbiting debris of a violent past. Three large planetary bodies were present (Hyperion I, II, and III). However, thousands of slightly and much smaller planetoids were also present. Although most of these asteroids could not support life, several dozen exhibit gravity and

atmospheres acceptable for human life, albeit not a comfortable on most. The tremendous radiation and heat generated by Hyperion warmed the asteroids and life was certainly present on several of them.

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

TYPE: Barren

RADIUS: 18,000 km

DISTANCE FROM STAR (AUs): 2.0 AUs

AXIAL TILT: 4°

SEASONAL CHANGES: N/A

ORBIT: Circular

PLANETARY WEATHER: Dry, no precipitation

TEMPERATURE: Searing (60° to 90°C)

ATMOSPHERE: Type III (Breath masks required)

HYDROSPHERE: Arid (2% free water)

GRAVITY: Heavy (1.85 standard)

TERRAIN: Barren

LENGTH OF DAY: 32 Standard Hours

LENGTH OF YEAR: 500 Local Days

MOON(S): None

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

STARPORT: Limited Services

POPULATION: None (to be re-colonized)

GOVERNMENT: Imperial Governor/Military

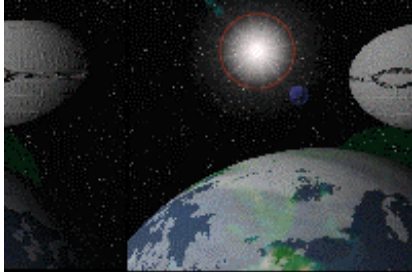
TECH LEVEL: Space (sophisticated communications, droids, blasters, hyperspace travel)

MAJOR EXPORTS: None

MAJOR IMPORTS: None

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

Craft: Loronor's Torpedo Sphere

Type: Dedicated siege platform

Length: 1,900 meters

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

Passengers: 8,540 (troops)

Cargo Capacity: 3.8 million tons

Consumables: 4 years

Weapons:

10 Turbolaser Batteries

500 Proton Torpedo Tubes

The Fleet Commander often makes sorties to the Torpedo Sphere Empress Tetra to personally supervise construction and retrofit operations. It is also rumored that the Torpedo Sphere has had its torpedoes removed so as to allow the installation of a specially designed Axial Superlaser (like that used on the SSSD Sovereign) and several dozen smaller turbolaser batteries for defense. Although not as powerful as the original Deathstar weapon and smaller, the axial equipped Torpedo Sphere Empress Tetra would add a powerful offensive weapon to the Emperor's Hammer arsenal. Each blast of the Axial Superlaser could sear an entire continent on an unsuspecting enemy planet. It is estimated that these retrofits will be complete in several months.



Good Little Imperials

(or "Look, Ma, I wrote my own report this month!")

By SA Compton

I'm often asked what it's like to be the Executive Officer of the world's largest online Star Wars club. It's pretty great for the most part, but some days I feel like chucking the Admiralty out Bob the Airlock, demoting myself to the rank of Captain and joining Omega Squadron as a Flight Member.

Such was the case during the FC's recent honeymoon, when I was acting Fleet Commander. I'm sure many of you are aware of some of the more, shall we say... WACKY things that happened while I was gone. I was feeling a little beat up by it all by the time the GA came back. But I recently got a letter that really made my day:

G'day,

Hope you don't mind getting a fairly trivial email from one of your loyal pilots. I just thought you might like to hear some encouraging words. I signed on with the Emperor's Hammer TIE Corps a while back, and I must say I'm continually impressed by the ambitious scope of the Emperor's Hammer! It is constantly growing in many directions, and just the TC is a great source of fun and activity. Keeping it all under some semblance of control must be an interesting undertaking!

Just incidentally, I'm mildly curious about the membership of the EH. I know the TC has in excess of 1000 members... I wonder how big the roster of the entire Emperor's Hammer is!

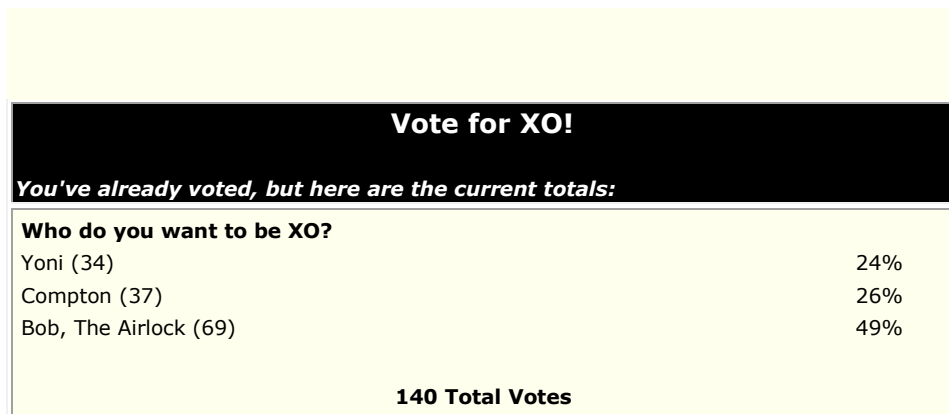
Keep up the good work! *salute*

CMDR/CM Woobee/Asp 1-1/Wing XIV/ISD Intrepid

I can't tell you how happy this made me. It helped me remember that yes, people DO notice when you're working hard, even if you don't always hear the good feedback. So remember this letter next time you think your work is going unappreciated. There's probably someone out there who thinks you're doing a good job.

XO/SA Compton/CS-2/SSSD Sov

Oh, speaking of the wacky stuff that went on while the GA was gone, here're the final results of that "Elect the XO" site:



Beat by an airlock. Oh well, at least I beat Yoni. Guess I might join Omega after all. :-j

Speaking of Omega, check out this site GN Devin sent over. It's funny:
<http://www.countdownalliance.net/nashville/palpy4pres/>

C

Here are the Letter of Achievement awards for NL 58:

TIE Corps

- WC/COL Ricardo/Wing IV/SSSD Sov
- CMDR/MAJ Javelin/Lamed-1-1/Wing IV/SSSD Sov
- CMDR/CPT Raith Siemar/Beth-1-1/Wing IV/SSSD Sov
- CMDR/CPT Gen Es'mith/Aylin/Wing V/SSSD Sov

CMDR/CPT Blade/Shin 1-1/Wing VI/SSSD Sovereign
CMDR/CM Demon Yoda/Gimel-1-1/Wing III/SSSD Sov
CMDR/CM Paradox/Zeta-1-1/Wing VI/SSSD Sov
CMDR/CM Cracoucas/Cheth-1-1/Wing IV/SSSD Sov
CMDR/CM Jodo Kast/Wraith 1-1/Wing I/SSD Avenger
CMDR/CM Dras Hempor/Falcon/Wing XI/ISD Immortal

FL/CM Nicholas/Aylin 2-1/Wing V/SSSD Sovereign
FL/CM Hello/Thunder-3-1/Wing X/ISD Chal
FL/LCM Werdna Elbee/Beth 2-1/Wing III/SSSD Sovereign
FL/LCM Jennif Es'mith/Aylin 2-1/Wing V/SSSD Sovereign
FL/LT Vaark/Phantom 2-1/Wing XI/ISD Immortal

FM/LT Hotshot/Aylin 2-2/Wing V/SSSD Sovereign
FM/LT Shig Nix/Aylin 1-2/Wing V/SSSD Sovereign
FM/LT DS-61-2/Aylin 1-3/Wing V/SSSD Sovereign
FM/LT Kavir Destion/Aylin 3-3/Wing V/SSSD Sovereign
FM/LT Kircheis Tychsen/Tau 1-3/MC Tripidium
FM/LT Bret K'thraz/Yod-2-2/Wing IV/SSSD Sov
FM/LT Rage/Nu 2-3/Wing VIII/ISD Colossus
FM/SL Ian Hoong/Gimel 2-2/Wing III/SSSD Sovereign

NON-TIE Corps

SL/SSG Hairymadillo/Vindictive-Vendetta-2 (Shadow)/Carrida II

The Holocron of the Brotherhood of the Dark Jedi!
Weekly News Update for the Week of November 7, 1999

"My own anger can unlock and unleash the power of the cosmos!"
--Darth Sidious

November 7, 1999 - 1252 Members as of Today!

Congratulations to this week's trivia winners!

First place: OBM Kelric

Second place: DJK Eramusus

And a special thanks to this
week's trivia creator: DA Raistlin

Next week's trivia subject: Random

Trivia/Meeting Info: <http://www.datasync.com/~darkjedi/db/comm-irc.html>

** Current News [From Grand Master Thedek] **

We are awaiting final release information about the next Dark Brotherhood Operation from Deputy Grand Master Dev. He has informed me he will be emailing the information out shortly.

After much debate over the position of Obelisk High Commander, I have decided to appoint current Commander of the Guard Z'lar Kahn!

Congratulations and I'll be in contact with you shortly to discuss plans for the Obelisk.

With Z'lar Kahn vacating the position of Commander of the Guard of the Grand Master's Royal Guard, I will be taking applications until Tuesday night. Please send all applications to myself (thedek@home.com), Primarch Dev (dev@city-net.com), and Obelisk High Commander Z'lar Kahn (zlarkahn@arnet.com.ar). We will be deciding between Wednesday and Friday and will announce the new Commander at the next meeting. OHC Z'lar Kahn's input will be HIGHLY influential in this decision.

**** Upcoming Operation [From Deputy Grand Master Dev] ****

Now that there is an OHC, the Order Leaders and I will finalize the events to be used in the upcoming competition as well as the format. These details should be released sometime this week, with events beginning as early as next week. Clans should wind down inter-house competitions as we prepare for the DB-wide event.

**** Roster Information [From Master at Arms Nighthawk] ****

Congratulations to the two Consuls who received rank promotions yesterday; Krath Pontifex Jarla of Clan Taldryan and Sith Warlord Zoraan of Clan Tarentum!

The full-DB AWOL check has been started; I personally am checking the Rogue list, and I've directed each Quaestor to check their houses. The check will last until the end of November, at which time all the AWOLs from the houses and the Rogue list will be removed from the DB Roster.

After much consideration, I have decided NOT to take on a Praetor. It's pretty simple...I do have a lot of work, but there really isn't that much that a Praetor could do, so I don't think it's reasonable that I take one on. My apologies to those who applied.

After speaking with GM Thedek, we have decided on a new Brotherhood Transfer policy. Transfers will, from now on, NOT be automatically approved. There MUST be a good reason for the transfer. 'I'm bored' doesn't cut it. 'There's no activity from my Quaestor and Aedile', 'I have friends in the other house,' and other legitimate reasons will be approved, but there must be a good reason.

If anyone's caught recruiting from other clan's, they will be punished. Remember, it's in the DSC that this is NOT allowed, so don't do it.
- GM Note: This one is especially important. Any members caught House or Clan recruiting will be dealt with by the Inquisitors.

**** Shadow Academy Note [From Head Master Kumba] ****

Nothing of major significance this week, however, I feel I should re-iterate some facts when submitting Phase material, notably, Phase 3. For Sith and Obelisk, all submissions in Phase 3 should

be directed to my Praetor, DJK Zsinj, and not to me. As for Krath, I ask that your Poems and Stories at least have decent grammar/spelling mechanics.

**** Return of the Herald [From Herald Kryder] ****

I've got a new computer so I will be taking over from my Praetor, Joker who has done an excellent job with the GoA's in the past two weeks!

The Herald Site will be moving to <http://thedek.dorm.org/herald/> as soon as possible. Use the old URL for now (<http://www.impstar.net/kryder/herald.html>) and once the new site is done I'll set up a redirect.

If you think you're Worth of a GoA, check out the site at <http://www.impstar.net/kryder/herald.html> and fill out the form and join the Heraldic Role!

**** Week in Review: Medals [From Chancellor Howlader] ****

One concern I have this week; just because you can award a medal, doesn't mean you should. A Consul has the right to award the Grand Cross of the Dark Side, however it does not mean that it will always be approved, the Chancellor has the final say on all medal requests.

Medal Awards:

DA Raistlin - Dark Cross
DJK Daihok - Crossed Swords addon to the Dark Cross, Steel Cross
DJK Trevarus Caerick - Dark Cross, Steel Cross
SBM Manesh - Star of Anger addon to the Steel Cross
KP Mordann - Star of Anger addon to the Steel Cross
OW AceOfDrkndHrts - Star of Anger addon to the Steel Cross
SW Kale - Steel Cross
DJK Shonan Darksol - Oak Leaf Cluster addon to the Dark Cross
KE Bob-Fett - Grand Cross of the Dark Side
SW Javelin - Dark Cross
DJK J'Lek - Knights Cross addon to the Dark Cross
GRD Phoenix - Dark Cross
NOV Oberon - Dark Cross
GRD Mar - Bronze Scroll
DJK Trevarus Caerick - Star of Anger addon to the Steel Cross

Medal Board:

<http://www.spacemonster.org/impstar/cgi-bin/db.pl>

**** Krath Happenings [From Krath High Priest Arania] ****

Krath site is partly relocated already. You do not need to change your bookmarks, I will link the index page of the old site to avoid confusion.

>From now on, there will be a monthly topic to write about, and I expect to have at least 1 submissions from every Phyle. Topic for

this month is: "I have failed." Details will be posted to the Krath mailing list and to the House leaders this weekend. Submissions can be in poem form as well.

The DB run on is somewhat stuck. I hoped for a bit more activity here, especially from the Krath. Seems I need to put up the next part myself... Remember that run on activity counts for Scholar of the Month, too.

There are still some who do not get the weekly announcements in form of the Holochron. Therefore, I ask the Krath House leaders to forward my announcements on their mailing lists this week - together with the subscribe address of the Holochron - to point out the importance of information flow, and make them subscribe. "I didn't know about it" will not count as an excuse anymore after this week...

** Sith News [From Sith High Warrior Bull] **

It looks like I'll be posting some new missions/battles soon. Check the SHW Page for more information.
- <http://www.inil.com/users/hireme/shw>

The Sith Message Board is still up at: -
<http://www1.sitepowerup.com/mb/view.asp?BoardID=112597>

Join the Sith eGroups list and post all you want!
Send an e-mail to: dbsith-subscribe@egroups.com.

** Match With SyKoTiC [From Acting Commander of the Guard Z'lar Kahn] **

Competitions against SyKoTic still without results... I am supposed to meet my opponent next monday, and I'll start checking on the other players.

The ladder has Dansin Wolver catching up quickly with the leaders... Start playing now, season ends in December 1st and awards will be given to 1st, 2nd and 3rd place!

The Holocron of the Brotherhood of the Dark Jedi!
Weekly News Update for the Week of November 17, 1999

"My own anger can unlock and unleash the power of the cosmos!"
--Darth Sidious

November 17, 1999 - 1282 Members as of Today!

Congratulations to this week's trivia winners!
First place: DA Raistlin
Second place: DJK J'Lek
And a special thanks to this
week's trivia creator: GRD Xeraan

Next week's trivia subject: Random

Trivia/Meeting Info: <http://www.datasync.com/~darkjedi/db/comm-irc.html>

**** Dark Council Changed [From Grand Master Thedek] ****

After some consideration and discussion, Lord Khyron will be joining the Dark Council in a new position. Lord Khyron will be Oracle of the Brotherhood. In this position he will be caretaker of the Dark Side Compendium and will assist me in things of Jedi Lore and Dark Jedi Knowledge.

I'm also pleased to announce another return to the Dark Council. I have reinstated former member Yoni as a Dark Jedi Primarch (his rank at the time of his leaving) and have made him Lord Chamberlain of the Brotherhood. In this role he will be helping me communicate and plan things with the leaders of the Orders. He will also act as a general advisor.

Commander of the Guard has also been chosen! Congratulations to Imp22, and welcome back to the Dark Council. I must say, though, that this was a tight and close 'competition' for the position of Commander and a lot of thought went into the matter. I'd like to thank the other members who applied and hope to see you giving your new Commander a run for his money in Jedi Knight. :)

**** Roster Information [From Master at Arms Nighthawk] ****

Our DB-wide AWOL check is going on, and I hope that all the Quaestors are running it on their houses....the check will end on December 1st, and we'll be removing all the AWOLs from the DB.

Remember, if you want to promote a member, you MUST email me first to get it approved. (This applies to all non-Shadow Academy promos). Don't announce it, and then mail me...mail me first.

**** Shadow Academy Note [From Head Master Kumba] ****

All quiet on the front...For reference, SA would like to relieve Clans of their Apprentices, so bring'em over by the bucket load and drop'em off...they should return as GRD's or canned products...<http://www.jsspace.com/sa/sa1.php3>

**** New Herald Site [From Herald Kryder] ****

The Herald site has moved! The new site can be found at <http://thedek.dorm.org/herald/>

The site uses dynamic content to allow me and KP Joker (P:HRLD) easier access to the database. It will also present the GoA's in a mildly more

appealing format. There are new GoA's that will be posted by the end of

the day so check it out!

**** Week in Review: Medals [From Chancellor Howlader] ****

Could anyone with any talent in graphics creation please contact me. I've got something for you bored graphics people to do.

Congratulations to all the new Dark Council members; Imp22, Yoni, Khyron, its good to see you all back.

Remember: The Chancellor must give prior approval before all medal awardings.

Medal Awards:

Jedi Hunter Callista - War Cross
Jedi Hunter Oldham - Dark Cross
Dark Jedi Knight Brandon - War Cross
Dark Jedi Knight Sarok - Dark Cross
Dark Jedi Knight Undo - Dark Cross
Jedi Hunter Nightwolf - Dark Cross
Sith Warrior Scoser - Dark Cross
Guardian Jarden FireEyes - Dark Cross
Dark Jedi Knight Ricardo - Dark Cross
Krath Priest Joker - Steel Cross
Guardian Shadowhawk - Dark Cross
Dark Jedi Knight Daihok - Star of Anger Addon to the Steel Cross

Medal Board:

<http://www.spacemonster.org/impstar/cgi-bin/db.pl>

**** Krath Happenings [From Krath High Priest Arania] ****

Due to some ISP problems of mine, I am unable to reach the Message Boards or upload to VA... thus I cannot check the run on now or work on the Krath site. Be patient....

For same reasons, the infos about the monthly topics aren't out to all Clan/House leaders... it should happen this week....

I have taken DJK Daihok(Krath)/Marka Ragnos of Naga Sadow as Magistrate. Everyone who applied was qualified in one way or the other, though. I would be pleased if those who were not taken would help out whenever needed...

>From now on, there will be a Krath Journal, issued bi-weekly, for what I will need your submissions and House/Phyle activity reports. Read

the details on the MB, I'll inform you when I manage to upload it.

**** Sith News [From Sith High Warrior Bull] ****

I'll be releasing a new mission/battle very soon, courtesy of our my Praetor, Striker! You'll be able to find it at my office (www.inil.com/users/hireme/shw/).

It has come to my attention that a file that allows one to see the SSSD Sovereign in game has been developed. Expect that to show up at my office some time soon, also!

I'm *very* pleased with the new traffic on the Sith eGroups. If you want to take part in this, simply send an e-mail to: subscribe-dbsith@egroups.com.

E-mail is good, but don't forget about the message board! Keep on posting at <http://www.sitepowerup.com/mb/view.asp?BoardID=112597>.

**** OHC's First Week [From Obelisk High Commander Z'lar Kahn] ****

In my first week as OHC, I've been trying to contact all the Obelisk houses leaders. One way or the other, I have gotten replies from all of them. And I'm afraid that the situation is not what I would want it to be. Most of them have no control over their roster, some don't even have a clear leadership, and only a couple were able to give me a full report with current status and plans for the future...

To change that situation I will start a weekly reports system. QUA or AED will have to send to the OHC office a report on all activities that took place in that week. To take care of making a page with all these reports I have chosen Dansin as my Praetor. He will take care of compiling the reports and posting them in a section in my office.

Also, I plan on making the OHC office the headquarters for ALL DB obelisk members... There will be a message board where all obelisk can post anything they want. To make it so, I have chosen Sean as my Magistrate. He will be using his HTML/ASP/etc. knowledge to turn the office into a communications site for the order.

I have been talking to the new CoG, Imp22, and we plan on making a JK strategies manual in the near future. If you think you have something you would like to add, please contact me at zlarkahn@arnet.com.ar

***** CoG's First Words [From Commander of the Guard Imp22] *****

I am encouraging all GMRG members to register on the MS Internet Gaming Zone (www.zone.com) and put "GMRG_" in front of your name. This will help produce a strong zone presence, which would be good publicity for us all.

Get your place in a circle while there is still room. Mail the preceptor of the circle you wish to join if interested. You must be in a circle to participate in Circle Competitions. If you are having troubles finding any of the preceptors, contact me at mayberry@radiks.net, and I will help you out.

Get playing in the GP tournament, those of you who signed up. Ex-CoG Z'lar Kahn has taken my place as honorary GP, so the winner will have to fight him for the title. So far, no matches have been played yet.

The tournament with SyKoTiC is still going on as well. Get these matches played ASAP. The members of their clan seem to be getting a little irritated because the duel has taken so long and moved no where. We don't want to develop a bad name for ourselves, so lets get out and play!

The Holocron of the Brotherhood of the Dark Jedi!
Weekly News Update for the Week of November 22, 1999

"My own anger can unlock and unleash the power of the cosmos!"
--Darth Sidious

November 22, 1999 - 1300 Members as of Today!

Congratulations to this week's trivia winners!
First place: Adept Nighthawk
Second place: Primarch Faethor
And a special thanks to this
week's trivia creator: Adept Raistlin

Next week's trivia subject: Random

Trivia/Meeting Info: <http://www.datasync.com/~darkjedi/db/comm-irc.html>

** General News & Information [From Grand Master Thedek] **

We are all glad to have Deputy Grand Master Dev back after his recent computer problems. He should be working hard on finishing the remaining items for the Brotherhood Operation with the Order Leaders, so

please don't pester him... too much. :)

As a reminder, the Brotherhood wide AWOL check is just a week away. Any Clans that have failed to follow Adept Nighthawks instructions will be severely dealt with.

Lord Khyron has made a few changes to the Dark Side Compendium, and there are a few more to come... stay tuned for more information as we make it public.

I've recently been reading the message boards and noticed the somewhat intense interest for information regarding the Brotherhood's website. All I will do is confirm what Primarch Faethor has said in that we ARE working on a new site, and that we think you'll really like it, but I won't say anything more. :)

In addition to the latest changes to the Dark Council, I wish to formally announce another, and likely the last for a while. With the Brotherhood

being different than any other part of the Hammer, we have many special cases that have to be dealt with. To meet this need, I have authorized the creation of the Chamber of Justice. With Lord Paladin at the head as Justicar, and Primarch Faethor as First Archon, this judicial group will be charged with the handling of all cases that pertain to Brotherhood members. Four Archons chosen by Lord Paladin and Primarch Faethor, approved by myself, will help aide in this task.

Lord Khyron will be updating the Dark Side Compendium to reflect this change over the next week.

**** Return to Active Duty [From Deputy Grand Master Dev] ****

Due to some computer problems, there was a bit of a setback, but the competition announcements should be coming out today.

Just a reminder to all Consuls to send in their weekly Clan reports. Most of you have been doing this very well, but some haven't been.

**** AWOL Check & Promotions [From Master at Arms Nighthawk] ****

The DB AWOL check is going on until December 1st. I'm doing the Rogue list check myself, and all Quaestors should be checking their houses. I sent out about four or five mails mentioning this check, so if any house isn't running it, that house's leaders have a serious ignorance problem.

I've been receiving a lot of roster mail recently, (obviously), and a lot of promotion requests. However, I've noticed that in the entire time I've been MAA, there have been a few houses and clans I haven't gotten -any- promo requests from. Now, that seems a little odd to me. There's gotta be someone in all the houses who's active, and deserving of a promotion. So remember, house officers, don't hesitate to email me when you think someone deserves a promotion. If they've been active, and have held their current rank for a while, I'm almost certainly going to approve.

**** Shadow Academy Story Censorship [From Head Master Kumba] ****

It has come to my attention lately that some SA Stories have been submitted that contain unallowed sexual content or graphic use of language.

I do not read each and every submission in its entirety, maybe a few lines to get the gist of the story and the capabilities of the writer. Anything after those first few lines relies on the honor system in a sense, so as a new

policy, anyone caught submitted such stuff will be treated accordingly as cheating, and suffer its penalties (demotion to APP, one week ignorance by the SA Staff). Also note, to please keep the topic of the SA Stories to a Star Wars based concept.

**** Grand of Arms Work [From Herald Kryder] ****

Requests for GoAs keep coming in, but I haven't posted any new GoAs in close to two weeks. That means that I have a lot of GoAs just ready to go out on my hard drive at home... Currently the Heraldic Role contains ~50 members. Look for that number to jump closer to 75 by Sunday as Joker and I keep turning out GoAs.

Also a special thanks to my Praetor, Joker. He's doing a lot of work with excellent quality!

**** Week in Review: Medals [From Chancellor Howlader] ****

I'd just like to warn everyone six weeks in advance... I'll be without an internet connection for a period of about a week; from December 27th, to

January 3rd or 4th... I'll be in the process of moving things to Australia.

Anyone with any skill in graphics creation, please contact me ASAP.

Medals This Week:

- Acolyte Laxlianna - Dark Cross
- Novice Salva - Dark Cross
- Jedi Hunter Malachdrim - Dark Cross
- Dark Jedi Knight Jedi Jawa - Dark Cross
- Guardian Blitzkrieg - Oak Leaf Cluster Addon to the Dark Cross

Medal Board:

<http://www.spacemonster.org/impstar/cgi-bin/db.pl>

**** Office News [From Obelisk High Commander Z'lar Kahn] ****

Seeking to increase activity and optimise organization in the Obelisk order, I have established a reports system. QUA and/or AED from each Obelisk house must send a report to my Praetor, Dansin (ishmael2@ix.netcom.com), once a week, before Saturday. All reports must be CCed to me. So, if you're a QUA, AED, CON, or PCON, make sure your house know about this.

I'm working together with my Magistrate SeanHowe to get the Obelisk office up ASAP. As I already said, it will serve as the headquarters for

all Obelisk members. It's meant to make communication within the order easier and quicker. It will feature updated links to all Obelisk houses

URLs and also to interesting sites for any obelisk.

**** Krath News [From Krath High Priest Arania] ****

The KHP mailing list has been fixed, important mails will now get to you more reliably again.

When submitting a story, please make sure that following requirements are met:

The official SW timeline does not get altered, the EH timeline does not get

altered and your story does not contain sex related material unsuitable for age

13. Also, when using curses, stay in limit. Any writing containing too much or too

explicit stuff will not be accepted. Please follow the same guidelines for

material submitted for the SA. You can ask your superior (Quaestor, Aedile,

whatever) about your writings, but generally, when in doubt, don't use such stuff.

Don't forget the monthly topic. For this month it is "I have failed" and you

can send in your submissions until 10th of December.

**** Recent GMRG Happenings [From Commander of the Guard Imp22] ****

I have just e-mailed the new GMRG webpage to INI SithRage for hosting on

his webspace. Some of the pages are missing, and the nav bar is only temporary, but everything you should need right away is there (including a

Join form). The address will be released as soon as I hear from him.

I still haven't had anybody report a match from the Gladiator Prime tournament. If it doesn't seem like anybody is showing interest by next Saturday's meeting, the tournament will be cancelled so we can start some

other important activities.

We played in the Clan World Tournament's Saber 1on1 NF tourney this Tuesday. The tournament could have been more organized, but there were many highly skilled saberists there. We didn't do too well, due to a few certain problems we encountered with the tourney host, though. :/

Important Addresses

The Brotherhood's Homepage:
<http://www.ametro.net/~darkjedi/db/>

The Shadow Academy:
<http://www.jspace.com/sa/sa1.php3>

The Dark Side Compendium:
<http://www.ametro.net/~darkjedi/dsc/>

Brotherhood of the Dark Jedi Message Board:
<http://narsissi.tky.hut.fi:81/db/>

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Fleet Admiral Darth Thedek
Grand Master of the Dark Brotherhood
Dark Lord of the Sith
Governor Plenipotentiary of Eos

Monday December 13th, 1999

<SALUTE>

[Operation Chaos]

We have started a Hammer's Fist wide Operation! Operation: Chaos (<http://matt.harborside.com/operation/>) has been put together by Captain Vladkov with some assistance from Colonel Daala. We currently have 27 members enrolled in the operation, with submissions from 10 people counted to date.

Current standings are:
Alpha Company 54 points
Bravo Company 51 points

With only 3 days of competition so far these are excellent standings! Scores are close so we'll hopefully have good competition right to the end.

[Platoon League]

Currently the Platoon League is in its second Season. out of over 60 legion members we have 30% participation with 20 people earning points in some way. Currently the standings are:

Eclipse Platoon 55
Vengeance Platoon 54
Vendetta Platoon 34
Firaxis Platoon 19

[Personnel Office]

With the promotion of Colonel Ares to Commander, Design, Captain Vladkov has been promoted to Alpha Company Commander, and Second Lieutenant Kazarian has been promoted to Firaxis Platoon Commander. Congrats to the newest member of the HF Officer Corps!

We have had a number of graduates from the Carrida Stormtrooper Military Academy (<http://thedek.dorm.org/csma/>) which High General Fugazi has posted to the legion. I don't have exact number in front of me, but I am very happy with the progress that Colonel Wolver has made!

[Carrida Stormtrooper Military Academy]

The CSMA has a new home at <http://thedek.dorm.org/csma/>. The page has new SSBTC (basic) and SSATC (advanced) tests available courtesy of Colonel Wolver. I recommend everyone take a look at the SSATC as it is a very interesting idea that will involve a lot of effort on the part of any enrolled members. The SSATC has been designed as the way for Long-Service Hammer's Fist members to earn their =Master Stormtrooper= designation, a distinction held by few in the legion.

Field Marshal Kryder
Prefect of the Hammer's Fist

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Introduction to the IW

Saturday 27th of November
FA Maestro

Achievement Review Board
FA Maestro

Saturday 4th of December

FA Maestro

Introduction to The Infiltrator Wing

Extract from Pilot Manual

The primary aim of the Infiltrator Wing, which is the same as the rest of the Emperor's Hammer, is to ultimately crush the Rebellion. However, while others prefer the frontal assault, we go for the "backstab" maneuver. Using the four space simulator games from Lucasarts, X-Wing, Tie Fighter and X-Wing vs. Tie Fighter, and the new X-Wing Alliance we fake being a Rebel flight, gain their confidence, and when they least expect it, said Rebel flight group is sucking void. This may seem dishonorable, but when it comes down to the crunch, the only good Rebel is a dead Rebel.

The few times that we are engaged in direct confrontation, we fight the Rebels in their own craft, rather than the weaker standard Imperial Navy craft. Not only does this offer a greater challenge to the Rebels who are unused to attacking fellow X-Wings and A-Wings, but the element of shock and surprise can be exploited by us to our advantage.

Some secondary aspects of the Infiltrator Wing are to think like the enemy. We are immersed within an almost complete Rebel environment. Our ships, fighters and indeed call signs are very similar to what the Rebellion use. Our study of Rebel tactics and actions are in depth and complete, giving us the edge in the heat of battle, as well as informing the remainder of the Fleet in what to expect and how to overcome it. We are also responsible for enlightening existing Rebel pilots or former Imperial-turned-Rebel pilots who have yet to see the error of their ways as many in the Infiltrator Wing have. Through our campaigns and reputation, our message to any Rebel pilots are loud and clear.

TOP

Saturday 27th of November

FA Maestro

<SALUTE>

- Due to an extremeley bad day on friday I will not have the roster finished for another few days, sorry guys. (some of you know what i'm talking about)
- You all should be aware that WARGAMEs Evolution 2 submissions are due in to your Commanders or Myself on the 28th, I have already received a number of submissions and the competition is looking hot.
- The IW Tactical Office Message Board at <http://www1.sitepowerup.com/mb/view.asp?BoardID=113198> is available for discussing futre and Current IW battles, as well as seeking help in your own battle creation. I "encourage" all IW members to use it.
- In Between the end of Evolution 2, and the Start of 3, the Themes Competition will run, I can't wait to see the results.

- Recently a couple of pages have been published, I am not sure if both are complete, but check them out anyway. Victory Crosses have been awarded to respective creators.
 - Wing II <http://www.tdef.freeseve.co.uk/wingii/>
 - MC90 Bismarck <http://www.infiltratorwing.org/bismarck/>

TOP

Achievement Review Board

FA Maestro

SALUTE! Today's UPDATE is a recognition of superior achievement and effort of Infiltrator Wing members. **Service Medals** First, I've been failing to do the MoI 's after the last couple of months, so these awards are for the last few months, if you recruited a member and did not receive your MoI it is for a number of reasons, 1. The recruit did not acknowledge you on there enlistment papers or 2. The recruit is still sitting in the 1st squad of there Training Company.

CDT Starpred	1 Recruit/s	MoI
COM Torres	1 Recruit/s	MoI
FLT Bossk	1 Recruit/s	MoI
LCMD Andronicus	2 Recruit/s	MoI
LCMD Striker	1 Recruit/s	MoI
LCMD Vengeance	4 Recruit/s	MoI
LCMD Wedge	6 Recruit/s	MoI -blue cross
VA Depriest	1 Recruit/s	MoI

Also, Long Service Medals are awarded to both FLT Eugene, and LCMD Striker. **Merit Awards** For his Excellent recruiting, LCMD Wedge is also awarded a Medal of Dexterity. Thanks to all these guys working hard to get members for the IW. LCMD Andronicus, step forward. For consistently performing your duties at a superior level, as Commander, and now Wing Commander, I award you this Medal of Dexterity. Congratulations. LCMD Wedge, for consistently high levels of participation in IW activities, you have been chosen as the first "Echelon Guardian" in my Tenure as Infiltrator Wing Commander.

"Echelon Guardian - This highly honourable award is given to a single pilot every month for valorous deeds, dedicated services, and excessive activity. Pilots wear their honour for a month, and then pass on the medal to the next Guardian, however, the pilot will keep the ribbon as a reminder."

FLT Bossk, front and centre, again, for high levels of participation in IW activities (and putting up with wedge) you are awarded this Cross of Bravery. Wear it with Pride. COM Torres, A nice new shiny Star of Valour for your great services as Training Officer. COM Nightflyer, also awarded a Star of Valour for his unrelenting pursuits to improve the Infiltrator Wing. CAP Kueller for surviving his probationary period as Tactical Officer is promoted to the Rank of Commodore. And Finally, for his longevity and patience in putting up with my tirades, the Greatest XO in the world is finally promoted to the Rank of Full Admiral. Yay!

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I apologise for not being able to recognise everyone for there service to the Infiltrator Wing, but rest assured, you are not forgotten and will be rewarded in the next Review.

TOP

Saturday December 4th

FA Maestro

This week we welcomed back to of the Infiltrator Wing's longest serving members, Captain Atrus, and LCMD dwx-jio. Captain Atrus, former Commodore of the Bismarck has graciously taken command of Wing I.

WARGAMEs Evolution 2 ended on the 28th, and the number of submissions was much greater than I could have hoped. With atleast 4 new Battles being submitted for the Competition. Also on the Battle front, IW Battle 1 has recently been converted to X-Wing Alliance, and is currently undergoing final testing. Two thumbs up to all the guys in the IW TAC office that have been working so hard.

[TOP](#)

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Corporate Division Report

A lot of activity this month for ideas to fully get the CD back on its feet. Among these are the CD having an elite squadron, a credit system, allying with different slicing groups and more, if you want to participate or have any ideas, that the CD can use, do not hesitate to contact me, at roots1@bellsouth.net or PREX@emperorshammer.org. Also, if one of your groups, or you need something designed, please contact us, we can do almost anything you want done. Finally the CD domain has moved to <http://www.impstar.net/cd>, you can sign up to join through that site.

Admiral Thrawn
President of the Corporate Division
PREX/AD Thrawn/DX-1/VSD Warhammer/SS/ISMx3/MoC-BC/OA-2/Corporate Division

SO, YOU THINK YOU ARE SOME TOUGH GUY IN THE EMPEROR'S HAMMER?

I am guessing you haven't heard of the Bounty Hunters Guild. Until you have experienced it, you have a long way to go before you can boast of your accomplishments.

"Here in the BHG, the best bounty hunters in the galaxy come together as individuals and in groups to determine who is most worthy of executing the contracts that arrive at our doors, and hunting the criminals whose capture is our solemn duty to the Empire. The road is treacherous, but the rewards are unimaginably great. " - Bounty Hunter's Guild Manual.

The Bounty Hunter's Guild is unlike any other sub group in the Emperor's Hammer. Sure the rest of them say that, but I am going to actually tell you how, not leave you hanging like most of the propoganda that is slung. Honestly is there another sub group where you get imperial credits to chat on irc? It's members are the closest, where the strict military ties are not found. We are bounty hunters, and act like it. We gain rank be racking up the cash. There are tons of new and different star wars activities in the BHG. They include:

- Online missions to solve**
 - web hunts**
 - irc hunts**
 - tie fighter missions for all you pilots**
 - trivia**
 - fiction**
 - scenarios.**
-

It all is put together for our major event held every couple months called the Kabal Authority Games, where each of the previous events is fought over by the hunter factions. We have a shipyard where you can buy a nice illegal ship, or a customized ship of your own. See i told you exactly what the BHG does different than the rest.

If you want to have some fun, and get back into what brought us all together in the first place, then join the BHG where w are still based on a group of Star Wars fans having fun. How could a guy like me, with no HTML skills, or computer skills for that matter, be able to achieve the rank I have? By having fun, that is the name of the game.

- HMSTR/Tuss Raydod/Daichi/BHG-CH-GH

INTELLIGENCE DIVISION
MONTHLY REPORT

by: SDIR Brad (bafordham@fwi.com)

Latest news:

I have returned from my leave of absence. VA Langer is awarded the Force of the Emperor's Will for his work during my leave.

RA Gambit (punks@home.com), the Situation Liaison Director, has resigned from the Intelligence Division. The position is now open. All Intelligence Division members with webpage making skills may apply. I will come to a decision in about one week.

11.23.1999

In case if you didn't get the message I sent to the EH Intel List, I will be on leave from November 29th until December 6th. My Executive Director, VA Langer (d.langer@virginnet.co.uk) will be acting as temporary SDIR until I return on the 7th.

<SALUTE>

SDIR Brad

Some news from the Intelligence Division...

SDIR On Leave

The Supreme Director of the Intelligence Division, FA Brad, will be on leave from 11/29/99 to 12/6/99. The Executive Director, VA Langer, will be the acting Supreme Director for the time whilst FA Brad is on leave. All emails to FA Brad will not be read until the 6th of December.

ID Uniform Project

The Intelligence Division uniform project is almost complete and is now open for business. All ID members wishing to have a uniform made for them please send an email to either VA

Langer (d.langer@virginnet.co.uk) or LC Syn Kaek (holmes_800@hotmail.com) with your full Intelligence Division ID line.

Agent's Comlink Released

The Agent's Comlink, the newsletter of the Intelligence Division, has been released. It is available for download from <http://freespace.virginnet.co.uk/d.langer/ac1199.zip> in Word97 format. This issue features the release of the newest official Intelligence Division battle.

Reminders

The weekly meetings of the Intelligence Division are held every Sunday at 3 PM EST in the official Intelligence Division channel, #DGN_Lichtor_V, on the Undernet network. They consist of news and updates, followed by a trivia session led by GN Slicer or LC Syn Kaek. Medals are awarded for a certain number of attendances, and for winning the trivial session at the end.

The Intelligence Division message board is located at <http://narsissi.tky.hut.fi:81/intel/>. Should you have any questions about the ID, there is usually someone online in #DGN_Lichtor_V who can help you. Failing that, check the message board, or mail your superior officer

11.9.1999

The Intelligence Division has a new main webpage URL:
<http://members.home.net/punks/Intel/index.html>
Please update your bookmarks and URL addresses.

Consequently, the Situation Liaison Director (SLDR), also has a new e-mail address:
punks@home.com

Intelligence Division meetings are Sundays at 3pm EST on IRC: Undernet servers in channel #DGN_Lichtor_V

Medals are awarded for all Intelligence Division members who attend. This is how the medals are awarded.

You get the Medallion of Persistence [MoP] for attending two meetings. The meeting attendances do NOT have to be consecutively. For five meetings you get the Medallion of Awareness [MoA]. And for fifteen meetings, you get the Force of the Emperor's Will [FoEW]. After fifteen meeting attendances, the cycle is reset.

Eventually a special medal may be awarded for a large number of meeting attendances (perhaps over 50).

We also have trivia after the meetings. The winner of the trivia typically gets the Medallion of Awareness.

The trivia is ran by either GN Slicer (ddddd@nbnet.nb.ca) or LC Syn Kaek (holmes_800@hotmail.com).

Reminders:

The Census Director (officer in charge of rosters) is GN Slicer (ddddd@nbnet.nb.ca)
The Executive Director (officer in charge of newsletters, 2nd in command) is VA Langer (d.langer@virginnet.co.uk)
The Tactics/Training Director (officre in charge of the Academy of Tactics) is GN Stalker5 (Stalker5@rothwell-clives.freeserve.co.uk)

The Bureau Director of the Analysis Bureau is LC Sithspawn (c_02@hotmail.com)
The Bureau Director of the Bureau of Operations is LC Derk Parchon
(derk@darkjedi.org.uk)
The Bureau Director of the Internal Organization Bureau is LC Syn Kaek
(holmes_800@hotmail.com)

The Supreme Director (SDIR) of the Intelligence Division is FA Brad
(bafordham@fwi.com, sdir@emperorshammer.org)

If you have any questions about the Intelligence Division, you can ask any of the officers above. Usually a few are on IRC in #DGN_Lichtor_V or you can post on the Intel message board:

<http://narsissi.tky.hut.fi:81/intel/>

11.01.1999

LC Nebular has resigned as Bureau Director of the Bureau of Operations. He has joined the reserves and may return to active duty sometime. The new BUDR of the Bureau of Operations is Lieutenant Colonel Derk Parchon (derk@darkjedi.org.uk).

Captain Syn Kaek, BUDR of the Internal Organization Bureau, has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Congratulations.

Derk Parchon also has just been awarded the Golden Medallion of Foresight for his work as being a Branch Leader.

GN Stalker5 has returned and will continue to run the Intel Academy of Tactics. New members should contact him about the academy. E-mail (Stalker5@rothwell-clieves.freemove.co.uk). (no extra period after 'uk' please).

Be sure to attend Intelligence Division meetings. You will earn medals by attending and you will also be able to earn medals by participating in the trivia after the meeting.

Send in any additional ideas to SDIR Brad (bafordham@fwi.com). We are always in need of new ideas to keep the agents busy and active.

The ID webpage will be moving soon. I should have the URL once the site has been officially moved.

<SALUTE>
Respectfully Submitted,

Fleet Admiral Brad
Supreme Director of the Ubiqtorate

SDIR/FA Brad/UBIQ/DGN Lichtor V, {IWATS}, {IWATS-IIC/3},
MoH/HoI/IC/GOE/GMoF/FoEW(2)/BS/PC(6)/ISM(4)/MoC-5SoC-7BoC, SW(Sith)

The Directorate Communiqué - 12/11/99

From the office of the Grand Moff

Gentlemen, I would like to apologize for the lateness of this report, but because of my promotion in another SG to a new position, I've been adapting to a new set of responsibilities. But that is over now, and things are back to normal.

It seems like Diplomacy is slowly getting better and better. As we go on, it keeps evolving and becoming more and more complex and fun to play... Sometimes I wish the Ministry could participate ;) But I WILL start participating in a way from now on, so keep your heads up for those random events >:)

That will be all.

GMF Z'lar Kahn

From the office of the Prime Minister

Roster corrections and updates already out.... Several holes in Alpha to be filled in with capable people. Sorry for the delay on placements.

Carry on.

PM Armus

From the office of the Minister of War

Well, I finally figured out what is wrong with the Medal Board pages so hopefully they WILL be up next week and (here's the good part) almost completely automated! Then the next project will be remaking the ENTIRE academy which will look a whole lot nicer (hopefully) and will be automated with Test submissions E-mailed to me and CC'ed to the sender... let's hope this server object works...

Czar Zsinj

From the office of the Minister of State

1) The Ministry of State is currently working on upgrading the Random Events chapter for Diplomacy. A Diplomacy HTML Newsletter is being created, any pictures and/or graphics that you have, that you think would fit in this "Newspaper like" NL would be appreciated.

Minister of State
Malachdrim Tremayne

From the office of the Minister of Trade

1. I am settling in. Former MO Alex Foley's Victory Star Destroyer has been reassigned to myself. I have renamed it the Hidalgo, and will be getting acquainted with her captain when I take my ship's tour.
2. Over the past three days, I've been working on creating the trade database running. It's an uphill battle since I know nothing about the things. I hope to have it working reasonably well by the end of next week.
3. I am also working on the trade website, to be called the Commerce Center. It is meant to be a one-stop spot for all your EHD Diplomacy trading needs.

MT Lammoth

Alpha Territory Report

- 1) Due to the recent hemorrhaging in Alpha, there will be no major Diplomacy actions until the turn after this one. By then, I hope to have given the new Planetary Governors experience and make them ready to participate in the new warfare actions. Also, the wargames with Beta Territory have been put on hold until the new recruits have settled in.
- 2) Due to the recent hemorrhaging, Alpha's roster will be seriously changed. I will send out the new roster in a day or so, as soon as I receive the new recruits from PM Armus.

HMF Byn Jo'Gare

Beta Territory Report

- 1) AWOL Check has ended and only one member has been removed.
- 2) I am gathering information on the Beta Structures and sending it to the new MT Lammoth. BTW Congrats Lammoth.

High Moff/CZ Jedi Jawa/Beta Territory(SoD)(MoS)

Gamma Territory Report

Working on the MT office, I forgot to send in my last Gamma report yesterday. There is no HMF established yet, so I believe it falls to me.

Last Gamma Report:

1. There is some disappointment among Pirathians at the closing of their system, and understandably. Many had been devising long-term Diplomacy plans, and the prospects for Pirath III, possibly the poorest worlds in the EH Territories, were quite interesting. These PGs will be an asset to wherever they are reassigned.

2. I will not send out the last Diplomacy round's moves for an obvious reason. They should now be directed at me!
alduin@jps.net

Former HMF Alduin dor Lammoth

The Directorate Communiqué - 01/12/99

From the office of the Grand Moff

1) Well, after a two-week absence, the Communiqué is finally back. Unfortunately, it is also incomplete. I will be sending an updating Command Staff list to the Ministry Council so noone is left out of the mail chain from now on.

2) In the last few months, the Minister of War has experienced a change in his duties. It's now the head of the academy, and manager of the medal board. Because of this, I have decided to change its name to Minister of Indoctrination.

3) After a succesful test run, the Ministry Council has decided to restart Diplomacy. Now that members have an idea of what to expect, I believe it will be much more fun.

That will be all.

GMF Z'lar Kahn

From the office of the Prime Minister

1) Getting back up to speed, processing new members and updating the roster.

PM Armus

From the office of the Minister of Indoctrination

NO REPORT RECEIVED

Czar Zsinj

From the office of the Minister of State

1) The Diplomacy test runs have been extreemely succesfull, now we can begin to play for real, and as soon as we get all the bugs out we will try to get the RS involved to!

Minister of State
Malachdrim Tremayne

From the office of the Minister of Trade

1. I have been extremely ill this last week. A nasty flu, followed by a nasty cold (which I'm still fighting with no success). I'm dizzy just standing up. As a result, I've been making only small progress with the Commerce Site. It is up though, and PGs/RGs can contact the reps of each planet to conduct trade, and that's the important part.

2. The database side, housing stats and economic data, will be ready for information when it does come in. My deputy should be running around gathering that for me.

3. I am rooting through the "Spaceport" links section to weed out old EHD sites. The number of links will likely be cut in half, as I know many of those site owners have since moved on. I strongly encourage all planets and territories to have sites. Since I left Gamma Territory, I no longer maintain that site. A Gamma site should be in the works. I left out system sites! These are very important too. System sites help tie the planets together.

MT Lammoth

Alpha Territory Report

- 1) I did not receive a single Diplomacy report while I was gone. Everyone knew when they were due, but nobody sent one in.
- 2) As to the Diplomacy thing with the RS, I think it would be a great idea, if, IF, we can get any of members to participate. If no one is sending in any Dippy reports, what makes anyone think they'd be remotely interested in this?

HMF Byn Jo'Gare

Beta Territory Report

- 1) Well it looks like Diplomacy might be restarted very soon. I for one think this is a very good idea. So I'm gonna start rounding up some Beta stats and other things.
- 2) It seems that someday the Beta-Alpha Wargames are going to happen, but with the restart I'd bet they will be delayed again.
- 3) PG Ironfist has been transferred to Hades and that leave 1 open PG position on Kaiburr.
- 4) Finally congrats to Oxider. In the last week he has become a PG and DMS.

High Moff/CZ Jedi Jawa/Beta Territory(SoD)(MoS)

Gamma Territory Report

NO REPORT RECEIVED

The EH Directorate
<http://directorate.cjb.net>

Imperial Senate Newsletter Report

As always, the Imperial Senate has had another busy month. December 8th will mark our fourth month in existence, and for such a young subgroup, we've done a lot of things. Just recently, the Architectural and Engineering Committees were created, and had Chairmen appointed. The Senate now has 8 committees, each doing a different yet exciting non-gaming activity. The committees are: Art, Intelligence, Tactical, Debate, Literature, Technology, Architectural, and Engineering. We've recently crossed back above the century mark with members, and are now at 103 Senators.

The Imperial University, supervised by CO-E Stalker5 is due to open soon, and the courses for it, including SW History, a Core IS Course, and several other programs which will educate and improve Senators' skills in various activities, are being written now. Deputy Chancellor Redwing and his staff are working on the first issue of the *Senatorial Address*, the bimonthly newsletter of the Imperial Senate. Our IRC meetings this month have been busier than ever, with a very good attendance, and some very tricky trivia.



Project: Mindreader title banner, made by DCH Creon Redwing
(cyborrea@hotmail.com).

Also starting this month is the Senate's newest activity, Project: Mindreader. We're looking forward to an even larger amount of participation than was in the Senate's recently completed successful month-long activity, Operation Marathon, and our initial large activity, Project Starguider.

Mindreader continues from where the plotline of Marathon left off...five Senators are being sent to Kuat to negotiation with their government about the possibility of buying some Kuati-made ships for the EH fleet. The operation will be divided into four Phases, each being either one or two weeks long, and each having one or two events that Senator's can participate in. After each Phase, awards will be given out to the two best scores in each event, and after Phase IV, the top two overall scorers will receive even larger prizes. Phase I is scheduled to kick off on Friday, December 3rd. (Note: there will be a two-week break between Phases II and III, due to the holiday season, and the probability that many people will be on vacation).

The High Council is also as busy as ever, as DCH Creon Redwing is working on the aforementioned *Senatorial Address*, as well as other special projects, Administrative Councilor WetWilly is working on a Senate ASP database, Security Councilor Depriest is likely to take over the supervision of the Inner Chapter of the Senate, and Educational Councilor Stalker 5 is getting the Imperial University set up. The Senate's Council Advisors are also very busy, with Senate Librarian Pryium Patel working on posting all the Operation Marathon submissions (all 100+) up at the Senate Archives, and Senator Prime WhiteTiger busy supervising Senate debates, and working with the Committee Chairmen.

As you can see, the Senate Hall on Aurora Prime is bustling with activity. If you're at all interested in any of these Imperial Senate activities, check out our webpage at <http://ehsenate.cjb.net>!

Nighthawk Ciarus Arconae
Chancellor of the Imperial Senate

Outer Rim Night 11/20/99- RS Victory

Pretty slow night. Lowest turnout ive seen in a while. Here are the results:

EH Shups vs GAdRS TI's 33-10 EH Wins!
EH Smit vs RS Rich 6-16, T/A vs Y/W, RS Wins!
EH Dras Hempor vs RS Dusty 8-7 X/W's, RS Wins!
EH Tiger vs RS Fogg T/I 10-7, EH Wins!
EH Shups vs RS Cris Null T/I 13-9, EH Wins!
EH Smit vs RS Gen Solo 13-20 T/I's, RS Wins!

EH ShadowXX vs RS Gen Solo 13-18 T/F's, RS Wins!
EH Smit vs RS DrewJ 16-9 T/I's, EH Wins!
EH Shups vs RS Cris Null T/I 19-3, EH Wins!
EH Tiger vs GAdRS T/I 15-3, RS Wins!
EH Shups vs RS PM Y/W vs Gun 13-9, RS Wins!

EH: 5 -|- RS: 6 -|- TIE: 0

Really nice flying tonight. Here are the results

EH Compton vs RS Gen-Solo 9-9 T/I's Tie!
EH_Shups vs RS Ace 25-12 TI's EH Wins!
EH Tiger vs RS PM 23-13 Z 95's RS Wins!
EH Andrew vs RS Trate 6-3 RS Wins!
EH Keiran vs AceRS T/F 14-20, EH Wins!
EH DarkRaid vs RS Nils 21-10 T/I's RS Wins!
EH Maj_Rich vs RS Gen_Solo 12-8 Y-wings EH Wins
EH Klick vs RS PM 24-11 RS Wins!
EH Shups vs RS Jack 20-8 EH Wins
EH_Maj_Rich(Y-W)-23 vs RS_CMDR_Nil(A-W)-5 EH Wins!
EH Keiren vs RS Chris_Null 15-14 T/F RS Wins
EH Smit vs RS Gen_Solo 17-7 RS Wins!
EH SHups vs RS Ace 18-10 EH Wins!
EH Keiran vs RS Trate T/F 25-13, EH WIns!
EH DarkRaider vs RS PM 21-9 X's RS Wins!
EH Shups vs RS Lumin 26-15 T/I's EH Wins
EH Smit vs RS Ace 16-15 T/I's RS Wins!
EHKeiran vs RS Shik 15-5 T/F's RS Wins!
EH Shups vs RS Shik T/Fs 10-9, RS WIns!
EH DarkRaider vs RS Trate 12-12 Xwings Tie!
EH Smit vs RS Cris 11-16 T/I's EH Wins!
EH Keiren T/A vs RS PM Y-wing 14-9 RS Wins
EH Shups vs RS Trate T/I 12-11, EH Wins!
EH Kerian vs RS Shik XW 6-2, RS Wins!
EH Ravil vs RS Agace T/I 18-9, RS Wins!
EH Tiger vs RS Cris Null T/Fs 11-12, RS Wins!
EH Shups vs RS PM T/A vs Y/W 12-12, TIE
EH Smit vs RS CMDRNIL T/I 7-3, EH Wins!
RS Keiran vs RS Trate T/I 18-5, EH Wins!

EH-12 | RS- 14| TIE -3

Really great flying we managed to have a total of 37 matches tonight. Here are the results:

RS Agace vs EH_Tiger TI 17-13 RS Win
RS Fishion vs EH Andrew 11-7 RS Wins
RS Shik vs EH_Smit 18-8 X/Ws RS WINS
EH_Tiger vs. RS Orian 10-6 Z-95's EH wins
RS Trate vs EH ATX T/I's 14-13 RS Wins
EH Kelric vs RS Cris Null 8-5 XWs EH Wins!
EH Shups vs RS Don-Qui T/I 10-8, EH Wins!
EH Keiran vs RS Nils T/I 19-18, RS Wins!
RS Agace vs EH_Goose TI 30-10 !RSWIN

EH Zsinj vs RS Orian XWs 13-16, EH Wins!
RS Fision vs EH DarkRA RS Wins X's 31-23 RS Wins
RS Trate vs EH Kermee in T/I's 12-6 EH win
EH_Tiger vs Cris Null T/I 17-10 RS Wins
EH ATX vs RS Shik Disqual, RS Wins!
EH Goose vs RS Trate T/I 9-6, EH Wins!
RS Fishion vs EH LT-DarkRa 34-31 RS wins Z-95
EH Keiran vs RS Cris T/I 14-9, EH Wins!
EH_Tiger vs. RS-DEATH T/A 11-3 EH wins
RSCHornJR Vs. EH_SMit 15-13 T/I's RS win
EH Shups vs RS Orain T/I 22-12, EH WIns!
RS CHornJr vs EH Smit T/I 15-13, RS Wins!
EH Zsinj vs RS Executer T/I, 22-2 RS Wins!
EH Rich vs RS Kino XW 13-9, EH Wins!
EH ATX vs RS Force99x T/A 6-1, EH Wins!
EH Shups vs RS Death TA vs XW 17-9, EH Wins!
EH Kermee vs RS Cris Null T/F 18-11, EH Wins!
RS Shik vs EH_Smit 24-11 T/Fs RS WIN
EH Slage vs RS Ace 22-18 T/I's, EH Wins!
EH Tiger vs RS Trate T/I 22-8, RS Wins!
Shups vs AceRS T/I 22-17, EH Wins!
EH Spaceboy vs RS CHornJr T/F 6-5, RS Wins!
EH ShadowXX vs RS Shik 11-9 X/W's, EH Wins!
EH Rich vs RS Death XW 28-14, EH Wins!
EH Shups vs RS AceRS T/Is 16-15, EH Wins!
Spaceboy vs PM TA vs Y 12-15 RS Wins!
Shups vs Bigfoot T/I 14-12, EH Wins!
`spaceboy vs LCM_Alex 21-18 TI's EH Wins!

EH-20 | RS- 17 | TIE- 0

Your friendly neighborhood Wing Commander
WC-COOA/LC Havoc/Wing III/SSSD Sovereign

There are currently three polls open right now:

Poll #46 asks, "Do you think that there should be a cadet-only IRC channel for cadets to find help and whatnot?"

Poll #47 asks, "What do you think of the new Dark Brotherhood web page?"

Poll #48 asks, "Should an effort be made to collect living (or DNA) samples of creatures that live on Rebel held planets about to be destroyed by the Sovereign's Axial Laser?"

Although I have enough ideas to last to February, new ideas are always welcome.

Manesh R. Pillai

LA/FA Manesh/E|S "Gopal IV"/DREAD Tranquility/EH Advanced Guard
SBM Manesh/Quaestor/Ludo Kressh of Naga Sadow , SC-SoA/WC/DC
Manager of EH Polling Center
{IWATS}[MCM][PC][MoC-3BoC]

Still waiting for the wacky Wolly guy to start his NL subs.

SQUADRON READY ROOM

NEWSLETTER REPORT FROM THE TACTICAL OFFICER

TAC-FSE/HA Kawolski/CS-3/SSSD Sovereign

(absurefire@aol.com)

TAC Office News

Due to EH and real life problems (lots of battles to playtest, lots of e-mail to answer, university finals coming up, etc.), this report has to be kept very brief.

The way you see the two following lists will be changed by the next newsletter as Free Missions will each have their unique # to sort them in order of date created.

The *Battles Completed Records* are formatted a bit strange as they weren't quite ready for newsletter posting, but next month the format will be done properly.

Battle Board

Battle Completed Records

Respectfully submitted,

= High Admiral Kawolski, Tactical Officer and Fleet Systems Engineer =

TAC-FSE/HA Kawolski/CS-3/SSSD Sovereign -

MoH/IC/GOE/GS/SSx3/BSx2/PCx4/ISMx4 -

MoI-DC/MoT-rhx6/MoT-gh/LoC x2/MoC -1BoC/OV-2E {IWATS-SM/1/2} -

<http://www.tiecorps.org> -



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Content-Disposition: attachment; filename="FO.htm"



From the Desk of Admiral Kyle Kessler

Current TIE Corps Membership: 943

Hmmm...Admiral Kessler? I was just getting used to the sound of that, = but *Flight Officer* Kessler? Scary!

For those lucky members who don't know me, I'm the latest in a long = line of suckers who've been fooled into accepting the position of fourth = in command of the Fleet - The Flight Officer. It sounded good on paper - = my own Shuttle, a personal bodyguard, all the booze I could drink, the = keys to the Cadet Quarters on the PLT Daedalus.... but I should have = realised there was a reason why no-one else wanted the job, and why = Sector Admiral Compton's reply to my application was "Kessler? Who's he? = What? The FO job? It's yours! Sign here! In blood!"

As most of the TIE Corps will be aware, my predecessor in this = Office, Admiral Eric O'Flynn, was forced to retire as Real Life claimed = its latest victim. To make the situation worse (as far as you're all = concerned) the handover between Flight Officers left a two-week backlog = of unanswered promotion requests, transfers, roster changes, email = address changes and url updates that had to be addressed as soon as I = stepped into office. Possibly the most volatile situation was on the = Training Facility - PLT Daedalus, where the Cadets were nearly rioting = due to their inability to get their Flight Certifications processed. = Well, I'm happy to say that within three days (and with some coaching by = former FO - HA Kawolski), the backlog was cleared (almost fifteen hours = online doing roster updates!) and things soon got back to normal. Well, = almost back to normal. Another consequence was that a *lot* of = people had gotten sick of waiting and gone AWOL. This situation was = unavoidable, but the TIE Corps rosters suffered pretty badly as a = result. This drop in the figures became apparent when I mass-mailed the = Cadets informing them that the Flight Officer had changed and that they = had to send their pilot files to a new person. An alarming number of = dead email addresses were found, and a similar number of cadets replied = that they wished to be removed from the rosters. Sadly, I was forced to = comply with their requests, and AWOL those email addresses which were = bad. The good news is that we were left with Training Companies full of = cadets who *want* to be with us, and I'm happy to report that in = the last two weeks alone over thirty cadets have graduated with full = honours and been assigned to Squadrons in the TIE Corps. Out of that = number, over 80% have already been promoted to full Lieutenant. So the = changeover of Flight Officers may have actually had a beneficial effect = despite the drop in Roster numbers - the new Sublieutenants we're = getting are active as hell, and that can only be a good thing. As well = as that, the Roster figures are climbing again, from a low of 911 when I = took over, to 943 members at the time of writing.

Speaking of new Sublieutenants, and this is something I've already = covered in my first FO Report (available at the bottom of all good waste = bins now! :P), is the process of assigning cadets to Squadrons. Current = FO policy is to take a cadet with no preference for any Squadron and put = them in the smallest Squadron in the smallest Wing relevant to their = game platform. But guess what? I can't put them in a Flight without a = Leader,

Fleet Admiral DARTH Thedek
Grand Master of the Dark Brotherhood
Dark Lord of the Sith
Governor Plenipotentiary of Eos
Internet Officer

Training Office/IWATS

First off, a couple promotions with the Training Office. For his service as my Assistant, I have appointed Kircheis my Attache, and given him the rank of Vice Admiral. This seems like perfect timing, as the participation in Training Office Competition 4 is the largest yet and he can now fully devote his time to those tasks. In addition, the Fleet Commander has promoted me to High Admiral, the highest attainable rank without becoming Executive Officer. This rank can only be held by three active members any one time and it's generally accepted that only the best Fleet Admirals with all merit awards will ever get this rank. Thanks to Grand Admiral Ronin for the promotion and all those who have made my work so effective.

The fourth Training Office Competition has finished. Participation seems to have increased a lot since Competition #3. Results will be posted soon on the Training Officer page (<http://www.impstar.net/to/>) under the Comps page.

The fifth Training Office Competition is just about ready for release. It will be different from previous ones in that it will be plot driven. It will also feature a staggered release format, where the battle's missions will be released one at a time. Once the full battle is released, the fiction and mission design components of the competition will start, of which some will form the basis for the continuation of the storyline. The battle has an introductory Flash movie, as well as a trailer (<http://www.impstar.net/to/trailer/trailer.htm>). Linking Flash movies between missions are also planned. The competition was due to start 1st Decemeber, but I'm pushing the date back to the 4th to allow final bug removal and last-minute preparations. The latest Macromedia Flash player for your web browser is available [here](#). The download isn't that large, only about 250K for the 95/98/NT/2000 version. Other platforms should be similar.

Currently, I'm offering anyone who defeats the Executive Officer on the EH Ladder a Silver Star. Beat him five (5) times and you get a Gold Star. Sign up at <http://thedek.dorm.org/ladder> Listed below are the current ladder details:

	XvT		JK		XWA	
Members	43		19		29	
1st Place	Shups	159	N/A	N/A	Dras	341
2nd Place	Compton	115	N/A	N/A	Vaark	145
3rd Place	Kessler	62	N/A	N/A	Compton	122

Nothing much has happened in relation to new courses at IWATS. A couple are in construction and should be released in time for the next Newsletter. The graduate count increases, with the IWATS core graduates closing in on the one thousand mark.

Current Staff

- IWATS Dean/Training Officer- HA Astatine
- Training Office Attache - VA Kircheis
- Assistant Dean - LCM Mauser
- Professor, Squadron Management - MAJ Guthwulf
- Professor, TIE Tactics - MAJ Tiberius
- Professor, XvT Tactics - LC Pavel
- Professor, Quake and Unreal Level Creation - MG Assassin
- Professor, ICQ - DJK Joker
- Professor, RebED - VA Zsinj
- Professor, XvT Missions - MAJ Jeff
- Professor, TIE Missions - CM Aragorn
- Professor, Rebellion Tactics - CPT Shador
- Professor, VBScript - CM SeanHowe

Important URLs

<http://www.impstar.net/to/> - Training Office
<http://www.impstar.net/to/comps.shtml> - Training Office Comps
<http://www.impstar.net/to/manual> - Training Manual
<http://www.impstar.net/courses.shtml> - Imperial Weapons and Tactics School
<http://thedek.dorm.org/ladder> - Emperor's Hammer Ladder
http://fly.to/training_academy - XvT/XWA Academy

Respectfully submitted by,

TO/HA Astatine/CS-6/SSSD Sovereign
MoH/IC/GOE/GS/SS/BSx2/PC/ISM/MoI-BC/MoC-2SoC-2GoC-1PoC/OA
{IWATS-IIC/2}

Medal Board

CPT 007 (PMCMage@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal
 Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
 Letter of Achievement

LT Ace (JClando111@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Ace Cya (cya_vision@hotmail.com)

Letter of Achievement

MAJ Ace Pilot (Smile577@aol.com)

Silver Star of the Empire
 Palpatine Crescent x 2
 Imperial Security Medal x 2
 Medal of Instruction x 2
 Legion of Combat x 5
 Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 13
 Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
 Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster
 Commendation of Bravery

CM Actar Vanas (BfG812002@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal

CM Adams (jedi1111@bellsouth.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Letter of Achievement

CPT Adolf (palleon@tin.it)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 5

LCM Adrenaline (jaycor@direct.ca)

Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Instruction

LC AJ421 (ayejay@netzero.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2

AD Ajax Fardreamer (jedi14@mediaone.net)

Legion of Combat
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster

LCM Al R.S. (alrs@box43.gnet.pl)

Palpatine Crescent x 4
Imperial Security Medal x 2

LT Alanna (Lady.Alanna@btinternet.com)

Gold Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal

CM Alastair (alastair_walkerz@hotmail.com)

Medal of Instruction

LT Alexandr III Biges (biges@email.cz)

Imperial Security Medal

LCM Alexei (expo83@glasnet.ru)

Imperial Security Medal

LCM Alexey Kolouboff (alexey@mandic.com.br)

Imperial Security Medal

LCM Amadeo (chris.stainthorpe@virgin.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 4

CM Anakin (GNAnakin@aol.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire

AD Andrew (PrzBlucher@aol.com)

Silver Star of the Empire x 2
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 3

LT Andrews (ScottMAndrews@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LCM Andronicus (mad_dog_mcd@tdef.freemove.co.uk)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 4
Letter of Achievement

CM Aragorn (ivanrad@beotel.yu)

Silver Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal x 3

CM Arcanix (uebb45@aol.com)

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 6
Medal of Communication - Diamond Oak Cluster x 8

LT Archer (shoffman@adelphia.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 3
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 4
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 5
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 8

FA Archibald Zoraan (FAZoraan@aol.com)

Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor
Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Legion of Combat
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 5
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster

CM Archon (Invincible__007@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Legion of Combat x 27
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 4

FA Arcon Telf (JEDISUSHI@aol.com)

Imperial Cross

LCM Arcticon (Arcticon@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Instruction

MAJ Ari (Agilder@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 5
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster

CM Armandus Hellfire (a_hellfire@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement

CPT Armus (armus@iastate.edu)

Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 3

LCM Arso Slyth (TheBigW45@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 7
Legion of Combat x 11
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

LCM Artyis (firewall@box43.gnet.pl)

Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Instruction x 4

COL Asaf (asasy@internet-zahav.net)

Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer

HA Astatine (jpboyce@ultra.net.au)

Medal of Honor
Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor
Gold Star of the Empire
Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction x 123
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster

CPT Astin (gastin@gateway.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Instruction x 5
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 4
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2
Letter of Achievement

CPT Atrus (ryan_nunnally@mindspring.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Letter of Achievement

CPT Azazel (Azazel@go2.pl)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat x 4
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

LT Azrael (AzraelKod@aol.com)

Letter of Achievement

LCM Backstabber (JKRUSELL1@aol.com)

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 4
Medal of Communication - Diamond Oak Cluster x 2

LCM Badlan (Colinbad@lineone.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 4

CPT Badlands (Badlands@isdcllements.freemove.co.uk)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 9
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 3
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement x 2

CM Balrog (balrog@aha.ru)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal

CPT Banshee (ktwhinnery@mn.mediaone.net)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 3

CM Baron Fel (Findolf1@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 5
Imperial Security Medal x 6
Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat x 70
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 9

LT Baron Fell (dz1@myself.com)

Legion of Combat x 5

LCM Bebop (JuhoT@sci.fi)

Imperial Security Medal

LCM Beef (Beefment@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Benjamin Colley (bencolley666@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Benjamin Jahou Morgan (w.j.aigner@netway.at)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

LT BigWill (BigWillyMC@Earthlink.net)

Legion of Combat x 4

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2

Letter of Achievement

RA Bilbo (perrote42@aol.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 2

Palpatine Crescent

Imperial Security Medal x 7

Medal of Instruction

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 15

Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 11

Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 5

Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 3

Letter of Achievement

MAJ Binagran (doug_clutterbuck@bigpond.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire

Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 2

CM Bip (bip@crosswinds.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire

Palpatine Crescent

Imperial Security Medal x 2

Medal of Instruction

Iron Star

Legion of Combat x 23

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster

LCM Black Crusader (galenf@lesartistes.com)

Imperial Security Medal

CM Blackbird (benoitredwing@taconic.net)

Gold Star of the Empire

Silver Star of the Empire

Bronze Star of the Empire x 3

Palpatine Crescent x 4

Imperial Security Medal x 6

Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer

Legion of Combat

Letter of Achievement

LCM Blade (kadath@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

MAJ Blade (blade133@europe.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 4
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer

LT Blitzdeath (blitzdeath@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat

LT Bob-Fett (bob-fett1@prodigy.net)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement

LT Bobman (bobman20@hotmail.com)

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

CM Bok (bok01@altavista.net)

Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction x 4

CM Boston (charlieb@mediaone.net)

Commendation of Bravery

LCM Brakka (david@brakka.freemove.co.uk)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

LCM Brandon (alan.o@virgin.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 4
Palpatine Crescent x 5
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 4
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement x 3

LCM Bret K'thraz (csimo@ibm.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 4

FA Brett (fabrett@icon.co.za)

Medal of Honor
Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor
Silver Star of the Empire
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

CM Brian (bman966@yahoo.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2

GN Brian (brianw@ucla.edu)

Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent x 4
Imperial Security Medal x 6
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Iron Star
Legion of Combat x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 9
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 12
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 3
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement

FA Bull (hireme@inil.com)

Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor
Gold Star of the Empire
Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat x 15

GN Caddo (caddo@intellisys.net)

Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Instruction

LCM CajunBoy (cajunboy08@yahoo.com)

Imperial Security Medal

CM Calderan Halcyon (NECommand@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Letter of Achievement

LC Calias (james@microage-tb.com)

Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Instruction x 2
Letter of Achievement x 3

LC Callista (muehj007@goofy.zdv.Uni-Mainz.de)

Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor
Gold Star of the Empire
Silver Star of the Empire x 3
Bronze Star of the Empire x 3
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Instruction x 11
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Letter of Achievement x 5

LT Calvin Nothos (mtrsapocalypse@juno.com)

Letter of Achievement

LCM Calvin Nunb (theforce@iserv.net)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

LT Calzeo Inkwolf (inkwolf@earthlink.net)

Palpatine Crescent

CM Caramon Ravenbane (raven@psynet.net)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Letter of Achievement

COL Cary (CarytvG@aol.com)

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 8
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster

LCM Caster (spellcaster13@yahoo.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Letter of Achievement

LT Chaffer (dreker1230@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2

LCM Chaka (lordnacho@juno.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 3

VA Chandler (chandler@planetchandler.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Letter of Achievement

LT Chei-Ras (petr_cheine@mtu-net.ru)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal

LCM Chronos (ender_37@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Letter of Achievement

LT Clayton (pearcefamily@worldnet.att.net)

Imperial Security Medal

SA Compton (LoveWilKil@aol.com)

Medal of Honor
Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor
Gold Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent
Medal of Instruction x 100
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 3
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Iron Star x 2
Legion of Combat x 5
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 6
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster

CM Connie (ckf@uakron.edu)

Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster

LCM Cook (styrain83@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal

RA Corner (corner.d@ironet.nl)

Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer

LC Corran Force (CorranForce@hotmail.com)

Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 18
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 5
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement x 2

CM Corran Halcyon (corranhalcyon@mailcity.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Letter of Achievement

LT Corran Horn (Tomcat430@AOL.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat

MAJ Corran Horn (corran2000@hotmail.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 3
Palpatine Crescent x 4
Imperial Security Medal x 9
Medal of Instruction x 3
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 2
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer x 2
Legion of Combat x 12
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 9
Letter of Achievement x 3

CM Cracoucas (mbuisine@mailcity.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2

LT CrazyR2 (smelenchuk@home.com)

Legion of Combat x 4
Letter of Achievement

LCM Crimson Dagger (Diamond621@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Commendation of Service

CM Crowe (KENOBI543@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat
Commendation of Bravery

LT Cyphon (cyphon_1@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Commendation of Bravery

COL Cyric (jroscoe@bellatlantic.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Legion of Combat x 2
Letter of Achievement

LT D. Rizen (d_rizen@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal

COL Daavak Tron (megatron@webspan.net)

Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster

CPT Dafner Gelak (Dapimp220@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat
Letter of Achievement

LCM Dalkain (Dalkain21@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Dall Star (dallstar@polbox.com)

Imperial Security Medal

CPT Dan (bones591@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction
Letter of Achievement x 3

LT Daniel Bonini (carlosmassaru@uol.com.br)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Commendation of Bravery

LT Daniel Kamprath (Kamprath-Riestedt@T-online.de)

Imperial Security Medal

AD Danrik (Danrik1@aol.com)

Gold Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 6
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 6
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 4
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 8
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 4
Medal of Communication - Diamond Oak Cluster x 2

LT Darith Kruszelnicki (Kruszelnickial@stpauls.rmplc.co.uk)

Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Instruction

LT Dark Fox (dark__fox@hotmail.com)

Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat

LT Dark Raider (Saznt@csi.com)

Legion of Combat

LCM Dark Sabre (frohike98@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

LT Dark Spector (phoenix549@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction

LCM Darkfire (kiros_lionheart@yahoo.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Commendation of Bravery

CPT Darkfire (RDarkfire@rocketmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Instruction x 2

LCM Darklord (lee@chandler0.force9.co.uk)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Letter of Achievement

AD Darkov (darkov@2-cool.com)

Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 9
Imperial Security Medal x 7
Medal of Instruction x 5
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer x 3
Commendation of Excellence

CM Darkstar (Invoker01@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent

CM Darkstar (solo@datasync.com)

Palpatine Crescent

CM Darkstar (Invoker01@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

CM Darkstar (solo@datasync.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 6
Medal of Instruction

LC Darkstar (sebastian.kanzer@stud.uni-hannover.de)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Letter of Achievement

LCM Darth Angelus (laverick@bigfoot.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat
Letter of Achievement

FA Darth Vader (fadarthvader@lor.net)

Imperial Cross
Silver Star of the Empire x 3
Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Instruction x 100
Iron Star x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 18
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 8
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 6
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 5
Letter of Achievement

SL Dash Riprock (luca@parrotsw.com)

Medal of Instruction

LCM Dave (Father-Dave@death-star.com)

Imperial Security Medal

COL Dave (Dragon128@aol.com)

Silver Star of the Empire x 2
Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 6
Medal of Instruction x 5
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer x 2
Legion of Combat x 11
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 11
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 5
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement

CM David (Vader130@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2

LCM Deamon (e3grossusmc@yahoo.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

LT Death (DEATH-PRIVAT@GMX.NET)

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

CM Death (ANTKnarta@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

CM Death (pnk2@netzero.net)

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2

CM Death (ANTKnarta@aol.com)

Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster

LCM Death Angel (deathangel84@starttrekmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 3
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 16
Medal of Communication - Diamond Oak Cluster

LT DeathKnight (deathknight101@home.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Decutus Marr (decutus@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

LT DeLorean (delorean@globetrotter.net)

Palpatine Crescent

LC Delplancq (AWDelplancq@yahoo.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 6
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Legion of Combat x 4

CPT Demon Yoda (DemonYoda@yahoo.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Legion of Combat

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 4
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 2
Letter of Achievement

CM Den Darkhill (mbarnett@accessus.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Instruction x 3
Iron Star
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 2

VA Depriest (beattyje@swbell.net)

Gold Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 4
Letter of Achievement x 2

LT Derek (The_Shadowin@Hotmail.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

LT Derick Krayt (crabb6@email.msn.com)

Letter of Achievement

CM Derk Parchon (derk@darkjedi.org.uk)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 9
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement x 2

FA Dev (dev@city-net.com)

Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor
Gold Star of the Empire
Silver Star of the Empire x 3
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction x 100

Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 3
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Iron Star
Legion of Combat
Commendation of Bravery
Commendation of Loyalty
Letter of Achievement x 16

GN Devin (elchefe@aol.com)

Medal of Honor
Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor
Gold Star of the Empire
Silver Star of the Empire x 2
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 4
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Instruction x 10
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 31
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 4
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster

LCM Devlin (devlin@box43.gnet.pl)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 7
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Commendation of Service
Letter of Achievement

MAJ Dharmy (adharmas@uwaterloo.ca)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 8
Letter of Achievement

CM Dharus (dharus@swipnet.se)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2

LT Digit Comm (digit_comm@hotmail.com)

Legion of Combat

LT Dimitri (A10actor@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Dodger (LT_Dodger@gmx.de)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

COL Domi (jazzman@nonline.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster

FA Donitz (ryand@shore.intercom.net)

Legion of Combat

CPT Dontal (gcavitt@ainet.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Letter of Achievement x 2

FA Doomsday (TBA)

Medal of Honor

LT Douglas (cybrdoug@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LC Doyon (EHimp@total.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 3
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Commendation of Bravery

CM DragonXX (calorn@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat

CPT Dras Hempor (moffjeddy@direct.ca)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 8
Medal of Instruction x 2
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer x 2
Legion of Combat x 37
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster

CM Draye C. Maaric (BelAir2267@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 9

COL Dread (eh_dread@hotmail.com)

Gold Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 5
Imperial Security Medal x 13
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Iron Star
Legion of Combat x 5
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 25
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 8

CM Drizzt (mduncan@btc-bci.com)

Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer

LT DS-61-2 (DS61Kupo@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

MAJ DS-61-4 (Mortis703@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat x 10
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 6
Letter of Achievement x 4

LT Ducky (duckjoy@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LCM Dunatos (sogstricks@networksplus.net)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 4

LT Duncan Idaho (raven@bluewin.de)

Palpatine Crescent

LCM E. Tarkin (erik@e-sjop.nl)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 4

Legion of Combat x 12
Letter of Achievement

LCM e7 (emperor07@deathdoor.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Edwan Lipit (ROYALGARD7@aol.com)

Legion of Combat x 2

LT EH Member (EHMember@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 3
Letter of Achievement

LCM Ehart (ehart@mindless.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Imperial Security Medal

COL EmpReach (MPetros@aol.com)

Medal of Honor
Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor
Gold Star of the Empire
Silver Star of the Empire x 3
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 9
Imperial Security Medal x 10
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Iron Star
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 27
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 10
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 4
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 6
Medal of Communication - Diamond Oak Cluster x 2
Letter of Achievement x 4

CPT Ensun Kelric (black28@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Legion of Combat x 13

AD Eric O'Flynn (family@ntplx.net)

Grand Order of the Emperor
Silver Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

LT Esm'ael Rasxus (ishmael@box43.gnet.pl)

Palpatine Crescent x 4
Imperial Security Medal

MAJ Eugene (eugene7@hotmail.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 3
Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 12
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 15
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 9
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 2

LCM Exar Kun (jedipm@execpc.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Face Loran (Thorin5@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 3
Legion of Combat x 18

MAJ Falcon (falcon-1@philskey.demon.co.uk)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer

CM Fel (fel_15@hotmail.com)

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 4
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2

LCM Felagund (feanor@mindless.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 7

MAJ Fieldmarshall (RATrooper@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat x 3
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

MAJ Fink (tolajerel@hotmail.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 8
Iron Star
Legion of Combat x 7
Letter of Achievement

MAJ Firebird (keeler@teleport.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal

COL Fireclaw (SAFireclaw@aol.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 4
Palpatine Crescent x 4
Imperial Security Medal x 8
Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 3
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 6
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster

LCM FireEyes (fireeyes@mail.com)

Gold Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal

RA Firefox (magius@globetrotter.qc.ca)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2

CM Fishbone (fishbone@Caramail.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 4

CPT Flash (dunnaj@loras.edu)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer

CM Flelm (flelm@yahoo.com)

Letter of Achievement

LT Flint (LGFlint@aol.com)

Commendation of Service

LC Florian (Florian.Stamm@hoexter.netsurf.de)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 6

Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Commendation of Bravery

CM Fondor (Jehu1313@AOL.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Legion of Combat x 18
Letter of Achievement

CM Ford Prefect (Karrde23@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 6
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement

MAJ Fox (the-fox@netcom.ca)

Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement x 5

MAJ Freelancer (freelancerdude@netscape.net)

Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent x 5
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Legion of Combat x 73
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 10
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 6
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 5
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 3
Letter of Achievement x 3

CM Frostbite (frostbite_000@hotmail.com)

Medal of Instruction x 2

LCM Gabo Steele (arsteele@mindspring.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

CM Gabriel (gabriel@xmission.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Galen (galen@starbase-prometheus.org)

Legion of Combat x 2

LCM Galhlib (a19901160@pucc.edu.pe)

Imperial Security Medal x 3

GN Gallows (markshen@konnections.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent x 8
Imperial Security Medal x 8
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 2
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer x 2
Legion of Combat x 3
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Commendation of Service
Letter of Achievement x 3

LT Garik Hizad (Heartofgold42@hotmail.com)

Legion of Combat

CM Garrett Hap'Kette (padawan_h@hotmail.com)

Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Letter of Achievement

SL Gascutone (dave.stainthorpe29@virgin.net)

Imperial Security Medal

MAJ Gen Es'mith (GRVSmith@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Instruction x 3
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 4
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 5
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 17
Medal of Communication - Diamond Oak Cluster x 3
Commendation of Bravery

CPT George (vlukic@box.net.au)

Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Letter of Achievement x 6

COL Gibbs (MGibbsjr@aol.com)

Silver Star of the Empire x 2
Bronze Star of the Empire x 7
Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 17
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 14
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 10
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 6

LT Gimpy (Zaarin888@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Goat (The_goat_2005@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

LT Gotham (RGOATHAM@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat

CM Goose (Goose@integrityonline.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Legion of Combat

COL Gordon (Gordon@yacomine.freemove.co.uk)

Grand Order of the Emperor
Gold Star of the Empire
Silver Star of the Empire x 2
Bronze Star of the Empire
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer x 25

LCM Grant Lian (Katsuhit0@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction x 2
Legion of Combat x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

CM Gray (dan_grayson@hotmail.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Iron Star
Legion of Combat x 8

LT GummyBear (isfguy@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat

LCM Gunshark (robert.adair@cwcom.net)

Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat x 6

MAJ Guthwulf (jdnixon@students.uiuc.edu)

Gold Star of the Empire
Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 5
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster

LT Gyssler (BGGyssler@aol.com)

Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Commendation of Service
Commendation of Bravery
Letter of Achievement

LCM Halcyon (jdasilva@pathcom.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Letter of Achievement

CM Hammer (zerokool2@prodigy.net)

Medal of Instruction

MAJ Harkonnen (generalpopov@hotmail.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 5
Palpatine Crescent x 5
Imperial Security Medal x 6
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 5
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 3
Letter of Achievement x 2

RA Harkov (danscott@bellatlantic.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Letter of Achievement

LC Havoc (Pellaeon85@aol.com)

Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 7
Imperial Security Medal x 16
Medal of Instruction x 4
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Iron Star
Legion of Combat x 55
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 13
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement

SA Havok (havok@fuse.net)

Medal of Honor
Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor
Silver Star of the Empire x 2
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction x 100
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer

CM Hawkins (Nedius@yahoo.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction

CM Hellfire (Acylsf@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

CM Hello (HelloRiker@Hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction x 2

LT Hem Dazon (fess@xtra.co.nz)

Letter of Achievement

CM Hogg (csmort@cwcom.net)

Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2

LCM Horn (hanfett92@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal

LT Hotshot (brian-gerken@augustana.edu)

Imperial Security Medal x 3

AD Howlader (danhowlader@hotmail.com)

Grand Order of the Emperor
Gold Star of the Empire
Silver Star of the Empire x 2
Bronze Star of the Empire x 4
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction x 100
Legion of Combat
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster

CPT Hunter (sharga@mindspring.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer

CPT Ice (dddddd@nbnet.nb.ca)

Imperial Security Medal x 3

MAJ Iceman (iceman@go2.pl)

Grand Order of the Emperor
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Instruction
Letter of Achievement

CM Imp22 (mayberry@radiks.net)

Imperial Security Medal

CM Indaro Gallia (EH_Vermin@hotmail.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 8
Medal of Instruction x 4
Letter of Achievement

LCM IQ Pierce (ShayPierce@juno.com)

Gold Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction x 2
Legion of Combat
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 3
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 2

Commendation of Service
Letter of Achievement x 2

LCM Irek Dahran (irek2@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 5
Letter of Achievement x 2

LT Ixion Deathbringer (Ixion79@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Jace Krips (xg1starwing@yahoo.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Letter of Achievement

CPT Jack (TantiveIV@aol.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster

CM Jahan Kalar (jahankalar@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Letter of Achievement

LCM James Dobush (jim_dobush@mailcity.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Jamie Dzioba (jdzioaba@connected.bc.ca)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

LT Jan Dimakohsta (janstei15@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

CM Janich (Janich1@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Legion of Combat x 2
Letter of Achievement

LCM Jar Jar Binks (jarjarbinkseh@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal

RA Jarak Maldon (jarak@stny.rr.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 5
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2
Commendation of Bravery
Letter of Achievement

LT Jarla Valyorm (jvalyorm@hotmail.com)

Gold Star of the Empire

CM Jaruus (jaruus@yahoo.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Commendation of Bravery

MAJ Javelin (rpk2@ra.msstate.edu)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Instruction x 3
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 9
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 3
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 3
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement

LCM Jay Urick (J_Yurek@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Instruction
Commendation of Bravery

LT Jdf1984 (jdf1984@yahoo.com)

Legion of Combat x 2

MAJ Jedgar (JedgarK@netzero.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 11
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement

HA Jedgar O. Paladin (FAPaladin@aol.com)

Medal of Honor
Imperial Cross x 2
Grand Order of the Emperor
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction x 100
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster

MAJ Jeff (coolrider@blclinks.net)

Silver Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster

LCM Jeff Loruss (tiger01@nwol.net)

Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Legion of Combat x 6

CPT Jeffery Domm (w_bolinger@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 2
Letter of Achievement

COL Jendris Scinar (hammercommander@hotmail.com)

Silver Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

LCM Jennif Es'mith (JSmith3396@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 10
Commendation of Bravery

LCM Jennifer (ryokoj@xoommail.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal
Letter of Achievement

CM Jens Vigsted (jecaflem@post4.tele.dk)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 5

CM Jeremiah (kloepfer@chem1.usc.edu)

Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer

LCM Jerry (jerry2@algonet.se)

Imperial Security Medal

CM Jesseb Skyrauch (Jibs44@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 2

LT Jiri Sunrider (jedi_fi@yahoo.com)

Legion of Combat x 3

CM Jodo Kast (pantera_63@hotmail.com)

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2

MAJ Joe (Noon006@aol.com)

Grand Order of the Emperor
Gold Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 5
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 5
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 4
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 14
Medal of Communication - Diamond Oak Cluster x 2

RA Joerg (supporter@joerghoffmann.de)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2

LCM Jofus (Jofus2000@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

LCM John Deathstalker (RogueLead1@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Commendation of Bravery

LT Joker (jwalkersmom@yahoo.com)

Legion of Combat x 3

LT Jon Doyle (jon_doyle@yahoo.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

LT Jon Theall (EH_Falcon@juno.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat

CM Jonathan (tubaman@usit.net)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2

CM Jordan (freakshow57@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Commendation of Bravery
Letter of Achievement

LT Jourdain (pizza_oasis@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal

MAJ JPulhamus (JPulhamus@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 3

LT Julius Calion (J_Calion@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Letter of Achievement

MAJ Jupiter (caijw@singnet.com.sg)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

CM Justice (Justice_12@yahoo.com)

Letter of Achievement

LT Juve (b.nienhaus@gmx.de)

Medal of Instruction x 2

SL Jyran Draco (clansteelraptor@hotmail.com)

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

LCM Kaedryl Di'Mathe (agunders@iname.com)

Palpatine Crescent

Imperial Security Medal x 4

Letter of Achievement

GN Kaerner (kaerner@swipnet.se)

Grand Order of the Emperor

Silver Star of the Empire

Bronze Star of the Empire

Palpatine Crescent x 3

Imperial Security Medal x 4

Medal of Instruction

Iron Star

Legion of Combat x 2

LT Kaine (Danny.Mezzina@frankfurt.netsurf.de)

Imperial Security Medal

CM Kaji Ryoji (KajiRyogi@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

Legion of Combat x 7

MAJ Kalamitey (cmdr@Kalamitey.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire

Palpatine Crescent x 2

Imperial Security Medal

Medal of Instruction

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

Commendation of Bravery

CM Kanasu (Kanasu@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

CM Kaneda Pellail (Eurika123@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2

Imperial Security Medal x 5

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement x 3

LT Kargin (Ukainman@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Katarn (apdmdd@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal

HA Kawolski (ABSureFire@aol.com)

Medal of Honor
Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor
Gold Star of the Empire x 2
Silver Star of the Empire x 3
Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent x 4
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Instruction x 104
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 6
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Legion of Combat x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Commendation of Service x 3
Commendation of Bravery
Commendation of Loyalty
Letter of Achievement x 3

LC Kaye (jekaye@total.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction
Iron Star

LCM Kayle Bayron (kaiboecher@netway.at)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction

CM Keiran Idanian (KeiranIdanian@aol.com)

Medal of Instruction x 2
Legion of Combat x 4

LT Kell Pacek (Isnake124@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal

CM Kermee (kermee@softhome.net)

Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer x 2
Legion of Combat x 4
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 5
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2
Letter of Achievement

AD Kessler (kessler@dial.pipex.com)

Grand Order of the Emperor
Gold Star of the Empire x 2
Silver Star of the Empire x 3
Bronze Star of the Empire x 5
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 7
Medal of Instruction x 34
Iron Star x 2
Legion of Combat x 31
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 12
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 6
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement x 2

LT Khabarakh (Krogoth31@hotmail.com)

Legion of Combat

COL Khaine (shogun@ihug.co.nz)

Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire x 3
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 4
Letter of Achievement

LT Khan (khan.tora@libero.it)

Imperial Security Medal

HA Khyron (darkjedi@ametro.net)

Medal of Honor
Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor
Gold Star of the Empire
Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction x 100
Commendation of Loyalty

CM Killer (IPBillH@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 6
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 4

COL Killraven (aennen@arends-sons.com)

Silver Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Commendation of Bravery

VA Kircheis Tychsen (kircheis@home.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 8
Imperial Security Medal x 9
Iron Star
Legion of Combat x 49
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 6
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement x 3

CM Klick Komonor (dartsaber10@hotmail.com)

Medal of Instruction

FA Kramer (Shadowblen@aol.com)

Imperial Cross
Gold Star of the Empire x 2
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Instruction x 8
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 8
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 3
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster

LCM Kratas (Mc1616@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster

AD Kryder (kryder@iname.com)

Gold Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 6

LCM K'Tehmok (ktehmok@uswest.net)

Palpatine Crescent x 4
Imperial Security Medal x 4

Legion of Combat x 39
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Letter of Achievement

CM Kueller (austin@powerlink.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal

AD Kumba (Kumba12345@aol.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 7
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 6
Letter of Achievement x 2

LT Kyle Garm Augustus (U96Hydra@aol.com)

Letter of Achievement x 2

LT Kyzar (kman@bayou.com)

Letter of Achievement x 2

CM LaCarita (beckcd@mailexcite.com)

Imperial Security Medal

CM Laerox (laerox1@yahoo.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2

CM Lafeber (104312al@student.eur.nl)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 4

LCM Lars Klemm (lars.klemm@t-online.de)

Imperial Security Medal x 4

CM Lassiter (sigarms300@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal

RA Lee_1 (gnlee@cyberhighway.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 4

LT Lemilisk (Doomed666@hotmail.com)

Medal of Instruction

LT Leszek (leslie@bch.com.pl)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Lone Wolf (ESchooley@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal

MAJ Longshot (GnLongshot@aol.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal

LT Lordhelmet (Lordhelmet30@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

AD LSky (olli@narsissi.tky.hut.fi)

Medal of Honor
Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor
Silver Star of the Empire x 2
Bronze Star of the Empire x 3
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer x 3
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 5
Commendation of Loyalty

CM Lusankya (Lusankya23@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction x 2
Legion of Combat
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 3
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster

SL Macca (macca@netlink.com.au)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

LCM Mairin Astrois (mairin88@hotmail.com)

Gold Star of the Empire

FA Manesh (maneshp@columbia.aim-smart.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 3

CM Manijak (josip.nadj@ri.tel.hr)

Imperial Security Medal

LC Manitsas (Manitsas@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Legion of Combat x 4

RA Marc (spudgeman@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Instruction
Iron Star
Legion of Combat x 4
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 9
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 8
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 9
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 2
Letter of Achievement

VA Marco (marcoreid@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Iron Star

LT Marconius (MarcoReid@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

VA Marenta (darknezz@otbnet.com)

Gold Star of the Empire

LT MarQs (sam.blohm@sodertalje.mail.telia.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

LCM Martin (mcsmith@worldchat.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2

LCM Mason Selrood (MMcmo36869@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2
Letter of Achievement

LCM Matthew D'Varak (maliaba@ix.netcom.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction
Letter of Achievement

CPT Mauser (DKoetting@metallica.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 3

LCM Mav (mav1234@home.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Mavrick (Rouge15741@AOL.COM)

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

LCM Mavrick (steveh@sockets.net)

Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster

LCM Maximillian Needa (JPRichar@cs.com)

Legion of Combat

LT Maxx Trader (Maxx@maulnet.freemove.co.uk)

Imperial Security Medal
Commendation of Bravery

MAJ Mell (mell@koonswin.freemove.co.uk)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Instruction x 2
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

LC Menacer (coolboy@ns.wabash.net)

Gold Star of the Empire
Silver Star of the Empire x 2
Bronze Star of the Empire x 4
Legion of Combat
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 9
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 2

CPT Merlin (Merlin167@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 4

CPT Michael (cm_mike@hotmail.com)

Letter of Achievement

LT Michael Ferin (ace@intplsrv.net)

Imperial Security Medal

CM Mike (suttonboy@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement

LT Mike Fett (boba.fett@aon.at)

Imperial Security Medal
Letter of Achievement

LT Mike LeRoy (Marcorenk@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Mikkel Filla (filla@gmx.net)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

LT Mitth'raw'nuruodo (JMan359@worldnet.att.net)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

CPT Mobiles (sora@dnt.ro)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal x 5

CPT Monaghan (monaghan@tiscalinet.it)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 3
Palpatine Crescent x 4
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Instruction x 3
Iron Star
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Commendation of Bravery

LCM Mordred Pendragon (felhanded@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 3

LT Morman (mmm87@hotmail.com)

Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer

CPT Morth (drnin@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 2

MAJ Mortu (mortu@optonline.net)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster

RA Motti (Sloth107@aol.com)

Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster

LCM Murdoch (weejoker@pmail.net)

Imperial Security Medal

MAJ Murdock (bmills@direct.ca)

Letter of Achievement

LT Mycroft (larssons_mejl@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal

CM Mynock (stahara@voyager.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat

LT Mystery Ace (braden@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

LT Nareno Mayowen (dhondup@yahoo.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Letter of Achievement

LT Nathan (njm106@york.ac.uk)

Medal of Instruction

CM Nazghul (nazghul@bellatlantic.net)

Gold Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement x 3

LT Nazkeidu Cronhaven (laagos@gibraltar.net)

Iron Star

CPT Nebular (nebular@lambda.yi.org)

Medal of Instruction x 2
Letter of Achievement

CM Nemisis (ryan099@aol.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 15
Medal of Communication - Diamond Oak Cluster x 4
Letter of Achievement x 3

CM Nicholas (JDNicholas@compuserve.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 3
Commendation of Bravery

LCM Night Grue (NightGrue@aol.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal

MAJ Nightflyer (nightflyer@home.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Letter of Achievement

Nighthawk (JR9090@aol.com)

Imperial Cross

RA Nighthawk (trosskin@aol.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal

CM Nightwolf (nightwolf@thrawn.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 3
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 8
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Letter of Achievement

COL NiksaVel (nileder@public.srce.hr)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 3
Palpatine Crescent x 5
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 15
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 3
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement x 3

LT Nix (nix@vertca.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 3
Legion of Combat

LCM Noily Pratt (andrew@atjpratt.force9.co.uk)

Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction
Letter of Achievement

CPT Nomad (NomadME38@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 4

LCM Nylad (nylad@hotpop.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

CPT Oldham (njnold@hotmail.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 6
Imperial Security Medal x 2

CPT Onwai Starborne (majorrudy@netscape.net)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2

CM Outlaw (stevie_t-man@mindspring.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Commendation of Bravery

LT Panaka (sdwhatsnew@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal

CM Paradox (PaRaDoX210@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 4
Letter of Achievement

CM Parker Lewis (ohtim@cwo.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Commendation of Bravery

LT Patrick (Patrick222@compsupport.net)

Imperial Security Medal

LC Pavel (pavel_eh@yahoo.com)

Gold Star of the Empire
Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 7
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2

CM P-Chan (Sir_Yuric@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

COL Pel (palinathas@aol.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 14
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 9
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 13
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 18
Medal of Communication - Diamond Oak Cluster x 11
Letter of Achievement

LT PeoplesArmy (peoplesarmy@edmundcarmel.freemove.co.uk)

Legion of Combat
Letter of Achievement

LT Phantom Ace (jmpeterson@netzero.net)

Medal of Instruction x 2

SL Phoenix (nutbar@altavista.net)

Imperial Security Medal

CPT Phoenix (Chevy7300@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 6
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 6
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 7
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 10
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 16
Medal of Communication - Diamond Oak Cluster x 4

COL Phoenix (pitchko@sk.sympatico.ca)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

CM Phoenix Berkana (phoenix@crimson-net.org)

Imperial Security Medal x 3

AD Piett (cmuir@ihug.co.nz)

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 6

LCM Plif (lordplif@iname.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2

COL Pluty (pluty@ppnet.ee)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Commendation of Bravery

RA Priyum Patel (priyumpatel@hotmail.com)

Silver Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 10
Medal of Instruction x 7
Legion of Combat x 26
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 3
Letter of Achievement

CPT Prophet (prophet_100@yahoo.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Proton (proton@topofutah.com)

Palpatine Crescent

SL Pilon (psilon@mindspring.com)

Medal of Instruction

LCM Psyko (mutt48@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat x 13

CPT Qiliang (huangqiliang@post1.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 4
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement x 2

CM Quinsec (Bevell14@aol.com)

Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster

LT Rage (darthrage@crosswinds.net)

Imperial Security Medal

LCM Rage (BigM3I5@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal

MAJ Raith Siemar (EH_Raith@yahoo.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 6
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 2
Letter of Achievement

LT Rand Al'Thor (al_thor@iname.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LCM Ranger (s109412@stud.uni-goettingen.de)

Imperial Security Medal x 3
Legion of Combat x 4

FA Rapier (ehtopcop@yahoo.com)

Gold Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction
Commendation of Service

CPT Raptor (james_allen14@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

LT Ravil (ravil@physse.nwl.uni-jena.de)

Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat

COL Ray (Raymond.Abel@globetrotter.qc.ca)

Silver Star of the Empire
Medal of Instruction

LCM Rayden (lrayden@netzero.net)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

CPT Rea (cashrea5@yahoo.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 6
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 2

CPT Reaper (Paul@reeves110.freemove.co.uk)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster

MAJ Reesbon (eh_reesbon@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2

RA Renegade (gcavitt@ainet.com)

Medal of Honor
Imperial Cross x 2
Grand Order of the Emperor
Silver Star of the Empire x 2
Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Instruction x 10
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 5
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer x 6

LT Rex (xerfamcr@wtaccess.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LCM Rhinok Maul (rshamblin@utk.edu)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2

LT Ric Gravin (GravinTC@hotmail.com)

Medal of Instruction

COL Ricardo (bantha_34@hotmail.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 6
Commendation of Bravery
Letter of Achievement

VA Ricaud (valricaud@aol.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 4
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 4
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement

MAJ Rich (captainrich@surfnetinc.com)

Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat x 3

CM Rocanon (von_aethra@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction

LCM Rod Antareq (rodrigo@cvtci.com.ar)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

CPT Rog (Rog@slanesh.freemove.co.uk)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

CPT Roger (gnroger20@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 4
Legion of Combat x 3

GA Ronin (GARonin@aol.com)

Medal of Honor
Imperial Cross
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 2
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer x 8
Commendation of Service

LCM Rover (eh_rover@iglobus.ru)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Commendation of Bravery

FA Royal (parejean@videotron.ca)

Medal of Honor
Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor
Gold Star of the Empire
Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction x 100
Commendation of Loyalty

LT Sabaci (taye@hpu.edu)

Palpatine Crescent
Medal of Instruction x 5

LT Sabrel Kun (jdelima@geocities.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat

LCM Sanj (sanj425@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 6
Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat

MAJ Sarani (shaklee@glinx.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

VA Sarok (d9711lei@algonet.se)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 4
Imperial Security Medal x 9
Iron Star
Legion of Combat x 20
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2

CPT Sarriss (sarriss@bigfoot.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Letter of Achievement

LC Sasquatch (bigfoot@zoomnet.net)

Palpatine Crescent x 9
Imperial Security Medal x 7
Letter of Achievement

CPT Satai Dukhat (satai@online.no)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Letter of Achievement

CM Sauron (admiral_pellaeon@hotmail.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 5
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Commendation of Bravery

CPT Sax (ArmyMale@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat

LCM Sayrah Mikfarlant (sarah.mcfarland@st-peters.oxford.ac.uk)

Imperial Security Medal
Commendation of Bravery

COL Scoser (capt_jennox@hotmail.com)

Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 9
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Commendation of Bravery x 2
Letter of Achievement

LT Scott McCarty (redline440@mail.com)

Imperial Security Medal

CM SeanHowe (seanhowe@moscow.com)

Silver Star of the Empire
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer x 2
Legion of Combat
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 10
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2

CPT Seggybop (ocg@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 2

CM Sendar Kala (tthygesen@yahoo.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 3
Legion of Combat x 10

LCM Sequoh Marden (kamm@netforge.de)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat x 2

CM SergiO02 (speedmatt1@yahoo.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat x 5
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2

CPT Shador (Carlos_Candil_2@compuserve.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

COL Shadow (ScubaJoeB@aol.com)

Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire x 4
Palpatine Crescent x 5
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

MAJ ShadowXX (shadow_rules@hotmail.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 5
Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat x 68

Shaitan (shaitan@vtc.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire

LC Shark (a-levin@internet-zahav.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 3
Palpatine Crescent x 4
Imperial Security Medal x 3

Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Commendation of Bravery
Letter of Achievement

LT Shig Nix (Wedge975@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal

SL Shiva (generalshiva@mail.geocities.com)

Medal of Instruction

AD Shotgun (shotgun@cybernex.net)

Grand Order of the Emperor
Silver Star of the Empire x 2
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction x 10
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Iron Star
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Commendation of Bravery
Letter of Achievement x 4

MAJ Shups (shups@bellatlantic.net)

Silver Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Instruction x 2
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Legion of Combat x 65
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 4
Commendation of Bravery
Letter of Achievement

CPT Sickman (sickman@clara.co.uk)

Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction x 2
Legion of Combat x 16

RA Sindar Naranek (sindar@us.net)

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 7

LCM Sithlord (rjlemming@geocities.com)

Palpatine Crescent

CM Skimmer (Skimmer@pworld.net.ph)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

RA Slade Holm (jimlholm@yahoo.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Letter of Achievement

LCM SlothMan (fl_lcm_slothman@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 3
Medal of Communication - Diamond Oak Cluster x 2

LT SmithSaber 62 (smith_62@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LCM Smitroc (swelton@bellatlantic.net)

Palpatine Crescent
Legion of Combat x 12

CM Space-Ace (spaceace123@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 3
Letter of Achievement x 2

CM Spaceboy (spaceboy09@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Legion of Combat x 10
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 8
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement

LT Squall (yar@friko4.onet.pl)

Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Instruction

MAJ Sslither (sslither@midsouth.rr.com)

Silver Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Legion of Combat
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

COL StarLion (starlion@hutley.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 3
Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Legion of Combat x 21
Letter of Achievement

CPT Steele (Nealoc187@aol.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 6
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 6
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster

CPT Steve Strangelove (stevestrangelove@icqmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 5
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster

CPT Stone Darkstar (Ordell45c@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 4

LCM Stradlin (stradlin2@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal

RA Stretch (dhwco@jps.net)

Silver Star of the Empire x 3
Bronze Star of the Empire x 4
Palpatine Crescent x 4
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 4
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 2

VA Striker (EH_striker@mail.com)

Gold Star of the Empire
Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer

Legion of Combat x 5
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 19
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 13
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 7
Letter of Achievement x 4

AD Stryker (ADStryker@ThePentagon.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2

LCM Superfly (kenada@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal

MAJ SureFire (AKawolski@aol.com)

Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 2

LT Swa (commanderswa@geocities.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LCM Syn (syn@bigwig.net)

Legion of Combat x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 3
Letter of Achievement

AD Syn Kaek (Habib_800@yahoo.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 3

AD Synjin Erebor (HaDeS55624@aol.com)

Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor
Gold Star of the Empire x 2
Silver Star of the Empire x 3
Bronze Star of the Empire x 5
Palpatine Crescent x 5
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 2
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer x 4
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Commendation of Service
Commendation of Bravery
Letter of Achievement x 3

COL Tad Taliesin (punks@home.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 5
Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 12
Medal of Instruction x 6
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer x 2
Iron Star
Legion of Combat x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 20
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 10
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster
Letter of Achievement

SL Taj (DarthTaj@aol.com)

Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

LCM Talon Drear (Someguy188@hotmail.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 11
Commendation of Service
Letter of Achievement

RA Tarkin (bendl@alltel.net)

Medal of Honor
Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster

AD Tarkin (etourist@iname.com)

Medal of Honor
Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor
Gold Star of the Empire x 2
Legion of Combat

SL Tazman (tazman9@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

AD Ted Tiger (droenner@student.uni-kl.de)

Gold Star of the Empire
Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 2

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 5
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 2

CM Terry (yanti@idirect.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat

AD Thayer (b_thayer@msn.com)

Gold Star of the Empire x 2
Silver Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction x 5

LT The Cyber Baron (neilski@msn.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LT The_Z (david.munoz.lundgren@swipnet.se)

Palpatine Crescent
Legion of Combat

FA Thedek (thedek@home.com)

Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor
Gold Star of the Empire x 2
Silver Star of the Empire x 3
Bronze Star of the Empire x 4
Palpatine Crescent x 4
Imperial Security Medal x 7
Medal of Instruction x 500
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 2
Iron Star x 3
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 2

LT TheJaguar (jaguar98@cruzeironet.com.br)

Imperial Security Medal

CPT Theodore (dpippen@abanet.org)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal x 8
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 5

LCM Thrawn (vicethrawn@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent

CM Thrax (dthrax@geocities.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Instruction

FA Threat (adrihan@cae.wisc.edu)

Medal of Honor
Bronze Star of the Empire
Medal of Instruction
Commendation of Bravery
Letter of Achievement

LT Thrust (thrust_ak@hotmail.com)

Letter of Achievement x 2

LT Thunder (grom@box43.gnet.pl)

Palpatine Crescent x 3

LT Ti'Anna (karina9@polbox.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Medal of Instruction

MAJ Tiberius (s_tiberius@hotmail.com)

Gold Star of the Empire
Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 18
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Diamond Oak Cluster
Commendation of Bravery

CPT TIEBomber (tiebomber1@hotmail.com)

Iron Star
Legion of Combat x 2
Letter of Achievement

VA Tim (samiam@jetlink.net)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

CPT Timbal (timbalara@netzero.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent x 3

Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2

CPT Todbringer (todbring@box43.gnet.pl)

Palpatine Crescent x 6
Imperial Security Medal x 6

SL Tom (tom.ramsay@lineone.net)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Tom (thomasbochert@gmx.de)

Imperial Security Medal

LCM Tom Grays (tomgrays@molly.vabo.cz)

Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction

CPT TopDawg (TopDawgWC@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat x 7
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2
Letter of Achievement x 2

LCM Toran Dan (seal6@inetmail.de)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

LT Torgo Whyte (torgothewhite@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction

VA Torquemada (torq@home.com)

Gold Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 2

VA Torres (dunnwd@ozemail.com.au)

Silver Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 4

Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Commendation of Bravery x 2
Letter of Achievement x 4

LCM Tra Tal'kail Coursca (LrdCoursca@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Legion of Combat x 10
Letter of Achievement

CM Traveler (traveler@busprod.com)

Imperial Security Medal

AD Tron (tron@techline.com)

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 8
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster

LCM Tuba (tuba@eagnet.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

LCM Turr Phennir (mparkes@eisa.net.au)

Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal

CPT Turtle (eh_turtle@raptor.nu)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Legion of Combat x 4
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 6
Commendation of Bravery
Letter of Achievement

CPT T'vra Kiriska (soiled@bellsouth.net)

Imperial Security Medal

SL Tycho (Graeme@powerdean.demon.co.uk)

Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction

LT Tycho (sith_stryker@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

COL Undo (undo@prn.ee)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent x 4
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 3
Commendation of Service
Commendation of Bravery
Letter of Achievement x 2

LCM Vaark (Dagger2001@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Legion of Combat x 27

LT Vac (acojocar@gmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal

CPT Vader (egonzalez@outside.com.ar)

Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 5

VA Vampire (misner@spiretech.com)

Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction

LT Var Zoraan (varzoraan@incasoftware.de)

Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat x 5

CPT Vector (vector181st@hotmail.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal

CM VectorX (vector_x@hotmail.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Legion of Combat

FA Veelon (Veelon@aol.com)

Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 2

LCM Veers (edmond2000@freeuk.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 4
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Letter of Achievement

MAJ Veers (generalveers@mindless.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 4
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster

CM Vexan (gcavitt@ainet.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 3
Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal
Letter of Achievement

LT Viper (ppeters001@netscape.net)

Imperial Security Medal

LCM Virgil Renka (CRYSP82@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2
Medal of Instruction

CM Vlade (runner@cjnetworks.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Instruction
Legion of Combat x 6

AD Vman (vman@mindspring.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction

COL Volht (volht@cryogen.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat

CM Volkov (afarrell@iol.ie)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Imperial Security Medal x 2

SL Voranyen (Paploo944@aol.com)

Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster

LT Vyyk Xizzr (n3vwr@hotmail.com)

Medal of Instruction

LT Wade Finley (Wade150@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal

CM Weasel (shadd@app-net.com)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Instruction x 3
Legion of Combat x 8
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 4

LT Web (andyweb5@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal

CPT Wedge (hoffy@mailroom.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Instruction x 3
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Legion of Combat x 15
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 6
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster
Commendation of Bravery
Letter of Achievement x 2

LCM Werdna Elbee (werdna_elbee@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2
Legion of Combat
Letter of Achievement x 2

MAJ Wet Willy (wetwill@swbell.net)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 4
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Medal of Instruction x 2
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer

Iron Star
Legion of Combat x 5
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 4
Letter of Achievement x 5

MAJ WildKard (ajm@dlcwest.com)

Letter of Achievement

CM Wizard (elang@bgnet.bgsu.edu)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 3

CM Wlodek (buriakw@free.polbox.pl)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer x 2

CPT Wolfverine (bariteau@total.net)

Imperial Security Medal
Commendation of Bravery

GN Wolly (wolly2000@aol.com)

Gold Star of the Empire
Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire x 3
Palpatine Crescent x 7
Imperial Security Medal x 9
Medal of Instruction x 4
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 3
Letter of Achievement x 3

CM Woobee (rbmcd@powerup.com.au)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Instruction
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Legion of Combat

MAJ Wraith (wraithdog@mindspring.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 2

COL Wrath (WrathCalin@aol.com)

Grand Order of the Emperor
Legion of Combat

CM Xamon Blackstar (xamon@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal

CM Xander Drax (xanderdrax_eh@yahoo.com)

Imperial Security Medal

SL Xavier (hgchurch@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LCM Xavier Durrone (drdameron@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 2

LCM Xerokine Harg (jscell@mail2.quiknet.com)

Imperial Security Medal

CPT Ximeno (ximeno_eh@yahoo.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire x 3
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal

AD Yacko (yacko43@hotmail.com)

Grand Order of the Emperor
Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 4
Legion of Combat x 12
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 6
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 2
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster

CM Ya-qoob (yaqoob@poczta.onet.pl)

Imperial Security Medal x 2

LCM Yarik Kelve (ehyarik@aol.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 2

FA Yodavin (vjbonan@mindspring.com)

Imperial Cross
Grand Order of the Emperor x 2

Silver Star of the Empire x 2
Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster
Commendation of Loyalty
Letter of Achievement

CPT Yoman (ance@mbnet.fi)

Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal x 5
Medal of Tactics - Red Hammer
Commendation of Bravery

SA Yoni (LTSaber@aol.com)

Medal of Honor
Grand Order of the Emperor
Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Imperial Security Medal
Medal of Instruction x 100

LT Yun Logan (loganad@stpauls.rmplc.co.uk)

Imperial Security Medal x 3

LT Zaar Phillen (ben@rotundo.freeseve.co.uk)

Letter of Achievement

CM Zekk (meweir@netxn.com)

Medal of Instruction

LCM Zero Lestat (vegais1@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal

LT Zero Pain (Khorne717@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal x 2
Legion of Combat x 2
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster

AD Z'lar Kahn (zlarkahn@arnet.com.ar)

Imperial Cross

LT Zoltar (GNZoltar@aol.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Letter of Achievement

CM Zorn Starn (zstarn@home.com)

Palpatine Crescent x 3
Imperial Security Medal x 5

SL Z-Shock (bardoh@hotmail.com)

Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat

VA Zsinj (SLookabill@aol.com)

Silver Star of the Empire
Bronze Star of the Empire x 2
Palpatine Crescent x 2
Imperial Security Medal x 3
Medal of Tactics - Green Hammer
Legion of Combat
Medal of Communication - Bronze Oak Cluster x 6
Medal of Communication - Silver Oak Cluster x 4
Medal of Communication - Gold Oak Cluster x 3
Medal of Communication - Platinum Oak Cluster x 8
Medal of Communication - Diamond Oak Cluster x 18
Letter of Achievement x 4

CPT Zsystem Fryar (zysfryar@home.com)

Bronze Star of the Empire
Palpatine Crescent
Imperial Security Medal
Legion of Combat x 2
Commendation of Bravery

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The Sector Rangers are still accepting application for membership. Come join us and help the EH become a better place for all.

All applicants should email SO/FA Rapier (EHTopCop@Yahoo.com) and SEC/VA Depriest (beattyje@swbell.net).

-Sector Rangers are responsible for the basic "law enforcement" operations throughout the Emperor's Hammer territories.

Sector Ranger (SR) is a part time position requiring between 1 and 2 hours of work per week. The candidate for this position should hold the rank of LT or higher or it's equivalent.

The SRs are basically you standard beat cop. Their job is to be helpful and friendly in their area of influence. It is not to be a troublemaker or to go in search of trouble but if trouble does arise within their area of influence it should be reported immediately to their SEO and passed on to the SEC for action by the Security Officer.

The duties of an SR is primarily to keep his eyes open. Gathering information to allow the Security Office to better do it's job. They also have the ability to interject and attempt to resolve minor disputes among members but anything that would require an action under the Articles of War will be handled directly by the SO or the HCI. They also are to be helpful to other members at all times and while they don't need to know everything they should at least have the courtesy to point them in the right direction.

-- SGC0Ms: if you received the RO's mail requesting a link your subgroup's manual(s) please reply ASAP. The RO hopes to compile these to add to the Emperor's Hammer Codex within the next week.

Congrats and a Happy Honeymoon to the FC,
RO/FA Telf

There Goes My Medal of Honour

Short Humour by FO/AD Kessler/CS-4/SSSD Sovereign

He groaned pitifully and poked his head out from beneath the covers to see what was causing the noise. It couldn't possibly be 0700 hours yet, that could only mean the message terminal was alarming. He groped around under his bed for his boots and threw the first thing that came to hand at the comms terminal. Something shattered in the darkness with a satisfying tinkle of breaking glass. Nestling back into the blankets, he drifted off to sleep again.

Of course, it could have been the bridge trying to tell you we're under attack or something. Then again, probably not. Sleep tight.

Kessler really hated his conscience. He threw back the covers and sat up in bed, wiping sleep from his eyes absent-mindedly.

"What's that noise, sir?"

Only half awake, he had a bit of trouble remembering exactly who it was in bed with him. "It's just the communications terminal...erm..." he decided to play it safe

"...Cadet. Don't worry about it. Go back to sleep. My steward will wake you when it's time to get the Shuttle back to the Daedalus."

He sighed. Remembering names had never been one of his strong points. "Play message."

"Video facility temporarily malfunctioning. Audio content only."

"Whatever, just play the damn message!"

"This is your last warning, Kessler! Pay the money today or the Wookiee dies!"

"Erm...erase. Play next."

"From: Executive Officer/Sector Admiral Compton

"To: Undisclosed Recipients.

"Congratulations on your appointment as the new Flight Officer of the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet! Due to Admiral Eric O'Flynn's accidentally decapitating himself while shaving yesterday, the position of Flight Officer and TIE Corps Commander has become vacant. This highly prestigious job is now yours, pending acceptance of this message. Simply reply to sender with the word "Accept" in the subject header, and you can be in complete command of the entire Navy and Starfighter Corps of this elite military organisation, with total power of life or death over thousands of military personnel! Free bumper sticker and cup holder to the first fifty responses!"

The Flight Officer? Didn't the Flight Officer have total and unrestricted access to the Cadets' Barracks on the PLT Daedalus?

"Computer, draft a reply..."

Sector Admiral Compton stared morosely at the suicide letter. It did not make for encouraging reading.

"I can't take it any more! I'm sick of explaining to Cadets why calling themselves 'Corran Horn' or 'Darth Vader' isn't a good idea! I'm sick of explaining to people that we don't care if they've done the IWATS Quake Level design course, it still doesn't go on their personnel profile unless it's IWATS Core or Squadron Management! I'm sick of people asking for transfers without bothering to tell their own Commanders first! I'm sick of people applying for Flight Training when what they really wanted to do was join

the Directorate! I'm sick of Subgroup Commanders bitching at me because I remind them to get their rosters in on time! I'm sick of taking my life into my hands every time I step into my own office because Vice Admiral Chandler's pets have gotten out of control again! But most of all, I'm sick and tired of running around catering to the whims of a thousand idiots who make dumb requests without bothering to read the Training Manual first! I've had enough! I'm going to go and cut off my head with a spoon now. You're all a bunch of arses! Bye!"

Not even the offer of two cup-holders had been enough to change his mind. Ronin was going to go ballistic when he got back.

"Never mind, Boss" said Vice Admiral Tron. "Some idiot will take the job. We're bound to find a Sublieutenant sooner or later who doesn't know his ass from his elbow."

Compton nodded gloomily. Actually, that idea had potential...

Tron perked up suddenly. "Hey, there's a reply coming in."

"Screw you, Compton! Do you think I was born yesterday? - High Admiral Kawolski."

"Maybe we should have extended the mailing list to include Cadets too?" Compton suggested.

"HAHAHAHAHAHA! No - Cadet Corran Horn237"

"I already tried that, Boss."

Compton screwed up Eric's letter and tossed it into the wastebasket. "Maybe we should ask SIRRUS? It might shut him up?"

"It's not that bad is it?"

The message terminal chimed again. Tron hit the "play" button.

"This is Admiral Kessler. I just have one question - about the PLT Daedalus...will I get my own key?"

And there was much rejoicing.

Kessler looked puzzled. What exactly had Sector Admiral Compton meant when he'd said, "Cheers, sucker"? Oh well, it was only 3am and the line had been a little fuzzy. He'd probably misheard it. All the same, he checked his copy of the Training Manual to make sure Sucker wasn't some kind of obscure military title that he was now entitled to.

Halfway through the 600-page volume, he realised that he'd have to appoint a replacement Battlegroup Commander for himself. A few seconds later he realised that Rear Admiral Ricaud still had those photographs of Kessler and the Lieutenant from Supply. The ones with the rubber dresses. And the Alphabetti Spaghetti. And the goat. "Open a channel to the ISD Relentless, I need to speak to Rear Admiral Ricaud."

Acknowledged.

Click, whirr, beep.

"Ahh, Kessler. You missed the last payment. Very naughty."

"Hello there, Vice Admiral Ricaud."

"Vice Admiral? This sounds good. What will it cost?"

"Just tell me where you hid the negatives, scumbag."

Kessler breathed a sigh of relief. At least his reputation was safe now. The rubber dresses and the Lieutenant could have been explained away, but the goat was definitely a problem. He dropped the negatives into his security safe and locked it shut. That was that. Now, he'd better head on over to the SSSD Sovereign to see how big his new Quarters were. He hoped there'd be a waterbed. And lava lamps.

Pausing at the door, he had a sudden idea, an evil one, his favourite kind. "Get me Lieutenant Colonel Callista of Typhoon Squadron... I have a mission for her."

Lieutenant Colonel Callista walked into Typhoon Squadron's messdeck with their orders, a manic grin on her face. "Listen up, Phooners. We have orders. Brandy, put the nurse down, you don't know where she's been. Blackbird, alcohol should be taken orally, not intravenously."

LCM Brandon quickly stuffed Nurse Novak into his locker. "Nurse? What nurse?"

CM Blackbird looked up through an alcohol-induced stupor. "But I get drunk faster and stay drunk longer this way, Boss."

CPT Vader jerked to and fro spasmodically, his eyes shut and a pair of headphones covering his ears.

"Someone get Vader's Ricky Martin tape off him, will you?"

Eventually, order returned to the messdeck. "Okay, like I said, we have new orders. As you know, we're the Battlegroup Commander's Escort Squadron, and why are we BGCOM's Escort?"

"Because we're the best of the best of the best, sir!"

Calli frowned. Not everyone had joined in. "Something wrong, Blackbird?"

"I forgot the words, Boss." Blackbird mumbled.

Calli grated her teeth together. "Anyway, Kess's on his way over the Sovereign right now..."

"So we have to go fly him over? The Sov's only six clicks away! He could almost walk it!"

"Not quite," said Calli. "Kess isn't BGCOM anymore."

"What, he got demoted?"

"Sort of, he's the new Flight Officer."

She gave them a few minutes to stop laughing, then continued.

"So we're needed to escort the new BGCOM to the Challenge."

There were a few blank looks at this statement. "But Torres is already here. I don't get it.." mumbled CM Blackbird.

Calli's lips tightened. "Well that's the thing, Torres isn't the new BGCOM. It's Val Ricaud."

"Ricaud? Ricaud's coming here?"

"Yep."

"Not Torres?"

"Nope."

"He still has those negatives, doesn't he? The ones with the rubber dresses, and the Alphabetti Spaghetti, and the goat?"

"Probably, yes. I can't think of any other reason for it."

Various low growls emanated from the throats of the assembled Typhoon pilots. Someone banged at the inside of a locker, demanding to be let out.

Captain Vader pulled out a Gloria Estefan tape and slotted it into his Walkman. The Rhythm is Gonna Get You began to play. "Hey, El Hefe. I have an idea."

The newly promoted Vice Admiral Ricaud sat at his desk with a very self-satisfied grin on his face. From Lieutenant to Vice Admiral in under three months! It was just a shame he'd had to give Kessler the negatives, but after all, Vice Admiral was as high as Kessler could promote him. He no longer had any use for him now, so losing the negatives hadn't been such a big deal. Now, if only he could get some dirt on Grand Admiral Ronin his future career prospects would be assured...

"Vice Admiral Ricaud, sir. Your transport is ready to take you to your Flagship now, sir."

"My Flagship? Oh yeah...erm, which one is that?"

"The ISD Challenge sir."

"The Challenge, of course. Righto."

Ricaud took a turbolift to the main hangar and stepped onto the deck with a spring in his step. Things were definitely looking up. The bay, however, appeared to be deserted except for a single Modular Freighter and a TIE Corps Lieutenant Colonel.

"Good morning, Vice Admiral, sir" she began.

"Hello, are you the pilot?"

"Not exactly, sir. I'm the Commander of your Escort Squadron. We're here to take you to the ISD Challenge."

"Ooh! I have an Escort Squadron? Very nice. I must be really important now, right?"

"Oh yes, sir. Very important, sir."

"So where's my Shuttle?"

"Oh, only low ranking officers have Shuttles, sir. Someone as important as yourself gets

one of these specially modified Modular Freighters."

"Splendid! That's good, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. Very good. If you'd like to board your ship now, sir?"

"Absolutely, this is all very impressive isn't it?"

Calli opened the boarding hatch to the number five cargo hold and ushered him inside. "Oh yes, sir, very impressive." The strains of Gloria Estefan's The Rhythm Is Gonna Get You echoed from within.

"I say, there are an awful lot of animals in here. They look pretty sick, too..."

"Don't worry about that sir," said Calli, locking the hatch. "Just think of them as the in-flight entertainment." She pulled out a comlink and opened a channel to the Freighter's Cockpit.

"Okay, Vader. He's all yours. Be gentle."

"No problem El Hefe."

The freighter lifted off with an alarming lurch. The sounds of distressed animals from inside rose by few dozen decibels.

"Madre de dios! There seems to be a problem with the inertial damping systems. Could be a rough ride."

"That's a shame. Make sure you get them to the Bowel Complaint Research Lab more or less on time. The strain of Dysentery they're suffering from is particularly virulent and the research people want them in one piece. Once that's done, you can drop our beloved BGCOR off at the Challenge."

"Si, Hefe. ETA at ISD Challenge is twelve hours. See you there."

"Don't rush on my account."

The Freighter lumbered out of the docking bay in a series of violent forward lurches. Calli grinned evilly. Well Ricaud. It seems Gloria Estefan is right. The Rhythm IS going to get you.

Admiral Kessler opened the door to his new Office on the SSSD Sovereign and stepped inside. The first thing that struck him was the heat. The second thing was a large tentacle that wrapped itself about his neck and began to drag him towards a large pit in the centre of the cavernous office.

Vice Admiral Chandler, the Flight Office Command Attaché looked up from his newspaper. "Oh, are you the new guy?"

"Krrghgnmmmmfff!!"

"I beg your pardon? I didn't quite get that."

"KRRGHGNMMMMFFF!!"

"Oh excuse me. Bobby! Put the Admiral down! Bad Sarlacc!"

The tentacle released Kessler reluctantly and retreated to its pit.

Kessler rubbed his throat tenderly. "What the hell was that?"

Chandler turned a page in his newspaper. "Oh that's just my Sarlacc. Don't worry, he's been fed this week, he's just being friendly."

"You keep a Sarlacc in my office?"

"Yeah. I feed him on Admirals who piss me off."

Kessler considered this for a second. "You're Vice Admiral Chandler, right?"

"Right."

"Not the same as the Rear Admiral Chandler who used to be Wing Commander of Wing V?"

"The very same."

"Did you ever find out who that pilot from Nun Squadron was who put laxative in your coffee? The pilot who transferred out to Wing X before you could get your hands on him?"

"No, the little scumbag erased his records before he went. But I'll find him one day. It's only a matter of time. Why? You got a lead for me?"

"Umm, no. Just checking. Forget I mentioned it." Sooner or later, Kessler was going to have to get round to killing the few remaining pilots who still knew he had been in Nun Squadron once. "Anyway, I'm here, I'm the new Flight Officer. Compton said you had some things for me."

Chandler dropped his newspaper onto the desk and opened the drawer. Reaching inside, he began to toss various items to Kessler.

"Flight Officer's badge."

"Check."

"SSSD Sovereign all areas Access Card."

"Check."

"Subscription to Fascist Dictators Monthly"

"Check."

"Bumper sticker and two cup-holders."

"Check."

"Key to the Cadets' Barracks on the PLT Daedalus."

"WOOOHOOO!!"

The hatch popped open and a slow wave of brown goo seeped over the lip. A low moaning noise emanated from within. The military band struck up the Imperial March and a company of Stormtroopers snapped to attention.

"Admiral on deck!"

Vice Admiral Ricaud staggered from the hatch and walked unsteadily down the boarding ramp. His uniform appeared slightly...sticky. He squelched when he walked.

Vice Admiral Torres, the Commodore of the ISD Challenge saluted smartly and peered at the unsteady figure of the new Battlegroup Commander.

"Morning, Val. What's that on your face? Jungle camouflage?"

"Not exactly."

"And your uniform looks...different. Is that the new colour for Flag Officers this season?"

"In a manner of speaking."

"Interesting smell too. The women like that, do they?"

"I really wouldn't know. Can I just get to my quarters now please?"

"Sure, just try to stay downwind if you don't mind."

Ricaud sat at his desk and fumed. Kessler was going to pay for this. The only problem was that now he didn't have anything to blackmail him with. He was going to have to install some cameras in the Cadet Barracks on the Daedalus and hope he caught him in the act. And that could take some time.

Hold on. This is Kessler we're talking about. It shouldn't take that long.

Brightening up at the prospect of some revenge, he flipped open the safe in Kessler's office. At the very least he could console himself with some of that Spiced Brandy

Kessler was known to keep in his safe.

Sitting on top of a pile of documents was a familiar looking brown paper envelope. Ricaud opened it and glanced inside.

Rubber dresses.

Alphabetti Spaghetti.

Goats!

"Operator, I want you to get me a channel to the Gossip Editor of the Auroran Times."

Admiral Kessler sipped at his drink and relaxed on the sofa, a Cadet on each arm, and several more sitting at his feet, all gazing adoringly at him as he recounted tales of life in Wing X as a starfighter pilot.

"Yes, those were the days. I tell you, we knew how to deal with Rebels when I was a pilot!" He sipped at his drink again and eyed up a particularly innocent-looking young Delta Company pilot. "You - my cabin at 1600 hours. Bring a friend."

"Yes sir!"

"Admiral Kessler, sir," interrupted a Cadet, breathless with hero-worship. "Tell us again about how you single-handedly saved the Emperor's Hammer from destruction by the Dendrite Pirates and rescued Grand Admiral Ronin's fiancée from the clutches of the Dreaded Bladder-Beast of Baal."

Kessler grinned. "Really, it was nothing. All in a day's work when you're as ruggedly

good-looking and heroic as me."

The TV in the bar crackled into life, with a special announcement. "This is Channel One News with the late breaking story of scandal high in the leadership of the TIE Corps. We go now live to TIE Corps Headquarters where special reporter Dirk Janson has a story of an Admiral, two rubber dresses, a tin of Alphabetti Spaghetti and a goat called Mildred." "Oh bugger" said Kessler. "There goes my Medal of Honour."

Wing IV Run-on Story

It was another usual day on the Sovereign. The fine pilots were completing their day-to-day activities such as simulator runs, sleeping through briefings, getting plastered at the Sovereign Bar, etc. But there was something amiss going on somewhere on the Sovereign. The quarters of the infamous CM Demon Yoda seem to be the location of this force emanating...

Captain Guthwulf decided to check on DY since he hadn't come out of his room for 2 days now. When Guth entered, he saw DY sitting in the middle of the floor and all of the furniture in his room was pushed to one side. He was obviously meditating and mumbling some crazy gibberish no one could understand. In front of him lay a rather old looking book, a Book of Summons to be exact. "Hey DY!"

Seemingly unaffected, DY continued his strange meditation. Guth moved closer. "DY!!" Same response as before. Guth kept inching closer until he was about a foot from the meditating monster and yelled, "DY!!!! WAKE UP!!!!!!!!!!!"

DY stopped, turned around and gave Guth a demonic stare. "WHAT!!!!!!!!!!!" he yelled in return.

"I was just checking-"

"SILENCE!!!!" bellowed DY. "Can't you perceive that I am doing something!!!!!"

"Yeah, but I was-"

"SILENCE!!!!" DY yelled again. "Now begone!!!"

Guth took the hint and left as fast as he could. Once the doors shut behind him, Guth heard a loud explosion and a diabolic laugh followed by another and another. Guth decides to open the door to see what just happened and he sees DY sitting on the floor but facing the door. What is the most disturbing is that he saw FOUR other DYs sitting beside him!

Guth slaps himself, leaves, and heads back to Yod HQ further down the hall. "I definitely need more sleep..."

As Guth rounded corner on the way to the barracks, he passed Paradox who seemed to be in a hurry. "Hello Para, how are you?" says Guth. Paradox mumbles something about the condition of his Blood Alcohol Level, and scampers off in the direction of the bar. Guth, though very sleepy, decides he could stand a drink himself. So, he runs down the corridor to catch up with Para. "Wow, Para must be in a serious hurry, he's already in the bar." Guth steps up to the door, and presses a button on the panel. It slides open with a hiss, and the sight before his eyes scares the life out of him. Twenty DYs all

moping around the bar, and all in a particularly nasty mood. Guth looks over his shoulder and Para is standing in the corner white as a ghost with fright. Guth steps inside and runs over to where Para is. Slaps him a couple of times then asks him, "What in God's name is going on in here?!?" Para shakes his head, and starts talking about some crazy book that DY found in the ship's archives. Just then, the door opened again...

Pushed by a couple of young lieutenants, Cracoucas and Kolouboff, who wanted to celebrate their last promotion entered the bar. At first, they didn't see anything else than the frightened faces of Paradox and Guthwulf.

"Who put the sono up?" Asked Cracoucas, trying to make himself heard by his companions.

Just at that moment, a large Demon Yoda arised from behind the bar and began to pursue another small Demon Yoda with a large blue shining book, shouting "The Neutral side of the Force is with you, no with me, well with us." Their appearance was even more disturbing as blue and white lightning were escaping from the book and destroyed lamps after lamps.

The surprise was so huge that Cracoucas tried to jump in Kolouboff's arms and fell on the floor, as Kolouboff decided to hide behind a table, only to find another Demon Yoda. Despite the noise and the darkness, Guthwulf – who was beginning to recover from the shock – found his communicator and called Ricardo.

"Sir, this is the Bar, we've got a problem."

"WHAT problems, do you know what time it is? If it's not important, I'll make you pass 10 courses of Mine Destroying Training with an unshielded craft. Well, I'm coming." Kolouboff shouted "He still doesn't like to be disturbed during free-time." only to find the Demon Yoda sitting in front of him chiming in with him.

Suddenly, a deformed voice emanated from the loudspeakers... "General Quarters, all hands man battle stations, this is not a drill. There is.."

"A full flight of Tie Defenders launching from docking bay 7 without proper permission."

Cracoucas looks at Guth and in the same instant know...

"Aww hell! The Demon Yoda's have decided to go for a joy ride. Let's get to the ships and take care of these ... ", says Guthwulf.

As Javelin is standing up he screams, "Whoa guys!! What's going on? Why are we at general quarters?"

Ricardo steps in and orders, "Just go make sure your squadron can actually get themselves out of bed and get to the ships. I'll find out more about what's going on by the time you're powering up. Now get moving!"

While the Wing IV squads powered up, a briefing from Ricardo appeared on one of the displays. "It seems that Demon Yoda has discovered an ancient Dark Jedi cloning technique. But, the experiment seems to have gone a bit too far."

"DY's clones were created with the same knowledge that DY had already obtained, and quickly learned to clone themselves."

"If we do not stop the clones...we will not be able to find the original Demon Yoda. I believe he may be incapacitated and held prisoner on board one of the fighters."

"Be aware, Demon Yoda is a good pilot...which means his clones are of equal talent."

"Your orders are to disable and retrieve all the DY clones...none of them should be harmed."

The hangar's shield went down, and all of the Wing IV squads came out one at a time. All the ships were on a parallel course to the fleeing stolen fighters, when all of a sudden, a rather large interdicator hypered in and used its gravity well tractor beams to pull the entire wing inside its docking bay.

A loudspeaker in the docking bay told the pilots to vacate their ships. But the strange thing was...the voice seemed oddly familiar. With the entire contents of Wing IV standing around dumbfounded in the docking bay, the blast doors opened and a battalion of DY clones escorted a DY Clone dressed in an Admiral's uniform directly to Ricardo. The Admiral calmly walked up to Ric and said "Come with me, you and your men have some business to attend to."

The hull of the unknown interdicator shimmered with a sort of purple color as Beth Squadron's Ion cannons blasted it again and again. "That's it, systems down to 0 %," said Captain Raith. "Now we move the ATRs in." "Assault transport group Omicron, you may start your boarding."

All 12 of Beth's TIE Defenders slid into formation behind Raith's fighter as he went into a standard patrol path around the interdicator. Suddenly 1 small blip appeared on the radar screen. "What in the heck is that?" said Raith over the intercom. Another 2 blips appeared and in a few seconds, two more. "Someone get a visual on those." ordered Raith. Beth 4-4 broke formation and zoomed in to look at the small objects. The pilot reported in, "Uh... sir, this is quite odd, they look like Zero-G construction workers, but they are carrying something... it looks like a small box. "What the heck? They all look like Demon Yoda!" And they were boxes, boxes full of tritobalt explosive.

"They're heading for the ATRs!!" screamed another pilot. Worker after worker collided with several ATRs, and with a brilliant flash, Assault transport group Omicron was down to two only 1 ship. "Holy crap!" yelled Raith. "Stop them now!" Raith targeted a group of 4 workers and fired off a concussion missile. The warhead struck the middle worker, sending pieces of him in every direction and vaporizing the others.

After a brief silence, Raith contacted the remaining ATR. "It all happened so fast, is everyone ok?" The ATR pilot responded, "Our shields are down, but we still have a full soldier complement. Captain, my orders are to dock with this Interdicator and retrieve the missing Wing IV members and the original Demon Yoda, and that's what I am going to do." With that, the ATR flew into the enlarged hangar of the INT. "Well boys, I guess we better help them. Flight III, stay on patrol, flights I and II, follow me," said Raith. He maneuvered his T/D into the hangar and docked it on one of the pylons. Flights two and three did likewise.

When all of the pilots and rescue stormtroopers were assembled in the hangar, Raith said, "Okay, were in now, let's go find Wing IV!" The first parts of the ship that the

landing party went through were empty and quiet. Everyone seemed nervous about what might happen. Just then two stormtroopers fell to the ground as two green blaster bolts struck them. "We're under fire!" yelled someone. Raith glanced around to see hundreds of vaguely familiar bodies coming out of the shadows. "They're all Demon Yoda! What in the name of Emperor Palpatine is going on here?!" shouted Raith. "We," said a DY clone wearing a WC's uniform, "are here to take you into custody." The ATRs may as well have been destroyed Raith thought, we'd need the whole Hammer's Fist to take on this many clones...

The ORIGINAL DY lay back against one of the not so comfortable metal walls that compromised the detention area. It had been almost 24 hours since he had succeeded in creating the first DY Clone. He made a mental not to himself never to go on any Dark Jedi power trips again. At that moment, the door to his cell opened and he watched himself, himself, and two more himselfs enter the cell. 2 appeared to be wearing regular Stormtrooper armor, another, the uniform of the Detention Area monitor, and the last one wearing an Admiral's uniform.

"Come with us," said the Jailer. The two Stormtrooper Yodas came forward and attached some not so nice fitting binders around DY's wrists. The Admiral then led the procession out of the Detention Area to a turbolift and set their destination to the bridge.

The turbolift arrived at the bridge and the Admiral led DY and the group of himselfs to another of himself but this one happened to be in a Grand Admiral's uniform. Original DY and Grand Admiral DY stood eye to eye when the Grand Admiral kneeled before DY and then the rest of the clones on the bridge did the same!

"Wow. Do all the prisoners get VIP treatment?" asked a puzzled DY.

"No..." said Grand Admiral DY. "We are paying tribute to our Creator! All hail the creator!!!"

"He who gave us life!!!" responded the rest of the bridge crew.

"I could get used to this..." DY said with a large smirk on his face.

"We are at your command Creator. What are our orders?"

During that time....

"Erehrneehr"

"Sir, he's recovering"

"Well, LT Adrenaline, happy to see you with us again" said Ricardo with a small smile.

"Where are we? I've already seen this place somewhere..." grumbled Adrenaline

"Don't you recognize the detention Area, young Lieutenant. They have apparently put some drugs in the air system to make us sleep." answered Ricardo.

Finally, Adrenaline glanced around him and saw all the Wing's Pilots, except Demon Yoda in the overcrowded cell.

"Gentlemen, we are in trouble", Ricardo said again with a strong voice

"As if we didn't know yet...and don't speak so loud here, please" begged Suprahet.

"Who said that? You, Suprahet? But... But you're DEAD" shouted Ricardo

"Well, I thought so, Sir. It's a strange feeling," said Suprahet, who was disappearing through the wall.

"So, apparently, not only DY can make copies of himself, but he can recreate the past...and he can make his dreams come true."

Suddenly, the heavy door opened and two Demon Yodas and a torture droid entered the room.

"We have ways to make you talk" said the first DY

"My name's Robby" completed the droid.

"What's the question?" asked all pilots

"We have ways to make you talk" said the second DY

"Ricardo, come with us" requested the droid

Seeing no other solution, Ricardo left with the three visitors.

"Now we must escape," said Cracoucas while the door was closing

"I hope you don't think of the rubbish system, Cracoucas. I hate Dianogas" answered Kolouboff.

"No, I have another solution...remind what Ricardo's said just before leaving"

As Hello awakes he finds himself in a detention cell with all of the other members of wing IV.

"What Sithspawn is responsible for this?" Said Hello a little angrily.

"Where have you been DY cloned himself" Said Guth

"Cloned himself? Doesn't he know that each time you re-use the genetic code that it deteriorates making each one dumber and dumber than the original"

"I guess not cause this ship is full of them" Said Guth

"Oh this is going to be interesting"

Just then a DY wearing a LT's uniform walks in like quasi modo.

WC Ricardo was being interrogated by a droid and two DY clones.

"Tell us what we want to know."

"Never! I won't tell you anything!"

"You are strong, but you won't be able to resist this."

"Do we have to do that DY 569?"

"Orders from the Grand Admiral, DY 668."

Suddenly the door opened.

"Release him, NOW!"

It was CPT Guthwulf. Next to him were LT Bret and LCM Paradox. They all had blasters in their hands.

The clones quickly released Ricardo and ran away.

"Hey, how did you escape?" asked Ricardo

"It was not so hard." explained Guthwulf "Bret here told one of the clones he knew how to do cool trick with a blaster, and the clone just gave one to him. Some of these DY clones are pretty stupid."

"We have to get out of here before more clones arrive." said Paradox.

"Drop your weapons!" said a voice.

The group looked back, and there were ten DYs behind them. It seemed they were going to be captured, but then someone shot the clones from behind. It was LT Cracoucas.

"Crac, thanks for the help. How did you get here?" asked Bret?

"It was easy, you guys make more noise than a group of banthas. I heard something about the Creator. Do you think DY is betraying us?"

"No way." said Ricardo "DY is one of the most loyal pilots I've ever know."

"Anyway, the first thing we should do is release the rest of the wing." said Guthwulf. They were heading for the other cells when...

...An armed guard burst in carrying a standard blaster.

"Hold where you are", the low ranking DY said.

Before anyone could get a shot off, a familiar noise was heard behind the guard.

::Snap...Hiss::

With a flash of light, the guard was instantly cut in two. Awestruck, Ric and his men gaze through the dimly lit doorway. Standing there, lightsaber in hand was another Demon Yoda.

Closing down his saber, he handed Ricardo an access card and barked an order, "Get moving, you're short on time."

Moving without thinking, Ricardo and his men ran down the corridor unlocking every cell along the way. The DY clone was running behind them, but suddenly he collapsed on the floor with a painful groan.

Before he could mutter a word, he let out a blood curdling scream and suddenly faded into nothingness. All of his clothing and equipment lay in a steaming heap on the floor.

Ricardo, strong and silent, rallied his troops to carry on and forget what they had seen.

"We must find the real DY, disable the gravity wells, and escape this ship. I'm going to need all of your help to get us out of this predicament alive. We need to-"

::Deafening Explosion::

"What the..."

Just as Ricardo was going to go in to his big heroic speech, a loud explosion rang out through the corridors. A metallic sounding DY voice came over the ship loudspeaker.

"The Creator is attempting escape, all available personnel report to docking bay 27."

Immediately the wing members tore down the corridor at top speed looking for the nearest turbo lift.

After gathering inside one of the large maintenance elevators, Ric typed in the coordinates for the floor that docking bay 27 is on.

When the doors slid open, the site that greeted them was horrifying; the walls of the corridor were charred deep black. All the circuitry was blown out on all the access panels. The door to Docking Bay 27 was slightly opened, and it took five men to manually force it open enough to walk through. Once again, the sight before them made their blood run cold...

The bodies of hundreds of DYs laid about the floor bloodied and dead. Some were killed in the explosion and yet others were killed in some other manner.

"What sithspawn did this? These DYs have been slaughtered." Said Ric

"It appears that whatever did this the DYs didn't have enough time to even get off a shot." Said Guth

"Where is the original DY?" asked LCM Sloth

"He doesn't appear to be in here. But then again how can we tell anyone of these bodies could be him." Said Guth

Just then some of the bodies started to vanish and there close went limp. Over the intercom another DY's voice came. This one of the original.

"Try and worship me huh. Didn't anyone tell you it is not nice to imprison your god." Said the DY followed by an evil laugh.

An explosion was suddenly heard from the direction of the bridge.

"Let's see how many proton torpedoes it takes to destroy a cult of clones that are really dumb," Said the DY.

"Uh guys maybe now would be a good time to leave," said a little uneasy LT Beef

"I think your right." Said LCM Hello

"Alright men get back to your Defenders and lets get off this rock before it sinks." Ordered Ric

Then one of the far doors blew open and in charged...

....an uncountable number of DYs in Stormtrooper armor, about 10 or 20 in royal guard uniform's, and in the middle of the group was the original DY.

"Muwahahahahahahaha..." the original DY's trademark evil laugh. "My plan is perfect!" DY stepped out and then began to pace in front of the now surrounded group of pilots. "Set of some bombs here, lay a few dead clones that you guys already killed there, put a fake announcement on the air and boom! The prey says, 'Hey! We should check that out!' and it certainly worked this time. Ha ha ha ha!"

DY went and stood in front of Ricardo. "How the mighty have fallen." DY had a giant smirk on his face and then gave a quick wink to Ricardo. "Once, I was a lowly Flight Member but look at me now!" DY raised his arms and did a slow circle around the docking bay for emphasis to his point. "Now...I'm a God!"

"All hail the creator! The one who gives us life!" said the clones.

"Isn't nice to have control? Isn't nice to know that you have an unlimited amount of supporters behind you? Well we will teach you all to learn control..." DY took out a communication device and said something into it and then began his evil laugh again. "DY 16789!"

"Yes, Creator?" The clone said as he kneeled.

"Preparations are complete. Escort.....this one" -DY said point at Paradox- "to the chamber."

"As you wish."

"Hey, what's the idea!" Paradox said as DY 16789 and DY 153287 stepped forward to collect him.

"You will be the first of many to die Paradox." DY said with an evil smile. "The cause of death will not be released until the time for the execution." DY pause for a second.

"Clones! Take them back to their cells and this time; pay NO attention to any tricks that they can show you. Ignore the prisoners at all times! Good day gentlemen."

DY left escorted by the Royal Guard DYs and the rest of the DYs escorted Wing IV and Beth Squadron back to a holding area outside 'The Chamber'. "Everything is going as I have foreseen," said DY to one of his guardsmen. "Sir, I think it unwise to underestimate them. They have shown that they can break out so why couldn't they do it again?"

"Just leave that to me..."

"Lemme go you mindless machines!" Cried Paradox as he was dragged to "The Chamber."

The guards ignored the comment and continued to drag Paradox to his fate.

The guards stopped outside of what appeared to be personnel quarters that had been modified with blast doors covering the normal entrance.

With great strength, the guards threw Paradox against the wall. With torrents of pain shooting through his body, Para looked up just in time to see a blaster fire a stun charge into his forehead.

A blinding light shot through the darkness as Para awoke. Dazed, groggy, and having one hell of a headache, Para tried to determine where he was, and what was going on. Squinting, he could barely make out the form of silent figures that moved around silently near him. Also, he appeared to be tied down a large dentist chair.

The light above Para's head slowly dimmed, and the lights around him came on brighter. Paradox glared through the dim light and saw that the moving forms were none other than the members of Wing IV and Beth Squadron! Confused and frightened Paradox began to scream at his betrayers, but they ignored him, and continued on their way. It appeared that they were constructing some sort of device...but Para could not make out what it was.

From behind the restrained Paradox, a set of doors opened, footsteps were heard, then the sound of a familiar voice, speaking to Para in a silent tone...

All the pilots were back to the cells.

"I can't believe DY betrayed us!" said Ricardo.

"Maybe the power of the Dark Side made him mad" said Guthwulf (ever played Mysteries of the Sith? :)

"Guess we won't be able to escape so easily this time"-said Bret-"I don't understand, weren't the clones supposed to get dumb?"

"Maybe DY found a way to make them normal again, I don't know."-said Hello-"And where did he take Paradox?"

Just then the doors opened and the original DY entered.

"Are you having a good time?" said DY.

"How could you do this to us"-said Cracoucas-"we were your friends!"

"You fools!"-shouted DY-"You know nothing. Soon my plans will be completed and I'll be the master of the galaxy! Muwhahahahahahaha..."

"What plan? What are you talking about? What happened to Paradox?" asked Ricardo.

"Do you really think I'm stupid enough to tell you all my plans?"-asked DY-"This is no movie! No one will come and rescue you! Now, I'll just explain what will happen to you. My loyal clones will get blood samples from all of you. Then I'll clone you all! These new loyal clones will be useful in my plan. To make sure you won't escape again, I've installed this new security system. Here's the deal: You talk, you die. You make any sudden movements, you die. You try to escape, you die."

"You are crazy! You have to be stopped!" shouted Bret. One second later a blaster shot hit him and he fell on the floor.

"Don't worry, he isn't dead... yet.-said DY-This was just a warning. Next time anyone break the rules, he or she dies!"

So everything seemed lost. Everyone was out of hope when...

As DY spoke Hello put himself in a deep trance. Thinking to himself "your not the only one that can play at this game DY" he slowly and carefully used the force to steal the Sith methods of cloning that DY learned.

Then as he started muttering blaster shots came shooting at him. But Hello simply absorbed the energy and continued muttering. He used the extra energy given to him by the blaster shots to alter the minds of some of the DY's. "You must release the wing IV members and deactivate the security system. Bring weapons to us."

All of a sudden small explosions started to happen in the detention cell as the blasters where destroyed. Then a DY entered and said, "Come with me if you want to live"

The Stormtrooper DYs led the Wing IV and Beth Squadron members out of the cell. Quickly, Hello put an invisibility cloak around him and Ricardo. LT Bret still lay on the floor. The Stormtroopers left the invisible pilots and Bret alone in the cell.

"Good work, Hello," Ricardo said as Hello dropped the cloak.

LT Bret stirred, then sat up rubbing his eyes..

"Nice to have you back LT"

"I managed to steal DY's knowledge of cloning, let's get to work," said Hello.

The three began cloning several copies of themselves.

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Meanwhile, Paradox sat in the Chamber, massaging his aching skull.

The door whooshed open, and there stood two of the Stormtrooper DY's that had their minds altered by Hello (Section 14).

"Come with me, you are to be released."

The troopers led Para to a large hall where the other members of Wing IV and Beth Squadron were waiting...

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Hello, Ricardo, and Bret had finished cloning themselves. There were now 5 copies of each of them. Hello had perfected DY's cloning methods, so that these clones were not less intelligent, but super-smart.

"Come clones, we have a battle to fight," spoke Ricardo.

All Wing IV and Beth Squadron were waiting in the hall, when the door opened and six Ricardos, six Hellos and six Brets entered. After an explaining what happened to everyone, Ricardo said:

"All right, this is it. We have to take control of this interdictor. But we can't do that alone. Hello has acquired DY's cloning technology, and will begin cloning you all."

Soon the hall was full of pilots.

"OK"-said Ricardo-"now that we are prepared, this is the plan. The first part is very simple, we'll just go and engage the DY clones in battle. One of our clones has found out that all the DY clones are on the main hangar bay. The reason is unknown, they can be having a meeting, or DY may know what we are planing and is just waiting for us. Anyway, we'll go there and fight them. Understood?"

"Yes, sir!" shouted everyone.

"OK, here's the real plan. The battle will just be a diversion. What we really have to do is get the original DY and understand what's going on with him. We know DY is in the bridge, making preparations for his "master plan". We need a force of five men to infiltrate the bridge and get DY. I can't go, as I'll have to coordinate our forces in the battle. It will be a very dangerous task, as we expect the bridge to be heavily guarded. I'm not gonna force anyone to do this. Are there any volunteers?"

"I wish to go, sir!" said Guthwulf.

"I want to find what happened to DY, sir" said Cracoucas.

"I'm in too, sir" said Bret.

"No way I'm gonna miss this, sir" said Paradox.

"You can count with me, sir" said Hello.

"Very well"-said Ricardo-"I'll provide you five with more details".

Half an hour later, everyone was ready. They were next to the door leading to the main hangar bay.

"Good luck to us all" said Ricardo.

Then the door opened and the battle begun...

"Creator!" screamed an officer on the bridge. "We have a disturbance in the docking bay!!"

"What is it?" asked an inquisitive DY.

"It is apparently an attack upon our latest batch of clones."

Demon Yoda stood on the deck seeming to stare off into the space. "Creator? Is something wrong??" asked the officer.

"It is just a diversion." said DY. "They have something else planned."

Right at that moment, Guth, Hello, Bret, Cracoucas, and Paradox came out of the bridge turbolift. Bret fired off a couple shots at one of the officer DY's and killed him. His next shots were directed at DY but DY whipped out his lightsaber and deflected the shots back at Bret but they missed. Paradox brought up his blaster, set it for stun and instead of shooting DY, shot Bret and ran to DY for cover. Paradox kept firing back at the Wing IV pilots though his shots weren't connecting.

Hello began to charge at DY but DY side-stepped and sliced at Hello's leg with his lightsaber. Hello lay on the bridge deck with one full leg and one stump. "You will be the first to die!!"

At saying this, DY took the saber and stabbed deep into Hello's heart. With his dying breath, Hello mumbled "@#\$% you DY!! Rot in Yoda Hell!"

Hello's limp body lay lifeless on the deck. There was nothing Guth, or Crac could do against DY, Paradox, and the few remaining DY Clones. "Clones, bring Bret over to me."

The several clones scurried over to Bret and dragged his body over to DY. "Now my apprentice, I have shown you the ways of the darkness but only you can emerge yourself in it." DY handed the lightsaber to Paradox. "You know what to do."

Paradox got the clones to set Bret up on his knees and with a great slash, the head of Bret was severed. "Muhahahahahahahahaha. Well done my apprentice."

"Clones! New orders! I want this ship rigged with traps all over the place, no Wing IV pilots shall be allowed into the back area of the ship and disturb our "project" or to the bridge. If you see Ricardo, I want him alive and brought to me..."

With an evil grin on his face, DY stepped on top of Hello's dying body and spoke, "You thought you could beat me with your cloning? You have the force ability of the walls of this Interdictor! How you pulled your cloning stealing secrets, I don't know but know this: you have failed!"

Under his breath, Cracoucas muttered something only he could hear, "Why DY....Why..."

~~

As DY attempted to kill Hello, Hello threw himself into deep meditation. He drained all of

the power from the ships weapons and used the energy to put bret and hello's conscience into the ships main computer were they could raise havoc amongst all the ships systems.

DY and Paradox stood aboard the bridge near the dead bodies of Hello and Bret while Guth and Crac were near the back. Then all of a sudden, the power went out.

"Freaking hell." said DY. "What the hell is going on?!?!?"

"Unknown sir but our computers are all screwed up....somethings inside."

"Do you sense anything my apprentice?" DY asked Paradox.

"There is something amiss here. Exactly what it is, I have no clue." said Paradox.

"You are right, there is something amiss here and I can tell you exactly what it is." DY looked at Hello's corpse. "Somehow, this guy managed to take his life essence and Bret's essence into the ship's computer and they've taken down everything. Get me 1000 clones starting with DY 153486."

About ten minutes later, a DY Officer reported back to the Creator. "All clones accounted for."

"Excellent. Paradox, come with me." DY said to Paradox as he exited the bridge through a door that is usually not present on an Interdictor. Paradox followed DY down a dark hallway and at the end, sat a turbolift. The pair entered it, DY punched a few buttons and they were away.

"Where we headed, Master?" asked Paradox.

"You will see." replied DY.

A few minutes later, the turbolift stopped and the pair stepped out into a large, grim room. DY walked forward to a mound in the middle of the floor that had some runic carvings around it. "Come. Sit." ordered DY.

Paradox did as ordered and walked towards the runic circle. Once there, he noticed DY was not alone. "Javelin?"

"Yes, it's me Paradox." Javelin said with an evil grin. "DY has shown me the light and he has shown it to you as well I see."

The three sat down in the circle and began to meditate.

"Concentrate now my apprentice. We shall combine our powers and use the life force of the gathered clones to repower the ship and send a few of them into the computer to seek and destroy." DY then closed his eyes and touched on the darkness.

A short time later, the lights began to come alive again on the Interdictor and the essences of 100 clones were now inside the ship's computer tracking down Hello and Bret.

DY and Paradox had since returned to the bridge and were now speaking with Guth and Crac. "Ok, this is the last thing I'm gonna say...Cracoucas, I can sense what you're thinking. You wish to join us but you don't want to betray the Wing. I can offer you a better life. Just ask Paradox or Javelin."

On cue, Javelin walked out of the turbolift and towards where the group stood.

"Javelin! You traitorous !@#%!@#!!!!!!" yelled Guth. "How could you do this??"

"You will learn in time." Javelin looked deep into Guth's eyes. "You will learn quicker if you join us!"

"Join you demented psychopaths? NEVER!" exclaimed Cracoucas..

"Fine, then you will be forced to suffer, until you decide to join." With that, DY lifted Cracoucas and Guthwulf into the air and tossed them like rag dolls against the wall. "Rid me of these scum-bags!!" And the two loyalists were dragged to a detention cell.

Meanwhile...

"Creator, we can find no trace of the traitor pilot's essences in this ship's systems," said Demon Yoda 46302, "our clones have withdrawn themselves from the systems."

"Aaarghh!! Then I will be forced to destroy this Interdictor with the Wing IV and Beth Squadron members inside! Issue a self-destruct order for 45 minutes from now!"

~~

Immediately, the original DY's voice came over the ship's comm system. A self-destruct order has given, this Interdictor will explode in exactly 45 minutes. My loyal clones, report to the docking bay for escape from this doomed ship!

All of the ship, the captured pilots reacted to this:

In the hall, all of Wing IV and Beth's pilots groaned, "Ricardo had better know what he's doing!"

In the detention cell, Cracoucas and Guthwulf began hoping for a miracle..

In the ship's computer systems, Bret and Hello's essences began conversing.. A plan was hatched to wait for 43 minutes to expire, then, when all of the DY's were off the ship, cancel the self-destruct order, and have the Interdictor's turbolaser emplacements fire upon the escaping clones and their disgusting leaders..

The DemonYoda clones rushed to the docking bay. Hundreds of Escort Shuttles, Lambda Shuttles, and Transports were filled up with clones.. They quickly began pouring out of the Interdictor's hanger, where they waited for further orders. The last shuttle to leave the hanger, contained Javelin, Paradox, and DemonYoda; they exited at exactly 2.5 minutes until Interdictor would explode and quickly flew away from the doomed Star Destroyer. The shuttles and transports prepared to enter hyperspace. Thirty seconds later, in the Interdictor's computer systems, the two life essences of Bret and Hello disabled the self-destruct order. They powered up the Gravity-Well Projectors to 100% trapping the clones from entering hyperspace! They disabled the locks that were trapping Guthwulf and Cracoucas in the detention cell, and that were keeping the Wing IV and Beth Squadron members from freedom.

Ricardo's voice came over the comm system, "Pilots of the Emperor's Hammer TIE Corps, we are free!! Report to Hanger Bay 340 and power up your starfighters. Bret, Hello and myself will be there shortly." The pilots (including Guthwulf and Cracoucas) high-fived each other and jovially ran to the hangers.

Ricardo, who sat at the main computer console, gathered the instructions on how to bring life essences out of the computer and back into Hello and Bret's bodies. Using all of his Force strength, he brought back to life Hello and Bret. Their bodies were mildly wounded from the attack of the dark leaders, but not bad enough to stop them from walking to the hangers and entering their fighters.

"Throttle up and prepare to exit the hanger," spoke Colonel Ricardo. "Upon exiting, begin the assault on the rogue shuttles and transports."

TIE Defenders, Missile Boats, and other Imperial fighters flew out of the hanger of the Interdictor. The Interdictor had already begun killing off the shuttles and craft of the clones, but the Imperial starfighters still had plenty of work ahead of them.. Most of the shuttles and transports were poorly equipped to deal with maneuverable starfighters. None had missiles, and about 75% were even without lasers!

Finally, only one shuttle remained.. Ricardo throttled up to engage the shuttle that was frantically flying away in realspace. Just then, a huge explosion rocked the area around the Interdictor, fortunately, no fighters were destroyed, or badly damaged.

"What was that!?!"

"Oh, I didn't mention that, did I?" said Hello. "I reset the self-destruct order for 25 minutes while I was still in the computer system.. Oops!"

"Well, nothing hurt Hello, and that destroyed anything that may have been lurking behind in it too," said Ricardo. "Pilots, prepare to enter hyperspace upon my order."

Ricardo continued to fly toward the last shuttle. As his first laser-blasts spattered against the shuttle's shields, the shuttle's occupants quickly opened up a channel.

"Sir, sir, don't destroy this ship!" came DemonYoda's voice over the comm in a high pitch. "I'm sorry for cloning myself, letting the clones take over and capture Wing IV, imprisoning and almost killing you and my other wingmates on several occasions, and attempting to seduce other pilots with the powers of the Force!! Really, I mean it!"

"Yeah right DemonYoda, you'll never be able to turn back from whatever crap religion you're running.. Javelin, Paradox, sorry you got caught up in this.." And with that, he shot two Advanced Concussion missiles into the Shuttle.

Ricardo quickly turned his TIE Defender around to join his friends and to enter hyperspace, anxious to get back to the Sovereign and report what had happened.. In fact he turned around so quickly, he didn't see the Escape Pod fly forward from the Shuttle's wreckage, and spiral slowly toward a remote planet below...

The End, or is it??

Contributors:

WC/COL Ricardo/Wing IV/SSSD Sov

CMDR/CM Demon Yoda/Gimel-1-1/Wing III/SSSD Sov

CMDR/CM Paradox/Zeta-1-1/Wing VI/SSSD Sov

CMDR/CM Cracoucas/Cheth-1-1/Wing IV/SSSD Sov
CMDR/MAJ Javelin/Lamed-1-1/Wing IV/SSSD Sov
FL/LCM Hello/Thunder-3-1/Wing X/ISD Chal
CMDR/CPT Raith Siemar/Beth-1-1/Wing IV/SSSD Sov
FM/LT Bret K'thraz/Yod-2-2/Wing IV/SSSD Sov

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through Endor Moon
not a creature was stirring, not even the Prune;
The jewelry was hung by Shmi, with care.
In hopes that St. Vader, soon would be there;

The young Sith were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of dying Jedi danced in their heads;
And Mara with her ewok and I with my womprat,
Had just settled down for a long winters nap,
When out in the forest there arose such a clatter.
I looked through my macrobinoculars to see what was the matter.

Away to the viewport I flew like Nash,
Shoved aside stormies, and hid all my cash.
The stars on the breast of the new fallen leaves,
gave the luster of hyperspace to the spreading disease.
When, what to my most perfect eyes should appear,
But a miniature death star, and eight tiny Hethrirs',
With a little old crew who couldn't have been later,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Vader

More rabid than rebels his crew they came;
as he breathed and coughed and called them by name;
Now, Tarkin! Now, Piett!, Now, Ozzel and Pellaeon!
On, Needa! On, Motti! On, Cabbel! And, Thrawn!
To the top of the huts! to the top of the trees!
Now brush away! brush away! brush away fleas!

As rebels heads during the force storms fly
When they meet with an obstacle, boy, do they fry.
So up to the housetop the crew they flew,
With the death star full of weapons, and St. Vader too.

And then, in an explosion, I heard on the roof
The whining and nagging of each stupid goof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
down the chimney came St. Vader with a bound.

He was dressed all in black from his mask to his skirt,
and his dress was all tarnished with blood and red dirt.
A bundle of weapons he had flung on his back,
and he looked like a merc. just opening his pack.
His eyes -- how they gleamed! His demeanor -- how wary!
His cheeks were like Tarkins, his nose, how scary!

The grill of his mask making odd little sounds
with his body armor hiding so many pounds.

The hilt of a saber he held tight in his hand,
With each step he took, it shook the great land.
He had a broad helmet for his little tiny brain,
That rattled when he gasped like bowl full of grain.

He was tall and tubby, a right cynical old geaser
and I laughed when I saw his teeth like a beaver.
His glowing blue hand and a twist of his head,
soon gave me to know I had much to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went right to his work
and filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
and pointing his glowing hand straight at my nose,
Sith lightning flew from his fingers, and up the chimney he rose;
My nose was spasming, engulfed in electric blue light,
But I heard him exclaim, as he drove out of sight,
"Deadly Christmas to all, and to all a dark night!"

XCiara TearnanX@aol.com

Emperor's Warrior

I flew back against the wall as the red blaster bolt hit me in my shoulder. A few minutes ago I was trying to get some sleep in my quarters when three squads of Rebel Commandos busted threw the wall and shot me.

As I lay there the annoying thought that I wouldn't die fighting entered my mind and I just couldn't stand it. With the rest of my strength I pulled out my personal blaster and fired out a couple bursts at the commandos hitting one in the head, exploding it like a melon and the other Rebel in the chest. A smile came to my face as another intruder raised his blaster to finish me off when suddenly out of no where a red silhouette struck him in the ribs sending him sprawling across the room. To my surprise several more of these red bolts flew towards the Rebel Commandos and at that moment a wave of relief slid over me. I only saw a glance of my rescuers before I blacked out cause loss of blood but I knew they were Imperial Storm Troopers.

I woke up in a medical bed aboard the ISD Grey Wolf, and found that no one was in the room at the time.

I got out of the bed and saw the white bacta patch on my left shoulder. A moment later a doctor came in and looked surprised to see me up already. "Well Lieutenant you are lucky those Storm Troopers were there when those Rebels broke in otherwise you would of, been killed easy. Yes well looks like I got more then one life according to all the lives I should have lost in many battles." I strode over to where my clothes were set down and started pulling them on. "Thanks again doc" I said as I started to the door "Well watch it Theall otherwise I'll be covering you up with a white sheet instead of putting bacta patches on you.

After my encounter with the doctor I headed towards the only semi-bar on board the ISD Grey Wolf.

"Jon!" Some one that I identified as Lieutenant Commander Smit yelled out. "Hey Smit how's it going? Well been waiting for you to get out of sick-bay you were in there for three days." He said and as I joined him walking down the hall towards the docking bay I felt safe which I do not feel a lot of times.

THE END

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

Name: Ian Hoong

Rank: SL

Current Assignment: Recon with Gimel Squad

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): IHoong@hotmail.com

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Is this a joke? Human....

Date of Birth: classified (sorry)

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): actually, I'm not sure to be honest. Never asked my parents.

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

Family: ???

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Students are always poor

Quote: The Hoongmeister has spoken!!!!!!

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:

Created a homemade 7 tube shoulder rocket launcher that uses a battery as an ignition system at age 12.

Almost blew up my house when attempting to make nitroglycerin when I was 13.

Was involved in a accidental burning down of a forest when I was 12 (It was part of a game called "bash and burn" that went out of control – ask me about if interested).

Simulated getting shot at high school... bang, blood and all (got in big trouble for that... but it was very realistic and dramatic... people thought there was a sniper out there somewhere).

Involved in a "scavenger hunt" competition at uni where we set up a fake UFO crash site at a beach near uni. The media went nuts over it for days and the police had taped the area off. We scored big points for the media attention, but unfortunately we didn't come first in the competition.

Significant Events of Adulthood:

Unfortunately, as you grow older the significant events decrease to almost zero.

All I can say is that getting into medicine is my highlight.... A sure sign that I'm getting old...

Alignment & Attitude:

What do you mean by alignment?

You can work out my attitude from the above.

Former Occupations (if any):

Paintball/Skirmish referee

Competition paintball player

Medical course lecturer/demonstrator

Hobbies:

Love fishing though there's not much around nowadays.

Thinking of ways of how to blow up my old uni.

Upgrading my desktop.

Sleeping

Finding out the reason why chewing gum was invented.

Developing and testing the applications of miniaturised high performance liquid chromatography systems in the analysis of neuropeptides with specific applications in the field of matrix assisted laser desorption ionisation mass spectrometry (I'm serious!! I did a masters on it)

Tragedies:

My old uni.

Also refer to my childhood/adolescent life.

Being a med student.

My honours and masters degree.

Phobias & Allergies:

None and none.

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

Not much yet. Ask me later.

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

"join the fleet... see the universe... be a man... pain is nothing... glory is everything..."

Other comments or information (optional):

Why was chewing gum invented?

Where is my other sock?

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

Signature: I've signed on my screen... How do I get the ink off the glass?

Date: 14/10/99

Who? – The First Chapter

It would have been a perfect picture of a desert if it weren't for the slight blotch in the landscape. As well as the beautiful sandy scenery and the bright, clear blue sky there was also a wreck of a medium sized starship attracting all of the attention away from the setting. It had attracted the attention of one person in particular, if you could call it a person at all. A tall and lean droid wandered towards the crashed ship to see what was wrong. The droid looked like a stick figure that you could see in any child's drawing and seemed to be very athletic as it started to run at the ship at a remarkable speed.

The droid eventually reached the ship at a speed faster than any other machine could even comprehend never mind match on land. The ship appeared to be a Corellian transport but it was unlike any the droid had ever seen before. Well, it had been several years since it had been stranded on this uncharted desert planet and technology would surely have advanced since then. It had come to the planet a while back when its owner, a Jedi Knight, decided to find an unpopulated planet to find peace. But while the Knight had died years ago, the automated robot had been left to fend for itself on the harsh planet.

The droid looked at the ship and could see that it was called The Denwar. A strange name for a strange ship, it thought. It found a hole in the ship and decided to have a look inside. The lights were off in the ship and the only illumination came from the wide, gaping window and the sparks coming off the damaged equipment. The lean figure easily avoided all of the loose wires and walked over to the front of the ship. There were two seats, both with a crumpled heap of a body sitting upon it. One was a large man who was wearing a long, black cloak and the other was a boy who could not have been older than twelve years old. While the man was obviously dead with his head smashed against a now crimson red display, the boy was just barely breathing. The boy started to move and with a couple of coughs he began to wake.

As the boy's eyes opened, the droid gave a gentle "Hello."

"What happened?" the boy murmured.

"You appear to have crashed your ship into this planet, young sir." came the reply in the usual sharp but polite manner of a droid.

The boy sat up his chair and looked around the ship. His eyes finally stop on the dead pilot and asked the droid, "Who is he?"

"Well, I was hoping that you would know, sir. This is your ship after all"

"Is it? I can't really remember. The only thing I can remember is a small ship appearing behind us and opening fire. I can't remember anything after that, or before to be perfectly honest."

"What's your name then?"

The boy pondered for a moment and with his face in his hands he replied "I don't have a clue. I can't remember a thing. I can see a few people and places in my head but I couldn't even tell you what they were called. What are you called?"

"Light-body Six, sir. I am built to be able to perform tasks that need to be completed fast. Most people tend to call me LB though."

"Tell me, are there any other people on his planet?"

"Not anymore, sir"

The confused boy looked at the droid for a moment until he plucked up the courage to ask, "What do you mean 'Not anymore'?"

"My owner died here a few years ago"

The boy put his hands on the back of his neck and he curled up into a ball on his chair making a slight whining noise. LB stared at him and had to jump back when the boy flew out of his chair and stood up.

"Get out!"

"Why, sir?"

"Just do it!"

The pair scrambled to the hole that LB found and when they got out into the bright sunlight, the boy ran as fast as he could away from the ship. LB was able to go into a slight jog and keep up with the young man.

"What are we running from, sir? I can't see anything wro..."

"Kaboom." The boy dived to the ground as the ship went up in a bright, fiery explosion, causing parts of the ship to fly off in different directions. LB dived a moment later than the boy and was surprised by the kids fast reactions. Not many things can move as fast as the droid but it was as if the boy knew that the ship was going to blow up at that moment.

When everything calmed down, the ship was nothing but a charred frame with flames rising from it. LB got up and looked at the boy. Only his old master could react as fast as that but surely this boy was not as powerful as that already. "How did you know that was going to happen?"

The boy looked as confused as the droid felt, "I didn't. I just had a feeling that something was going to happen. I don't know what just happened there and I definitely don't remember about doing anything like that in the past."

"Perhaps you're a Jedi, sir. My owner was a one you know."

"A what?"

Who? – The Second Chapter

Werdna leapt of the cliff and felt the rush of the air as he descended to distant ground below him.

Werdna was a young lad of 14 who tried to enjoy every moment of his life, even if it put his own life in jeopardy. He had been living that way since he was stranded on the barren planet that he had called home for as long as he could remember. He had only been on the planet for two years when his ship crashed after an attack by a Z95 Headhunter.

There was very little else to do on the planet than to jump of cliffs and the like. The landscape was just a rocky desert with a few cliffs and caves. There was no one else on the planet either, except from a droid left by it's deceased master, called LB. It's last master was a Jedi Knight who had come to the planet to hide away for the exterminations that had occurred years ago. He didn't survive for long, as he was very old, but still old enough to outlive his peers.

Werdna seemed to have some Jedi powers, but not as many as other Jedi's. He had the athletic skills and foreseeing vision but no more of the amazing powers owned by others. The powers that he did have were very powerful though and surpassed many other Jedi's skills. Either he was a very weak Jedi or something other than just a Jedi.

The ground was not very far away now and Werdna had to do something soon to save himself. The smile never left his face as death loomed closer and closer. A branch was sticking out of the cliff and Werdna reached for it. He just caught it in his left hand and swung around it for a short while. Werdna leapt of the branch and somersaulted onto a ledge protruding from the cliff. The ledge led of to a makeshift slide made by erosion and he slid down it to the ground.

"Oh, not again, sir," moaned a voice from below, "I've told you how dangerous that cliff is too many times."

"So why do you persist, LB?" Werdna said as he arrived at the bottom of the cliff.

"I don't know why I bother, you never listen to me!" muttered LB as he walked back to the shelter. Werdna couldn't help but have a quiet giggle to himself.

Werdna entered the shadowy shelter. It was basically a cave that had been turned into a home, with a large table in the center with pillows and sheets surrounding it. In one corner of the cave there was some computer equipment, where LB was working.

"Dinner's ready! I've cooked up some eggs for you," said LB, "If it wasn't for those giant birds living on this planet then I'm sure that we would stave"

"But you don't eat, LB"

"Yes, but if you died then I would have no one to repair me and I would short circuit and die," LB went on.

"...Your logic out-stands me yet again," exclaimed Werdna in a highly sarcastic tone.

"Thank you, sir"

The egg cooked for Werdna was about 40cm tall and you could only imagine the size of the bird that would lay an egg like that. Either the bird was big or it could take a lot of pain. Werdna got his lightsaber and with a flash of light the top of the egg was sliced off.

"It's also a good job that the computer gets so hot when it's running or we would have nothing to cook with," Werdna continued.

"But you don't cook, sir."

"Ah...touché!"

Suddenly, that was a loud crashing sound from outside. Werdna and LB stared at each other for a moment before jumping up and out of the cave to see what had happened. In the distance, there was smoke rising from behind a small hill.

"Someone else must have crashed like I did," Werdna told himself, "Quick LB, go and see if you can help. You'll get there must faster than me."

LB seemed to have disappeared but the trail of kicked up sand could be seen heading towards the hill. Werdna followed at a fraction of the pace.

It took Werdna ten minutes to reach the crash-site. As he reached the peak of the hill he could see the ship, half buried in sand. Werdna could not see much of the ship due to the sand but he could recognize it. Werdna could not remember much about his past life but this craft rang a few bells in his head.

Werdna slid down the hill and as he reached the bottom he could see a figure lying on the ground. Towards the bottom he began to realise that the person on the ground was not the pilot but a droid that appeared to be LB.

Slowly, Werdna wandered over towards the droid. There was a blaster mark on its head but with closer inspection Werdna was sure that it was LB.

"Hold it right there, kid!" came a voice from behind, "Now turn around slowly and you won't get harmed."

Werdna slowly span around to face LB's killer. He was wearing a bright orange uniform and was holding onto a small blaster. Seeing him there in front of the familiar starfighter stirred hatred through Werdna's body, but he had no idea why.

"Who are ya, pal, and why are you on an Imperial planet?" asked the soldier.

"I don't know!" answered Werdna.

"Don't fool me around, answer me!" barked the brightly dressed man.

"Really! I don't know! I crashed here a couple of years ago and lost my memory. Now, who are you and why did you kill LB?"

The soldier lowered his gun and bowed his head down slightly. "A couple of years ago. A you sure?"

"I think so, but why did you shoot LB?" asked Werdna.

"He startled me. I didn't want to take any chances. After all this is an Imperial planet," claimed the pilot, "Did you crash in a Corellian transport by any chance?"

"Yes! What do you know about it? Answer me or so help me..." Werdna cried out.

"I was on a hit-and-run on a platform two years ago and I chased a ship like yours to this planet. I thought it had disintegrated in the atmosphere. I would never have opened fire if I knew there was a kid on it."

You could see the rage building up inside the boy and it looked like he would explode. "That's why your ship is so familiar! IT WAS THE DAMNED SHIP THAT SENT ME DOWN TO THIS HELLHOLE OF A PLANET!!!"

With all the anger filled inside Werdna, he jumped as high as he could over the pilot. Red bolts of laser blasts were fired in a desperate attempt to stop the boy. They could not. Werdna landed behind the uniformed man, grabbed his blaster arm and span it round to the point of breaking. The blaster was dropped and Werdna pushed him away. Unknown to the soldier was the fact that Werdna still had his lightsaber on him. The pilot charged for Werdna, but like lightning Werdna drew his saber and span around 360 degrees. The purple light from the saber circled around Werdna's upper-body.

The pilot could not stop himself in time and collided into the whirlwind of light. Werdna stopped spinning and just stared off into the distance. A few seconds later Werdna shook his head as if to wake himself and looked down at the corpse lying in the sand.

Werdna collapsed slightly and could not believe that he killed him. As much as the pilot deserved it, Werdna was shocked that he had it in him. It was as if he was possessed for a short moment of time.

What Werdna was even more shocked about was the fact that he enjoyed it.

Who? – The Third Chapter

Sparks flew through the night air. They seemed to be coming from a stationary ship lying in the sandy desert and with closer inspection a young man was working on the craft. The sparks stopped and the man tugged at a piece of equipment from the ship. With a massive pull, a metallic box came out of the starfighter with several wires sticking out of the back. A quick cut disconnected the box from the ship and the man carried it under his arm and walked off.

The man entered a cave and lit several candles. The cave was quite homely apart from the mass of computer equipment in the corner.

"It's about time you got back! What have you been doing Werdna?" came a voice from the said computer.

"Calm down LB, or I'll switch you off again." Werdna dumped the box onto a table in the middle of the room. "Who do you think you are, my mother?"

"I might as well be, you need someone to take care of you."

Werdna rose a smile and told LB, "Well soon you'll be able to follow me around wherever I go if I can get your program into this box here. It's appears to be a communication radio, but it's so wrecked I doubt that it could do anything other than project your voice."

"I must admit, I can't wait to move around again. My name 'Light-Body' just seems like an irony now I'm in this computer. And I feel stupid when you cook on my hot processor. I suppose that I should feel lucky considering that I got a laser blast to my head."

"Well, it looks like I'm going to have switch you off anyway if I'm going to put you into this box," explained Werdna, "You'll have to put your faith in my less-than-capable hands if you want to be at least semi-mobile. Good night, LB."

"Good night, sir."

As dawn broke, some light shined into the cave. The candles had long since blown out and Werdna was hunched over the table fast asleep. The box is split up into several parts and its wires are spread out over the table. The light that shone into the cave slowly faded and a shadow filled the room.

"Get up and ID yourself!"

Werdna shot up off the table and gazed out of the cave. The light was so bright and Werdna could not make out who had made the order. He was sure that he didn't know him though as he had been stranded on the planet for four years. Werdna raised his hand over his eyes and staggered back a bit.

"ID yourself, damn it!"

"My name is Werdna, who are you?" he answered. Werdna shuck his head to attempt to wake himself up but it was barely working.

"I'll ask the questions. Is that your ship out there?" The figure wandered into the cave but kept his blaster trained on Werdna. He was wearing a smart, dark uniform that ordered your attention, with a box of lights and buttons on the front of the uniform. A black helmet was attached to the box and was being held under his arm.

"No, no it isn't. Someone crashed it here a couple of years ago. Why what's wrong with it?"

"It's a Rebel ship that's what's wrong with it. It's a Z-95 with all the markings. Where's the owner?" asked the darkly dressed man. His voice became softer, "Say, you're just a kid. You can't be much older than sixteen. What are you doing on this desert planet?"

Werdna had calmed down a bit as the man's voice softened. The man lowered his blaster and looked around the cave, "Where are your parents, boy?"

"I don't know. I crashed here a few years ago when a ship like the one outside shot me down. I was the only survivor on my ship, the Denwar," explained Werdna, "I suppose that the closest thing I have to a parent is spread out over the table."

"Huh, what the hell do you mean?"

Half an hour later the two walked out of the cave into the brilliant sunshine. They turned to face each other and Werdna said, "I'll look forward to seeing you again, Captain. I'll keep a look out for your ship tomorrow."

"I would take you to civilization right now if I could, but I've only got a small starfighter. I've got a corvette back at the platform, I'll pick you up in it tomorrow," the kind officer told Werdna, "It will give you a chance of finishing your work on your droid."

"Thank you. You've cleaned up a lot of things for me. I'm sure that I'll be joining your fight against the Rebellion as soon as I get the chance. Or at least when I get my head sorted out."

The pilot gave Werdna a smile and walked off to his ship. He got about six metres away before he span around and asked, "If you want to join the TIE Corps you'll have to give me your full name. What's your last name Werdna?"

"Em...what about LB?...yeah, LB."

"Elbee! That should be okay! I'll see you later."

As the pilot walked away, Werdna went back into the dark cave with a smile and a lot of hope. No he could get a chance to strike back at the Rebellion for four years of torture on this barren world.

FL/LCM Werdna Elbee/Beth 2-1/Wing III/SSSD Sovereign

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

Name: Nix

Rank: Sub-Lieutenant

Current Assignment: Plt Daedalus (for now)

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): n_ix@hotmail

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Dog

Date of Birth: 01.01.99

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Africa

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

Family: 3 Mawers

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

Quote: "Freedom. baby, yea!"

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Learned to build starfighters at an early age, and began battling for the Empire as soon as physically able. Ninja training, spent 4 years as James Bond's apprentice.

Significant Events of Adulthood: Kicked Yoda's butt back in the day. As I venture toward the demise of any and all Jedi's, I'll continue to follow the Emperor's wishes.

Alignment & Attitude: Groovy, baby!

Former Occupations (if any): Ewok Exterminator, Laser Technician.

Hobbies: Snowboarding, Hyperspacing.

Tragedies: My ninja master, Benji, was inadvertently eaten by Chewy.

Phobias & Allergies: Work

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Kick much butt.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Dras made me do it!

Other comments or information (optional): " IM IN
FINALLY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

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

Signature

Nix

n_ix@hotmail.com

TRN/CT Nix/Charlie Company/Plt Daedalus

{IWATS}

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

Name: Olenar Ki-Aton

Rank: Sub-Lieutenant

Current Assignment: working hard to start to fight again

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): 070637578@t-online.de

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 24/10/81

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): the third continent on Gahltras

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

Family: non, only one uncle on Corellia

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

Quote: non

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:

When I was 8 years old, my family and I were on a trip to an imperial outpost.

As we stopped at a station, rebel and imperial vehicles began to fight each other. In the heat of the battle, a rebel torpedo hit the station and my whole

family was annihilated in a big, big fireball.

Imperial troops took me to Coruscant where I lived for 10 years. Then

I got into
the imperial academy and started my training as a pilot.
Significant Events of Adulthood:
My whole life is filled with vengeance for the death of my family.
Alignment & Attitude:
only imperial
Former Occupations (if any):
Hobbies: fight for the empire
Tragedies: the loss of my family
Phobias & Allergies: rebels, pirates and traitors
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer):
I like the Empire because under the hand of the Empire, peace and
progress are granted. And I also like the Hammer. Here ,we can fight for the
renewing of the Empire
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet:
I want to help the imperial forces to rebuild the Empire.
Other comments or information (optional):
I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate
to the best of my knowledge.
Signature:
Date: 16.Oct.1999

The leaving

"Sabaac" I cried.

The other members of praetorian squadron groaned and downed their drinks. It was a good night and we were visiting the ISD challenge and were on maneuvers with her pilots. We had beaten those that had stayed to play cards, and were beating each other. I'd won of course I usually did since my squad mates couldn't handle all that much of my homebrew.

My comm units beeped in my pocket.

"Commander Derk Parchon to the bridge, Commander Parchon to the bridge."

Came a voice. The other members of the squad looked up, an unhappy glint in their eyes. I left and walked to the bridge to try and clear my head. I reached the bridge chamber and there standing next to the ship's commodore was the Supreme Director of the Ubiquitorate, and my boss.

"Ah Derk. You took your time. I have some news." I saluted and faced him as he spoke.

"Well Major, yes I know we aren't in a secure environment, but you're now public. Only the Ubiquitorate and the bureau directors are. Welcome to the Intel higher command Lieutenant Colonel. You now have command of ." he paused for effect. " the 'Bureau'." He saluted and VA Torres turned and saluted too.

"Woah, Derk didn't expect to see you here. How's the force training, you're good at disguising yourself I didn't know you were an Intel agent. Well congrats on the promotion." Torres said to me smiling. I had known Torres for a while, we had gone through our Dark Jedi training together. The running of the bridge carried on behind me.

Running into the bridge was a lady I knew as Major Callista and had flown against her in the simulators, she had just managed to get the better of me in a TIE Defender. But when we managed to patch our simulators aboard the DGN over to the challenges, then we were fighting in the TIE Praetor, a formidable craft. The only time I scored a kill against her.

SDIR Brad put an arm around my shoulder and led me off to his office, one

he'd procured from someone not quite vital to the ships running. Inside he gave me the stats and current orders of the bureau of operations. I was then given access to my fighter for the last time in ages. I strode into the main bay and walked past the members of praetorian squadron, they had obviously been given my good news and offered hearty greetings and backslaps to their former squadmate. I walked up to Mortis and sat down in it's command chair. After strapping in I received clearance and headed towards the ungainly ship which inspired awe in some and abject terror in other. The Dungeon ship Lichtor V cruised alongside the massive bulk of the ISD Challenge. With a shudder the massive bay door of the main hanger swung open to admit the fighter. With a skill that I'd perfected I landed and disembarked. As I headed towards the lifts I was met by other members of the Ubiquitate the Executive Director and the census director were their cheerfull happy selves as usual. The situation liaison director was his usual gloomy self and my one time branch co-ordinator. Stalker5 the Tactics and training director was jumping up and down with a smile on his face, mumbling about how happy he was an old friend had been promoted to a level he had been waiting for. With a flash someone flashed a holo camera, I noticed another of my one time assistants behind it. Lieutenant Colonel Syn Kaek smiled and shook my hand. And my old boss Lieutenant Colonel Sithspawn and saluted, I returned it. Then I was shown to the direct control offices for the bureaus, I hadn't known that these existed. And it looked like my predecessor had never used the BOO office. I flicked on a light and the air conditioning flicked on as well. Clearing the musty smell from the office. I walked over to the wall and put all of my weapons except my lightsabre on the rack there. No sooner had I sat down when the battle alert started and I almost ran out of the door to the fighter bay. But I stopped sat back down again and muttered. "Its gonna be one of those days."

"Sir?" came the voice of the female secretary who was waiting at the door. "Ah okay could you get me the duty roster please? Thanks" the secretary walked off and I sank into the chair.

UTA-BUDR-QMGN/LC Derk Parchon/BOO/FRG Stormwind, [AoT-***007***],
{IWATS-M,M2,TT,IIC/1,IIC/2,IIC/3,SM}PC/ISM/MoI/MoC -8BoC -2SoC -1GoC
/MoAx2/MoPx2/PoC-br/FoEWx3/GMoF/LoAx2
DJK(Sith)/House Tridens of Tarentum

Humanities' Insurrection and Perseverance 2213 AD

He glared at the coarse and rigid terrain through his shielded visor. It was completely barren, covered with a layer of dust and rocks. Confederate command had ordered him and his partner Jane, to scout out planets in unexplored space and search for signs of extraterrestrial life.

"What am I doing here?" Private First Class Johnson said to himself. Out here in the middle of some desolate planet in a distant solar system, alone with the harsh sun beating down on him at 120? Celsius. Johnson felt the sweat trickling down his chest and being absorbed into his clothing. Lord, he didn't want to be there. After walking around for what seemed like days, Johnson spotted something in the distance, a structure of some kind. He cautiously approached it, keeping a close eye out for danger. It appeared to be organic, not some tin can that Terrans (humans under the reign of Emperor Tarsonis) usually would build. As he gazed at the structure a bit more closely he noticed an entryway of some kind. Pulling out his gun, Private Johnson slowly walked inside and cleared the room carefully and methodically. As he began to familiarize himself with the surroundings, he noticed a musty odor that his air purifier

was unable to filter out. A smell that was like something old that had been isolated for many years. The room itself wasn't very large, and Johnson had to duck so that his six-foot frame wouldn't hit the ceiling. Even though the building was only about five meters across, there was an extreme amount of clutter stored on what appeared to be shelves. He saw a flickering display and believed it to be some kind of computer interface. Johnson walked up to it and glanced at the display. It was some language that he had never seen before and he obviously could not decipher the context of the odd writing.

"Private Johnson to Stargazer, please respond," he said into his communicator.

"This is the Stargazer, Johnson. What do you have to report?" asked a familiar female voice.

"Well, Jane, I found a structure of some kind and I can't tell what it is or could be used for. There is a display here and it has some type of alien writing that I haven't seen before."

"Copy that, Private. I'd better report this to command."

"Roger that, I'll await instructions on the surface." He took another quick look around. Whatever the hell this thing was, it was going to change all of humanity. And it did.

Upon hearing the news, the Confederate forces sent in team after team of scientists to try to study the structure and translate the display. The only thing that the scientists could tell the people of the world, was that no human that had ever existed could have constructed the foreign structure. The entire future of humanity depended on the government's action concerning the alien artifacts; so many groups of people began to voice their opinions. Ultimately, the arguments could be broken down to two groups. The first group was the militant Confederates who wanted to seek out the alien species and destroy it before they attacked humanity. The second group consisted of the diplomats who wanted to try creating a peaceful relationship with the unknown aliens and participate in an exchange of technology that would benefit both races. As the two groups involved began to include the hierarchy of the current government, the world was essentially divided in two. Tensions increased and when a riot broke out in Paris, the war began.

There were many bloody battles, but the Confederates by sheer force in numbers, defeated the rebels and forced the few remaining survivors off the planet. With the outsiders gone, the Confederates began to rebuild their forces and create a government based on conquest and terror under the will of one person: The emperor. Even as the Confederates built up their military, the so-called rebels began to seek out a new world on which to build a new government that allowed its citizens to act as individuals. Eventually, they found a suitable world located ten light years from Earth. They named the planet Coruscant, and began to build a nation on the basis of peace and compromise. This new nation was to be called the New Republic.

2413 AD

After two hundred years, these two governments expanded and began to have overlapping territory. Skirmishes broke out in many solar systems and tensions between the two governments rose. War seemed inevitable as no agreements could be made between the leaders. Just as the fleets began to prepare for battle against one another, the aliens arrived in thousands of enormous, blood red ships. They stormed throughout the outer rim territories in a matter of weeks, killing millions upon millions of humans. The Terrans were slow to form resistance, but gradually the alien advance was halted. The Confederacy and the New Republic were in chaos; they had lost more than half of their worlds in just the first attack. Something had to be done as the aliens prepared for their second attack, or else everything that had taken them so many years to build might be lost.

President Kerrigan sat at the head of the table during the Senate meeting. She eyed each of the Senators carefully and gave them the recently acquired information as calmly as possible.

"We have heard word from our scouts in the outer colonies that the aliens are almost

ready for their second attack. The fleet they put together is comprised of 123 battle cruisers, 215 assault frigates, 476 smaller attack craft, and 1,103 fighters."

There was an uproar among the Senators. "How are we supposed to destroy a fleet that outnumbers us two to one?" one young Senator complained. People were shouting and yelling all around the table, while slamming their fists onto the hard, oak surface. Kerrigan was a calm person, who was usually lenient towards the behavior of others, but not today.

"THAT'S ENOUGH!"

At once the Senators fell quiet and turned around to face the President.

"I agree, the alien force is rather large and we don't have half as many ships as they do, but that does not justify the kind of panic and anarchy that I have just witnessed. That is what they want to happen to us. They want us divided and cowering in a corner when they attack. That will not happen. I have already spoken with Emperor Minsk of the Confederacy about this and we reluctantly came to the same conclusion. The only way to defeat the alien forces is to join forces and fight in one unified voice in the name of all humanity. I do not trust the Emperor's motives, but I do trust that if we do not ally ourselves we will certainly perish. Therefore the only logical thing to do is to join forces and attack the alien fleet before it gets any larger. After that, we must be prepared for the Emperor's forces to double cross us as soon as the battle is over.

"This is not an arguable decision. I have thought it over with due vigilance and made up my mind. We are to send our fleet to rendezvous with the Confederate fleet in the Drapin system. After we meet we will discuss and formulate a tactical plan of attack that will result in the fewest casualties possible from each side. Supreme Admiral Thrawn will be in command of our fleet. Admiral, I order you to protect this sovereign nation and the citizens included in it to the best of your ability. Let not a single survivor remain. Good hunting! This meeting is adjourned."

"Well, President Kerrigan, you certainly boosted the morale of the government officials with that speech. Mind if I use the same one on my men?" questioned Thrawn.

"Say whatever you have to, so long as you make this turn out right."

"I will, Madame President, I swear on my life that this will work, it has to." He looked into her tired eyes and saw a slight sparkle begin to form as she smiled.

"I hope that I don't have to hold you to that promise if this fails," said Kerrigan. Admiral Thrawn gave a brisk salute, made an about face and headed off to his command ship, the Chimaera.

"Admiral on the bridge," announced Ensign Duran.

"At ease," replied Thrawn, taking a breath of cold, stale filtered air. "What is the status of the fleet Captain Pelleon?"

"Well, sir. To be honest and blunt, it's in shambles. Our overall forces are down to 15% of normal capacity, and of those only 10% are operational. The battlecruiser Triumph is in dry dock being repaired along with 53 others and should be ready for assignment by tomorrow. The carrier Emancipator will have completed its refit by the end of the week as should the Falcon, Etherway, and the Intrepid." He readied himself for an outburst of rage from the Admiral, but it never came.

"Very well, Captain. Send a message to the rest of the fleet instructing them to set a course for the Drapin system and engage as soon as the Emancipator is capable of joining us," ordered Thrawn calmly.

"Yes, sir."

Kerrigan watched closely as the fleet jumped into hyperspace. She felt a twinge of fear run down her back. Had she just sent those brave soldiers to their deaths? She tried to tell herself that she had approached the situation with an unbiased opinion and had concluded that the only logical solution was to join forces with the Confederates. But that would offer her little compensation if the agreement with Emperor Minsk was betrayed and the Confederate forces destroyed their fleet. She finally decided that no one could benefit from being pessimistic about the future, so she turned away from the darkness that was pulling at her and took a sip of the beverage she had next to her. It

had a sweet, flavorful taste and it removed the sorrow from her mood as she felt the warm liquid drip down her throat into her stomach. When she finished the drink she went to her bedroom to get some much-needed rest.

Thrawn gazed at the viewscreen straining to see the small specks of light that were 107 clicks away. "Magnify and enhance," he ordered coolly. There was a computer beep and the viewscreen abruptly changed. "Astonishing," he whispered to himself. He saw the blood red ships approaching slowly, with the bluish-purple hue of the Motarrin Nebula in the background. The ships showed a sense of alien aesthetics with their delicately curved hulls. As they moved gracefully between the stars, he could make out intricate patterns embroidered into the surface of the hull plates. "Switch to sector seven view, Lieutenant," he said, still admiring the alien vessels.

"Yes, sir."

The screen switched to a view of the stars, and the Admiral could make out the Confederate ships a short distance away. Unlike the alien's foreign design, these ships were what typical battleships were thought to appear. They seemed cold and distant, and had no sense of life or uniqueness in them. Constructed simply, with sharply cut hulls and broad wings designated to holding fighters and various weapons emplacements, it appeared as though a lifeless automaton had designed them.

The day had finally come, Thrawn thought silently to himself. The day in which the New Republic would show the Confederates that in peace there lie power. With peace one did not have to use force to quell uprisings, the uprisings would never happen in the first place. Peace could save lives and materials that would be needed elsewhere. He studied the space that seemed to engulf him, regarding the cold blackness of it all. As he did, the stars stared right back at him like knives piercing their unknowing victims. The sight made him shiver and he turned away to overlook his bridge and crew. The crew, so young, he thought. They appeared to be children awaiting guidance from their parents. He looked about the ship, his ship, that he would be leading into the coming battle. He sought the viewscreen again and looked into the dark void in front of him. He, Admiral Thrawn Supreme Commander of the New Republic fleet, was afraid. "Hail the Confederate fleet," the Admiral instructed reluctantly.

"No response, sir," reported Commander Dallaa.

"Repeat the hail, Commander."

"Still no response, Admiral."

"Why aren't they responding to our hails?" Thrawn asked himself. His mind began to whirl and think of the possibilities, but no plausible ones came to his mind. "Lieutenant, what is the distance between us and the Confederate fleet?"

"Ten kilometers, sir."

"What is their current vector?" inquired Thrawn.

"They are heading right for us, sir."

"What is the current position of the alien fleet?"

"Five kilometers to port, Admiral."

"Damn! That puts us right between the two fleets. Are the Confederate ships targeting us?"

"No, sir, they appear to be converging toward the left flank of the alien fleet now."

"It's about time. Ensign, plot a course for the right flank of the enemy fleet and as soon as we are in range open fire."

"Sir, what enemy fleet would you be referring to?" questioned Duran.

Thrawn had a brief look of surprise on his face, he had forgotten to be more explicit in his orders. "Target the alien vessels please, Mr. Duran. Sorry for the confusion."

"Yes, sir."

Thrawn felt the gravity force increase as they turned to port too suddenly for the inertial dampeners to compensate, and then the slight vibration as the Chimaera fired a salvo of rockets. Two alien light attack ships abruptly winked out on his tactical display. "Lieutenant, order the Redemption to turn 180 to starboard. They are giving the aliens a clear shot at their main deflector shield generator. Also, tell the Boldheart to begin curling around the back of the alien fleet and start firing on the alien capital

ships while presenting minimal aspect.”

“Aye, sir. Messages sent.”

As Thrawn looked at the display, he saw the Confederate forces begin to punch a hole in the middle of the alien lines. If they could successfully divide the alien forces, then the lead ships would be cut off from the command ships at the back lines. “Captain, bring us about to course two-one-five mark three-seven-two. Order our fighters to protect us from incoming missiles and to engage nearby alien fighters. Tell the Phalanx, Marauder, and Venture to protect our port and starboard flanks, and to engage enemy capital ships as we drive through to meet the Confederate forces.”

“Yes, sir. The Phalanx and Venture are taking up positions on our starboard flank, and the Marauder is moving to our port side. Fighters have acknowledged our message and are attacking the alien fighters .5 clicks off our bow,” reported Pelleon.

“Excellent.” Thrawn watched as the distance between the Chimaera and the Confederate forces began to decline. There was a loud explosion and he bucked in his command chair as a torpedo struck the shields. Sparks shot out of the science station as another blast hit them. “Divert all available secondary power to the shields!” he shouted.

“Aye, sir!” yelled Pelleon.

Admiral Thrawn could smell smoke coming from the science station and glanced in its direction. He noticed the body of Lieutenant Commander Neela lying on the deck, blood pooling around her waist. He looked away, his face hardened from combat experience. There would be time to mourn later. On the tactical display he saw that they had split the alien fleet in half. “Immediately order all remaining ships to attack the back lines and to concentrate fire specifically on the command ships.” Seconds later, five red dots winked out. As two assault gunboats began to fire on the alien flagship, a squadron of enemy bombers came out from behind them and fired missiles at them. The gunboats disappeared in a massive fiery explosion, and the bombers moved on to attack the Vanguard, but they never made it. A group of Confederate fighters swept in and destroyed the bombers with ease and precision. The battle was going well, and two hours later it was all over.

Admiral Thrawn looked into the eyes of Emperor Minsk as he descended the ramp of the shuttle. He saw confidence in those eyes. There was also a hunger in them, a hunger for things to command and lead. Thrawn stood straight and raised his shoulders in perfect form as the Emperor came nearer. Next to him, President Kerrigan nodded politely.

“This treaty of friendship will benefit both of our peoples, Emperor. We will be able to focus our efforts to meet goals that we share in common. I will admit, that it will take time to be able to work together in a proper manner, but I am sure that it can be achieved,” Kerrigan said with expert diplomacy.

“I’m sure that you are correct, Madame President,” replied the Emperor, “Now, I must thank Admiral Thrawn in his efforts during the battle with the aliens. Admiral, you fought courageously and I am in your debt.” The Emperor shook Thrawn’s hand and gave him a nod. “I must also apologize for not answering you hails before the battle began. We had discovered that the aliens were able to tap into our communications, and we couldn’t risk them knowing what our attack plans would be.”

“Your apology is graciously accepted Emperor Minsk.”

“I was also wondering, in recognition of your skilled leadership during the previous battle if you would like to become the Supreme Commander of the Confederation/New Republic Alliance fleets?”

“It would be an honor to do so, Emperor. I accept.”

“Very well,” Emperor Minsk began, “I believe that now President Kerrigan and I have some trade agreements to discuss. Good day Admiral.” Thrawn gave a curt nod in reply. All he could think about as he saw the Emperor and Kerrigan walking beside one another was how much all of humanity could accomplish now that it was united.

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

Name: J.G.Ahkliat
Rank: Sub Lieutenant
Current Assignment: ISD Relentless (Hammer Squadron)
Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): Methran@cs.com
Sex (M/F): M
Race: Human
Date of Birth: Unknown
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Corellia
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single
Family: Unknown.
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Well-to-do
Quote: "Stupidity shall be rewarded with death"
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Being allowed to join the Imperial Academy at an early age.
Significant Events of Adulthood: Discovering an aptitude w/the dark side of the force, and meeting the legendary Baron Soontir Fel.
Alignment & Attitude: Evil, Mean & Nasty
Former Occupations (if any): None.
Hobbies: Art, Music and Martial Arts.
Tragedies: Causing the accidental death of a friend.
Phobias & Allergies: No known phobias or allergies
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The Empire (and Emperor's Hammer) are sound institutions and are necessary to maintain peace and order throughout the galaxy.
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: To be a part of the above named institutions in maintaining order in the galaxy (and to crush those scurrilous rebels!)
Other comments or information (optional):

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

Signature: J.G.Ahkliat

Date: <991127>

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

Name: DeathKnight
Rank: FM/SL
Scandoc Transmission Code (Screen Name): Deathknight
Sex (M/F): M
Race: Human
Date of Birth: 25 years ago
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Aboard ISD Hunter
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single
Family: none
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Well-to-do

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Unkown.
Significant Events of Adulthood: Killed 10 light side jedi
Alignment & Attitude: Empire shall rule
Former Occupations (if any): Unkown
Hobbies: Training to become Sith Lord
Tragedies: Family killed by rebels during raid
Phobias & Allergies: None
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Empire shall rule
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Destroy all rebels
Other comments or information (optional):

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

ONE REBEL DOWN

Pieces of the exploding gunboat Patrol-2 rattled against the rookie's viewport as she charged-up her shields and adjusted her targeting sensors to find the source of the unexpected attack.

"B-wings!" The voice of her flight leader crackled sharply over her helmet's comlink. "Five of them, came out of hyperspace right on top of us! Patrol-3, stay on my wing and keep close."

"Yes sir," she answered, adjusting her flightpath to parallel his. She could see them, now--five Rebel craft dead ahead, their glowing afterburners alight at their centers like targeting beacons. One of the ships was clearly in bad order from the collision with the exploding hulk of Patrol-2, and the rookie targetted it, switching the weapons selection to missiles. All five rebels would die, but vengeance for the sudden death of Patrol-2--Lieutenant Tordan--was a clear priority.

Keeping the targetting cursor steadily locked on the B-Wing, the rookie matched speed and counted the seconds. A touch of the finger on the trigger in the instant the HUD turned red, and the damaged B-Wing was transformed into a raging fireball.

"Good work, Patrol-3" The remaining rebels quickly swerved in opposite directions and went into evasive spirals. "I'm going after the main group, you take out the straggler, there." Patrol-1 peeled off after the three receding B-Wings as the rookie nodded--not that the comlink could transmit that--and targetted the nearer rebel craft.

The B-Wing pilot was frustratingly evasive, always managing to twist out of her sights just as her missiles had nearly locked on. Patrol-3 switched to lasers and managed to tag the B-wing as it went into another spiral.

The rebel's response was surprising. The B-Wing suddenly turned and made straight for her, on a collision course. Patrol-3 knew that her GUN's fully-charged shields could easily withstand a crash, and linked her lasers, sending bolt after bolt of lethal energy thumping into the oncoming rebel's shields as she braced herself for the impact.

A fraction of a second before collision would have been inevitable, the B-Wing veered away, and the warning lights flashed in the rookie's cockpit. She had only just time to realize what had occurred when the bomb struck her.

"Patrol-3! I could use some help here! My weapons systems are completely out" The voice in her comlink snapped her out of her shock, and she diverted what power she could to rebuild her drained shields. The targetting system was out, and several of the cockpit sensors were fused beyond use or repair. Executing a few quick spins, she visually located her flight leader.

Patrol-1 looked to be in bad shape, apparently having been hit by the same sort of bomb she had, to more effect.

"On my way, sir!" she said. The targetting system came back online as she boosted the engines, and she immediately located the attacking B-Wing leader. The other two were gone, apparently destroyed by Patrol-1.

Continuing the attack on Patrol-1 with lasers, the B-Wing never noticed the rookie until she had pumped four dual-linked missiles into its weakened hull. The rookie sighed in relief as the murderous rebel dissolved into a harmless ball of burning gasses.

Screaming red lasers tore away what remained of her shields--the fifth rebel was still out there! The rookie fumbled at the targetting controls, and was suddenly thrown off-balance as something solid struck her gunboat, sending it into a temporary spin. The B-wing had collided with her. It was only a glancing bump, but enough to put her unshielded hull in critical condition.

As the ship stabilized, she checked her systems. Shield generator, dead. Targetting system, dead. Drive and controls, dead. Laser cannons, dead. Communications system, dead. Ejection system, dead. She punched buttons and flipped switches in futile desperation. Everything seemed to be out. Automated damage control systems coped unemotionally with the task of repairing her warhead launchers. If they had been programmed to fear death, they might have worked faster.

A movement outside the viewport caught her attention. The B-wing, having retreated a few clicks to recharge its own shields, was cautiously turning back toward her. It came slowly nearer and Patrol-3 gritted her teeth, gripping the control stick and centering the dead HUD on the charging enemy.

The first lick of laser energy cracked against her hull. The HUD suddenly came to life, shining gold, and she quickly fired every missile she had left in the direction of the rebel.

The pilot of the B-wing swerved, but not quickly enough. The first missile found its target, the rest cruised off and exploded harmlessly in space.

It was enough. Flames licked around the cockpit of the B-wing, indicating a leakage of precious atmosphere. The rebel, realizing his peril, turned to descend toward the planet below.

"--read me? Patrol-3, are you there? Come in, Patrol-3!" The comlink came back to life suddenly, and the rookie hurried to answer her commander.

"Patrol-3 reporting sir! My hull's in pretty sad shape, but repairs are going forward. You?"

"Well, just about every system on board is shot, but I'll pull through as long as the Rebellion doesn't throw anything more at us this afternoon!"

"What was that they hit us with, sir?"

"Some sort of heavy bomb," answered Patrol-1 vaguely. "Not general issue for dogfighting. I'd say they came out here with the idea of frying bigger fish than we are. Did you get that last rebel?"

"Nah, he was losing air and went down planetside to find some."

"Pfff, if my shields were up, I'd be after him now. Never mind, we'll get him on the ground. Two and a half kills--not too bad for your first patrol."

* * * * *

"I suppose they were looking for the ISD Tarkin," said Captain Frax with a shrug. "A few days ago the Tarkin was here, delivering supplies and ordinance to be cached. A couple of X-wings dropped out of hyperspace and left before anything could be done about them. That's when I requested that the Strike Fleet send out routine patrols to keep an eye on things. The rebels seem to be taking a local interest that could threaten our operation here."

LCM Mather frowned and accepted the drink the captain offered. While the GUNS were being repaired, Patrol-1 and Patrol-3--or rather, LCM Mather and SL Firedrake--could consider themselves off duty. The Sublieutenant nodded thanks as she accepted a glass.

"It might be best if you got the fleet to post some capital ships here," said LCM Mather. "If the rebels are sending B-wings instead of launching a major ground assault, it's clear they don't know what you're up to. Enough of a show of force would probably scare them off."

"Absolutely out of the question!" said Frax firmly. "The whole point of our presence on Tolaccu is to keep a large ready SECRET supply cache for the fleet in case of emergency. Once we have ISDs all over the place, it's only a matter of time before we draw serious Rebel attention and become just one more logistics base that the Hammer has to guard constantly."

"So your value lies in keeping a low profile," said SL Firedrake.

"Exactly," said Frax. "The Rebels look at us and see a minor, insignificant communications outpost. Ten men, very little equipment, not worth troubling themselves over. Once we act as though we have something to defend, they might investigate more thoroughly. And they'd love to get their hands on what I'm guarding here--enough ammunition and supplies to keep the Emperor's Hammer running for over a year, if all other supply sources dry up."

Firedrake was impressed. The underground storerooms must be huge.

"Okay, so we need to keep the Rebs from getting nosy," said LCM Mather. "No problem. But there's a rebel pilot down, as you know. Have you found him yet?"

"My people have work to do," said Captain Frax. "We haven't time to complete your unfinished business for you. If there's a rebel down, it's up to you to find him. And you'd better do it quickly, before he sees anything he might find interesting to tell his little friends about."

Mather raised an eyebrow and looked over to Firedrake. "Guess we're on duty again, Patrol-3" he said.

* * * * *

The armored speeder was old and weathered, but carried them quickly enough over the blue, rocky surface of the planet. LCM Mather steered toward the cliffs as SL Firedrake checked the hand-held scanning box. The two pilots wore their flightsuits and helmets, insulation against the constant barrage of grit that the cold, harsh winds flung at them.

"The transmission is coming from 32.37, at about five hundred meters," she said, interfacing the receiver information with the three-dimensional surface map. "He must have come down in the canyon. That pass ahead should take us right to the crash site."

"Have your blaster ready," Mather ordered. "We could be driving into an ambush."

"Only one pilot, couldn't be much of an ambush." Firedrake pulled her weapon from the holster and warily scanned the pass ahead and the overhanging cliffs.

"It only takes one shot, in the right place..."

There was no sight of the Rebel pilot. The speeder continued at a cautious pace until the gully suddenly widened out into a canyon, the wreckage of a B-wing gleaming dully in the slanted rays of the late sun. The LCM put on a sudden burst of speed and made a wide circle around the wreckage, as Firedrake scanned the rocks and rubble for likely hiding places for the rebel, her blaster ready to fire at any suspicious movement.

Nothing. Mather made another circuit of the canyon, slower this time.

"Looks secure," he said at last. "Of course, the nasty bugger might just be waiting for us to stop and get out, so he won't have to risk damaging the speeder."

"One way to find out," Firedrake answered, wishing she felt as fearless as she sounded. The speeder came to a halt. The two pilots got out and warily approached the wrecked B-wing.

"He must not have reckoned on the cliff or the winds when he came down," said Mather. "The ejection pod wasn't fired. Stay here and cover me, I'm going to try to get a look into the cockpit." Mather scabbled up the rockpile which the B-wing had half-buried itself in, as Firedrake kept watch.

She saw LCM Mather lean over the wreckage and open the cockpit canopy, then kneel down beside it.

There was a short, sharp burst of laser fire, and Mather disappeared from view.

Firedrake froze. The almost complete silence was broken only by the whistling of the wind and a metallic scraping noise from the wreckage.

She circled the rockpile, trying to get an unobstructed view of the fighter cockpit. It was no use. Boulders and ship's wreckage blocked it from every direction. Firedrake chose a slope of the rock pile--one with large, upright boulders which would provide cover if needed--and charged up the slope.

The figure of a man rose from the rocks, and Firedrake's finger closed on the trigger in a reflex action.

"What the HELL do you think you're doing, Sublieutenant?!" Mather roared. "You nearly blew my head off!"

"Sorry, sir!" said Firedrake. "I heard laser fire, and I thought--"

"I was blowing out the distress beacon," said the LCM sharply, trudging back to the speeder over the rubble-strewn slope. "We don't want any Rebel ships to come around scanning the area, searching for survivors."

"Flight recorder," he added as he threw a metal box into the speeder's back seat. "They like us to get these when we can. It'll win us some brownie points--and we'll need Ôem, when the WC sees the condition our fighters are in!"

Firedrake returned to the map. "There's only one other way out of this canyon," she said. "Unless the Reb is into rock-climbing, that is."

"I doubt he's up to it," said Mather. "There was blood all over the cockpit. My guess is that he came down pretty hard and hadn't secured his safety harness properly. Here, look." Mather waved toward the ground, and Firedrake saw what he meant. Spots marked the path the rebel had taken, dark blood against the cold blue rock.

The Patrol pilots returned to the speeder and headed out of the canyon the same way they had come in. No point letting the rebel have a chance to get the drop on them. Circling the cliffs, they stopped the speeder near the canyon's other exit. They left the vehicle and continued on foot, finding concealed spots from which to watch and wait.

They hadn't long to wait. From the shadows of the pass, the rebel staggered into the last light of the setting sun, his orange flightsuit seeming to glow against the backdrop of blue stone. A blaster was dangling from one hand, and a dark red streak ran down his chest where blood had saturated his uniform. The rebel stumbled, nearly falling.

LCM Mather lowered his blaster. "Easy pickings," he muttered. "Let's take him alive and give Intel a little present. You circle around. I'll draw his fire, and you disarm him." With a nod, Firedrake slipped away, keeping to the shadows of the rocks. Her care to move quietly was probably unnecessary--the Rebel was lost in his own little world.

As she came up behind him, Mather stood up from the rocks and shouted.

The rebel stared stupidly at the Imperial pilot, then raised his blaster to fire. It was too late--Firedrake had already launched a high kick at his shoulder which paralysed his arm, causing the weapon to fall. A sharp blow to the back of the neck, and the rebel fell to the ground, unconscious.

* * * * *

"Jeez, he's just a kid!" Firedrake stared down at the enemy pilot she had dumped in the back seat of the speeder.

Mather nodded. "That's the way the Rebs recruit--they find these dimwitted kids who've just discovered that life isn't fair, and they convince Ôem that overthrowing authority will change all that somehow."

"But it seems like...well, such a waste. Surely somebody this young could be re-educated...the Rebels' brainwashing can't be completely irreversible."

Mather eyed the Sublieutenant as he slid into the driver's seat. "If you feel that strongly, I'll suggest the possibility to the Intel officer we turn him over to. But I warn you, it's usually a mistake to feel sorry for rebels! Did you put the binders on him?"

"Of course."

"Well, keep a blaster on him anyway. I had a pal, thought he had a rebel all trussed up and secure in the back seat. Next thing you know, he's cruising along at high speed and suddenly feels these teeth in his throat..."

* * * * *

"I don't know why anyone would keep a Sarlacc aboard ship anyway," grumbled Lieutenant Warfang. "It's sick, if you ask me."

"Nonsense, good way to dispose of leftovers," said Mather, cleaning up the last of his steak. "Let's see, what can I leave for Bobby?"

"He can have MY lunch," said Firedrake. "I swear, the officer's mess is really going downhill lately!"

Without looking at the sublieutenant, the LCM conversationally remarked, "By the way, Intel chose that rebel you shot down for the re-indoctrination program."

Firedrake nodded silently. Then she started making unflattering remarks about the ancestry of theSov's head chef.

* * * * *

There was no particular indication that the new Sublieutenant was different from any other wide-eyed, enthusiastic PLT Daedalus graduate. SL Fabar spoke eagerly of shooting down A-wings and bombing corvettes, and listened with open admiration to the war stories of the veteran fighter pilots.

"Why did they send him to US?" LT Firedrake demanded of her flight leader.

LCM Mather shrugged. "Maybe there's no particular reason. It might just have been random chance."

Firedrake could not believe it. Not when Commander Quell, an Intelligence branch coordinator, began making periodic visits to the Sovereign to check on the former Rebel's progress in the Corps. He would stand silently by, his black uniform like a

shadow on the wall, listening to all that was spoken in Patrol Flight, but almost never joining the conversation himself. Quell's eyes were ice blue and expressionless. It may have simply been the scar across his cheek that pulled his mouth into its continual cold smile. He wore black gloves, always.

Fabar, when questioned about Quell, only said that he was an officer who had helped him with his training on Daedalus and still took an interest in him. He hinted that Quell saw him as potential Intel material.

* * * * *

LCM Firedrake centered the HUD on the fleeing A-wing and sent three dual-linked blasts into its hull before a dark shadow crossed in front of her.

"Hey, I'm hit!" the panicked voice of SL Deathsting came over the comlink. "Where did that come from?"

"It came from me, Patrol-4," Firedrake snapped. "You crossed right into my line of fire. Try to be more careful, we don't want to lose you on your first patrol! Get back into formation and stay on my wing." Had she ever been THAT incompetent? She supposed she had been, but it seemed like a long time ago.

The rookie maneuvered back toward his correct position as Firedrake reoriented her GUN to target the A-wing again. The HUD flashed green just as a missile blew the ship into shrapnel, putting the rebel pilot out of his misery.

"Patrol-2, you son of an Ewok, you poached my kill!" she said with a half-smile.

"Ya snooze, ya lose, Patrol-3!"

"All right, you lot, stop bickering!" Patrol-1's voice ordered. "It looks like we've cleaned up this sector. Let's hyper back to the Sov. On my mark..."

* * * * *

Firedrake had resented it when Fabar had been placed in the Patrol-2 spot--replacing LT Tordan, the man Fabar's own rebel squadmates had killed. She had kept her eyes open, watching him always with a vague sense of distrust.

She realized early on that Fabar was over-eager to blend in. He imitated the mannerisms of the pilots around him. He changed his opinions the moment anybody expressed disagreement. He talked incessantly of the joys of killing Rebels.

At first Firedrake had thought it was a front--an attempt to lull them into a sense of security so that Fabar could try some devious sabotage or escape. When the Patrol Flight had happened on their first skirmish with the Rebels, she was more than half expecting the young convert to make some sort of a break for it and try to communicate with the enemy.

Instead, to her surprise, he had plowed into the attack as if he had spent a lifetime thirsting for Rebel blood, and destroyed two of his former allies before they had had a chance to target their lasers on him.

As Fabar's behavior continued unchanged, Firedrake had to change her opinion of him. She realized that he was not hiding or disguising his own personality from them.

The former rebel HAD no personality of his own, and lived only as a mindless, spineless shadow of the people who surrounded him.

No wonder the Rebels were able to recruit him, Firedrake thought with contempt. The thought of anyone so lacking in character was repugnant to her. The idea of somebody like that in her own flight group--where she might have to depend on him for her life--filled her with unease.

Firedrake had determined to continue watching him, as a potential danger to Patrol Flight and the TIE Corps. She had made sure to keep near him, to watch out for any tendency to revert to his Rebel brainwashing, and to keep him away from the bad influences that existed even in the security of the SSSD Sovereign. In her concern over the reputation and safety of Patrol Flight, she had become the spineless twerp's almost constant companion.

Patrol Flight entered their debriefing session to find Commander Quell in attendance. This was no unusual thing. The pilots of Patrol were used to him by now and, apart from initial salutes and greetings, treated him with the same regard as a decorative but respected piece of furniture.

When the briefing was finished, Quell stood and looked at his chronometer. "What an enormous ship the Sovereign is," he commented in an off-hand manner. "My usual docking bay was out of service, and I had to leave my shuttle in Bay B-75. I'm not sure whether I can find my way back."

His eyes met Firedrake's. "Lieutenant Commander, would you be so good as to show me the way?"

Fabar jumped up and eagerly volunteered to accompany them, but Quell waved him away. "It only requires a crew of one to pilot me," he remarked with his usual cold smile. "I wouldn't want to disrupt the activities of the entire flight."

The trip to the docking bay was made in silence. Quell walked slowly, his icy eyes staring blankly before him and one side of his mouth pulled upward, as if he was daydreaming on some amusing but private thought. Firedrake felt a sense of tension as she walked beside him, felt if something was expected of her, or about to happen to her.

As the docking bay came into view, Quell finally spoke. "Lieutenant Commander, what do you think of our Lieutenant Fabar?"

Firedrake looked at the Intel officer with surprise. She could tell him what she really felt, but...after all, Fabar was a member of Patrol Flight, and this man was an outsider.

"He's a very good pilot," she said detachedly. "He seems to be very dedicated. He's eager to please and takes direction well." Too eager and too well, she thought.

Commander Quell's eyes stayed locked on hers as he entered the hatch of his shuttle. He stopped and rested a hand on the door controls.

"You spend a lot of time with the lieutenant," he commented. "Are you becoming...attached to him?"

"No!" said Firedrake, surprise giving her voice more vehemence than she had intended.

The Commander nodded, as if something in her expression had satisfied him. "Good," he said shortly, tapping at the control panel. "Don't."

The shuttle's hatch snapped shut, leaving Firedrake in baffled confusion.

* * * * *

"And I'm not the only one with something to celebrate tonight," said the newly-promoted Commander Mather as he twisted the seal from the bottle of Kessel jukra. "I've been informed by...reasonably reliable sources that the Fleet is seriously considering upgrading Patrol Flight from a utility unit to a full squadron!"

Mather waved down the immediate cheering and continued, "Rest assured that when that happens, the pilots who put me where I am won't be forgotten! Firedrake, Fabar, I can't promise anything at this point, but if we do become a squadron, I intend to make you both flight leaders!"

Lieutenant Deathsting's joyous congratulations were the only response to this. Mather looked up in some confusion as to why his announcement had fallen flat.

Firedrake's trepidation at the thought of Fabar in a leadership position paralyzed her, as she tried to think of something she could say which would express her doubts without insulting her commander and fellow pilot. She knew that Fabar was competent enough with somebody around to tell him what to do, what to think...but put him in charge of others and you'd have a recipe for instant disaster.

She opened her mouth to speak, with no idea of what she was going to say.

"Sir, I'm afraid I can't accept it."

Firedrake turned in surprise. Fabar had spoken. Did he actually realize his own limitations? If so, it was the first sign of sense she had detected in the fool.

"I'm afraid I am about to transfer out," Fabar continued apologetically. "Commander Quell has requested that I join Intelligence, and I'm very eager to take direct action against the rebels."

Quell stepped forward. He had been present and silent, passively taking part in their celebration as was his habit. Now he spoke.

"Commander, I'm very sorry to deprive you of a highly competent pilot," he said. "But we all must make sacrifices for the greater good of the Emperor's Hammer. Lieutenant Fabar has skills and experience which the intelligence department finds indispensable."

Mather nodded. "I understand, Commander Quell. No hard feelings." He turned a sharp glance toward Firedrake. "Now, what have YOU got to say for yourself? Not leaving me for the Dark Brethren, are you?"

"No, sir!" she laughed. "I'll be honored to be a Flight Leader!" The future of Patrol Flight--possibly Patrol Squadron-- had never looked brighter. "Hey, Deathsting," she said to the Lieutenant, "Fabar's leaving leaves the third FL spot open for you!"

"Gee, ma'am, I don't know if I'm ready for that," said the LT, in an awestruck tone.

"I'm SURE you're not ready!" Mather laughed. "But we'll see about getting you hammered into shape before the time comes!"

The celebration continued late into the night.

* * * * *

LCM Firedrake listened, trying not to look amused, as Lieutenant Deathsting raved furiously about the hopeless incompetence of the Patrol Flight's newly-assigned Sublieutenant.

"I mean, I just get SL Branch all broken in so he's reasonably okay to fly with, and then he takes off and gets a hardship discharge and they stick us with this dimwitted maniac Kedge! Is it me, or is Daedalus cranking out blithering idiots?"

Firedrake listened patiently to the Lieutenant's frustrations, remembering when she had made a similar speech about him to Mather.

"And if we DO go to full squadron status, you know what it'll mean? It'll mean we have a whole PARADE of Kedges to break in, all at once! We won't know if we're running a circus or a daycare center!"

"I'm sure Kedge will turn out all right," she laughed. "They all turn out all right."

Deathsting made a sour face and plopped down to sit beside her. "I know something about Fabar," he said conspiratorially, changing the subject. "It's supposed to be classified, but he told me, and I know you were close to him..."

Curiosity made Firedrake resist the impulse to deny Deathsting's remark. "What did you hear?"

"I ran into him yesterday, and he blabbed to me that he was going on a special mission. They're sending him to infiltrate the Rebs, on account of he used to be a Reb once. I didn't know about that, did you?"

Firedrake just looked at Deathsting, and he continued. "Anyway, he's all rehearsed to tell them about how he was captured and tortured and stuff, and escaped from the prison ship in a cargo carrier. Then he's going to stay there and feed information back to Intel. He has some sort of new transmitter--"

Firedrake was out the door already, on the way to Commander Mathers' office.

* * * * *

Mather and Firedrake were ushered, under heavy guard, through the Frigate Storm Wind. The journey ended at a dark office, featureless apart from a luxurious carpet and a heavy, carved desk and chairs. After a long wait, Commander Quell stepped into the room and sat down at the desk.

"Have a seat," he said cordially, as if this were a casual social visit. "May I get you anything?" The two pilots shook their heads. The atmosphere was oppressive, a sense of hidden danger or doom hovering at the edge of every movement, like a glimpse of something fearful caught out of the corner of an eye.

"I understand that you think one of our operations may be in danger, Commander." Quell waited expectantly.

"Well, sir," Mather began. "Maybe not danger, exactly."

Firedrake leaned forward. "It was my request to speak to you, sir," she began.

Commander Quell listened without change of expression as Firedrake explained the impressions she had gathered, over long association, of the nature of Lieutenant Fabar. She described his weakness of character, the malleability of his opinions and scruples, his spineless conformism to the peer group who surrounded him.

"Sir, I'm just afraid," she continued, watching for any hint of concern from Quell. "I'm afraid that, surrounded by Rebels and former friends, it won't be long before Fabar changes loyalties again. This time he knows far too much. Not only can he betray the TIE Corps, but now that he's been serving in Intelligence, only you know how badly he can compromise your own operations and the entire Strike Fleet. Only you know what vital information about the Emperor's Hammer could fall into Rebel hands through his invertebrate treachery."

She fell silent. Quell watched them for a few moments, as if considering her words. Then he stood.

"Come with me."

They followed Commander Quell through a second door, passing through a laboratory filled with electronics and computers manned by diligent Intel personnel.

"I really shouldn't be showing you this, it's all highly classified," said Quell in a bored tone. "But I feel a great deal of faith in your loyalty to the Hammer. Besides, the two of you have been in this from the beginning, have you not?" He paused at a second door, using his coded identification cylinder to access a panel where he manually punched in a password. "It was, I believe, the Lieutenant Commander herself who shot Fabar down over the storage facility on Tolaccu."

The password approved and voice and iris identification completed, the door opened into a smaller version of the electronics center they had just passed through. Specialists and tech droids worked at complex instrument panels, and Firedrake could hear Fabar's voice chatting with a stranger on the incoming transmission.

"We developed a new transmitter," Quell remarked. "It's small, it's light and easily concealed, and it transmits on a frequency which is rarely scanned or noticed, since it was originally used for obsolete sublight cargo carrier navigation. Enough of those prehistoric transports are still wandering the galaxy that everybody ignores their transmissions--which we have duplicated for our own purposes."

"In fact, our only real difficulty lay in getting the transmitter into the right places without the danger that it would fall into the hands of the rebels, allowing them to discover its mode of operation, thus making it useless to us. Fabar agreed to allow us to implant the transmitter into his own skull."

Quell's smile stretched momentarily. "I would never have allowed such a thing to be done to myself, but as you observed, Fabar was a man easily convinced." Quell waved the technicians away from the receiving console, motioning the pilots to come

closer. "The transmitter taps directly into Fabar's audial nerves. His ears are our microphones. We hear what he hears."

Fabar's conversations with the rebels were still going on. They were telling him how wonderful it was to have him back, how heroic he was for escaping.

"And if he betrays you to the Rebels?" Firedrake asked. "What will keep them from discovering your secret transmitter then?"

Quell shrugged. "There is always risk. So there are always safeguards."

Firedrake turned back to the console. Fabar was being greeted by his former commander, telling the fictitious story of his escape for what must be the hundredth time. He told it so well, he must almost have come to believe it himself.

"Well, son, you've been through hell," the Rebel officer was saying in an affectionate tone. "But it's over now, and you're back where you belong. It's great to have you back with us."

"It's great to be back.....it IS...it's...it's good to be back...." Fabar's voice was wavering uncertainly. Quell quietly removed the black glove from his right hand. The skin beneath was pale white, as if it had never seen the sun before.

"Captain....Captain, there's something I've got to tell you..."

Quell's hand hovered over the control panel.

"It wasn't...like I said...when I was captured....it wasn't..."

A pale finger tapped gently at a plain gray button on the control panel.

The transmission ended in a wet thud and an explosion of static.

Firedrake tried not to imagine what the scene looked like on the other end of the transmission.

"I'm sorry," said Commander Mather to Quell. Quell looked up inquiringly as he pulled his glove back on. "About your operation. It was a failure."

"Not at all, not at all," he answered cheerfully. "We have hours of background chatter recorded. You'd be amazed what Intel can learn from just a few words spoken carelessly in what some rebel believes to be a safe environment."

"The Rebels won't get your transmitter either, will they?" Firedrake asked, knowing the answer.

"No. Well, not in any sort of useful condition."

"And Fabar?"

The Colonel's cold eyes met hers, and he shrugged in complete indifference. "One Rebel down." he said.

Firedrake nodded. "And plenty more to go."

"Well," said Mather, "That's what TIE Corps is for, isn't it? Come on, Lieutenant Commander, we have a patrol to fly."

FM/SL Calzeo Inkwolf/Psi 3-4/Wing II/SSSD Sovereign [PC]

Talinaar

By CM Ford Prefect / Psi 2-1 / Wing II / SSSD Sovereign

"...and Iron Stars for all!"

"Um, Ford, sir?"

"Thank you, thank you, you are all too kind."

"Er, sir, um, there's a--"

"No, I insist. You all have been too generous with your adoration."

Sub-Lieutenant Dan Skyrider sighed. As the most junior member of Psi Squadron, the unenvied task of awaking LCM Ford Prefect from his dreams of megalomania fell to him.

He turned helplessly to Lieutenant-Commander Rhinok Maul.

"See?"

Rhinok rolled his eyes. He stuck his index finger into Dan's face.

"Now, kid, look closely. This is how it's done..."

He drooped his head down slightly above the bed's level, and bellowed,

"FORD! WAKE UP AND SHUT UP, YOU BLOODY IMBECILE!"

Ford rolled over on his back and blinked his eyes hard several times.

"Oh. Hi guys. Um. Briefing?"

Rhinok nodded.

"Oh, OK. Be ready in a minute."

Ford blinked again, then slowly got up and began to rummage through his small closet for a clean uniform. Just before Dan and Rhinok left, he craned his head out of the closet to shout,

"Hey! Black and yellow go together, right?"

Rhinok grinned.

"Of course, Ford. Anyone knows that."

"Even if the yellow's really, really bright?"

"What are you, an idiot? Yes!"

"OK, OK..."

Dan restrained his snicker until the door closed behind them.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sasquatch tapped his foot impatiently.

"By Ronin! Where the Kessel is he?"

Moments later, the personage in question appeared, uniform poorly adjusted, formerly trim black mustache unshaven, and dark hair sticking out wildly under....a bright, gaudy, yellow bowling hat.

"Er, sorry I'm late."

Sasquatch stared incredulously at Ford for several moments, then shook his head.

"OK, boys, hope you're all sobered up; we've got another mission."

LT Psyko stared at the ceiling. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw LCM

Prefect adjust his hat.

Odd.

Sasquatch continued.

"After our conquest of the Maltar sector, a small band of Rebels isolated themselves and established a base in one of the nearby uninhabited systems. Ever since, they've been wreaking havoc on our shipping in that sector. The band is large enough to eliminate the patrols we've sent out so far, so Fleet Admiral Kramer has ordered Psi Squadron to pacify this threat."

Commander Stone Darkstar, leaders of Three Flight, shrugged.

"Sounds simple enough."

Sasquatch looked around the room for a moment.

"The system in which their alleged base is, um, is, er, DSN-7752."

A collective gasp ran through the room.

DSN-7752?

A veritable pilot legend, DSN-7752 was the site of numerous disturbances and mysterious, unexplained ambushes that had wiped out entire wings of starfighters. Speculation about what might inhabit the system ranged from an ancient pirate armada to a holographic device that projected an image of the respective pilot's parents-in-law into their cockpit. Stone stood up and shook his head, attempting to clear his senses. Somewhat unsteadily, he attempted to regain his seat, but he failed to look where he was heading, and instead fell on the floor, slamming his head into the back of the seats behind him.

"Shavit!"

Stone rubbed his head gingerly.

"Ow."

The other pilots were too shaken to laugh at the Flight Leader's blunder.

DSN-7752....

"No. Never mind. I don't want to go to DSN-7752. It's a silly place."

Lieutenant-Commander Sanj merely stared straight ahead, ignoring Ford, his Flight Leader. Most of the members of Psi Squadron were, to some degree, petrified. Although they were one of the most elite veteran squadrons in the TIE Corps, the ancient myths of that uninhabited system still haunted them, just like first-year cadets at the Academy. LCM Mordred Pendragon checked his chrono. Forty-five minutes to launch time.

"Ford, what the heck is that?"

Prefect stared back, somewhat defiantly.

"It's my lucky green hat."

Stone shook his head.

LT Jon Doyle certainly had to admit, it was an odd hat. Green, with a band of the same color running all around the brim. The brim itself had little support, and flopped down o'er the forehead. Tucked into the right side of the hat were several faux-feathers, colored orange and yellow, in addition to a brown feather, probably taken from some avian creature. Ford rather liked the hat. Sasquatch strode through the hangar door.

"All right, boys, into the cockpits. Time for launch."

With much trepidation, the Psi pilots filed into their respective ships and ran through a quick pre-flight check.

"Psi Squadron, check in."

Almost immediately, Sasquatch's comm was bombarded by ready messages.

"Sovereign Control, this is Psi-1. We have ten fighters ready for take-off."

"Affirmative, Psi. Your outbound vector is D-71. May the Dark Side guide you."

"Thanks, Control."

Sasquatch switched comm frequencies.

"Let's take 'em out."

The Lieutenant-Colonel accelerated, maneuvering lightly until he had exited the hangar's magcon bubble. A brief check of the sensors indicated that the whole of Psi had followed, and no freak accidents occurred.

Freak accidents.

Shavit, I'm becoming a Cadet again! Get some control, Sas!

"Get ready to hyper on my mark. Jump coordinates are 5328.6659."

He paused, for dramatic effect and so narrators everywhere could fill up another line.

"Mark."

Make that two, er, three lines.

Lieutenant Dark Spector yawned. Absentmindedly, he attempted to stretch, something that, in most Imperial fighters, would have been considered quite stupid, but in the relatively spacious cockpit of his Assault Gunboat, he managed to give his limbs some semblance of an extension. A voice crackled over his comm. The CMDR.

"OK, Psi, this is how we're going to do it. One Flight will head in first, followed by Three Flight, who will be escorted by Two Flight."

Spector nodded. Both One and Two Flight were in TIE Advanced.

"Once we find the base, One will make the first run, softening up any resistance. Three's Gunboats will then come in to hammer home their warheads, escorted by Two Flight. Got it?"

He needed no answer.

"OK, reversion to realspace in two minutes. Get ready."

Spector tapped his fingers against the nav console, burning the time away. Unfortunately for him, the more he thought about it, the longer it took. It reminded him of an old adage they used to tell him in school, "A watched Ewok-on-a-stick never roasts".

The time spent reminiscing about this "seasoned" saying accounted for the rest of the Gunboat's journey in hyperspace. Spector grabbed his control stick as the endless starlines slowly evaporated, transforming into hundreds of white dots, seeming so close, but so far. A good deal of those dots were obscured by the huge, rumbling, brown-black asteroids that dominated DSN-7752. The Lieutenant scanned the area with his eyes. Somewhere in those asteroids, the Rebels lurked.

Mordred brought his TIE Advanced into an oblique formation with the Gunboats and the rest of Two Flight. Somewhere, somewhere...his hand began to tremble on the control stick. It was just a legend, right? A myth? It could be anywhere. Anywhere, anywhere.....coming...

Ford frowned. He wasn't one to be superstitious, but...

"Mord, what the bloody frak are you doing?"

He could still see the laser bolts fired from Mord's craft.

A sheepish voice responded.

"Sorry, sir...uh, I thought I, uh, saw, uh, something."

Ford shook his head.

"Steady on the trigger, Mord."

"Yessir."

Ford shook the incident from his mind.

It was odd, going into battle now. It seemed as if a key component was missing. Ever since CM Vlade had left, Two Flight, and Psi Squadron, and, heck, Wing II, didn't seem the same. The memory of Vlade's heroic, if vain defense of Bragollach was still burned in his mind. Mordred wasn't sure where exactly Vlade was; a Rebel prison camp, floating around the Rim under an assumed identity, or, dead.

This one's for you, Vlade. Wherever you are.

"Commander, sir, I'm picking up something on my sensors."

Sasquatch frowned at SL Skyrider's transmission.

Is it rookie eagerness, or is there actually something out there?

"Very well. I'm on your wing. Rhinok, you and Doyle split up and head..."

He scanned the sensors for any possible anomalies.

"Uh, head to vector 72.563. Radio in if you find anything. Two Flight, you keep watch over those cows, OK?"

Sasquatch could imagine the look of amused fury on Stone's face. Three Flight didn't enjoy their craft being made fun of.

"Copy, Sas."

Sasquatch toggled frequencies again, this time to a channel with the SL.

"Lead on."

As the two TIE Advanced's moved closer, the more uneasy Sasquatch felt.

Something was going on. A bit nervously, he glanced at his sensor display.

Yes, something was indeed malfunctioning at Dan's coordinates, but...what was that next to it?

Sasquatch frowned again. This wasn't no minor occurrence. He zoomed in on the asteroid (or was it?), and got a more detailed sensor reading.

"Emperor's Black Bones! The energy readings are off the chart!"

Just then, a mass of red dots began to fill Sasquatch's heads-up display.

"Rebels!"

LCM Sanj nodded in agreement with Doyle's assessment. Ford's voice came over the comm. "OK, Two Flight, steady. Let the GUNs get off their warheads, then we take out the rest. Mord and Sanj, you two take the first group, while I hang back and protect Three Flight. Get rid of those, then switch out. Got it?"

"Affirmative".

Psyko's voice blared in the comm.

"Hey, guys, those Rebs are ignoring us!"

"That'll be their last mistake", Stone muttered grimly.

"Take 'em."

Five seconds later, a flurry of warheads erupted from Three Flight's launchers. The Rebel craft, paying little or no heed, paid dearly for their ignorance. Sanj watched as six fighters blossomed into brilliant fireballs, then faded, replaced by the dark vacuum of space.

Ah, now they see.

Sanj watched as four A-Wings peeled off from the main group and blazed towards Two Flight's formation.

Rear guard action.

"All right, this is where we come in...Sanj, you and Mord take the first pair, I'll handle the other two."

"Copy."

Sanj shifted his laser sights to the nearest A-Wing. He linked his lasers together for quad fire, and attempted to bracket the fast-moving Rebel craft.

The laser sights flashed green, and Sanj fired off several quick bursts.

All of them hit, with deadly accuracy. Bits and pieces of the engine began to break off, and the A-Wing slowed considerably. Sanj smiled coldly, and accelerated. Nearer and nearer he closed, until he was close enough to see his opposing pilot's face, frozen in a mask of fear. A feral grin spread over his face, and he snapped off a final shot that obliterated the fighter. Like a blaster bolt to the chest, reality hit Sanj again.

"Oh. Yeah."

Head swimming, he scanned the battlefield. Mord had taken care of his A-Wing, and Ford was already in hot pursuit of the rest of the group. Sanj keyed his comm.

"Mord, you catch up with Ford and cover him. I'm gonna double back and make sure that Stone and his group can take out those big ships without hurting themselves."

Psyko stared at the end-tails of his proton torpedoes as they streaked out towards the Rebel transports.

Something is definitely wrong here.

Aside from the four A-Wings, none of the Rebels had even tried to turn and fight. Stone reinforced those suspicions.

"Be careful. Don't follow too quickly; they could be setting us up."

Sasquatch suddenly came in on the comm.

"Three Flight, I want you to disable as many of those transports as you can. A Freighter should be coming along in a minute to drag 'em home."

"Yessir."

Psyko throttled up, the forces pushing him back slightly in his chair. He set his sights on a Shuttle, straggling near the end of the Rebel formation. Switching weapons selection to laser cannons, he linked it for dual fire and began a continuous stream of laser blasts at the Shuttle. The non-maneuvering target's shields were quickly brought down to two percent, when Psyko toggled back to Ion Cannons, the electric-blue beams sizzling through space and disabling the craft. Out of the corner of his eye, Psyko saw Spector open up with laser cannons, piercing a Transport's shields and blasting it apart.

"Um. Whoops."

Psyko grimaced.

"Hey, Stone, it looks like those Rebs are reaching their hyperjump point!"

"Let 'em go. We can't hurt enough of them at this range."

"Roger."

Psyko slowly slackened his GUN's speed, and surveyed the remnants of the battle. Two Shuttles and a Transport had been disabled, and Doyle had found a cache of supplies and credits the Rebels had hidden away near their asteroid.

"All right, you Psi pukes, Strike Cruiser Malevolent here, escorting FRT Cisalpine. If you'd be so kind as to send us the exact coordinates of your disabled Rebels, you can get the Kessel out of here."

"Sure, barge-driver."

Sasquatch shot the SKC the coordinates, then switch the comm to Psi's private frequency.

"Let's go home, boys."

Sanj's face wore a dour expression.

"Me no kill enough Rebels."

Stone passed by.

"Back to the nek-kennel with you, Sanj."

The Lieutenant-Commander rolled his eyes.

SL Skyrider strode past the group.

"Guys! Intel wants us in on the interrogation of the Rebs we caught."

Stone started walking, then tossed over his shoulder,

"Remember, Sanj, it's not polite to bite them."

His hands were shaking. His face was pale. He stuttered and stammered, his speech was incoherent.

Intelligence loved every bit of it.

Seated in a row of chairs, out of sight of the double mirrors that blinded the Rebel to his interrogators, the Psi pilots began to whisper and murmur amongst themselves.

Ford leaned over to Sasquatch.

"I haven't seen anyone as sadistic as these bloody Intel punks since that dental assistant back in fourth grade!"

Sasquatch nodded in somber agreement.

A cold, clear voice broke in.

"State again what you were running from."

Immediately after the sentence was spoken, the Rebel became hysterical. He shook violently, until he broke down, sobbing.

"It was him".

The Intel officer spoke again.

"Who is 'him'?"

"Him! Him is him! Don't you understand? DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? LISTEN! LISTEN! IT WAS HIM! STOP IT! STOP IT! DON'T....."

He trailed off, and began to sob hysterically again.

"Perhaps we should take you back there to refresh your memory."

The Rebel's face looked like it had been smashed with a hammer.

"No! No! Please, no, no, anywhere, no, no, not there, not there, n-"

His eyes rolled up into his head, and Ford watched as he fell over.

Unconscious.

"Take him away."

A tall officer, dressed in an Intelligence Division uniform stepped out from seemingly nowhere.

"We need more information. A nervous breakdown of this kind rarely happens. Normally, we would use our own Praetorian Squadron for this task, but, I suppose you will be suitable enough."

Sanj snarled. Ford made a restraining gesture. No more noise emanated from the pilot, but his lip was curled up, and glistening, sharp teeth showed.

The officer glared at Sanj, then continued.

"Psi will head out to DSN-7752 at approximately 0800 hours tomorrow. Your commander will receive a more detailed briefing later. Dismissed."

Subdued grumbling issued from the pilots as they filed out slowly. Sanj, second-to-last in line glared at the officer in an entirely unfriendly way.

Ford had seen the look on the pilot's face before. The Bothan's reconstructive surgery had cost Sanj an entire year's pay. He bumped his Flight Member forward, slowly leading him out.

Bloody Intel. They'll be the first against the wall when the Revolution comes.

"Dan, you still have those coordinates for that asteroid?"

The SL keyed his comm.

"Umm...yeah, I think so."

"Could you feed it to me?"

"Sure."

He quickly transferred the coordinates.

"OK, Psi, we're heading to the big asteroid. You should be getting the coordinates now."

Sasquatch took a deep breath, and closed his eyes. Something was odd in this system. It had been nagging him the first time he came here, and it was coming back again.

But what could it be?

The asteroid loomed nearer. Sasquatch narrowed his eyes, scanning the rock for any unusual spots or marks.

He cried aloud, and covered his face, as his surroundings changed.

Not wanting to face this new development, he hesitated before finally cracking open his eyelids the slightest bit.

The Lieutenant Colonel was no longer in his TIE Advanced. He was no longer in space. He had no bloody idea where he was.

Looking around he saw a vast, dark room. It reminded him of the hangar back on the Sov, only empty.

Vaguely, he made out the forms of nine others. His Psi pilots?

"Uh, hi?"

A familiar voice respond.

"What the heck is this?"

A new voice cut in. It was old and wizened, but with an air of authority.

"Patience, young Darkstar. The galaxy doesn't wait on you."

Stone whirled around, attempting to find the source of the voice. Finally, his searching eyes beheld an old man. Tall and wrinkled, but he seemed to glow with a commanding aura. Something about him demanded respect.

Summoning all his Academy training and discipline, Sasquatch strode up to the old fellow.

"Sir, as an officer of the Emperor's Hammer, I demand to know where we are and what we are doing here."

"Here. Here. Ah, yes, here."

The old man thrust his hand in the air.

"Here. Indeed, what are we doing here? And, what really is this place? Do you know? Do I know? Does anyone know?"

Doyle spoke up.

"Beer?"

The old man shook his head.

"No."

Stunned silence followed.

Ford slowly began to walk towards the man.

He whispered,

"Sorry, mister, um, whoever you are. They are unable to comprehend the fact that alcohol might not be the most important part of the galaxy, and of all life therein."

The man frowned.

"Oh."

He wrung his hands, and then shook them.

Ford tapped his foot.

"Say, um, really, what are we doing here?"

"I have brought you here."

"Why?"

"Good question."

Ford cursed angrily, and stomped his foot against the smooth, rock floor.

"Well, if you're going to persist in asking us those bloody unanswerable, round-a-bout questions, let us go."

A serene smile fitted itself onto the man's features.

"What's stopping you?"

Ford gestured expansively.

"Perhaps the massive rock wall?"

"So?"

Ford looked puzzled for a moment, then angry.

He turned 90 degrees south, and began to run. The echo of his boots against the floor reverberated throughout the room. He hit the wall hard. Very hard. With an almost inaudible grunt, he dropped to the floor, like a Wing II pilot who had spent a bit too much time in the Sovereign's cantina.

Three seconds later, he stood back up.

"See? There's no way out!"

The old man still had the serene smile stuck on his face. Ford was overcome with anger. Slowly, he drew his herring from the back of his flight suit.

"Yes, keep on smiling, keep on smiling. How'd you like that bloody smile wiped off with THIS!"

The old man's serene smile faded, replaced by another, more interesting, yet indescribable smile, but still a smile nonetheless.

"Ah. A herring. Excellent. It shall serve you well."

Ford advanced slowly.

"Now, you tell me how to get out of here, or I'll slap you with the fish!"

"Answer one of my questions, and you shall be set free."

"Your questions? Your QUESTIONS?!? NO ONE KNOWS THE ANSWER TO YOUR BLOODY QUESTIONS! 42! 42! 42! HOW'S THAT FOR AN ANSWER?!?"

"Incorrect."

Ford let out a shout of incoherent rage.

"No one knows the answer to your questions!"

"There is one who knows."

"Fine, then. Who?"

"The man beyond this rock wall."

"I can't get past your kriffing rock wall!"

"Answer one of my questions, and you will find you will be able to."

The Lieutenant-Commander threw up his hands in utter exasperation.

The man was ready for that.

"There is, however, another way."

"Finally, we get somewhere. What way?"

"I want something. You see, my abode is not very well furnished. One can only imagine the exotic and beautiful vegetation without the aid of spice for so long. All I want..."

He paused to wipe a tear that had slowly begun to trickle across his cheek.

"All I want...is a shrubbery."

Ford stood agape for a moment.

"A...shrubbery?"

The tears were flowing a bit more freely now.

The old man nodded.

"Yes."

Prefect shook his head.

"Psyko, get your BeerBot out. It's time to go."

A hopeful voice responded.

"Intoxicants?"

"Never mind."

In a whirl of somewhat dull, basic colors, dominated by grays and dark reds, Ford found himself being transported again. He blinked, and saw the familiar surroundings of his cockpit.

"That was, um, odd."

Rhinok's voice filled the comm.

"Why don't we try and reestablish communication with the Sovereign?"

Sasquatch responded.

"Excellent idea. In theory. Already tried, the comms won't work on that channel. Or any channel besides this one, for that matter."

"Well, let's get out of here. Plotting a course back to..."

Rhinok trailed off.

"It's not there."

"What do you mean, it's not there?"

"According to my navcomp, um, no other systems exist."

Sasquatch was tempted to roll his eyes, throw up his arms in exasperation, or something of the sort, but, remembering the day's events, thought of the futility of the gestures, and restrained himself from such an action.

"Hang on, I've got the Sov's coordinates memorized. Trying to plot another course back..."

Rhinok broke off again, and then came back on a minute later.

"Still nothing. Bloody..."

Sasquatch could have sworn he heard an ethereal chuckle.

Mord came on next.

"Hey, I found a set of pre-programmed coordinates in my nav-computer."

"Well, we aren't going anywhere here. Anyone up for a blind jump?"

Psi's CMDR mulled the option over in his head. And didn't like it. And then realized there was no other option.

"It doesn't look like we have much of a choice. Hyper now."

Slowly, he reached for the hyperdrive lever, and pulled it back...

"Navcomps still down?"

A chorus of affirmatives responded.

Sasquatch pounded his fist on the seat arm.

"Unidentified starfighters, please identify yourselves."

Sasquatch reached for the comm.

"This is Lieutenant Colonel Sasquatch, commanding Psi Squadron, a fighter unit of the Emperor's Hammer."

The LC could hear muffled conversation in the background. Patiently, he waited

Finally, "Lieutenant Colonel, you and your fellow pilots are invited to land on our world of Sierra, as long as you take no militant action, and assure that the Rebels will not cause any trouble here."

Grimly, he replied,

"As long as we're here, Sierra Control, they won't."

"Very well. Your landing vector is 2576.5421. Welcome to Sierra."

"Spector, any progress on that research?"

"Still working on it, boss."

Sasquatch sighed, and lay back on the floor. Lazily, he stretched out his arms, wanting to be anywhere but where he was at the moment. Their current location was, in fact, a fairly nice hotel suite in Sierra's capital city, Aspen. The Sierran government, somewhat impressed with the Imperials, had given them several hotel suites, compliments of the Hotel Wintergreen. Dark Spector was in the process of researching just what a "shrubby" was. Tired of the monotony, Sasquatch decided to head into the town, maybe see the sights.

He got up, tossed his Imperial-issue jacket over his shoulders, and announced, "I'm going out."

Spector, absorbed in the computer screen, nodded absently.

The Commander exited the room, and began the trek down to the ground level of the Hotel. With ill-contained curiosity, he stared all around him. It was the walls. He had never seen walls of that manufacture. Odd. They weren't wooden, like most upper-class hotels, nor were they steel that had been painted or glossed over. They defied all description. Most odd. He reached the ground floor fairly quickly, and strode off into the day, attempting to ignore the stares his Imperial uniform drew. Out on the streets, a normal bustle of people moved about, some rushing past on supposedly 'important' business, others, like him, just idling the time away. Sasquatch was in a fairly well-lighted sector of the city, the glow of Sierra's sun reflecting brilliantly off the beautifully clean streets. Looking around him, Sasquatch saw virtually no trash whatsoever. A remarkably clean city. Frowning, he also noticed the veritable absence of landspeeders and speeder bikes. How much more un-like a normal planet can this get?

As if to refute his question, a landspeeder, of somewhat older manufacture, came cruising round the corner of the block. Sasquatch shrugged, then slowly dropped his jaw.

What the...

A mob of people, all dressed in green, came storming after the speeder. They surged forward, and soon enveloped the craft. Armed with no weapons whatsoever, they began assaulting the speeder! Utter fury guided their fists, and, with the huge mass of them, they slowly began to make dents. The speeder and it's occupant; an middle-aged man with a briefcase, attempted to leap from the melee, into relative safety, but his move was cut short by a throng in front of him, felling him to the ground. Screaming at the unfortunate man, they began to kick and pound him on the ground. Sasquatch began to draw out his blaster, but he was restrained.

Turning, he saw the woman who had grabbed his arm.

She shook her head, mouthing out a 'no'.

He was almost tempted to draw it nonetheless and scatter the mob, but as he looked back at the scene, he saw that the mob had stopped beating the man, and turned back to the landspeeder. It was now virtually battered beyond recognition. They began to tear off the outer casing and crush it as best they could. Within ten minutes, the

landspeeder was no more. The man had been carried off by several medics, and the green-clad mob dispersed out of the streets. Intrigued, Sasquatch looked to find the woman who had restrained him, but to no avail. She was nowhere to be found. Shaken, he decided to go back up to the hotel room, where he determined to relate the incident to the rest of Psi Squadron.

As he finished his report of the incident, Sasquatch sat back, ready for the responses.

Doyle, Stone and Rhinok all had lowered jaws.

"What the..."

Ford merely shook his head, as if he had known that there was something odd about this planet all along.

Dark Spector, still engrossed with his research, did not join the rest of the squad for the story, but now approached the group.

"OK, boss, I found it. Coordinates and all."

Stone spoke up first.

"So, what the Kessel is a shrubbery anyway?"

Spector smiled faintly.

"A form of vegetation. Similar to what we call a bush. Slightly smaller in size, but with more leaves."

"We're supposed to get that psycho old guy a bloody bush?"

"Well, er, yeah."

Exasperated, the Flight Leader shook his head in disbelief.

"Unfortunately for us, a problem has arisen."

"Which is?"

"The only place where a shrubbery can be found on Sierra is roughly half a planet away. However, we have our fighters, and there's probably a speeder or something we could take to get there."

The rest of the squadron, who had heard Sasquatch's tale, shook their heads vehemently.

"Uh, Spector, I don't think that's much of an option."

Spector stared at Sky rider.

The Sub-Lieutenant waved him off.

"I'll tell you later."

With a long face, Ford addressed the group.

"Well, it looks like we only have one option..."

The next morning found Psi Squadron dressed for some walking. Armed with loads of water containers and more than a few concealed weapons, they grimly spoke amongst themselves, preparing for the journey ahead of them. Finally, Sasquatch addressed the squadron.

"Well, no sense in prolonging this. Let's go."

With a resigned air, the company moved forward. Then, a blaze of bright light.

"Wha-?"

Stone threw himself to the ground and pounded his head against the dirt.

Ford shook his head.

"That guy has problems."

Psyko snorted and shook his head.

Jon Doyle surveyed the area.

It was a typical grasslands area, with the usual scattering of brown, green, and dead grass.

The Psi members were standing, for the most part, on a particularly large patch of dead grass.

"Hey."

Skyrider nudged Mord.

"Look over there."

Mord's gaze followed Skyrider's pointed finger, and gradually connected with the object the SL was referring to.

Set in almost a perfect circle of green, the bush contrasted greatly with the flat plains it was perched on.

"A shrubbery!"

"Let's grab it and go home."

A shrill voice interrupted them.

"Not so fast, Imperial scum!"

Within seconds, nine blasters were drawn. Er, nine blasters, and a herring.

The Imperials whirled around to face the newcomers.

Forty or so men and women, all dressed in green jumpsuits, armed with a sort of weapon none of the EHers had ever seen.

"Step away from the shrubbery."

The speaker, a medium-sized woman with jet black hair, gestured threateningly with the gun she held in her hand.

Sasquatch cleared his voice.

"Ahem. Er, why?"

"BECAUSE YOU CAN'T HURT THE PLANET!"

"Um..."

"Listen, you careless little freaks! Touch the shrubbery and die! At least then your rotting corpses will be some value as fertilizer to the environment!"

Mord leaned over to advise Sasquatch.

"Um, I've heard about these folks before. Bad news."

"Yeah, I couldn't tell."

Facing the woman once more, Sasquatch began,

"Listen, lady, can't you just spare one little shrubbery? We can't get out of this bloody world until we've got one! The old guy won't let us!"

These words only seemed to anger the woman more.

"Touch the shrubbery, she reiterated, and die."

"Lady..."

"AAAAAAUUUUUGGGGHHH!"

Sasquatch winced as the blood-curling scream rang quite unwelcomingly in his ears.

Finger shaking, the woman pointed at the herring in Ford's hand.

"Unethical treatment of animals! Death! For the planet!"

"For the planet!", came the resounding response from the other green-clad warriors.

With that, the green warriors opened fire.

Jagged purple lightning streaked out from their gun barrels towards the Imperials, but their foes were ready.

Hurling themselves to the ground, they brought up their blasters and aimed.

"Stun only!"

Sasquatch didn't want this to become more of a diplomatic failure than necessary.

Blue arcs came towards the Green folk, enveloping several, and dropping to the floor.

The Lieutenant-Colonel noted that the stray purple beams did not singe the grass or ground at all, but merely evaporated upon impact.

Seeing the poor defensibility of their position, Sasquatch scanned the horizon for a better spot. His eyes fell upon a small hill, perhaps three hundred yards away. Tracking down, he mentally laid out a path...that ran right through the green force. Ford evidently had the same thought.

"Cover me, I'm going through!", he bellowed.

Charging forward with reckless abandon, he swung the herring in a deadly pattern, felling one after another green soldier. Distracted, the green soldiers focused their attention on him. Using that momentary weakness, the rest of Psi burst forward through the green lines. Too late they realized what was happening. A few scattered bolts came out, but the Imperials came through the melee unscathed, and ran as fast as their legs would allow them to.

Rhinok gave a silent thanks for the hours of torturous physical training he had undergone at the Academy. Breathing heavily, they reached the hill. Weary, they fell upon the up-slope of the hill, and brought their weapons up. Squinting off into the distance, LT Jon Doyle saw the mass of green folk rumbling towards them again, but couldn't see Ford. What had happened?

"They're in range!"

Jon aimed his blaster and ripped off a round.

The Green warriors opened fire as well.

Out of the corner of his eye, Jon saw Skyrider grunt and slump to the ground. Shavit!

The enemy surged forward, attempting to overrun the hill.

Doyle fired a scattered barrage of blaster bolts all around the oncoming rush. The Greens, taking several losses, dropped back and re-formed. They charged once again. And, again, they were met with concerted, concentrated blaster fire from the Imperials. Seeing more of their comrades fall, they pulled back, frustrated.

Stone took the respite to survey the situation. The Greens had taken about ten losses, bringing their number down to three. Unfortunately, they still outnumbered the pilots by more than three to one. The Greens, however, seemed to have no desire to charge again, at least for a while. Still wary, the Imperials gathered for a conference. Doyle and Spector remained on the outer guard.

Stone shook his head.

"Sir, we can't go on like this for much longer. They'll just wear us down with attrition, and our ammunition can't last forever."

Sasquatch nodded thoughtfully.

"Well, there are two possible ways out of this. Retreat is one. The other is to break back across their lines, get the herring, and get the Kessel out of here. Retreat is not an option."

"Hey! What about a third party?"

Rhinok turned around to see Stone, looking very naive and stupid. Odd.

A change seemed to be working in Sasquatch. All of a sudden he looked dark and foreboding; evil. He said in a deep, menacing voice, riddled with some amusement,

"Go ahead! Waste your vote."

Almost immediately after this exchange, both officers stepped back into reality. The situation was somewhat awkward. They all stood around, quite uncomfortably, until Doyle spoke up.

"Erm, let's go for it."

They shuffled about some more, then returned to their defensive positions on the hill. The Greens seemed a bit baffled, not really knowing what to do. Slowly, they also seemed to formulate a plan, and re-formed their battle lines. Sasquatch sensed they were going to do something soon.

"Now or never...", he muttered.

"CHAAARGE!"

With a marrow-freezing yell, the Imperials issued forth. The Greens, taken a bit by surprise, allowed the pilots almost twenty yards before they began firing. Twisting and dodging, our heroes avoided the deadly blasts with great skill. Suddenly, Ford burst into the rear of the Green ranks. He yelled and waved the herring. The LCM felt a burning heat sear through him. He kept running, but his mind was elsewhere. The Green who had shot him was quite stunned. He had never seen someone take a bolt on kill and stay up, much less run. He was about to also shrug and get on with his life when Ford ran up to him and bludgeoned him with the herring. The Green's eyes rolled up into his head, and he slowly crumpled to the ground. Ford had quickly outdistanced the rest of Psi. Seeing his predicament, he whirled the herring like a dervish, hacking and slashing. Two were felled with one skillful stroke. He laughed, a deep, roaring laugh that mocked the warriors of the eco system. He hacked another one, his grin broadening. Suddenly, Ford lurched forward as he was shot in the back by another blaster bolt. He felt his strength begin to seep out from his body. His hold on the herring loosened, and his movements became more sluggish. Oddly weary, he slashed at another eco-warrior. To his surprise this thrust was blocked by a lazy upstroke of the Green's hand. The Green was, of course, almost as surprised as Ford (though for different reasons, the primary one being that the eco-warrior's hand was sliced off) when his appendage dropped to the earth. Ford kicked sluggishly, bringing the rest of the Green down. Twenty yards off, Mord saw the Lieutenant-Commander's situation. He gritted his teeth and pounded his feet harder onto the ground, propelling him forward. He raised his blaster and aimed carefully, not wishing to hit his Flight Leader. Two bolts rang out, knocking out the two nearest Greens. The ones clustered around Ford looked up, trying to assess this new threat. Mord wondered how they were assessing the spread of blaster bolts heading their direction. A simultaneous grunt went up from the wounded eco-warriors as they dropped. On the flanks, Sasquatch, Skyrider, Spector and Stone all were wading through the Green mass. With a triumphant shout, they broke through, and, almost as one, sprinted like a Chadra-Fan running from a Wookiee away from their foes. The remaining enemy took a few potshots, but these desperation charges landed short of their marks. The Imperials stopped only briefly, as Ford swooped down on the shrubbery and cut it off at the base with the herring. Sasquatch scooped up the vegetation and tucked it under his arm. Enraged at this new atrocity, the Greens howled and broke forth, running. Resolve and victory steadying their arms, the Imperials turned and let loose several volleys. The enemy advance grew less and less, as more Green bodies began to litter the ground. Finally, the pitifully few remaining warriors drew back. Exultant, the Imperials began to break it into song...

Before the second word of 'Yellow Submarine' could be wailed, the pilots found themselves back in the hollowed asteroid. They didn't have to look long to spot the old fellow.

His hollow applause rang shrill in the room.

"Excellent, excellent. The shrubbery?"

Apprehensive, Sasquatch stepped forth and extended his arms, the shrubbery

resting in between his two hands.

Delighted, the geezer took the plant. He looked upon it lovingly, then stepped back. His face grew introspective as he surveyed the room.

"Hmm...where shall I put it?"

He wandered around the room for a minute or two, before placing the shrubbery near the north end, a third of the way from the wall. The man surveyed the plant's new position with some measure of happiness.

"So, um, can we leave now?"

"What's stopping you?"

Ford very nearly sliced the man's head off with the herring.

"Again?"

As if to prove his point, he raced towards the northern entrance, deciding that he would avoid tripping over the shrubbery. He braced himself for impact as he neared the wall, but his steeled face soon relaxed into wonder as he passed through the wall unhurt.

It was a bright sort of room he was in, with purple walls and yellow and orange floors and rugs. A bright blue stripe began where Ford stood and ended...at the chair where another old fellow sat. He looked slightly younger than the first old fellow, but seemed a bit older and wiser. Quite odd.

"Another one, eh?"

Ford stopped, befuddled.

"I've told him to stop, but he never really listens. I assume that you got him his shrubbery?"

Dumbly, he nodded.

At that moment, the rest of Psi Squadron stepped through the wall.

Apprehensively, they waved to the second old fellow.

"Oh, uh, hi."

The old man nodded respectfully.

"Welcome. I take it you want the answers to the questions?"

The Imperials nodded in unison.

"Very well. But, first, do tell me what happened."

Wearily, the pilots related the events of the past three days to the man.

"Hm. Indeed. Well, I would have hacked him with the fish if I was you."

"Would that have kept us from getting the shrubbery?"

"No, but, um, it would have served the fellow good."

"Oh."

Silence.

"Well, um, he won't let us leave until we've answered his questions."

"And?"

"And he said you could answer them."

"He did now, did he?"

"Er, yes."

"Hm. Well, I do know the answers, but I'm afraid since the last incident, it comes with a price."

"Which is?"

"A shrubbery."

For the second time, Ford found himself wanting to slice an old man's head off with his herring.

The moment of anger passed as he anticipated another ethereal transportation to another strange system so they would have to fight for another shrubbery.

He closed his eyes.

Nothing.

He waited for another few seconds.

Still nothing.

"No nifty funky transporter?"

The old man shook his head, a bit ruefully.

An idea struck Stone. Fortunately, he didn't fall over.
He strode to the other wall, back to the first old fellow's room.
As he neared the exit, he heard noises.
Intrigued, he quickened his pace.
It seemed that someone was yelling. The other Psi members, paying no heed to him, clustered about and attempted to think of a place to find another shrubbery.
He slipped into the other room, near a large curve in the wall.
He quickly saw the situation.
A red-haired woman was raging at the old man.
"NO! NO MORE SHRUBBERIES! I'M SICK OF IT!?"
The old man did his incredibly annoying serene smile bit again.
"Oh?"
"AND I'M SICK OF THAT BLOODY SERENE LOOK! HOW SERENE WILL YOU BE AFTER THIS?"
Stone gasped. He had heard of such things. His mother had used it to frighten him as a child into doing his daily chores. But he had never thought it existed. Until now.
Like a ghostly specter, the ancient horror of a vid called 'Thriller' was displayed all throughout the cave wall.
Stone was soon writhing on the floor.
"No! Stop...the...music!"
In his now-tortured mind, he wondered if it was indeed worthy of calling music.
"N....no!"
"NO!"
Summoning all his will, Stone gritted his teeth and pulled himself up. He felt as if he was fighting an army of Jedi.
"No..."
Finally, he stood upright.
The vid had stopped.
The red-haired woman had vanished.
But the old man was lying on the floor.
Stone walked over to the sprawled figure. He checked for a pulse.
None.
Marvelling at the ghastly business, his original intent re-appeared into his mind.
He walked over to the shrubbery's location, picked it up (with some degree of reverence) and went through the wall.
There he found the scene exactly as he had left it, his fellow squadron members still trying to think of a way, and the second old fellow sitting on the chair.
"Er, I found one."
Astonishment spread like wildfire through the room.
The old man stood up, a bit aghast.
"Oh! Much gratitude!"
He took the shrubbery from Stone and placed it near his chair.
"Um, I supposed you can leave now."
"Oh. Well, thanks. Nice seeing you."
"I must say that I reciprocate the sentiment."
"Uh, goodbye."
"Farewell."
Suddenly, the pilots found themselves back in their cockpits.
"Sir! My navcomp is, um, working again."
"Excellent. Let's go."
With that, the stars blurred into starlines, and they began their journey

home...

FL/CM Ford Prefect / Psi 2-1 / Wing II / SSSD Sovereign

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

Name: VICTOR MAREEL
Rank: SUB-LIEUTENANT
Scandoc Transmission Code (Screen Name): FM/SL VICTOR
MAREEL/CORSSBOW 1/3-WING IX/ISD RELENTLESS
Sex: M
Race: HUMAN
Date of Birth: 7/30/85
Place of Birth: CORONET CITY, CORELLIA
Marital Status: Single
Family: YES
Social Status: Well-to-do
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: NONE
Significant Events of Adulthood: NONE
Alignment & Attitude: SARCASTIC & FUNNY
Former Occupations (if any): NONE
Hobbies: HOCKEY, STAR WARS
Tragedies: NONE
Phobias & Allergies: NONE
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): KICKS A\$\$
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: I WANT
TO DO MORE FOR THE EMPIRE
Other comments or information (optional): NONE

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

Signature: VICTOR MAREEL

Date: 12/2/99

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

Name: Kane
Rank: SL
Current Assignment: Wing IX (Hammer Squadron) on board the Relentless
Scandoc Transmission code: jlcruise@ozemail.com.au
Sex: M
Race: Human
Date of Birth: 1st May 1980
Place of Birth: Coruscant
Marital Status: Single
Family: None

Social Status: Poor > well-to-do
Quote: May the Rebels be damned
Significant Events of Childhood and Adolescence: Family killed by rebel bomb.
Significant Events of Adulthood: Destroyed a rebel patrol of 6 X-wings while testing new starfighter.
Alignment & Attitude: Neutral - The Empire is all
Former Occupations: Test Pilot for a Private Starfighter manufacturer
Hobbies: wargaming and flying
Tragedies: Family was killed by a rebel terrorist bomb.
Phobias & allergies: Phobia of Spiders - no allergies
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The Empire is our only hope of a stable Galaxy without war and strife.
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet:
Suspected aforementioned manufacturer of Rebel ties and wished to serve the Empire in a more substantial way.
Other comments or information:

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

Signature: SL Kane

Date: 2nd December 1999

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

Name: Maximillian Needa

Rank: Lt. Commander

Current Assignment: Hunter 2-1, SSD Avenger

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): JPRichar@cs.com

Sex (M/F):M

Race:Human

Date of Birth:Unknown

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld):Coruscant

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

Family:A wife and 2 sons

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

Quote: The day goes to the side that is the first to plaster its opponent with fire.

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:

I was born on Courscant and abandoned by my parents right after birth. Soon after, a wealthy family that was involved in the Imperial Senate picked me up. They were very rich and they got me into the Imperial Academy at an early age. A few years after my graduation, I requested transfer to the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet, and here I am.

Significant Events of Adulthood:

Joined the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet. Participated in 4 EH battles and 2 DB Battles.

Alignment & Attitude: Lead, follow, or step aside. There is no room for deadweight. Death to all rebels! Long live the Empire!

Former Occupations (if any): None

Hobbies: Researching starfighter and capital ship designs. Researching Imperial History.

Tragedies: None

Phobias & Allergies: None

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

The Empire is the best thing to ever happen! For once, the galaxy was united until the militant terrorists took over.

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

I wanted to see the galaxy and help it get free from the militant terrorists called rebels.

Other comments or information (optional):

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

Signature: FL/LCM Maximillian Needa /Hunter 2-1/Avenger Wing I/SSD Avenger

LoC [LANC] {IWATS-SM/2}

Date: 12.07.1999

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

Name: Nejaa Halcyon

Rank: FM/SL

Scandoc Transmission Code (Screen Name): Nejaa

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 10/31/82

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Corellia

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

Family: none

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

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: normal childhood, had a pet rancor, wrestled wookies.

Significant Events of Adulthood: learned of Jedi history and trained.

became Jedi Knight. died fighting

Alignment & Attitude: belief in the Jedi way of life, and upholding peace and order, through the Empire of course...

Former Occupations (if any): Jedi Knight

Hobbies: wrestling wookies, breeding rancors, killing rebel pilots

Tragedies: none

Phobias & Allergies: eewoks, and space slugs

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): the greatest group of people i have known on the net. we will prevail and crsh the rebellion

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: interested me, and wanted to fly more on XvT

Other comments or information (optional): it,s been a lot of fun being in this group, and everyone is really helpful anf friendly

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

Signature: Nejaa Halcyon

Date: 11/01/99

Eclipse Platoon History by Lt. Talon Zanar

It was back in the early days of the Palpatine when a platoon of infiltration troopers was formed. Out of the elite Stormtroopers, a small group was chosen to lead the Empire to

victory in countless situations. They would train with the Imperial Royal Guard and work very closely with them. Palpatine had been pressured by his advisors for many years to form a platoon of elite soldiers who could move in when a situation became stagnant.

The Emperor decided to allow the creation of such a platoon, and it was immediately formed. They performed admirably for many years, unnoticed and unaccounted for by the Rebel forces. Just before Palpatine's death, Eclipse Platoon was brought to Coruscant in order to have some time off and run some training exercises. They managed to recruit a few members, but Eclipse was mostly veterans by this time. When Palpatine died tragically over the forest moon of Endor, the Empire was in a severe disarray.

Eclipse made a drastic move. They disappeared from site and went to the outer rim territories. They stayed there in a deadly silence, waiting for the right time to emerge. The Rebel forces were invading the planet they were stationed on and Eclipse moved in to destroy the army.

Everything went spectacularly well up until the Rebel reinforcements arrived. Eclipse managed to eliminate somewhere in the vicinity of 2500 Rebel soldiers, but they were not holding out well against the entire invasion army. There were members of Eclipse dying all during the retreat, and after the pullback there were only two men yet alive. Sgt. Talon Zanar and CPL Demosthenes made it to a mountain hideout where they had a transport stashed.

But the rebels were closing in too fast and one of them would need to stay behind and hold them off. Both of them wanted to stay back and die honorably in service of the Empire instead of running away, but they decided one of them needed to carry on the legend of Eclipse. They flipped a coin, and Demosthenes won. He told Talon to get out as quick as he could. Talon did just that, and as he was leaving, saw Demosthenes cut down by a blast to the chest.

Sgt. Zanar made his way back to Carrida II and found the Imperial base. He offered to lend his fighting expertise and combat skill to teaching the soldiers the basics, so long as he could form a platoon of the elite. Everyone agreed--and so it was that Eclipse Platoon came to be in the Hammer's Fist.

compton.jpg - Another version of the XO's uniform, this one presented by CMDR/CPT Raith Siemar/Beth 1-1/Wing III/SSSD Sovereign.

copplad.gif - An image by CMDR/CM Lusankya/Copperhead/Wing XIV/ISD Intrepid.

nsbattle1.jpg - An image by WC/COL Khaine/Wing V/SSSD Sovereign -[TIE].

guthwulf.jpg - An image by CMDR/CM Cracoucas/Cheth 1-1/wing IV/SSSD Sovereign.

wingivcoo.jpg - Another image by CMDR/CM Cracoucas/Cheth 1-1/wing IV/SSSD Sovereign.

sadhewars.jpg - An image by AMB-FL/CPT Turtle/Nun 2-1 ACE/Wing V/SSSD Sov.

ani.zip - A group of animated position gifs by CMDR/CPT Badlands/Phantom 1-1/Wing XI/ISD Immortal.

ag.jpg - Another image by AMB-FL/CPT Turtle/Nun 2-1 ACE/Wing V/SSSD Sov.

ramarc.jpg - RA Marc's uniform by COM/RA Marc/ISD Immortal.

sov.zip - FM/CPT Atrus/Rho 2-2/Wing II/SSSD Sovereign has this to say about this file:

I have found a patch that you 3 might be interested in for the EH. It is called NCA Patch, It includes many new ships in it... but the main one I was thinking of that you might be interested in is an ESSD, which looks very, very close to the SSSD Sovereign. I've included a couple pic's for you to see for yourselves, also this is for XWA. I hope you will consider this as an addition to the EH, we could make many missions, also, maybe our science office can take the model from this and make a patch for TIE and XvT as well.

kaph copy.jpg - A banner for Kaph squadron by LT Feran Daemas.

supremacy#2.jpg - Competition banner for The Supremacy Series, Round 2, by CPT Stone Darkstar, Psi 3-1.

gunboatfl3.jpg - A picture of a Psi Squadron Flight 3 Gunboat, by CPT Stone Darkstar,

Psi 3-1.

1down.jpg - A picture of a rebel X-Wing biting the dust, by CPT Stone Darkstar, Psi 3-1.

grads.xls - The new list of IWATS graduates, presented by TO/HA Astatine/CS-6/SSSD Sov.

wc.jpg - A graphic created by CM Blackbird of Typhoon.

The XO would like to point out that the XvT FAQ in NL 58 was written by both CM Woobee and FL/CM Ya-qoob/Asp 3-1/Wing XIV/ISD Intrepid.

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 Col
ISD Relentless	ISD Rel
ISD Immortal	ISD Imm
ISD Challenge	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>



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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