

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

**Issue #57**  
**October 17, 1999**



Grand Admiral Ronin, as visualized by Faethor  
(webmaster@2ndfloorcomputers.com)

**Edited/authored by XO/SA Compton/CS-2/SSSD Sov**  
**3,095 members worldwide**





EH Shups vs RS Aedis T/i 15-12, RS Wins!  
EH Joker vs RS Agace T/i 18-6, RS Wins  
EH Shups vs RS Nils T/I 28-15, EH Wins!  
EH Wedge vs RS Aedis T/I 12-9, EH Wins!  
EH Archon vs Agace T/I 17-13, EH Wins!  
EH DS-61-4 vs Don-Qui T/I 9-7, EH Wins!  
EH DrasHempor vs RS CHornJr AW, 4-4, TIE  
EH VectorX vs RS Dusty X-W 14-10, EH Wins!  
EH Shups vs RS Blue\_9 T/I 24-10, EH Wins!  
EH DrasHempor vs Aedis T/F 17-6, RS Wins!  
EH Spaceboy vs RS Kerensky T/I 16-10, RS Wins!  
EH Smit vs RS Nils T/I 23-12, RS Wins!  
EH Fell vs RS Kalis T/I 25-10, EH Wins!  
EH Spaceboy vs RS RougeXO T/i 36-12, EH Wins!  
EH Shups vs RS Agace T/I 2-17, RS Wins!  
EH VectorX vs RS Dusty XW 8-6, RS Wins!  
EH Shups vs RS Alex TF 20-16, EH Wins!  
EH Fell vs RS Kalias T/I 18-16, EH Wins!  
EH Shups vs RS Dust XW 22-12, EH Wins!

**Final Score: EH - 15 | RS - 11 | TIE - 1**

**Match Count: EH - 1 | RS - 1 | TIE - 0**

**Outer Rim CC**

**Outer Rim Kill Board**

Your friendly neighborhood Wing Commander,

**WC-COOA/LC Havoc/Wing III/SSSD Sovereign**



**Good Little Imperials**

By SA Compton

**CA:XO Tron has been promoted to Admiral!**

That's right, my long-suffering Attache has gotten the promotion he's long deserved. Ya gotta love this guy! But more important than that-

**SEN White Tiger elected Senator Prime!!!**

In the recent election to decide Senator Prime, Senator White Tiger of Onderon was elected to the post. I'm so proud of her, I can hardly contain myself.

**Executive Office to begin Star Wars item announcements!**

With all of the Star Wars merchandise available, it's hard to keep track of when the important stuff (books, comics, games and toys) gets released. The Executive Office will, starting with NL 58, strive to keep the Fleet posted on what new items are available.

That's it from me this month.

XO/SA Compton/CS-2/SSSD Sov

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Here are the Letters of Achievement awarded  
for submission to Newsletter #56:

CMDR/MAJ Nightflyer/Tempest-1-1/Wing X/ISD Challenge  
FL Werdna Elbee/Beth 2-1/Wing III/SSSD Sovereign  
FM/SL Robbie Poole/Gimel-2-3/  
FM/LT Ace Cya/Mantis-2-2/Wing XV/ISD Vanguard  
FL/LT Calderan Halcyon/Mantis-2-1/Wing XV/ISD Vanguard  
WC/LC Ricardo/Wing IV/SSSD Sov  
FM/LT Halcyon/Yod-1-2/Wing IV/SSSD Sov  
FL/LT Fondor/Mantis-3-1/Wing XV/ISD Vanguard  
FM/LT Mike Fett/Mantis-1-4/Wing XV/ISD Vanguard  
FM/LT Jahan Kalar/Gimel-1-3/Wing III/SSSD Sov  
FL/LT Caramon Ravenbane/Gimel-2-1/Wing III/SSSD Sov  
CMDR/LC Callista/Typhoon/Wing X/ISD Challenge  
FM/LT Zaar Phillen/Zeta 1-3/Wing VI/SSSD Sovereign  
FM/LT Nareno Mayowen/Zeta 1-4/Wing VI/SSSD Sovereign  
FM/LT Bob-Fett/Rho 3-3/Wing II/SSSD Sov  
FM/LT Noily Pratt/Zeta 1-4/Wing VI/SSSD Sovereign  
CMDR/CM Nemesis/Ra/Wing VI/SSSD Sovereign  
RSV/LT Hem Dazon/M/FRG Phoenix/Reserves  
FM/LT Calvin Nothos/Gimel 2-4/Wing III/SSSD Sovereign  
FM/CM Demon Yoda/Cheth 2-2/Wing IV/SSSD Sovereign  
FM/LT Azrael/Gimel 1-2/Wing III/SSSD Sovereign  
FM/LT Derick Krayt/Gimel 1-4/Wing III/SSSD Sovereign  
FM/LT Kaedryl Di'Mathe/Tornado 1-4/Wing X/ISD Challenge  
FM/LT Kircheis Tychsen/Tau 1-3/MC Tripidium  
OA/COL EmpReach/FRG Phoenix  
COM/RA Slade Holm/DGN Lichtor V  
CA:COMM/VA Kumba/CA-8/SSSD Sov  
FL/LCM Kaneda Pellail/Tempest 3-1/Wing X/ISD Challenge  
FL/LT Tra Tal'kail Coursca/Crusader 2-1/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf  
FL/LCM Nazghul/Dagger 3-1/Wing IX/ISD Relentless  
CMDR/CM Val Ricaud/Mu/Wing VIII/ISD Colossus  
INQ/AD Shotgun  
FM/MAJ Harkonnen/Rho 3-2/Wing II/SSSD Sov  
WC/GN Gallows/Wing II/SSSD Sov  
FL/MAJ Freelancer/Rho 3-1/Wing II/SSSD Sov  
FM/LC Calias/Rho 3-4/Wing II/SSSD Sov  
FM/CM Blackbird/Typhoon 1-3/Wing X/ISD Challenge  
LCM Brandon/Typhoon 1-2/Wing X/ISD Challenge  
FL/CM Wedge/Hunter 3-1/Wing I/SSD Avenger  
CA2:TAC/VA Striker/CA-3/SSSD Sovereign  
FM/LT Padawan Hap'Kette/Hunter 2-2/Wing I/SSD Avenger  
CMDR/CM Dan/Zayin-1-1/Wing IV/SSSD Sov  
WC/GN Wolly/Wing I/SSSD Sovereign

= Non TIE Corps =

HMF/DK Alduin dor Lammoth/Gamma  
KE Arania Lawakiro(Krath)/M:KHP/CON/Aquillas/  
SEN Karva (Lears) / Tactical / [LXY: Magestic]

Submitted by:

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

Former Internet Officer FA Thedek has become the new Grand Master of the Dark Brotherhood. Look forward to his first report as GM in NL 58.



# *A Grab from the Fist...*

## Prefect's Report by Field Marshal Tarkin

EH & HF Edition/Bulletin No. 4

September 26th, 1999

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**O**peration White Storm closes today. This mission has been the main focus of the Hammer's Fist over the last two months and has certainly kept me incredibly busy. Everyone participating in the mission has at least another week to forward any out standing submission they may wish to make before scores are finalised and winners announced. Watch out for the special release newsletter, documenting the event and including all member submissions, to be released some time towards the second half of October.

If you're interested to know more about White Storm then visit the web site at:

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

Personally I'd like to thank everyone who took part in the mission. It's been one of the most successful HF missions I've personally been involved with to date.

## News for the Month...

### **HF/TC Exchange proposal being developed...**

<http://www.geocities.com/Area51/Shire/6712/HF-TC.htm>

This proposal involves a platoon of HF stormtroopers being posted to TC ships in exchange for two squadrons of TC pilots being posted to the HF's platform Declaration. Activities for both groups are being developed to make the experience significantly different from their usual duties. For more information visit the web site above.

### **GS refocus, tweaking and restructure...**

It is my intention to give the Hammer's Fist the best opportunity to be one of the best sub groups of the EH. To that end I am carefully watching the performance of those on my general staff to ensure they are putting in the very best effort they can. Presently this hasn't been the case so I have been taking a slightly harder line with those not performing up to scratch.

A couple of changes have taken place so far. Commander of Operations, MG Assassin was repositioned as our Research and Development Officer. In this position he will continue the work he has been doing to convert various game platforms to a Star Wars 'friendly' environment as well as continue to maintain the R&D department which he founded.

Taking Assassin's place as Commander of Operations is former Dragoons Commander LC Daala. Her previous position has been dissolved with responsibility for the Dragoons and the Platoon League now falling directly under the duties of the Commander of Operations.

Other areas being looked at will include getting all HF Manuals and other documentation completely up to date as well as reviewing various CSMA courses and seeing how they could be improved.

That's it for this month untill next time,

Thanks for your support.

}-----yTTTTTo=[[]]]]]]]]=

Field Marshal Tarkin

Prefect, Hammer's Fist Stormtrooper Legion/Carrida II

(MoH)(LC)(IC)(GoE)(GS)(MoC-Silver-Bronze) =MS=

Email <etourist@iname.com> UIN 4074014

Tarkin's Office

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

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

Stay abreast of the goings on in the BHG by visiting this section each month to see any reports you might have missed...

SUBMITTED SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1999:

One happening of colossal proportions this week. I'll let the words speak for themselves:

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Members of the Commission, esteemed Admirals:

This is to announce the awarding of the highest medal that the BHG has to offer, the Order of the Dark Prince, upon the recently retired Kal-Ket.

Kal-Ket is only the fourth person to ever wear this medal, joining Royal, Menalaus, and myself. This is not a medal I would award lightly, and I had to think long and hard before doing so. But there was no getting around it then and there is no getting around it now - Kal-Ket deserves it. From his first days in the BHG when as a hunter he was punctual, dedicated, and competent, to the eagerness with which he tackled his first Commission position, and then finally to the Master Hunter/Judicator position, in which he revolutionized the BHG.

I have begun to see messages on our board from hunters saying that more people have been showing up at meetings, and saying that the BHG is on its way up. The current Commission deserves a great deal of credit for this, but it is my feeling that there would be nothing left of the

Bounty

Hunters Guild had not Kal-Ket stepped into that position with such poise and control.

Kal-Ket, everything that goes on in the BHG is still in a way due to you.

It gives me great pleasure to award you the Order of the Dark Prince, and I thank you.

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Congratulations to Kal-Ket, once again!

In other news, I've officially ended my leave and am back for good now. However, until I decide what I'll permanently be using for my Internet access, the Underlord, Koral, is in the official owner of our IRC channel, #BHG.

Some words from our newest Commissioner, MARL Drakkar:

"I am happy to be appointed to the Commission and hope to be able to help return some of the glory of the old BHG/TG days. I will be starting to update the registries soon. So until then sit tight."

From his boss, the noble Menalaus:

"1) SSL Registries have been updated, and as of today, Drakkar will be fully in charge of the registries. Have a question, ask him (walnut\_@hotmail.com).

2) SSI is currently in need of an expert CGI coder, if you, or someone you know fits the bill have them contact me at monitor@tiger.stcloudstate.edu

3) A new mission has been released, you can find it at and results from the last mission at: <http://fl.stcloudstate.edu/bhg/missions/index.html>

4) Congratz to ASST Bloder and VEN Xerokine, both recently awarded the Gold Plate for services rendered.

5) Just wanted to say that I've very pleased with the recent amount of activity within the BHG, keep it up=)"

The latest word from our faithful Underlord, Korai:

"1) Roster and Medal Board have been updated. Including the addition of a couple of medals, congratulations to those that recieved them.

2) If you are still a Trainee PLEASE PLEASE check the roster and if you can go and buy a ship for SSL, as I have several people on the roster who would be hunters and MRC if they would just buy a ship."

And last, but definitely NOT least, our Judicator, Ehart, whose first announcement is the most important this week:

"1. The KAG is underway,. some event's are still due to start in the next day or two, but the majority are running. A date/time still need's to be agreed on by the hunters for the IRC hunt and the Trivia.

2. A KAG web site will be created and posted with in the next week to show everyone the current scores etc.

3. The Creation of the KA web site is underway. If anyone is interested in helping please mail me. ehart@mindless.com."

That's right - the Games are underway! For all of the latest on what's going on, come to #BHG or look for Ehart's soon-to-be-uploaded web site with all of the latest. For those of you non-hunters who didn't join before this - don't say we didn't warn you that you'd be missing out on all the fun!

Respectfully submitted,

~Dark Prince Trench

SUBMITTED SEPTEMBER 10TH, 1999:

#### THE BOUNTY HUNTERS GUILD - WEEKLY REPORT

Well, it seems like some of our members just can't stay away. Only days after retiring from active duty in the Bounty Hunters Guild, Order of the Dark Prince awardee said, "I'm addicted to the BHG." He found himself at the helm of Omega Kabal, recently vacated by the unfortunately AWOL Jade.

Kal-Ket has already designed Omega a new webpage and is hard at work training its members for the KAG in which they are currently participating.

So, we welcome Kal-Ket back...hopefully for a second tenure of action even more prosperous than his first!

Underlord Koral reports a member count of 121, steady from last week.

My office, that of the Dark Prince, is currently under construction by the hunter Derk Parchon. It will be up and available for viewing shortly!

Now, from the rest of the staff:

#### NEWS FROM THE PROCTOR

Postings on our message board has REALLY increased in the last week plus. Old faces are reappearing and rubbing off on the new as they all are getting more active in this respect. Our MB has been known for it's ceaseless ramblings; it only shows just how active the BHG is.

Ideas for the revision of the old Story Board (who the old hats would remember as a once popular activity) is being stirred up by the hunters themselves. If taken, perhaps a tie into the KAGs could be had with this activity.

In the Kabal Authority Games, Judicator Ehart has placed me in charge of 3 events: Xwing vs TIE, TIE Fighter and Acrophobia.

XvT is off to a rather slow start, but there is plans for a meet after this weeks meeting. Acrophobia has been quiet, although that is expected with this event. Submissions won't be recieved until the season nears it's end.

As for TIE, this is going strong with already 40% of the submissions received in just the first week.

All-in-all, events from this assistant's office are going good. A sign we all like to see!

::GRUNT::

High Master Tad / Kabal Authority  
Proctor of the Bounty Hunter's Guild  
(ME) (HM) (SP) (LC-GZ) (HC) (HP-GS)

FROM THE JUDICATOR:

1) The KAG is still running. Some event's are still not started as Krail is having some problem's, but for the event's that are currently underway submissions are coming in slowly. Some event's are nearly finished. And from the current standings Omega are slightly in the lead. The rest of you better keep thing's tight if you dont want them to slip away.

2) As far as the KAG Event's which have yet to start. Just so no one worries the dead line's will be set back so the same amount of time will be available for compleation. When the Event's are started though mainly depend's on the amount of time it take's Krail to re-organise himself again.

3) It has been my sad duty this week to remove Jade 'oh' pie from her position as Cheif of Omega Kabal. She has failed to report in for sometime, and made no attempt to organise her Kabal for the Games. This is the sort of attitude i won't condone between my Kabal staff, and sadly she has now payed the price.

4) Luckaly for Omega, as one old vetrain has left them they have been joined by another to lead them. I am glad to officaly announce that my former boss the X-JUD Kal-Ket has returned and is willing to step into Jade's boot's, the only thing's she seemed to have left!

5) My next order of duty for today is the rewarding of some medals.

First award is a Hunter's Mark for Krail Darkblade. During his time as the Cheif of Omega he made some grate acomplishments. The Kabal was the most active in the BHG while he was there. He has still kept up his persistence with them even as the Ajunct. The Other reason I award this medal is for his





FROM THE MARSHAL:

Things are going well with the registries. They are updated/uploaded everynight, providing I come home that night. I didn't last night so I have to catch them up tonight. They can be found at [www.drakkar.frenzy.org/ssl](http://www.drakkar.frenzy.org/ssl) .

There are a few projects I am working on that I will have more info about soon.

CDe/LG Drakkar/GS-7/Carrida II =SS= [LoS x2][SI-IS x2][CoO][LoC][Shiny Medal of Testicular Fortitude]  
MSTR/Drakkar/Shadow/Bounty Hunters Guild -H (LC)(CP-SC)(IWATS-M/2,S,ICQ IIC/2)  
DEV/APPR Drak/Phoenix Inc/Hiran/Corporate Division  
UIN:6993904

As always, you can find the BHG website at <http://thebhg.cjb.net>.

Respectfully submitted,

Dark Prince Trench

SUBMITTED SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1999:

THE BOUNTY HUNTERS GUILD - WEEKLY REPORT

Well, it seems like some of our members just can't stay away. Only days after retiring from active duty in the Bounty Hunters Guild, Order of the Dark Prince awardee said, "I'm addicted to the BHG." He found himself at the helm of Omega Kabal, recently vacated by the unfortunately AWOL Jade. Kal-Ket has already designed Omega a new webpage and is hard at work training its members for the KAG in which they are currently participating.

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First award is a Hunter's Mark for Krail Darkblade. During his time as the Chief of Omega he made some great accomplishments. The Kabal was the most active in the BHG while he was there. He has still kept up his persistence with them even as the Adjunct. The Other reason I award this medal is for his work to better the BHG as a whole with the creation of the Forum, where any form of artwork can be submitted by our members. I feel that Krail is one of our most valuable members in the BHG, and will probably come up with many other projects to better the SG in the future.

The second medal I would like to award is to Tad Talesien. I hereby award him a Silver Plate for his work as the Proctor and services to me. He has also proved to be a valuable member of the KA staff.

And Lastly I wish to award Chris Rendar and Kodiak Tonaloc a Lyarnan Crest for their work as Chiefs over the past few months, they have been doing a great job and I hope they can keep it up in the future.

6) And my final announcement of the day is another sad one. As Krail has returned to school this week he has been finding it a little hard to manage his time between us and his studies. Due to this he has been forced to had in his notice as the Adjunct so he can donate more time to school work. Though he won't be leaving the actual position till next month when the KAG's have finished. Due to this I will now be accepting applications to fill the position. If you think your candidate of the job then mail me at (ehart@mindless.com). Remember the better the application the better chance you have of getting it, also the more skills you have. I'm always happy to have an assistant who can write fiction, which was a great bonus with Krail.

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4) Please begin recruiting everyone you see/know. An official recruitment drive will begin soon, but preface it by hiking our numbers now!

5) As always, any questions or concerns can be addressed to trench@juno.com.

That's all for this week; look for some interesting membership updates a week hence!

Respectfully submitted,

Dark Prince Trench

AND - for the report submitted October 1st, look at [www.emperorshammer.org](http://www.emperorshammer.org) - it contains all of the latest news!

Our website, <http://thebhg.cjb.net>, is revamped and ready for you. Take a look around, and if you like what you see, join us...

...or else...

~Dark Prince Trench

The Intel Reserve group has been created. Here is the description taken from the newly revised Interrogation Manual:

The Intelligence Division has its share of agents who wish to retain their rank and medals, but may not be able to be on active duty all of the time. The Intel reserves is a place where the agents can reside on their leaves so when they return, they can keep their rank and medals (sometimes positions).

VSD Zerstoren (VSD Zerst) will be where those in the Reserves will be placed. Agents in the reserves will not have active assignments. Some agents may engage in minor assignments with permission.

Before an agent goes into the reserves, he/she must state an approximate time that he/she will be in the reserves. Only a few minor checks of reserve status will be made by the Census Director or Supreme Director.

The Census Director should be contacted for entrance into Reserves. Only the Census Director or Supreme Director may place agents into the reserves. Branch Leaders and Bureau Directors are to inform the CNSDR and SDIR about an agent's entrance into the Reserves.

Each agent may request to be in the reserves. Agents declared AWOL that respond after the specified time may choose to join the Reserves. The Census Director and Supreme Director may then assess whether the agent may join in the Bureaus and Branches depending on the agent's situation. (i.e. like if there was a disaster or something due to personal concerns).

Any leader conducting an AWOL check must state that the agent may request to join the Reserves if he/she is not able to perform to his/her best abilities.

Change of e-mail address.

GN Slicer has instructed to use his non-poboxes e-mail address (ddddd@nbnet.nb.ca). Some errors may occur if you send to his poboxes e-mail address. So please use the one mentioned above.

Gambit promoted to Rear Admiral

For his outstanding duty and services as Situation Liaison Director (SLDR), Gambit is hereby promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral (RA). Congratulations and keep up the good work.

ExDIR announcements

The ExDIR website is back up and running at <http://exdir.tsx.org> Check the archives and medal sections to be sure that it is accurate. If not, e-mail [d.langer@virginnet.co.uk](mailto:d.langer@virginnet.co.uk) Stellar Fox IV is due on October 15. This is ID Battle #1. The deadline for submissions to the Agent's Comlink (ID Newsletter) will be announced soon. The newsletter contains updates from Ubiq members and bureaus, and member submissions in the form of graphics/fiction/missions, etc...

High quality submissions will earn a medal. Remember to be on the Intel mailing list. To join it, go to:

<http://www.onelist.com/subscribe/EHIntel>

Medal artists needed

CPT Syn Kaek ([holmes\\_800@hotmail.com](mailto:holmes_800@hotmail.com)) is looking for artists to work on medals and uniforms. You do not need to be an Intel member to help out. Just contact CPT Kaek.

<SALUTE>

Respectfully Submitted,

Fleet Admiral Brad  
Supreme Director of the Ubiqtorate  
SDIR/FA Brad/UBIQ/DGN Lichtor V

## **The Directorate Communiqué - 30/8/99**

### **From the office of the Grand Moff**

Well now, where to start... It seems like a lot of members are not replying to messages sent by the High Moffs. Well, this is not going to be allowed. Diplomacy is almost ready, and inactivity can not be tolerated. Prime Minister Armus

has suggested a full-scale AWOL check, and the closing of one or two territories if necessary, and I agree and will back up this measure. Even though the roster may go down, the efficiency will be much higher, and that is what we need to start Diplomacy the way we all want. Not to mention how easy it will be if we only have two territories to set up for the platform. So, to all members, if you are interested in remaining active, get moving! Or you may find yourself out of the group sooner than you could imagine. This will be a real rebirth for the Directorate. The roster will be cleaned, and so will be the newsgroup. Once we are done with that, I will start compiling a new and better looking Diplomacy Manual, in HTML and .doc formats. If you have any comments, feel free to contact me.

That will be all.

GMF Z'lar Kahn

### **From the office of the Prime Minister**

1. Delta Territory reports are in, many AWOLed. Didn't get anything from the rest of the territories.
2. Roster was at 94 people, but that needs to be updated.
3. Positions Open:
  - PG of Pirath III
  - PG of Drezo
  - PG of Desalmado
  - PG of Gemelo Paraiso

PM Armus

### **From the office of the Minister of War**

Czar Zsinj has just been appointed MW. Congratulations.

### **From the office of the Minister of State**

1. Diplomacy is finally back on track, we are just waiting for the completion of some vital reports and some web pages.

That is all

Minister of State  
Malachdrim Tremayne

### **From the office of the Minister of Operations**

- 1.) 2 Submissions...Both by Krail...Where are you, ministry?
- 2.) I hope more people participate in the Gaming comps...Please think about this as you go on...
- 3.) I have been thinking about Total Annihilation as a game platform... I think it could be a winner.

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

## **Alpha Territory Report**

1. I sent out an email to the entire Alpha Territory introducing myself and asking for a reply. Only Moff Iron Fist replied.
2. I'm working on making an Alpha website.
3. I'm doing my best to get caught up in, and finish the necessary work on the DIP stuff for Alpha.

HMF/CT Krail Darkblade/Alpha Territory

## **Beta Territory Report**

1. Ready for Diplomacy to start.
2. Participating in the competition.
3. Still trying to get Beta to send in some reports.

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

## **Gamma Territory Report**

1. The Gamma Territory Gateway was supposed to be finished as of this weekend, but I had to learn a few things about forms. That's extended the finish date a few days. Still, when GTG is done, it will be one of the best EH sites.
2. I am assisting HMF Zsinj in squaring away Delta territory. It shows that territories need not be rivals in Diplomacy...just planets and systems.
3. My mandate for planetary and system banners is finally being met. As more banners come in, I will put them up on the GTG. People will be rewarded for their work.

HMF/DK Alduin dor Lammoth/Gamma, JCx4

## **Delta Territory Report**

1. I got the report in so only about 4-6 people responded in the time that it has being counted. Also, I would like to thank Lammoth for his help on the Delta Territory Resources, hopefully Diplomacy won't be delayed much longer.

Ex-High Moff Zsinj

## **Medals**

none at this time

**The Directorate Communiqué - 6/9/99**

### **From the office of the Grand Moff**

Well, important news this week:

1. The Directorate URL has been changed to <http://directorate.cjb.net/> due to server problems. Please update your bookmarks/links.
2. The roster will be done soon. If you have not been assigned to a planet yet, please be patient. Placements will take place next week.
3. Delta territory has been closed. Read the Delta report for details.
4. After receiving a recommendation from HMF Jedi Jawa, I have decided to promote Baron Shiatsu to the rank of Viscount, for his excellent work as Planetary Governor.
5. If you have any comments or suggestions you think would help the Dir, please send them in. We are going to change the SG a lot, and now is the right time to express your thoughts.

That will be all.

GMF Z'lar Kahn

### **From the office of the Prime Minister**

The new roster will be ready by the end of the week. Expect a serious cut on the count. However, I believe that this will help activity, and will allow us to finally start Diplomacy.

PM Armus

### **From the office of the Minister of War**

- 1.) The Medal Board is back up!! Please send any corrections to me at [SLookabill@aol.com](mailto:SLookabill@aol.com). It is at <http://diracademy.8m.com/Medals>.
- 2) I'll soon try getting the Pages up for the Directorate Academy.
- 3) I will be available for judging on IRC about after 7:00 P.M. EST, daily, earlier on weekends, for JK, and Rebellion. If you need help please ask me on IRC.

CZ Zsinj

### **From the office of the Minister of State**

No report received

### **From the office of the Minister of Operations**

1. Sadly, the Non-Gaming Manero section comes to a close...I will forward all the submissions, and they will be judged.....expect awards in a week, about...

2. Not Sadly, Gaming will soon start up! Judges, please e-mail the e-group with the time you will hold the comp, on IRC, if possible.

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

## **Alpha Territory Report**

No report received.

## **Beta Territory Report**

- 1) SysMoff Byn's email isn't working everybody under him must send his/her report to me.
- 2) Only 1 person sent in his report. Come On People!
- 3) Waiting for for Dippy to start.
- 4) Participating in the new Comp
- 5) Beta Territory only comp to start as soon as the current EHDR wide one ends.

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

## **Gamma Territory Report**

1. Manero is closing, and I am sad that I could not participate like I would have liked. Gamma website didn't get revised in time, and my fiction pen was dried up. Maybe the next competition.
2. As stated above, yet another weekend has gone by and the Gamma site is still one percent away from being done. Not entirely my fault this week. Blame it on my immune system, as I've been ill for the past two days and probably tomorrow as well. I've been able to eat two meals in as many days. At any rate. Gamma will get done. Period.
3. Also because of me slowing down, the Delta Resources are also nearly done. Zsinj did a fine job, but I'm rebuilding it all in an easier to read format. Credit is still given to Zsinj and Kuat of Kuat, of course.
4. The Gamma roster has been slaughtered in the last great AWOL check, but activity among the remaining souls is still not great. Am I a bad leader? No. I'm quite successful in the HF and DB. Motivation is what's missing from PGs and below. Gotta find it, guys. No one can hand it to you.
5. Next week, I'll begin the first revision of the Diplomacy Manual. It will receive a totally new look, be easier to navigate, and many facilities will be expanded. Thought non-upgradeable mobile mines was a bad idea? Wondered what you could do with buildings you no longer want? These things will be addressed.

HMF/DK Alduin dor Lammoth/Gamma, JCx4

## **Delta Territory Report**

Delta Territory has been closed. Its Diplomacy resources will be kept stored and handed to the next High Moff when we have enough members to reopen it.

GMF ZK

## **Medals**

- PG/BR Reaver/Hiran/Pirath, Medal of Strategy (PM Armus, for showing excellent activity levels)
- PG/BR Reaver/Hiran/Pirath, Medal of Strategy (HMF Lammoth, for the creation of a planetary banner)

## **The Directorate Communiqué - 15/9/99**

### **From the office of the Grand Moff**

1. I would like to inform that the Communiqué was delayed and did not come out last monday because I did not receive all reports on time. And I can not tolerate that in the Ministry Council. Therefore, from now on, Ministers or HMFs that don't send their reports on time will get a warning, and then be removed from his positions.

2. It seems like we are moving now. All we needed was to get a bit nasty, even though I really don't like it. Instead of asking for reports, now we are ordering members to send them in, or be excluded form the subgroup. But it works, and so that's the way it will be. Unfortunately, HMF Krail Darkblade has not been able to comply with the activity requirements of his position, and he has been removed. HMF Byn Jo'Gare will replace him. Congratulations to Byn.

3. On the other hand, I am very happy to announce that I have decided to promote HMF Lammot to the rank of Arch-Duke, for his excellent contribution to Gamma Territory, and to the Directorate as a whole. He is indeed a member to set as example, and one to be followed.

3. With the new roster almost complete, I hope to get this SG back into action by next week. So let's get ready to move.

That will be all.

GMF Z'lar Kahn

### **From the office of the Prime Minister**

1. Final roster waiting on Alpha AWOL check, I'd like the Moffs in Alpha to send me a current list of who is still around.

1. This period of change will soon be concluded and we can get on with the Directorate.

PM Armus

### **From the office of the Minister of War**

1. Have been pretty busy in RL so I haven't had much time to work on the sitefor the Directorate Academy. But hopefully this upcoming weekend will give methe time to get the websites up.

2. If you do not see any medals listed that you recommended someone for please let me know ASAP! There might be an error with the forms.

Czar Zsinj

## **From the office of the Minister of State**

1. Diplomacy only has a few problems with trade, wich should be corrected withing two weeks, and then we are ready for launch. I strongly suggest that you all make contact with your superiours to make sure you have all the info you need and that you know what is expected of you.

That is all

Minister of State  
Malachdrim Tremayne

## **From the office of the Minister of Operations**

**No report received.**

### **Alpha Territory Report**

**Due to a serious lack of activity from HMF Krail Darkblade, he has been removed from his spot. HMF Byn Jo'gare is now leading Alpha Territory. Congratulations to him.**

### **Beta Territory Report**

1. Ok well one of my SysMoffs, Byn, is back so I hope that his planets stay as active.
2. I recieved 9 reports this week. thats great. I hope w/ Byn back that I'll get more next week. On the other hand, everyone that didn't send a report have been declared AWOL. So there are some openings in Beta now.
3. Finally, I believe that I will have a Beta Terr webpage up soon.

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

### **Gamma Territory Report**

1. The Gamma Territory's newest website incarnation will be uploaded tomorrow. It will have the same URL and shares the open look and feel of the original site. After hundreds of hours and many months (since July!) of toil, the Gamma Territory Gateway is largely complete. Only small cosmetic changes need be done in the menu system, and a form will be added to the feedback page. There is an email link there now. I'll calculate how much it would have cost me if I'd hired a company to do it for me, just for fun. I'm expecting a staggering figure.
2. With the new site is a new roster. I will email this to Minister Armus in the morning as well. Two more people have dropped, both through resignations. Dalen, Corran, you'll be removed from the Gamma egroup after this message. We'll miss you.
3. In finishing the Gamma site, I also polished the Gamma Diplomacy Resources. There were a few numbers errors, and I've made some minor subtractions and additions. I have the Alpha Territory resources with me, and will go through these tomorrow now that I'm out from under the Gamma website boulder. Delta Territory resources are frozen until that territory is reopened.
4. I will get on the Diplomacy Manual revision after the Alpha Territory resources are looked over, and the Gamma site is completely finished. I don't see this taking more than 2 more days. The new manual will be designed as an html document from the beginning instead of a Word doc, and will be provided in a zip format as well as online. The revision will focus on remedying inconsistencies, points of confusion, and clarifying structures. If you found

anything you disliked (in terms of layout or formatting) or found confusing in the Diplomacy Manual, please email me so I can do a better job. My address is [alduin@jps.net](mailto:alduin@jps.net) Start emailing me now.

HMF/DK Alduin dor Lammoth/Gamma, JCx4

## **Medals**

none at this time

# **The Directorate Communiqué - 20/9/99**

## **From the office of the Grand Moff**

1. Well, we're moving. The roster is almost fully updated (Alpha will be clean by next report), and activity amongst the members left is promising

2. The Academy is already working (<http://diracademy.8m.com>). All new members will be assigned the rank of Warrant Officers (WO), and will have to pass two tests before being able to be promoted. I hope this will get members who wish to stay get more related to the way the Dir works, and help us get rid of those who join just to see what this is about.

That will be all.

GMF Z'lar Kahn

## **From the office of the Prime Minister**

1. Roster problems should be concluded, any members still wondering whats going on, have faith, you will be placed by Tuesday. I've been away for the weekend, and I apologize for not informing people.

PM Armus

## **From the office of the Minister of War**

1. OK Well, the Academy is about ready to come out, yay! Also, all that needs to be done will be the Tests and converting them to HTML once they look good. That's about it, I would reveal the URL yet but some of you probably already know it :)

Czar Zsinj

## **From the office of the Minister of State**

1. A new HMF, new delays for Diplomacy. It is a sad truth but the facts remain. On the good side, I have a new DMS and he has gotten a few interesting ideas for trade and Warfare. A more detaild Report on that next week.

That is all

Minister of State  
Malachdrim Tremayne

### **From the office of the Minister of Operations**

1. Manero has come to a close. The Winners have been announced. I may just have competitions for one multiplayer game, such as StarCraft. More details later.
2. I may be able to arrange a competition with the Rebellion group in the RS. More details later.

MO Alex Foley

### **Alpha Territory Report**

1. I've requested that a comprehensive AWOL check be done in Alpha Territory. I will know who still has a position in the Directorate by Saturday.
2. I'm still looking for SW conversions for SC, so please, if you have access to any of these files or know how to make them work, contact me.
3. If there are any talented HTML users out there, I would like to contract you to do an Alpha Territory webpage. I can use Composer, and do a little HTML, but my efforts are, well, pathetic. I am willing to give medals and promotions.

High Moff/CT Byn Jo'Gare/Alpha Territory

### **Beta Territory Report**

1. Well I am very proud of Beta. After forcing the members to send in a report or be removed from the DIR last week. Only 5 left. And this week I wasn't even able to email them because the roster wasn't up, but 3 ppl still sent in reports.
2. I'd like to say congrats to all those who were in Operation Manero. Also congrats to Byn the new HMF of Alpha. And another thing. People in Beta are actually asking me for work!! Its amazing. We need Dippy to start soon!

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

### **Gamma Territory Report**

1. Gamma has been quiet as a whole. With the Gamma Gateway pretty much done, I've rested on that front for a short while. Still cannot get a webform to work. All third-party services return errors....
2. I have received no comments on the current Diplomacy Manual, so I will assume that no one found any fault with it. I will proceed with the update soon.  
HMF/ADK Alduin dor Lammoth/Gamma, JCx4

### **Medals**

- RG/MC Jeorg/Ashtar/Pirath System, Medal of Strategy (HMF Lammoth, for the creation of the Ashtar banner)

# The Directorate Communiqué - 30/9/99

## From the office of the Grand Moff

After a short delay due to the lateness of the Beta Territory report, the Communiqué is finally back on track.

- 1) I would like to congratulate Czar Zsinj for his excellent work on the Directorate Academy, and for the well deserved award recommended by PM Armus. Keep it up, Zsinj.
- 2) Due to the inactivity of our former Senatorial Adjudicator Chuck, I have decided to remove him from his position. The new SA, Czar Thedek, will be taking that position and hopefully contribute to the development of the Directorate using all his skills and experience.
- 3) Diplomacy should not be delayed any longer. We will start it as it is, and then make the final arrangements as we go. Stay tuned for news.

That will be all.

GMF Z'lar Kahn

## From the office of the Prime Minister

- 1) All the new graduates have been placed, I'm sending out the mail tonite. I'd like to award the Tarkin's Cluster to CZ Zsinj, for his excellent work with the Academy.
- 2) All I'm waiting for a roster update is the final AWOL from CT Byn JoGare, who was away for the weekend, but should be back by about now.

PM Armus

## From the office of the Minister of War

- 1) The Academy has gotten off to a great start! It is located at <http://diracademy.8m.com/>. With already 4 graduations! The following people have completed the academy requirements:

SM Jesseb Skyrauch/Academey/Gondor Base/Aurora Prime  
SM Stabilon/Academy/Gondor Base/Aurora Prime  
SM Grinoch Kay'dar/Academey/Gondor Base/Aurora Prime  
SM Eurus Rhetor/Academy/Gondor Base/Aurora Prime

- 2) The Medal Board is having problems, if you need to recommend a medal send the required info to ZK. I am waiting for the server before the tests go to online versions.

- 3) I am beginning a search for a Deputy. Requirements:

I) Be able to respond to e-mail within a 24 hour period unless if you tell me you are going away.  
II) Be able to update the graduate listing, and Current roster on the academy site.  
III) Be able to create graphics for the academy site, Medal Board, and the Minister of War site that will be created soon.

Czar Zsinj

## **From the office of the Minister of State**

1) Now that the new HMF of Alpha territory has settled in diplomacy is back on track. As soon as I have gotten the last of the trade and economic reports in diplomacy will be launched, so i recomend all RG/PG/Moff to help their HMF in any way they can.

2) The war and migration chapter of the diplomacy manual is also coming along nicely. So let us all hope that no new complications will arise.

That is all

Minister of State  
Malachdrim Tremayne

## **From the office of the Minister of Operations**

1) Nothing happening in the Operations Office. I am designing a competition that will be better than the last, and more organized. Well, that's about it.

MO Alex Foley

## **Alpha Territory Report**

1) I did not get a response from Moff Chronos, but I am fairly sure he is on vacation. I am still waiting for the PGs of Phare to respond, but these people are out:

MC Archer  
MC Glen Kirkup  
MC Kamyn  
MC Skevans

The PGs have until Wednesday, then they're out.

2) HMF Lammoth has offered his services as a webpage designer, so hopefully Alpha will have an attractive website in the near future.

3) Alpha will be ready for Diplomacy as soon as I see the papers for Alpha.

High Moff/CT Byn Jo'Gare/Alpha Territory

## **Beta Territory Report**

1) Beta's great! A little empty though. Nothing else really except "Keep sending in the reports!!"

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

## **Gamma Territory Report**

1) Bad news first. A PG has left the DIR due to RL reasons. Rebel Lunacy is on the rise. Reaver, you'll be missed.

2) Okay better news. I have in my possession all resource and structure reports from each territory. I'm looking through them for consistency and balance this week. I'll be sending Minister Malachdrim the condensed trade report for each.

3) The Diplomacy Manual revision is now underway. I've come up with a pleasant color scheme (Imperial Grey, black, and medium blue), and general flow and structure. As the manual will be designed for offline viewing, I will make no concessions for low bandwidth. I'll also take the opportunity to make it a learning experience and play with layers. This will require a modern browser to view, but I hope that won't be a problem.

4) Migration Chapter. Of course, this chapter must be written for inclusion into the manual, so you can be sure this will be finished sometime in the next two weeks (I've a lot of other things besides the manual on my plate, so I thought a week was too optimistic). The chapter is already started.

5) Gamma itself. There are sparks of activity. Hades especially is straining at the leash to move and do something. I'm allowing the PG to be creative, so I look forward to his ideas. That goes for all other PGs and MFs  
ADK Alduin dor Lammoth

## Medals

- MW/CZ Zsinj/Gondor Base/Aurora Prime, Tarkin's Cluster (PM Armus, for the creation of the Directorate Academy)

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

## Imperial Senate Newsletter Submission

Greetings, EH members.

The Senate has been busy this last month; we've had several new developments. Among them are our new academy, new major competition, and a new type of position.

The Imperial University - The Imperial University (I.U.) would be a 'civilian school'. Neither an Academy for the military, nor a mandatory attendance school for one to be in the Senate, the University would be a place where Senators take optional (but recommended and helpful) courses to help them do their jobs. Suggested course ideas include Leadership, Politics, History, Diplomacy, Economics, Tactics, and Literature. The IU will be created and administrated by the Educational Councilor (CO-E). Applications for CO-E should be sent to Chancellor Nighthawk and Deputy Chancellor Kryder at jr9090@aol.com, kryder@frenzy.org.

Senator Prime - The Senator Prime (SP) will be the discussion and debate leader for the separate Senate discussion eGroup, which will discuss issues that effect the Senate as a whole. The Speaker will also work with the Chairmen to make sure that all the Senators are doing well in their committees, and that the committees are all operating well. The SP will be elected by a majority vote in the Senate every four months. Petitions to run in the first Senator Prime election must include the following:

- 1) A campaign speech, talking about yourself and why you'd be a good Speaker, to be shown to the entire Senate.
- 2) A list of reasons (not in speech format, just a list), of why you'd be good at the job, to be viewed by the Chancellor and DCH.
- 3) The ID lines of five other Senators who support you. (Note: these five Senators do NOT have to vote for you in the election, this is just saying that they support you in your campaign. Senators may sign for more than one speaker-electee. No High Council members may sign this, only CCNs or regular Senators).

Send completed petitions to [chs@emperorshammer.org](mailto:chs@emperorshammer.org). There's slightly over a week left to send petitions in, then there will be a one week period where Senators can vote on the eGroups site.

Operation Marathon – probably the biggest thing happening in the Senate to date, Operation Marathon is a large fiction based project that's goal is to find the five best Senators. It's centered on a plot to negotiate with the government of the planet Kuat. An excerpt from the Marathon background story, written by Elliad Gavron, is shown below:

A holoprojection of the Kuat Drive Yards and surrounding systems appeared suddenly in the center of the large round table. Spinning and pitching, it showed every minor detail of the area as recorded by Emperor's Hammer Intelligence.

"This, gentlemen, is the home of the Kuatis. This is why I have called the meeting today. Until recently, since the time of Palpatine's death, the Kuat Drive Yards have remained largely an unbiased and dormant corporation. Notice, that I have said 'until recently'. Yesterday, we established a communique with Kuati Ambassadors who wish to negotiate and develop relations with the Emperor's Hammer," at this, murmurs of excited tone began springing from the mouths of the Councilors. Nighthawk waited for the sound to dissipate before continuing.

"However, this is a time of war. The Galaxy is still torn, and the Kuatis are still unsure of where to place their allegiance. Should we earn their trust, however, the immediate rewards would be great. Sources have reported that there are three completed Imperial-II class Star Destroyers dormant in spacedock at the Yards, and two more in construction. This would be an unfathomable asset to the Emperor's Hammer during this time. However, if we allow our diplomacy with the Kuatis to slide, and they decide to support the Alliance, the results could be disastrous in the long run.

"What we must do is establish firm relations with them. The only problem is, they will only accede to negotiate with our five best Senators..."

Marathon will be a competition where Senators submit various things in order to get points. The five Senators with the most points at the end will receive an award. The Operation will last for one month. Types of things that can be submitted range from trivia questions, to stories, to courses for the new I.U., to battle plans, and pretty much every other sort of activity that the Senate does. This should be very fun for all the members, and should be a good indicator of how active everyone is.

That's all the really big new things that have been going on in the Senate over the last month. However, we have several other things in the works as well. There's a Committee Chairman evaluation period going on, which will end in early October, and we'll be deciding which of the current chairmen are doing well with their committees, and which are not active, and not getting results. Afterwards, we will reorganize and fix the Committees so that every single committee in the Senate is well-led, and completely active. Also...Deputy Chancellor Kryder is working on a Senate Database, which will be used as a combination roster/medal board. Finally, CO-A WetWilly has completed the Senate Join form page, located at [http://members.xoom.com/\\_XOOM/wetwill/coa/join.html](http://members.xoom.com/_XOOM/wetwill/coa/join.html). To join the Senate, just go there, and fill out the form!

So, remember, if you like graphics, fiction, trivia, webpage-making, writing, or tactics, sign up for the Imperial Senate subgroup!

Chancellor of the Imperial Senate Nighthawk (Aurora Prime)/HC-1 [LXY: Arcona Shadows]

<http://ehsenate.cjb.net>

Since I haven't received any humor for the NL in a while, I thought I'd share this little missive.

## **Scene edited from Star Wars but on the DVD release!**

There's going to be an extra scene included in the DVD release of EMPIRE STRIKES BACK coming up next year! Basically, it expands on the scene where Vader reveals his fatherhood to Luke, and ties up some loose ends created with the release of Episode 1...

The Empire Strikes Back: Extra-Special Edition  
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INT: BESPIN GANTRY - MOMENTS LATER:

A furious lightsaber duel is underway. DARTH VADER is backing LUKE SKYWALKER towards the end of the gantry.

A quick move by Vader chops off Luke's hand! It goes spinning off into the ventilation shaft.

Luke backs away. He looks around, but realizes there's nowhere to go but straight down.

Darth Vader: Obi Wan never told you what happened to your father.

Luke: He told me enough! He told me you killed him!

Darth Vader: No... I am your father!

Luke: No, it's not true! It's impossible.

Darth Vader: Search your feelings... you know it to be true...

Luke: NO!

Darth Vader: Yes, it is true... and you know what else? You know that brass droid of yours?

Luke: C-3PO?

Darth Vader: Yes... C-3PO... I built him... when I was 7 years old...

Luke: No...

Darth Vader: Seven years old? And what have you done? Look at yourself, no hand, no job, and couldn't even levitate your own ship out of the swamp...

Luke: I destroyed your precious Death Star!

Darth Vader: When you were 20! When I was 10, I single-handedly destroyed a Trade Federation Droid Control ship!

Luke: Well, it's not my fault...

Darth Vader: Oh, here we go... "Poor me... my father never gave me what I wanted for my birthday... boo hoo, my daddy's the Dark Lord of the Sith...waahhh wahhh!"

Luke: Shut up...

Darth Vader: You're a slacker! By the time I was you're age, I had exterminated the Jedi knights!

Luke: I used to race my T-16 through Beggar's Canyon

Darth Vader: Oh, for the love of the Emperor... 10 years old, winner of the Boonta Eve Open... Only human to ever fly a Pod Racer... right here baby! Luke looks down the shaft. Takes a step towards it.

Darth Vader: I was wrong... You're not my kid... I don't know whose you are, but you sure ain't mine...

Luke takes a step off the platform, hesitates, then plunges down the shaft.

Darth Vader looks after him.

Darth Vader: Get a haircut!

### Tactical Briefing #1: 10.03.99

<SALUTE>

With the resignation of Fleet Admiral Dev to become an ISP, I have assumed his place as your new Tactical Officer. You're going to see several changes in the near future and I'm going to outline a few of them in this briefing. For those who haven't been in the TIE Corps longer than two months, allow me to quickly introduce myself. I'm High Admiral Kawolski, formerly the Flight Officer of the Emperor's Hammer and currently the webmaster of the [www.tiecorps.org](http://www.tiecorps.org) homepage. One of these days, I'm going to put up a personal homepage...I'll let you know when that happens. ;)

If for any reason you did not receive the entire message (because it's too long?), you can view this online at:

<http://www.tiecorps.org/reports/tac/1.asp>

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=====

1. The Emperor's Hammer Battle Center is slowly being converted into the new Tactical Office and Mission Compendium site. There, you will have easy access to download, review, and find info on battles and free missions all in one convenient place.

Your can access the Emperor's Hammer Battle Center at: <http://battles.tiecorps.org/>

Future improvements will include help files on how to play custom missions, editors, mission design homepages and other Star Wars game related homepages.

2. From now on, you will not need to send a separate submission for high scores. The BSF system will automatically check and approve for high scores. In addition to this, completed battles on profiles and all BSFs will be handled by the Tactical Office instead of jointly between the TAC and OPS office like before. This makes things more efficient and should simplify life for a lot of you!

However, while we ARE using the honor system here, we hope that Squadron Commanders and above are submitting \*truthful\* reports; the BSF system has a new feature and procedure. Occasionally, if you submit a BSF for approval, you may be subject to an audit and be asked to turn in the pilot file that corresponds to the BSF. This may or may not happen frequently, but when it does, don't freak out. It's not because we think you're a sneaky officer trying to pull one over on us. It's new procedure to check certain pilot files now to double-check that the BSF wasn't accidentally entered with the incorrect scores or for the wrong battle.

The Tactical Staff will check the pilot file and, if it's authentic with the correct scores and such, the BSF will be approved (along with records of any high scores the BSF contains).

However, if you fail to produce a pilot file, the BSF is automatically denied and you will be flagged for more frequent future audits. If you continue to fail to produce pilot files on request, the Flight Office and Security Office will be notified to pursue disciplinary action.

If you're caught submitting a false pilot file to your superior...well, let's just say you're in for it. See my "cheating" policy below.

Pilots who have been expelled from the TIE Corps or Emperor's Hammer will not be allowed to hold any high scores either.

KEEP THOSE PILOT FILES! TIE pilot files alone take up very little disk space and XvT and XWA pilot files take up very little disk space if you .zip them. They're your proof of accomplishment!

A previously approved BSF form isn't acceptable for a high score resubmission without the pilot file to back it up.

3. If a pilot is caught cheating, his superior (if he catches it) should notify the Tactical Office, Flight Office, and Security Office immediately. If the Tactical Office discovers it through an audit, the FO, SO and pilot's commanding officers will be notified. If the pilot is found guilty through due process, he will lose ALL standing high scores listed on the Battle Center and will be banned from being able to submit new high scores permanently. If a cheater doesn't confess when confronted and forces me to do a formal investigation looking in closely at the battle, his pilot file, the pilot files of his peers, and a lot of other meaningless work taking up time that could've been better spent elsewhere doing more important things AND I discover the person is guilty (which would piss me off more because that meant I was lied to), I'll make sure the cheater is publicly humiliated in addition to being banned off the Battle Center. GA Ronin has given Flight Officer AD Eric O'Flynn the authoritative power to remove cheaters from their command position or even the TIE Corps all-together.

I have a VERY low tolerance for cheaters. One offense and you're off the Battle Center for good.

If there's a problem with a mission, you don't touch it with a mission editor! You notify the Tactical Office that there's a problem to be reviewed and fixed immediately. Modifying the official mission files is cheating. Modifying your pilot file is cheating.

It's ACCEPTABLE to use the in-game unlimited weapons or invulnerability to complete a battle. But keep in mind, the game automatically deducts 90% of your points for doing this. It's NOT ACCEPTABLE to use an external program or editing the game itself to give yourself unlimited weapons or invulnerability to bypass the game's point penalties.

4. Command Attaché Vice Admiral Striker ([EH\\_Striker@mail.com](mailto:EH_Striker@mail.com)) will remain as my Command Attaché. The CA:TAC2 position is NOT open and you can't apply for it. See section 6 about TACA positions.

5. The new Fleet Commander's Honor Guard (FCHG) System has been approved:

Ranks:

Imperator - 500 points  
Centurion - 400 points  
Paladin - 300 points  
Knight - 250 points  
Gallant - 200 points  
Cavalier - 150 points  
Dragoon - 100 points  
Fusilier - 75 points  
Hussar - 50 points  
Lancer - 25 points  
Grenadier - 10 points

How to earn points:

One Point

- Complete a mission (either in a battle or a Free Mission)
- Earning a Legion of Combat medal in an online multiplayer combat engagement or event

Two Points

- Currently holding a mission high score for a [Free] Mission

## Five Points

- Currently holding a total high score for a Battle

\* Note: If a pilot's high score is beaten by another, then he or she will no longer be eligible for the FCHG points for holding that high score until he or she beats the new high score.

Your FCHG Rank and point count is on your personnel profile!

6. I need pilots to volunteer to be on the Tactical Staff to fly new battles that come in! My CA and I can't do this alone because we're not going to catch all the bugs and mistakes in incoming battles and missions!

What's are the benefits of being a mission beta tester? Medals, something to put on your EH résumé when applying for other positions, and the top active beta testers will be given the title and position of Tactical Assistant.

If you meet these requirements, e-mail me!

- *Must own any ONE of the following: X-W 95/TIE 95 [X-Wing Collector's Series] or TIE Fighter Collector's CD (older Disk versions not acceptable), X-Wing vs. TIE Fighter, X-Wing vs. TIE Fighter with Balance of Power, X-Wing Alliance*
- *Must know how to install and play custom missions for their game platform*
- *Must be active and on call to play and complete new untested battles promptly*
- *Mission creation knowledge not necessary!*

7. When I assumed office, Striker had a few unpublished battles that were submitted for the month that are to be included in this month's newsletter (sadly, FA Dev gave me no files), but everything that you see on the Emperor's Hammer Battle Center is everything I have that was pre-approved by FA Dev but never released to the public.

Here's what I have that people have submitted me in the few days I've been TAC and are pending review:

- \* The Verpine Encounter (TIE-XvT) by me
- \* Expropriating Devia (TC-TIE) by me (a.k.a. Milcom Battle #1) [I hope you people saved your TFRs from the Squadron League!]
- \* Assault On Ravent (FREE-XvT) by CM SeanHowe
- \* Defense Of the ISD Intrepid (FREE-XvT) by CM SeanHowe
- \* Preparing for Battle (TIE-XvT) by CPT Corran Horn
- \* ZSINJ 1 (FREE-TIE) by VA Zsinj
- \* Destroy shipyards of the New Republic (CAB) by VA Zsinj

I KNOW a lot of you people out there have TIE, XvT or XWA battles or free missions out there you made just for the sake of making them, for completing IWATS Courses in battle creation, for competitions, for medals for your ship...

Send them in! They go straight to me: [absurefire@aol.com](mailto:absurefire@aol.com) ... not to your CMDR or WC or COM or whomever...though they might want a copy of your work-in-progress as well. :)

If your work is approved, it'll be on the Emperor's Hammer Battle Center, you will earn the Medal of Tactics, people can earn medals and FCHG points for playing your missions, and ... I'm sure there are other perks too but they aren't coming to mind right now.

But first...read below!

8. When you submit a battle for approval, they MUST follow these standards:

#### TIE Fighter Battles (TC-TIE, CAB)

- *Plotline*
- *4-8 missions (if more than 8, split it into two battles...if it's still bigger, declare it a CAB)*
- *Custom LFD file(s) required\* (If you don't know how to make a LFD file, ask the TAC Office for assistance)*
- *All missions must contain SOME briefing/debriefing officer text (in other words, you can't leave the old briefing text up there, but you can put as much or as little new text as you want...just put SOMETHING there)*
- *All missions must have a working mission map. (You can do the bare minimum: Put the title and mission number of the battle on the map and have it sit there for one screen and do nothing. The point is that when you click on the map, it won't crash the game nor have any of the old map text or icons carelessly tossed about.)*
- *TIE Fighter 95 is the base platform! You do not have to compensate for older diskette versions of TIE Fighter.*

#### TIE Fighter Free Missions (TC-FREE)

- *Plotline*
- *1 mission only*
- *Custom LFD file optional*
- *Same Briefing and Map standards as above*
- *TIE Fighter 95 is the base platform!*

#### X-Wing vs. TIE Fighter Battles and Free Missions (TC-XvT, XvT-FREE)

- *Plotline*
- *At least four missions (or only one for Free Missions)*
- *Custom .LST file required (with instructions in a readme.txt of where the files go)*
- *Custom sounds, ships, etc. must be included with submission (with instructions in a readme.txt of where the files go)*
- *Map must function properly*
- *Must have introduction text*
- *It MUST work WITHOUT requiring Balance of Power*

#### X-Wing vs. TIE Fighter Balance of Power Battles and Free Missions (TC-BoP, FREE-BoP)

- *Plotline*
- *At least four missions (or only one for Free Missions)*
- *Custom .LST file required (with instructions in a readme.txt of where the files go)*
- *Custom sounds, ships, etc. must be included with submission (with instructions in a readme.txt of where the files go)*
- *Map must function properly*
- *Must have introduction text*

#### X-Wing Alliance Battles and Free Missions (TC-XWA, FREE-XWA)

- *Plotline*
- *At least four missions (or only one for Free Missions)*
- *Custom .LST file required (with instructions in a readme.txt of where the files go)*
- *Custom e-mail, shiplists, sounds, ships, etc. must be included with submission (with instructions in a readme.txt of where the files go)*
- *Briefing Map must function properly*
- *Briefing/Debriefing Text required*
- *Must include a \*blank\* custom pilot file (you can use a pilot editor to make one) if your battle doesn't start with the Prologue missions (some missions require that you start off on Episode 1, when Ace is stationed on the Rebel cruiser)*

#### Fleet Commander Honor Guard Battles (FCHG)

- \* No submissions for FCHG-style battles are being accepted at this time...it's probably

something I'm going to remove all-together and rename FCHG-1 to TC-TIE 117 or something. (But don't worry...your personnel profiles will automatically be updated so you don't have to resubmit scores or BSFs on 'The Stalwart Campaign.'

If you have a battle you want to submit, make sure they follow the above standards or else they will be sent right back to you for revision!

If you have ANY questions about the requirements, let me know via e-mail. These standards will be posted on the Emperor's Hammer Battle Center in the near future.

If you have a medal name suggestion you'd like your battle to go with, e-mail that to me as well. However, it's not guaranteed it'll be used (especially if it conflicts with another medal name!).

9. Plot lines are now REQUIRED for ALL Battles and Free Missions!

They must have the following information:

- \* *The ID Line(s) of the battle creator(s)*
- \* *The type of battle it is (TIE, XvT, etc.)*
- \* *The Title of the battle*
- \* *Number of missions the battle contains (n/a for Free Missions) and the name of each mission (optional)*
- \* *Story or background for the entire battle (be as brief or as detailed as you want to be)*
- \* *Brief synopsis of what goes on in each mission (optional)*
- \* *Additional README.TXT file information (unless you include a README.TXT file)*

10. README.TXT files are required for all XvT, BoP, and XWA battles and free missions. All they basically say is what directory each file goes to and list any special installation or play instructions. README.TXT files are also required for all TIE Fighter missions that contain more than just standard .TIE files and .LFD files or requires other special instructions.

For example:

README File for XvT Battle "The Verpine Encounter"

Files:

Imperial.lst - goes in \TRAIN directory  
Verpine1.TIE - \TRAIN  
Verpine2.TIE - \TRAIN  
Verpine3.TIE - \TRAIN  
Verpine4.TIE - \TRAIN  
Verpine5.TIE - \TRAIN  
LINER.OPT - \IVFILES  
Track1.wav - \WAVE

These missions are intended to replace the first five training missions for the Imperial Campaign.

README.TXT files can be combined with the Plotline.

11. Every so often, I will post something known as the Tactical Challenge on the TIE Corps News Page (<http://news.tiecorps.org/>). These are little mini-quests people can do for medals. The winner of Tactical Challenge #1 was RA Sarok! Thanks to him, he found

my long lost Battle #31 (the first one I ever created) from 1995! It works too! Give it a try! :)

A lot of people are getting close to finding the answer with Tactical Challenge #2. "I know they might not exist...but why? What happened to them?"

12. [[FSE Report #2]]

In addition to the Tactical Office duties, I'm still updating the TIE Corps database to make things better for all of you!

Updates since last report:

- \* *For High Scores, you can now compete against fellow pilots to try to get the Fleet's highest OVERALL high score for a battle!*
- \* *The Project Board is undergoing a redesign*
- \* *Message Boards, TC Homepages, and TC Banners have their own special listings*
- \* *BSF Audit System*
- \* *FCHG Listings*
- \* *FCHG Ranks on personnel profiles and ID Line generator*

The tiecorps.org is being upgraded with Access 2000 drivers! This should allow a lot of my new coding to work properly and speed up several pages. Some other pages that weren't possible to bring online before like a Master Battle Board Listing, Squadron Citation Listing will be online when the new drivers are installed.

13. The Squadron Management II course currently has 44 graduates. You can view the list of graduates at: <http://www.tiecorps.org/sm/graduates.asp>

The course will be updated this week to reflect the new Battle Submission Form changes and URL updates.

This concludes this week's Tactical Briefing. I promise next week's won't be as long as this one was! :)

***High Admiral Kawolski, Tactical Officer and Fleet Systems Engineer  
TAC-FSE/HA Kawolski/CS-3/SSSD Sovereign***

Hello Emperor's Hammer Newsletter! I bid you greetings from the Flight Office.

I have been Flight Officer for just about 3 weeks now, and I have been enjoying every minute of it. Though at times there's a lot of mail, I'm sure any former FO can tell you that, it is an interesting experience to know that so much relies on you.

In the time I've been TCCOM, the TIE Corps has grown 93 pilots, and I hope to see it continue to grow and prosper. If things keep up like this, I predict a new wing or ship might open up within the next few months, of course if it continues like this. So all I can say is "Keep recruiting!!"

I have had several occasions where things weren't quite what they should have been, alot depending on the fact FO policy often changes from FO to FO so here is a brief outline:

You are **not** allowed to randomly recruit from other, already assigned squadrons and pilots. This in my eyes is stealing and it shall not be tolerated! But of course, you are allowed to invite 1 or 2 singular people who might be friends, family, neighbors etc. into your squadron and there is nothing wrong with that.

Then there's the matter with a pilot requesting a transfer for one reason or another, so I'll lay down how I want transfers to go.

A pilot should always be the one to request a transfer. They should send an email to the target CMDR or WC, target meaning the wing or ship they wish to transfer to, with some reason why they want to. It doesn't need to be a life story or 5 paragraph essay, just a few simple reasons why you want one. Then the WC is to forward the transfer request to myself. I will then either approve or disprove the transfer. On the reply, I will CC the pilot's current CMDR, WC and COM and notify them of the transfer.

Now then, that is all I have for this month! But I do expect within the next week or 2 I will have my new attaché chosen, so be prepared!

Have a nice month everybody!

Flight Officer Admiral Eric O'Flynn

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FO-TCCOM/AD Eric O'Flynn/CS-4/SSSD Sovereign  
GOE/SS/PCx2/ISMx2/MoI  
Tie Corps Commander - <http://www.tiecorps.org/>

There has recently been a change in Internet Officers. Please see the EH domain for more info.

## ***Training Office/IWATS***

This month was pretty slow. The 3rd Training Office Competition has been extended til the 10th of this month (October). In addition, a new almost fully automated EH ladder should be up early November. This version will allow all members to participate (the reason for closing the first) and will leave me free to look after other things (the reason why the subsequent ladder was shut down).

In addition, the Training Office and IWATS will be having a good, long, hard look at itself and how it works. There are several projects that have been floating around my head for a while and it's about time these were made material. To this end, I'll be updating the TO page to include a "Projects" page, rather like what the TC domain has. This will give myself, the TO/IWATS staff and the membership a running count of what's going on, as well as giving the membership an opportunity to help.

Some projects so far that I've been thinking about include a merging of the TO and IWATS sites, as well as a totally rewritten Training Manual. IWATS and TO will also be examining their relationships with the subgroups and their academies.

Lastly, the IWATS graduate count has screamed past 2000.

### **Current Staff**

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

### **Important URLs**

<http://www.impstar.net/to> – Training Office

<http://www.impstar.net/comps.htm> – Training Office Comps

<http://www.impstar.net/manual> – Training Manual

<http://www.impstar.net/iwats> – Imperial Weapons and Tactics School

Respectfully submitted by,

***TO/FA Astatine/CS-6/SSSD Sovereign***

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

***{IWATS-IIC/2}***

Operations Office Report - Newsletter #57

Operations Officer; Fleet Admiral Bull is still on leave, he should return to fulfill all his duties by late October of early November, in the mean time, I will remain as acting Operations Officer until he returns.

News:

- With the appointment of High Admiral Kawolski to the position of Tactical Officer, he has decided (with the approval of the Operations Office) to take the duties of approving Battle Submission Forms (BSF's) to the Tactical Office.
- With the appointment of Vice Admiral Eric to the position of Flight Officer, Fleet Admiral Bull and I have appointed Lieutenant Commander Nylad to OPA.

Staff:

Operations Officer: Fleet Admiral Bull

(Acting Operations Officer) Attaché to the Operations Officer: Vice Admiral Howlader  
Attaché to the Operations Officer: Admiral Andrew  
Assistant to the Operations Officer: Colonel Empreach  
Assistant to the Operations Officer: Lieutenant Commander Nylad

Thats all for this month...

Command Attaché to the Operations Officer  
Vice Admiral Howlader  
CA:OPS/VA Howlader/CA-7/SSSD Sovereign

-- The launching of the Codex was a grand success! Thanks to everyoe who had a helping hand. The Command Staff history section should be finished within the next week; we have compiled the newsletters and revisions are underway. Check it out: <http://codex.tiecorps.org>

-- On that note, if you find any errors or mistakes in the Codex, or you just have a comment, email the Recon Officer ([ro@emperorshammer.org](mailto:ro@emperorshammer.org)).

-- The Recon Office Homepage will be updated next week to reflect all staff changes in the Recon Office, etc. Everyone please welcome the new CA:RO, VA Kaek ([habib\\_800@yahoo.com](mailto:habib_800@yahoo.com)) and the new ROA, Corran Horn ([corran2000@hotmail.com](mailto:corran2000@hotmail.com)). Please CC them in general mailings to the RO.

-- The RO was recently awarded the Imperial Cross [IC] for his work on the Codex! Yay!

Respectfully Submitted,  
RO/FA Telf

Here is an interesting story about a battle... the first of what will be many battles, in a massive campaign that will determine the fate of a star system. As you read it, you should realize that this battle isn't just a story, in every way possible it actually occured, and the entire campaign is actually occuring as I write this. Yes, a huge game is taking place to simulate a campaign for conquest of the Minnot star system, with EH members filling the roles in the two battling fleets. It's called Project Faithful, an "Interactive Campaign" which we expect to become a major new operation in the Emperor's Hammer. And this is just the beginning. For more information on Project Faithful, visit <http://members.xoom.com/IQpierce>.

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The doors slid open and Captain Javelin stepped onto the bridge of the ISD Steadfast. Lieutenant Commander Smyche stood up quickly, saluted, and announced, "Captain on the bridge!"  
"At ease, Commander," said Javelin as he sat in the Captain's chair and picked up his datapad. "Estimated time to arrival?"  
"We will exit hyperspace in 2 minutes, 45 seconds, Captain," said Smyche.

"You were right on time, as usual. I hope you rested well."

Javelin put down his datapad. "I did, thank you. Please make sure the ship is at full battle-ready status, Commander."

"You expect a confrontation, Captain?" Asked Smyche as he tapped on a keypad.

"I am always vigilant, Commander... Especially when entering a sector of space so strategically important as this one... Sector 1 of the Minnotian Asteroid Belt. The 'gateway' between the outer and inner system... the rebels would like to take hold of it as much as we do. It would be the perfect place from which they could launch hit-and-run fighter attacks into our territory. I wouldn't be surprised if they were already there, in fact." He cleared his throat and said, "Fleet status report, Commander."

Smyche turned back to CPT Javelin and stated, "The Interdictor Harpax and all 3 Lancer Frigates report fully operational. Assault Transport Group Epsilon reports ready for battle. All fighter groups report ready for battle, including Gunboats Alpha, Missileboats Bravo, and our 5 groups of TIE Defenders. And of course, as always, the Imperial Star Destroyer Steadfast is fully operational."

Javelin nodded, just as a nav officer announced, "Exiting hyperspace now." The blue swirl outside the window melted into receding starlines, and soon asteroids were visible outside the windows... but no rebel ships. "Shall I call us off of battle-ready status?" asked Smyche.

"No, stand by for a short time at least, Commander. Let's get our ships into position. At least there aren't any rebel ships..."

"...yet!" Smyche finished. "There's about to be, though, we're picking up incoming enemy ships now!"

Task Force Admiral Armus was standing on the bridge of Dreadnaught Raleigh, staring out the front windows at the endless blue clouds which seemed to be streaming past the ship. He thought idly about the unfortunate lack of qualified Rebel Captains in this Task Force; it was fairly unusual procedure for a Task Force Admiral to be commanding a front-line ship into a strategic and dangerous portion of space such as The Gateway. But the Gateway sector was strategic... perhaps crucial. So he had no choice to command the fleet himself, in order to secure that important sector of the Minnot System Asteroid Belt.

Of course, it was even more unusual for a Captain not to be using a fleet's largest ship as his command ship, he thought as he glanced at the Type-2 Calamari Cruiser "Bismark" holding formation right in front of the Raleigh in the hyperspace tunnel. No, Armus expected these ships to see action, and wanted them at their maximum efficiency... so he was leaving the Bismark under the sole command of its Calamari commander, Captain Hrakban. The Bismark's single-species crew was a more efficient fighting force when they weren't experiencing the many small miscommunications that take place between humans and aliens during heated combat, not to mention the fact that the MonCal Cruiser computer systems were better-suited to Calamari eyes and brains. So the Dreadnaught Raleigh was acting as Armus' command ship, with an especially quick-witted Calamari officer at the Comm to pass orders along to the Bismark as clearly as possible.

Armus cleared his throat slightly as he glanced at the other forces flanking the Raleigh and the Bismark in their hyperspace tunnel. 2 Lancer Frigates, and a fair number of starfighters... A-Wing squadron Rage, B-Wing squadron Gold, a squad of Planetary Fighters, and 2 groups of Cloakshape Fighters.

An officer counted "3... 2... 1..." The swirling tunnel effect soon

became recognizable to his eyes: stars, asteroids... and Imperial ships. Armus maintained his calm demeanor as he stepped quickly across the bridge, barking out orders for all the ships and units in his fleet and looking over a sensor readout of the Imperial forces. "Get the pilots to their fighters immediately! Prepare for battle! Communications officer, open a channel to all rebel units!"

There was a slight beep as the comm channel was opened, and Armus snatched up a microphone. "All ships, there is a large Imperial Taskforce that has arrived here. They have us outnumbered, and there is an Interdictor, so we cannot withdraw. All ships, if we must perish here, let us sell our lives at the highest cost possible."

Commander Priyum Patel held tight to his A-Wing's control stick as he was propelled out of the Bismark's hangar. He made a slight change to his fighter's recharge settings, and began scrolling through the targets, which were already closing in...

Armus' voice buzzed through his headset. "Rage Leader, there's a group of ATR's launching from the ISD Steadfast... 6 of them! Get your squad on them, they'll attempt to capture our ships!"

"Roger," said Priyum as he pressed a button to relay the order to his squad. Then he said calmly but urgently, "Incoming!"

The TIE Defenders swept close past the A-Wings, but only fired a few passing shots... apparently they were on their way after something bigger. "Stay on target," muttered Priyum as he placed the Assault Transports in his sights once again...

LCM Baron Fel fired a passing shot at an A-Wing from his TIE Defender as he swept past it, but told his squadron, "Stay on target... we've got something bigger to take down, you know. Alpha group, Bravo group, you copy? Let's get on that Lancer Frigate."

The Rebel L/FRG Trafalgar couldn't take the Advanced Torpedoes and Heavy Rockets for very long, and soon exploded in chain reaction of fiery explosions. "Right, guys," said Fel as he jerked his fighter away from a chunk of the Frigate's debris, "Let's get after that Dreadnaught next."

"Negative, Zulu 1," stated the ISD. "A group of Cloakshape Fighters is attempting to attack the Steadfast and disable our weapons with Mag Pulses. Get your squad on them immediately."

"Roger."

Armus watched from the bridge of the Dreadnaught Raleigh as the Cloakshape fighters carrying the mag pulse warheads needed to knock out the superior Imperial turbolasers were being systematically destroyed before his eyes.

"We can't penetrate their fighter screen with anything!" Armus said through clenched teeth. "Helmsman! Bring us about. We need to close to the Star Destroyer. Perhaps we can damage it somehow."

"But sir, the Raleigh is no match for a Star Destroyer! We'll be cut to ribbons!"

"Either we die out here, accomplishing nothing, or perhaps take the fight to the enemy? Carry out your orders. Have the surviving B-wings join us in the attack," ordered Armus.

The Dreadnaught began its attack run, but the Star Destroyer had already begun to fire upon it, though the Star Destroyer was still beyond the DREAD's weapon range. "Helm, evasive maneuvers... we have to survive long enough to do some damage. Gunner bank three, target that last leftover Assault Transport. We don't need the Imps growing stronger out of this

ambush. Get Rage group to distract some of the ISD's turbolaser batteries!"

Priyum was preparing to destroy the last ATR when the Raleigh swept in and saved him the trouble. He heard the order over his headset, and he and his squadron followed it... they spread out and began to pelt several of the ISD's turbolaser batteries with laser and missile fire, hoping to distract their fire from the Dreadnaught Raleigh for a few seconds...

"Captain Javelin," Smyche said suddenly, "Rebel A-Wings are harassing the turbolasers on the starboard-ventral firing arc. Should we instruct the gunners to take them out?"

"Negative, Commander," said Javelin coolly. "They're just trying to distract us so that the Raleigh can do some damage to us before it goes down. The A-Wings can't do significant damage to us, and the Dreadnaught won't either, IF we take it down fast. Continue to concentrate fire upon it."

As the Dreadnaught closed to attack, it began to be hammered by the impressive turbolasers of the Star Destroyer. Before it could close to attacking range, its main computer, fire control, and helm were damaged, crippling the ship, and allowing the Star Destroyer to pick it apart at its leisure.

"All hands abandon ships!" called Armus across the ship PA system. "Get to the escape pods!"

Armus rushed into the Bridge Escape Pod, groaning mentally. The original Rebel TFA, Major Freelancer, had given clear instructions that he did not want any of his personnel to "be a hero" and go down with the ship. Maybe it's better this way, he sighed as the escape pod launched and he saw the Raleigh's armor beginning to buckle across its surface. He knew that the Bismark would surely be next... and when it was destroyed, so was any real hope for victory.

Priyum Patel saw his wingman go down from an unexpected retaliatory shot from the ISD. His squad quickly broke off; seeing that the Raleigh was in its death throes, they withdrew from the ISD to respond to the CRS Bismark's distress calls.

Soon the A-Wings were descending together on the Missileboats. Priyum smiled grimly as he squeezed off a pair of missiles... these late-model Missileboats didn't have that fancy SLAM system, and couldn't get out of sticky situations nearly as easily.

The MIS' were going down, and the CRS itself had shot down a couple of T/D's from Echo squadron, but there was clearly nothing that could prevent the destruction of the Bismark... especially now that the deadly ISD had brought its guns to bear on it, and another group of TIE Defenders was beginning to launch Advanced Torpedoes at it.

-At this point:  
All ATRs destroyed  
All MIS' destroyed  
2 Echo destroyed

A minute or so later, LCM Baron Fel chuckled and fired one of his last Advanced Torpedoes right into the Bismark's damaged engines. It was the straw that broke the bantha's back... the mighty ship violently exploded, pieces of blackened debris bursting forth in all directions and escape pods desperately launching from several areas of the ship.

Fel's HUD read an enemy trying to gain a missile lock on him. He growled and glanced over... Bravo squadron of Gunboats seemed to be doing a fine job of bringing down the Lancer Frigate Tirpitz...

Fel's TIE Defender swung down toward the Planetary Fighter that had been bugging him for the past few minutes. It fled, darting to the right, but Fel's T/D had no problem staying on its tail, and after only a few volleys of the TIE Defender's blistering firepower, the ship was torn to shreds. Fel shifted his attention to another fighter, and took it down similarly...

He had almost finished off entire squadron when he heard a message over his headset: "Zulu 1, send yourself and your group after B-Wing Fighter group Gold, they are attempting to attack the ISD Steadfast with Advanced Torpedoes."

"Right," he called as he signalled his squadron to assist. He swept over and showered the line of B-W's with laser fire; soon they broke out of their attack formation on the Steadfast. Fel easily picked them off one at a time then, using his last Advanced Torpedo to leave one of them as a cloud of gas.

Priyum Patel cringed as he saw the last B-Wing go down, but concentrated on his target. With a couple more linked laser shots, he blasted apart an Assault Gunboat. Suddenly he heard a call for assistance... it was the second wave of Cloakshape fighters, under attack. Priyum and his A-Wings headed in their direction, but it was too late... Priyum laid enough laser fire onto one TIE Defender to get it to break off its attack, but by then the last Cloakshape's own shields were buckling.

Priyum knew that his A-Wing squadron was all that was left, but he didn't stop. He continued attacking the T/D from Echo group which he had already been attacking, spinning and maneuvering not only to follow the maneuverable T/D, but also to avoid the attacks he was now getting from other TIEs...

As his own shields failed, he fired a double shot of missiles and finally destroyed that TIE Defender. He dumped laser power to shields and diverted all power to engines, zigzagging an evasive path away from the imperial forces, at the same moment he realized that he was the last rebel starfighter surviving...

LCM Fel grinned tightly as his HUD turned red. He squeezed off an Advanced Torpedo after the A-Wing. He knew it would probably never hit him, but...

The A-Wing suddenly swooped around and shot down the torpedo... as 6 TIE Defenders began raining laser and ion fighter on his ship. Priyum ejected a moment before the A-Wing disintegrated.

Lieutenant Commander Smyche placed his hands behind his back and looked up from the bridge crew pit to Captain Javelin. He cleared his throat and said coolly, "Last rebel fighter destroyed, Captain. The sector is ours."

Javelin nodded. "Bring the fighters back in," he said quietly. "Instruct the fleet to take up a standard posture to secure the sector, Commander."

"Yes, Captain." Smyche glanced at a panel. "Er, Captain, there is a Personnel-Recovery shuttle collecting the ejected Rebel Pilots, as well

as some Escape Pods. We still have some TIE Defenders out there..." Javelin frowned at Smyche. "Commander, our immediate orders are to secure this sector, and our higher orders are to drive the rebels from this star system. Shooting down defenseless, wounded pilots is not necessary to achieve that goal. We are Imperial officers, NOT assassins. Besides, we had our own pilots ejected out there, and the rebels never tried to blow them out of the sky... and never let it be said that a fleet under my command acted with less honor than the... rebel scum." Smyche nodded solemnly. "Yes, Captain."

Armus held his head in his hands as he sat in the crowded escape pod. I should have been onboard the Bismark, he thought. If I had been on it, maybe its crew would have been calmer, and could have fended off the attack... he sighed and shook his head. Should have, would have, could have.

The officer at the escape pod's controls reported wearily, "Commander Armus, the personnel-recovery shuttle and all escape pods have cleared the Interdictor's gravity wells. Ready to enter hyperspace on your command, Commander."

Armus only reflected momentarily on how, only a short time ago, he had received a similar report about a fairly large fleet... and how all that was now left of that fleet was 5 Escape Pods and a pilot-recovery shuttle.

"One moment, lieutenant," he said. "Open a communications channel to all Imperial frequencies."

He picked up a microphone and spoke into it, saying simply: "This is not over yet. Not by a long shot. The Bismark will be avenged!"

He replaced the microphone and said, "Let's get back to the fleet."

[Preceding written by LCM IQpierce, with some portions written by CM Armus.]

-----  
Light flooded the darkened office of Captain Javelin as the doors to his office quickly opened. Pilot Baron Fel quickly walked into the office. As he walked across the bare expanse of the office he straightened his olive green tunic. He glanced down at his reflection in the highly polished black floor as he did so, making sure his appearance was presentable. He walked up to the large, highly polished desk of his Captain. The desk appeared to glow, reflecting back almost all light that struck it. Captain Javelin was seated in a large nerf hide chair, facing away from Fel. He gazed out of an expansive viewport into the void of space. Out this Fel could see many stars, and patrolling starfighters. In the distance pieces of destroyed Alliance hardware could be seen floating in a slowly expanding debris cloud. These remnants of the battle which had just concluded showed much of what the outcome of the engagement had been.

Javelin turned his chair to face Lieutenant Commander Baron Fel quickly. Fel lowered himself to one knee and bowed his head, in the typical Imperial display of respect. "Rise Fel, that is not necessary." Fel brought himself onto two feet again and brought himself to attention. "Your bidding, sir?" asked Fel unnecessarily, already knowing what he had been summoned for.

Javelin smiled at his subordinate. He then turned his chair towards the viewport again, and gazed out it at the drifting wreckage. "It almost looks beautiful, doesn't it?"

"The debris, Sir?" asked Fel.

"Yes, with all the starlight reflecting off of it, it looks like many glowing jewels." Javelin turned to face Fel again. "How was the opposition to your strike, in your own opinion?"

Fel struggled to keep a smile off his face, "Sir, it was as if there were Jawas piloting the rebels' starfighters. They appeared to fly as if they had had no training."

"Yes," Javelin said, "Their starfighter force was easily destroyed. I wish to commend you and your TIE Defender pilots for a job well done in destroying the Rebel strike force. We have dealt a grievous blow to the Rebel operations in this sector in one swift blow."

Fel did smile this time, but quickly brought it under control. "Thank you sir, but that is unnecessary. We performed our sworn duty, to serve and protect the..."

Javelin interrupted Fel, "...Empire from all threats. Yes Fel, that is the duty of all in the Imperial Navy. None the less, your piloting skills contributed much to the outcome of the battle. Now, I must contact Vice Admiral Kessler and report the outcome of the battle to him. You may remain, if you wish."

Javelin now rose and stepped onto the holopad that was behind his desk. An flickering grey image of Vice Admiral Kessler appeared before Captain Javelin. Fel bowed in respect as Javelin did so. Fel remained bowed as Javelin cleared his throat and tried to keep a smile from his face. Kessler said in his commanding voice to his subordinate, "Captain Javelin, make your report." "Sir, I am happy to report that we have engaged and totally destroyed the Rebel occupation force at the asteroid belt Gateway Sector."...

[Preceding written by LCM Baron Fel]

-----  
Vice Admiral Kessler stood gazing out of the bridge windows of the ISD Faithful, lost in contemplation. The Bridge Deck Officer looked up from the communications section with a report.

"Vice Admiral Kessler, I have Captain Javelin with a battle report on the holo, sir."

Kessler turned to regard the young officer with a baleful eye. "Very good, Lieutenant. I'll take it here."

A flickering blue image of the Captain Javelin of the ISD Steadfast sprang into life. Kessler addressed his subordinate. "Captain Javelin, make your report."

Javelin's image cleared it's throat and spoke with a tight smile. "Sir, I am happy to report that we have engaged and totally destroyed the Rebel occupation force at the asteroid belt Gateway Sector. We have accounted for one Mon Calamari class Cruiser, one Dreadnaught, two Lancer Class Frigates and several Rebel fighter Squadrons. The rebels attempted to escape once we arrived, but due to the presence of the Interdictor Cruiser Harpax, they were, of course, unable to do so. Their attempts to destroy the Harpax were in vain. We are now in complete control of the strategically important Gateway Sector, and await your command."

"Losses?"

"Negligible, sir. Assault Transport Group Epsilon was destroyed attempting to board and capture the Rebel Cruiser, so we were left with no option but to eliminate it. We expect to have replaced Epsilon's losses within five days. Bravo Squadron's Missileboats were also lost, and we suffered two losses in TIE Defender Squadron Echo and one loss from Gunboat Squadron Alpha. No other losses were sustained, and the Steadfast, Harpax and our Lancers emerged without a scratch. All in all,

a very satisfactory conclusion, I believe."

"Agreed, thank you, Captain. Prepare your forces for a possible counterattack. Dismissed." With a respectful nod, Captain Javelin's image faded.

"Communications Yeoman?"

"Yes sir?"

"Open a channel to Lieutenant Colonel Pel."

"At once, sir!"

Turning once again to stare out into space, Kessler resumed thinking. The Rebels had been beaten savagely, but they were far from defeated. It was important to press the tactical advantage before they were able to make good their grievous fighter losses, but then, Kessler had never been one to give a sucker an even break. He wasn't about to start changing the habits of a lifetime now.

The holo flickered into life once more and Lieutenant Colonel Pel appeared on the bridge of the ISD Faithful.

Kessler turned with a grim smile. "Pel, good to see you. I hope you weren't planning on making yourself comfortable there?"

A wolfish smile broke out over Pel's face. "On the contrary, Admiral. We were beginning to think you'd forgotten about us. The crew of the ISD Resolute and its task force stands ready to act upon your orders."

"Excellent. There have been...favourable developments at the Gateway Sector..."

As Kessler issued his orders, Pel's smile widened, but his eyes glittered like two chips of ice. The opening skirmish was over. It was time to bring the full force of Imperial might to bear....

[Preceding written by VA Kessler.]

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Story compiled, edited, and submitted by:

FL/LCM IQpierce Sin 2-1/Wing II/SSSD Sovereign [ISM MoI MoC -1BoC ]

{IWATS-SM}

Coordinator/Head Gamemaster of Project Faithful

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Run-on Story

by WC/MAJ Khaine [View Profile](#)

posted 7/4/99

4:02:15 PM

Khaine lent back at his desk after sifting through the dozens of communications that appeared in his "inbox" with alarming regularity. He glanced around his office, seeing nothing to do he went to sleep in his chair.

Some time late he awoke, a dark shadow standing in front of his desk. Khaine spoke, "Don't you ever knock? What do you want now?"

Continue it...

re: Run-on Story

by CM Gen

Es'mith

6:13:59 PM

posted 7/6/99



The first was a Holo-Com Link message now blink furiously and emit it's usual annoying, high pitched alarm. Khaine glanced, with a puzzled expression, at the hologram which coalesced into the familiar features of Fleet Admiral Kramer.

"Uhhhh, Afternoon sir." Khaine muttered. "How can I help you?" He continued in a more cordial tone.

"Where are those Monthly Squadron Evaluations, Major?" Kramer cut straight to the point.

"The MSE's? I sent CM Kaek along with them an hour ago. Hasn't he..." Khaine stopped abruptly as his door opened again, this time disgorging two familiar figures in Imperial Naval uniforms with Dark Brotherhood robes over the top. The taller of the two figures spoke, "Brother Khaine, we are asking you to join us on a mission of extreme importance..."

e: Run-on Story (Ok, Ok, I'll do it then...)  
by WC/MAJ Khaine

posted 7/14/99 5:57:43 PM

Khaine started hard at the two men, assessing the chances of resuming his mid afternoon snooze. The assessment came back as a zero percent chance, as the taller figure placed a scroll in front of the Wing Commander.

"Read it Brother." The shorter of the two spoke for the first time.

Major Khaine scanned the spidery writing, so characteristic of the Brotherhood's missives, his face settling into a scowl, a common feature when he was displeased. He let the parchment fall from his fingers onto the smooth marble surface of the desk. "It is no small honour Brothers, but at a time like this?" Khaine queried, already glancing towards his Dark Jedi robes, which were hanging on the wall.

"It shouldn't take very long, we need you to come, you're the only one experienced in capturing these creatures. Anyway, you'll be well rewarded."

"I'm not as easily corruptable as most, Brother, I will do this only for the good of our house, nothing more." Khaine stood and reached for his robes.

"Excellent Brother, we will see you in the hanger bay in ten minutes then." The two figures turned and left as silently as they had come.

Khaine brought up a list on his Holo-Computer. Quickly scanning the status listings, he brought up one name and hit the summon button.

Meanwhile...

CPT Gen Es'mith and Jennif Es'mith were heading down the corridor towards their quarters when suddenly Gen Es'mith's pager unit started emitting a high pitched tone. Jumping in alarm he tore it off his belt and pressed the 'off' button. It didn't work. The beeping continued, increasing in volume. He muttered something under his breath which cannot be repeated here and spoke to Jennif, "It's the Boss, I have to go." He said sheepishly.

She gave him one of those looks married people often give, and nodded.

20 Seconds later...

CPT Gen Es'mith ran breathless in to Khaine's office. "Here as requested sir." He puffed, then he looked up. "Why are you all dressed up?" he asked, seeing the robes of a Dark Jedi resting about Khaine's shoulders.

"I have to go away for a few days. Since everyone's on leave at the moment, you are to run the Wing. Kramer is coming too, so you don't have to worry about reports and MSE's while you're in charge. Gen, try not to wreck the place." With that Khaine hefted the large Blaster rifle over his shoulder, grabbed a large dagger of the wall and headed out the door, leaving a speechless Captain behind him...

Continue it...

re: Run-on Story (Ok, Ok, I'll do it then...)  
by CPT Gen Es'mith  
7/14/99 9:27:43 PM

posted

"Well....what do you know?" wondered Es'mith as he settled into Major Khaine's guest chair.

(He knew that Khaine's Jawa love-muffin/body guard wouldn't allow him to enjoy the comfort of Khaine's easy chair!) "Just look at this, a desk, hiding under all of this paper work!"

He reached over to thumb the intercom..

"Aylin Squadron report to the Wing Commander's Office, code red!"

Run-on: The Soup Plot Thickens.  
by CPT Gen Es'mith  
7/17/99 3:13:35 PM

posted

Hours later, Nicholas, Draye, Lordhelmet, Jennif Es'mith, and Hotshot, drag themselves in from the Cantina and wake up CPT Gen who had bravely fallen asleep guarding the WC's marble desk.

"Hunmh? Whazzat?"....

"SHIR yousa called us....."

"Oh, yeah. We're running low on libido and strong on man power! We need some fresh blood in this wing so I don't have to space everyone that looks at Jennif!"

"SL Draye, LT Lordhelmet!"

"Yes Sir!"

"You have forgotten your copy of "Spaceballs" back on the Daedalus, so I want you two to search each and every female billet, bring back ALL of the guilty personnel. Once they get here we'll let them serve their penance drinking gin and shooting rebels for Wing V!"

"Yes Sir!" "Any questions?"

re: Run-on: The Soup is thick again  
by WC/MAJ Khaine

posted 7/17/99 6:31:53 PM

Meanwhile onboard an semi-unmarked Muurian Transport....

"Are we there yet?" Queried a Dark Jedi, nervously clutching his lightsaber.

"No for the last accursed time." Another growled, his unmistakable voice marking him out as Major Khaine of Wing V. Turning he continued, "All you ever do is whine, I'd kill you now, except we need you for the task at hand."

"Go back to your Roster, you wamp-rat lov...."

"Silence, Fool." A new voice interjected, "Do not insult Brother Khaine, or I will kill you myself." This Dark Jedi had the robes of a Sith Warrior around his shoulders and the uniform of a CMDR/MAJ underneath.

"Hehehehehe..." Chuckled a new voice, glancing around the three Dark Jedi glared at another form in shapeless Sith Warrior robes. A Whiskey bottle was clutched in the figure's left hand, nearly half empty, it indicated that the owner was at least slightly intoxicated.

"Wolly you Moron, I told you to have a little bit to calm your nerves, not the whole damn bottle!" A fifth voice snarled. A Sprite can was propelled across the ship, hitting Wolly directly in the forehead.

"Owwwww, hey Kramer did you have to do that?" Wolly slurred. "Hey what the..." He slobbered in alarm as the butt of a blaster rifle descended on his head. "Problem solved." Said Kramer, most satisfied with his handiwork.

"Rebel picket ships coming up." Khaine called out, "I'll bluff them, the rest of you stay quiet."

"Unidentified Muurian Transport: State your business." The rebel controller aboard the lead System Partol Craft called out.

"G'Morning. I'm a Fur trader operating out of uhh..Celadon. I'm on my way to Tatooine to cull a few uhhh... Jawas." Khaine replied.

"Then why does your ship have military grade weapons mounted on it?" The Rebel demanded.

"I was a mercenary for a time, then I gave up 'cos there's more money and less risk in Fur trading."

"Oh Right. You can go, just watch out, there's a few Imperial raiders in the sector."

"Imperials? Aren't you supposed to have them on the run? Anyway, they won't bother a ship full of impe...Jawas." Khaine chuckled. Throttling up he set course towards the dusty planet of Tatooine.

"Strange lot those Fur Traders." The rebel controller commented to his assistant.

"They're a bunch of wierdos." Agreed the other Rebel as he stared at the identification plate on the rapidly egressing Muurian Transport, which said in block letters: IMPS RULE.

Just a little story I wrote (No it's not a run-on) by WC/MAJ  
posted 7/18/99 10:58:37 AM

The orders came through in the usual method, tied to the back of a large Rat, which scurried down the ventilation system and dropped squarely onto the desk of the desk of me, WC/MAJ Khaine.

Since I was asleep at my desk at the time, waking up to find a rat twitching in front of your nose is alarming at the very least. The rat and myself both had the same reaction, we both shot backwards, me reaching for my blaster and the rat, well I don't know what it was reaching for.

I grabbed the rat with one hand and avoiding its teeth, I took the message that it was carrying tied to its back.

It read:

TO: WC/MAJ Khaine/Wing V/SSSD Sovereign

FROM: FA Kramer

SUBJ: Assault Mission

Khaine, we're received word from one of our picket ships that they've found a small Rebel outpost in a nearby sector.

It's not much but I don't want them reporting our position to Rebel Alliance High Command.

Use whatever force necessary to destroy it.

Great, just marvelous. We get tasked to destroy a Rebel outpost while the Wing is under half strength. I felt like reminding Kramer of that fact, when I realised he still wouldn't want to talk to me, as an exploding Sprite can that I had meant for one of the other WC's blew up in his face. It sucks being the "New Guy" (TM)

I headed out my door to round up the troops. While on my way to the Squadron CMDR's Mess (Literally) I found one of those I was looking for: CM Syn Kaek, passed out on the floor. Tripping over his comatose form, I noticed that he was clutching a Whiskey bottle which looked surprisingly familiar. I grabbed one of his arms and towed him along the floor, probably giving him carpet burn in the process.

Reaching the CMDR's Mess I hit the 'Open' button on the control panel. Nothing happened. I tried again. Nothing happened.

Then I noticed the exposed wiring with sparks coming off in all directions. There appeared to be a broken

link, so, grabbing Kaek's hand I closed his fingers around the broken circuit and pressed the 'Open' button. I got the desired result, the door opened and a bonus, CM Kaek left up and screamed out his pain.

'Nothing like 2000 Volts to sober you up.' I thought as I relieved him of the Whiskey bottle.

A "Mess" is not a just description of the state that room was in, even a pigsty falls short. It was more of a "Human Occupied Landfill." I stepped over a pile of Coruscant Fried Chicken boxes and went over to the large table where four less that alert forms lent on the table. I slammed my fist down on the table, causing more trash to fly around the room and the four forms to look blearily up at me.

"Whaddya ya want boss?" One asked.

"Let's see, maybe I want you to clean up your sorry hide and get ready for a mission, or maybe I just want to torment you. You guess." I snarled back.

"Mission? No go boss, we don't have enough people." CM Kaek said.

"Tough, we have to do it, this is not a volunteer service. Summon all your Squadrons, everyone, even if they're in sickbay, I want them all in the main briefing room in 10 minutes, no less." Stomping back to my office, I polished off the Whiskey.

I quickly prepared for the mission, putting on my flight-suit and as an afterthought as I headed out the door, I clubbed the rat, which had made itself at home as it chewed on a pile of medal request forms, to death with the Whiskey Bottle.

WC/MAJ Khaine

Run-on: What's with that damn soup  
by CM Syn Kaek

posted 7/18/99 6:52:10 PM

Back on the Sov,

CM Syn Kaek walked casually down the hallway putting on his best "I'm late and you know it so please don't hurt me" smiles. He was carrying a small folder with the Squadron Evaluations in it. On the way to COM Kramer's office he had stopped at the bar and grabbed a nice beer. However he had been longer than he thought( 2 hours longer) and was now extremely late to delivered the MSEs. He stepped into the turbolift and a few moments later he was in Kramer's office. The secretary looked at him for a second then said,

"The Admiral is not to be bothered. Go away." She said it with a look of disgust at him. Of course CM Kaek doesn't like this kind of treatment. He used the force and casually stepped past her and opened the door to Kramer's office. He stepped in to find an empty office. He felt extremely relieve when he noticed a stack of unopened MSEs. He set Wing V's down in the middle of the stack and took a few more minutes to look around Kramer's office. This man lived THE life. He took a look at the console which was flashing. The words rolling across the screen looked interesting but he really didn't want to break any rules of Conduct or Bylaws and get a courtmarshal so he walked away. He stepped outside and suddenly felt a disturbance in the force. He hurried back to Khaine's office to find Gen E'smith there.

"Where's Khaine?"

"Out on an important mission now go away. I have things to do" Kaek left and went to his quarters. He put in a request on his console. His personal Missile Boat, The Red Wraith, was under maintenance and he wanted to use it now. He needed to talk to the Sith High Warrior about Kramer and Khaine's disappearance. He knew that the DB had something to do with it. He also knew in the back of his mind that they would need some Obelisk support too....

-----  
Add more  
-CM Kaek

Run-on: OK, let's make stew instead  
by CPT Gen Es'mith  
7/19/99 6:05:24 AM

posted

CPT Es'mith thought quietly for a moment.

"Well, I've got my activity mavins looking at the training platform for good recruits, maybe I should do some reconnaissance to see what else we can dig up."

Switching on the Wing intercom...."Attention Squadron Commanders, your presence is required in the Wing Commanders office ASAP, bring your datapads!"

Rolling over to the data center, Gen began to peruse the operations maps concerning the Rebel Squadrons' territories as he waited for his fellow commanders.

Replies to this message:

Run-on: Stew sounds good, Khaine?  
by CM Syn Kaek  
1:28:20 PM

posted 7/19/99

As Syn Kaek slipped his Jedi robes on, the intercom blared to life and he heard Captain Es'mith say "Attention Squadron Commanders, your presence is required in the Wing Commanders office ASAP, bring your datapads!"

"Right now?" Kaek look angrily at the intercom. He decided to just go ahead with his robes on. The Sith High Warrior would be angry if he was late to their little meeting. He grabbed a datapad and headed down the hall.

Replies to this message:

re: Borsht, it's all Borsht  
by WC/MAJ Khaine  
7/19/99 9:45:01 PM

posted

Meanwhile...

"Kramer, you did make sure nobody would follow us didn't you?" Wolly asked.  
"Yeah I did. Anyone who leaves the Sovereign without my Permission will be disabled and thrown in the Brig until we return." Kramer replied, fingering his lightsaber.

"Which squadron did you assign to this job?"

"Omega."

There was an uproar of laughter around the cabin of the ship. Each member present knowing that they wouldn't be disturbed by anyone.

"Right, tomorrow we go Jawa hunting. Khaine, explain again how we get them." Kramer asked.

"Usually we'd be content to shoot them in the head and leave them. Even you lot could handle that. Unfortunatley we need them alive. This isn't easy so I've brought along some bait." Khaine paused and went over to a locker on the ship. "This Astromech droid will do the trick. I've had it's internals removed and modified so it can be controlled by remote. We'll guide it along the valley floor while we go along the top. With luck they'll pop out to catch the droid, which will then release a mild nerve toxin. It will knock them out really fast. You may want to be downwind of the gas, it's pretty effective. Then it's a simple clean-up operation to capture the Jawas. Any questions?"

"Yeah, one." Wolly replied, "Why are we so heavily armed then?"

"If we run into any Sandpeople, we kill them. See this scar? That was caused by one of their damn clubs. Kill them on sight."

Khaine smirked. "Catching the Jawas is the easy bit. Training them is a lot harder. Of all the ones I've tried to train, only one worked out."

"That pet jawa you've got?" Wolly grinned, "What's it called?"

"Chico."

"Oh right...."

Run-on Add-on  
by FM/SL Maaric

posted 7/22/99 8:41:58 AM

Running down the corridor toward the Wing Commander's office, Sub-Lieutenant Draye C. Maaric couldn't help but think one thing. It was a little piece of wisdom he had heard somewhere, but at the moment he really couldn't remember where. That piece of wisdom was: "Don't kill the messenger!" Maaric only hoped that the officers gathering the Wing Commander's office had heard it too.

Not pausing to hit the call button next to the office door panel, Maaric ran into the antichamber, the room just before the office itself. The Wing Commander's secretary began to rise, but Maaric continued racing straight into the main office area.

The door opened with a whoosh of pneumatics, and the messenger was in the room full of staring officers. Before any of them could find their voice to ask what he was doing in Wing Commander's office, Maaric confided upon them what he had been told.

"I have news from the Rebel Squadrons/Emperor's Hammer border!" he said in a winded voice. "It seems that the portion of the Rebel's fleet is engaging in mock-combat exercises near Phobis III. The planet is somewhat secluded from the rest of the Rebel Squadrons, and my superiors tell me that an attack by us could expect little reinforcement on the part of the Rebels."

The officers gathered in the room stood their for a moment, then Maaric's squadron commander,

Captain Es'mith, motioned for him to leave the room. Maaric did so, and then began walking back to his station...

Take it

e: Mulligan stew  
by CPT Gen Es'mith  
7/23/99 5:41:42 AM

posted

"There you have it gentlemen! The rebels have been recruiting some of the best bush pilots and swoop runners in the Minos Sector for months."

"So, what does that have to do with me running late to my meeting with the Sith High Warrior?" grumbled  
CM Kaek.

"Well my dear fellow, you, LCM Monaghan and CPT Turtle are going to draw up a plan for a recon in force on that little rebel exercise. CM Domm, CM Fryar and I will work on rounding up a certain black box idea I have and some assault transports."  
As the room erupted into a cacophony of voices, Cpt Es'mith yelled..."Kaek, go to your meeting, before you're late! See if they've a good way to sway the pilots to our side once we've taken them!"

(continue...)

re: Mulligan stew  
by WC/MAJ Khaine  
7/23/99 5:28:10 PM

posted

While the fun and games continued aboard the Sovereign....

"Where are we going now?" Wolly, who had by this time been nicknamed 'The Whiner', whinged again.

"Whine once more and I'll shove this Gaffi stick down your throat." Snarled Kramer.

"You're so kind, K."

"I know, now shut up. Khaine, are we there yet?"

"Nearly Boss, just another few minutes of canyon hopping."

A few minutes later...

"We're here!" Kramer looked around excitedly.

"Exactly where is here?" A Jedi who shall remain nameless asked.

"Mos Eisley" "Yeehaaaa" TheJedi yelled and hobbled off the bar.

re: I'm stewing since nobody has added a bit  
by WC/MAJ Khaine  
7/25/99 2:58:17 PM

posted

In the WC's office:

"Hey get back here, I haven't told you what to do yet...." Gen Es'mith yelled at the backs of the scurrying Squadron Commanders.

"Come on Captain, we don't want to be late." A new voice commented. Gen Es'mith spun on his heel and noticed Jennif Es'mith standing in a corner. Gen Es'mith grabbed a bottle of Whiskey from the well stocked fridge of the Wing Commander and arm in arm they headed out the door.

In the Wing V hanger...

"Where is he?" Asked CM Kaek. A chorus of replies flew in, "Don't know." "Who cares?"

"Mommy!"

"Who stole my keys?"

The motley collection of Wing V pilots boarded their fighters and contacted hanger control for clearance.

"Clearance Denied." Said the extremely bored Duty officer.  
"What?" CM Monaghan asked. "Clearance denied."  
"What?" He repeated. "Clearance de..."  
"I heard you the first time. Why is it denied?"  
"COM's Orders."  
"Uhhhhh....we've got....umm...authorisation, yeah, that's it, authorisation. You go and ask the uhhh....COM...no, whoever is in charge at the moment." Lied CM Zysfryar.  
"Ok, you wait there..." The duty officer ambled through the door.

Not wasting any time, the pilots fired up their engines, which activated the hanger doors' emergency opening system. They shot out into space and instantly ran into the picket line formed by Omega Squadron.

"Just where do you think you're going?" Asked COL Devin.  
"Us? Oh we're just going to do a few maneuvers." Lied Zysfryar again.  
"Right, well I suppose that's ok." Devin replied.  
"Ok? We let through a shipment of contraband Alcohol a few hours ago, why don't we just let the whole ship leave?" quipped CPT Tiberius.

The Wing V pilots entered hyperspace heading for their destination, while Omega dutifully resumed their lurking...

15 Minutes later...

"Unidentified Muurian Transport, Identify yourself or be fired upon." barked Devin, his revelry broken by the appearance of this ship.  
"This is WC/MAJ Khaine, the COM's golf caddy. Shoot at us and you'll have to explain to GA Ronin how you blew up 2 WC's and a COM."  
"Oh....Welcome back, sirs."

After smuggling their cargo into a secure place, the meat locker of the Vegetarian Mess, (As Wolly said, nobody looks there.)

Khaine returned to his office and sat down at his desk. Glancing around he noticed nothing missing...weapon collection - check, desk - check, fridge - check, Medal case - check, Whiskey - che...

"Who, by the dark side, stole my whiskey?" Khaine yelled at the nearest wall. He flung open his fridge, only to see more bottles of his precious supply were missing.  
Continue it....

re: How can you get stewed on this stuff, yuck!

by CPT Gen Es'mith

posted

7/25/99 4:30:19 PM

After being waylaid by the LT's fine attentions, and the horrid taste of Khaine's fine brew, CPT Es'mith wandered down to the Communications Repair Shop.

"Hello?" "May I help you sir?" answered a disheveled tech.

"I have a proposition for you. You guys usually have to repair the screw ups on the radios my pilots create. Well, I bet you a case of fine whiskey that you guys can't come up with a neat little box that jams rebel radios, fries astromech circuits and sends a chill down the spine of rebel pilots, all at the same time!"

"A case of scotch, you say?" "Yup!" "Let me talk to the head tech about it, wait there, sir."

re: It's enough to become a vegetarian

by WC/MAJ Khaine

posted

7/25/99 5:32:12 PM

Khaine scurried through the corridors of the Wing V Quarters with a large foam rubber baseball bat in his hand, hunting for those who had stolen his precious supply of beverages, hunting for those who had emptied his fridge of nearly everything except for a packet of peanuts.

Pressing the controls of the CMDR's mess door he stood back and waited till it was fully open before he lept inside, swinging his club at chest level.

There was nobody there.

Where had they all gone? Khaine hurriedly searched the room, finding a few empty bottles that he recognised. The thieves had been here, drinking their spoils. Khaine ran down the corridor towards Airlock 21, swatting an unsuspecting Cadet from behind on the way there.

Meanwhile...

CPT Es'mith opened the Door to the WC's office. Looking around he failed to notice the Dark Brotherhood Robes hanging on the wall. He crept over to the desk and pressed one of the buttons he had found underneath it. (On day he was swinging his feet to and fro and kicked one of the buttons which caused a section of the wall to open, revealing a secret walk in fridge.)

Glancing around to make sure nobody was watching, he went inside the secret room and hefted a case marked Scotch. He quickly shut the secret door (which wasn't so secret anymore) and hurried out of the office...

Continue it..

re: It's enough to become a vegetarian  
by LCM Nicholas  
10:00:17 PM

posted 7/25/99

Knowing that the WC was back on the ship, Gen Es'mith trod carefully with his precious cargo along the corridors of the Sovereign.

He just turned the corner when he bumped into LCM Nicholas who was busy compling weekly reports and didn't know that half the Wing had gone on a jaunt round rebel space.

"What the hell are you doing Nicholas!" CPT Es'mith glared

"Where is everybody?" Nicholas replied " If they've all gone on a bar crawl of the rim territories without me again i'll.."

"Don't worry about that" the CPT replied "I know, you can have this case of whisky that i've "just..er .. aquired. That will cheer you up"

"Jeea, sir thanks a lot" Nicholas replied, oblivious to the certain doom that was attached to this consignment.

Nicholas proudly walked off down the corridor again, with the crate of whisky under his arm.

Es'mith smiled shrewdley. He wondered whether he should call the sickbay now or wait until Nicholas was actually in a Khaine induced state of comatose when he found out who had ben rifling his whisky....

re: It's enough to become a vegetarian  
by CPT Gen Es'mith  
7/26/99 2:59:33 AM

posted

"Wait a minute...." Es'mith spun around and dashed down the corridor after Nicholas.

"Hey, what do you mean where is everybody?

They're supposed to be planning a recon mission?"

"Well, I've been through the other squadron areas and no one is to be found...."

"Oh great, Khaine will make bantha fodder out of me, if they've done what I fear!"  
"Well, Nicholas, you'd better dash off and make use of that libation while I check things out!"

Why is this thread travelling off the page?  
by WC/MAJ Khaine  
7/26/99 9:38:12 PM

posted

Yet Again....

Khaine lent against the wall, all the running he'd been doing had tired him out. The culprits weren't in the Mess, Airlock 21, Sickbay, their quarters or even in the hanger. For that matter, most of the Wing's fighters were missing.

Khaine asked a passing ship trooper: "Hey, any idea where my wing's gone?"  
To which the trooper replied: "What do I look like? An accountant? Find them yourself."  
Now if there's one think that Khaine can't stand it's uppity troopers. He used his newly learnt Injure/kill force power to leave the trooper in a heap on the floor. Khaine stepped over the body, prodding it with his boot to make sure the trooper was well and truly dead and continued on his way.

On his way back to his office he passed the Engineer's workshop, so he headed in.  
"Techie, get over here." Khaine pulled out his blaster, "I've been using it recently and I've noticed a leak in the energy cell, could you fix it now?" "Sure it'll only take a minute." The tech replied and set to work. Khaine lent against the workbench and looked around the workshop, glancing with disinterest at all the tools and half-finished projects. His eyes alighted on something that took his interest, something he recognised....

continue this...if you dare...

Run on: Of Course We Dare!!!!  
by LT Jennif Es'mith

posted 7/27/99 4:19:42 PM

Leaping across the techies work station Major Khaine reaches the "little black box" sitting on the table.

Picking it up he examines it for damage.

"Where did you get this?" Khaine exclaims. "Get what?" the techie asks innocently from the other room.

"This transponder box" Khaine replies, "For some reason this looks very familiar."

"Oh that, CPT Es'mith brought that in yesterday for a project he's working on. Why?"

"What project?"

"Something to do with jamming and circuit damage. Not really sure exactly what his plan is, but the results ought to be interesting. And the price is right too!"

continue at your own risk

re: Run on: Of Course We Dare!!!!  
by WC/MAJ Khaine View  
Profile

posted 7/27/99 6:22:53 PM

Price?" Khaine asked, his instincts alerted.

"Yeah, a whole case of scotch, really good quality stuff too." the Techie replied. "Here's your blaster Sir.

That'll be 30 Credits."

Khaine exploded, "30 Credits, that's daylight robbery!"

"Take it or leave it."

Khaine stuck the barrel under the Tech's chin. "I think I'll test it here, it better work for 30 Credits."

"I'll throw in a complimentary bottle of Scotch for being such a good customer..."

"Very Well." Khaine hid his reaction when he saw the bottle. "Where did you say you got this?"

"Oh an Aylin Squad guy brought it in."

"A Captain by any chance?"

"Naaah, the Captain promised it to us, one of his squaddies brought it in, an LCM I think."

"Keep the scotch, I've got a few things to do."

Khaine walked calmly out of the Workshop and down the corridor, his destination: Aylin Squadron's barracks.

Who will be the target of my Wrath?

re: The Wrath of Khaine  
by CPT Gen Es'mith  
5:25:13 AM

posted 7/28/99

By the time Major Khaine found Captain Es'mith, the Captain was quite out of breath and swearing up a blue streak.

It may have been curiosity or a half bottle of scotch, but Khaine didn't terminate his victim.

"Might I have a moment of your time?" he asked.

Es'mith whirled around, ready to ignite a supernova..."Where the he.....oh! Major, you're back!"

"Yes, I'm back. Looking for something...or someone?"

"Unfortunately yes...I think I may have instigated a small disaster..."

"Such as....?"

"I'm afraid that the rest of the wing has gone looking for girls...."

"So....? Where are our ships?"

"Uh, I think they took the ships to go get them..."

"WHAT!?!?!? Where did they go??? You idiot, what did you do???"

"LT Maaric came in on a brainstorming session and said that there was a rebel training exercise, so I told three of the commanders to PLAN a recon to the sector....instead

EVERYONE appears to have dashed off without a plan or support! I was on my way to the Omega Squadron Comm Center to see if they really did leave..."

"Es'mith you fool....you never mention mission and planning in the same breath....these guys only think with half of their normal circuits, and when you add women to the equation...good god man, we'd better get moving! Fill me in on your plan....and while you're at it, where's my scotch and why is my black box over at Tech-Support?"

(Go ahead.....)

re: Full Metal Khaine  
by WC/MAJ Khaine  
5:39:41 PM

posted 7/28/99

"Scotch? I haven't a clue." Es'mith lied. "Anyway, we'd better get..."  
Khaine's eyes blazed in anger as he spoke, the words ringing death knell in Es'mith's head: "You stole my supplies and now you have the cojones to lie to my face? I should send you off as food for Kramer's scorpions, one chunk at a time. But, if you get me my wing back, I'll waive the punishment.  
Do you understand me Captain?" Khaine stressed the last word.

"Yessir, it won't happen again sir."

Just then the technician came in bearing the Transponder box. Seeing that this was not an opportune time for conversation, he placed it on the table and fled. CPT Es'mith stared at the object. "He's made it five times bigger, this won't fit in my ship!" (The MIS is notorious for having minaturized systems.)

"It'll fit fine in my Muurian Transport though..." Khaine started

re: Full Metal can (er...head)  
by CPT Gen Es'mith

Story: The Rebellion's Trap  
by Lordhelmet  
9:32:17 AM

posted 7/29/99

Briefing Room SSD Sovereign 0610 hours.

"Man, this had better be worth it. The Major getting us up at 5:30 for a Rebel Base. Hey Marris, pass some more of that coffee."

As you see Lieutenant Lordhelmet was not happy about this situation. destroying a few cargo ships was not worth the trouble of a fine squadron like Aylin. let some trainees do it.

"Awww... quit the whining LT." replied Captain Es'Mith.

The twin doors of the briefing room opened. Major Khaine stepped through. Almost as instantly as he had entered, the lights dimmed and a hologram of a few Rebel Cargo ships appeared.

The fleet you see is bearing weapons and troops bound for Coruscant. If these weapons are destroyed, the Rebels will lose a large shipment of armaments. You three pilots have been selected to destroy this fleet. Captain Es'mith, and Lieutenants Lordhelmet and Maaric. You will all fly Missile boats against this fleet. In order for the Sovereign to hide it's presence from the Rebels, you will have to enter the area 20 clicks away from the convoy, while the Sovereign must immediately reactivate her cloaking device. Report to the drop bay."

To be continued.....  
Next Episode: The Cargo  
Fleet.

posted 8/2/99 4:30:30 PM

"Pardon me sir, I have to go see a horse about a man...." mumbled Captain Es'mith.  
"What?!" queried Major Khaine.  
"I have to check the sanitary conditions of the head!" Es'mith replied.  
"Oh, sure, but no dilly-dallying!" Khaine shot back.  
As Es'mith headed into the can, he wondered how the heck he was gonna save his tush as well as the rest of the Wing.....

re: Full Speed Ahead  
by CPT Gen Es'mith  
2:29:41 AM

posted 8/4/99

Finishing his unassigned duties, Cpt Gen Es'mith speed up the corridor to the Wing Commander's office. Pulling out his communicator he buzzed LCM Nicholas..."Meet me in Khaine's Office now!"  
He then switched the link and called LT Maaric.

"Maaric, are you done with extra duty yet?"  
"Yes, Sir. 28 hours of extra duty cleaning the Sovereign's axial laser mirrors."  
"Good, good, fine. Get over to the hanger bay now and prep the birds for a mission!"  
"But sir, I was...."  
"No time for that now, and while you're at it, get those birds painted in that special low visibility paint, this is a stealth mission, do it now! I don't care if the paint isn't dry before we leave!"  
"But sir...!"  
"And one more thing LT, paint the Wing Commander's Transport chartreuse and put a big Hawkbat on it, he's going with us as well. Get the rest of the squadron to help you, but hop to it young man!"

(Meanwhile.....)

In a small asteroid cluster just outside the Phobis III system, a large group of Imperial starfighters had gathered for a pow-wow.

"Far out, Kaek! I didn't know you COULD use a transponder to duplicate the signal from a probe droid?!?"  
"Well, Turtle, it's not easy, but it's gotta work if we don't want the rebels to disturb our siesta here."  
"So, what you're gonna do is come up in that satellite's blind spot shoot it and replace its signal with ours?"  
"YES, TOMMY!" the rest of the commanders shouted in unison. "AND TURN YOUR COMM TO TIGHT BAND!"

Chartreuse... (re: Full Speed Ahead)  
by LT Maaric  
4:56:50 PM

posted 8/4/99

Cursing again at himself because of his big mouth, Lieutenant Maaric suatered toward the pilot's mess after 28 straight hours of cleaning the Sovereign's axial laser mirrors. A large bottle of Iomin ale should help him relax a bit after those long hours of tedious, death+defying work. Much to the Lieutenant's dismay, the comm unit on his belt suddenly signaled an incoming transmission. It was Captain Es'mith, Maaric's squadron commander.

"Maaric, are you done with extra duty yet?" asked Es'mith in a somewhat anxious tone. "Yes sir," Maaric replied with a relieved voice. "28 hours of extra duty cleaning the Sovereign's axial laser mirrors."

"Good, good, fine. Get over to the hanger bay now," Es'mith said. "And prep the birds for a mission!"

"But sir, I was...." began the disheartened Lieutenant.

"No time for that now," cried the Captain. "And while you're at it, get those birds painted in that special low visibility paint, this is a stealth mission, do it now! I don't care if the paint isn't dry before we leave!"

"But sir...!" tried Maaric once more.

"And one more thing LT," broke in Es'mith, in a commanding voice. "Paint the Wing Commander's Transport chartreuse and put a big Hawkbat on it, he's going with us as well. Get the rest of the squadron to help you, but hop to it young man!"

"Yes sir!" cried Maaric. but Captain Es'mith had already ended the transmission.

Maaric was now running down the corridor at full speed toward the Wing's hanger bay, loaded down with a hovercart laden with The Captain's stealth paint. The only distinguishable mark on most of the canisters was a nondescript label bearing the message "Secret Sauce." Three of the larger ones, however, were marked as chartreuse.

Reaching the bay, Maaric recruited every pilot, tech, and droid he could find to help with the painting job.

"Get those fighters ready as soon as possible!" he ordered a young assistant-tech. "And gets some droids over here to help me with the Wing Commander's ship."

Hauling the large canisters labeled chartreuse over to Khaine's spacecraft, the Lieutenant and a host of droids made record time in covering the hull with the rich paint. Stopping to check the progress of the fighter's recoloring, Maaric couldn't help but smile to himself. The squadron was now ready for Captain Es'mith..

(Take it...)

re: Montezumas Revenge  
by WC/LC Khaine  
6:38:50 PM

posted 8/4/99

Khaine sat in his office adding up his losses. He grinned to himself as he pulled a bottle of "HappyLax" out of one of his desk drawers and threw it into the trash. His boobytrapped beverages were working. It was a harsh way to make sure that they learnt not to steal from the WC.....

Run-on: And so it goes on.....  
by CPT Gen Es'mith  
9:21:30 AM

posted 8/10/99

A short time later.....

Lt. Colonel Khaine and CPT Es'mith were rapidly approaching Wing V's flight bay....

"Es'mith, this plan of yours had better work!"

"With all respect Colonel, I don't see how it could fail. Your transport is sure to keep them decoyed and distracted until it is too late."

As Khaine finished his statement, the two of them rounded the corner and his eyes flew open with shock.

"What in the name of the Sith have you done!?!"

"Well I had the squadron painted in "stealth" paint to help with the deception and I had Maaric transform your ship into the Hawkbat Pirate's Grand Sisbah flagship. I thought

that chartreuse was the appropriate choice for such a high ranking pirate."

Khaine spluttered, his face turning crimson with stress.

"Sir? It's the perfect plan, with your ship and the black box it's a perfect combination!" interjected LT Maaric from the ragged and grinning ranks of Aylin Squadron, as they stood at attention next to the wing commander's brilliantly colored ship.

Khaine replies.....

re: Run-on: And so it goes on.....

by WC/LC Khaine

posted 8/10/99 6:08:27 PM

"You will of course repaint her in the normal colours once you're done won't you?"

"Of course, LT Maaric here just volunteered to do that very thing."

"Good, has the 'black box' been installed?"

"It has boss." LT Maaric replied before Gen'Esmith could open his mouth.

"Good, now we're all going to pile onboard and I'll teach you how to handle a larger ship." Khaine smirked, "And hopefully our departure will be unnoticed."

Where are we going?

Run-on: Ve ist goink Krazie!

by CPT Gen Es'mith

posted 8/11/99 3:41:23 AM

"Well, I don't think getting past Omega Squadron is any problem, they're too concerned with collecting their tarrif off of incoming alcohol shipments." stated the Captain.

"Maaric! Disable the cameras on the launch bay, I don't want any record of this ship leaving the Sovereign, especially in this color!" ordered Khaine.

Maaric, ever quick to please and slow to think things over, immediately pulled out his blaster and took out the cameras.

"Good shooting, Maaric! I guess we'll have to promote you so you can replace those! EVERYBODY mount up and get outa here before Admiral Kramers Darktroopers show up to check on the ruckus!" yelled Es'mith.

The Muurian transport and 8 black starfighters powered up and soared through the magnetic field into the welcome depths of space. True to form, Omega Squadron was occupied on the other side of the Sovereign where they had just impounded a shipment of 20 cases of "Kanian Fire-end Scotch" from a Jawa Trader.

Next stop a lonely asteroid belt.....

Run-on: Vot ist das?  
by LC Khaine  
1:18:30 PM

posted 8/16/99

FA Kramer sat on the bridge of the Sovereign, staving out into space. He sipped his sprite, which was always close at hand and watched Omega Squadron intercept and inspect incoming ships while he pondered matters of great importance. His train of thought, which had stopped at the station of "Need more Sprite" was interrupted by a purple blob heading out from one of the many hanger bays. He squinted at it, wondering if LC Ricardo had slipped something a little stronger in his glass. 'I've gotta get some sleep...' he thought.

Onboard that blob:

"Maaric, for the last time, leave that alone."

"But..."

"When something says 'Warning: Concussion Gas Grenades. Do Not Touch!' it generally means, leave it ALONE!"

Gen Es'mith dragged Maaric away before he did any serious harm to the three occupants of the Muurian Transport.

"We're making the jump." Khaine spoke up. "LCM Nicholas: Jump to Co-ordinates Z354-712-Y91 three minutes after we do."

"Yessir." The Chartruese Transport entered hyperspace...

Run on: Idle hands? I think not!

by Lieutenant Maaric  
8/20/99 8:22:33 PM

posted

Sitting in the cargo area where Captain Es'mith had unceremoniously dropped him, LT Draye C. Maaric, the unquestioned klutz of Wing V, surveyed his surroundings. The cargo bay was mostly empty, but for the mysterious black box Maaric had installed at the orders of his commander. His curiosity getting the better of him once again, Maaric got up off the cold durasteel deck plating and carefully strode over to the refrigerator-sized machine.

The adventurous Lieutenant paused for a moment at the bulkhead door, to make certain that his Squadron and Wing Commander were both occupied with other business. Relieved that they were merely discussing the menu at the Airlock 21 Bar & Grill, Maaric trundled on towards the object of his curiosity.

Crossing the cargo area proved to take longer than expected (nearly 15 seconds). Maaric made a note to send a commendation to the Muurian transport manufacturers for their ingenious use of space. Momentarily distracted, he didn't hear the footsteps approaching the bulkhead from the direction of the cockpit. The door flew open with a hiss of pneumatics, and Lieutenant Colonel Khaine stepped through just as Maaric was reaching for one of the shiny, round buttons on their mysterious cargo.

"Maaric!" cried Khaine in sudden realization of what was happening. "Don't even think about it!"

With a startled jump (Khaine has quite the commanding voice you know), Maaric turned quickly around to face his superior officer. In his haste to turn around, however, the hapless Lieutenant had the grievous misfortune of hitting a the red switch directly

above the button he had been examining a moment before. Khaine stared at Lieutenant Maaric with a glare divided between panic and rage.

Maaric looked first to Khaine, then to Es'mith who had just appeared in the doorway, and then to the little red switch that he had inadvertently toggled to the "on" position.

In a hushed whisper, Khaine said, "Do you know what you've done?"

(all yours, but don't make it hurt TOO much...)

e: Run on: Darned monkeys!  
by CPT Gen Es'mith

posted 8/23/99 2:16:51 PM

CPT Es'mith flung himself towards the box, hoping against hope that it wasn't too late. He tripped over Maaric's outstretched leg and banged his head on the bottom of the black box.

The Captain was immediately knocked senseless.

"You know, Maaric, you're enough to make me want to join the rebels!" cursed Khaine. Now he strode over towards the black box and the slumped form of Es'mith. Kneeling in front of the box, he read the label under the switch that Maaric had inadvertently tripped.

Sighing with relief he turned the captain over and shook him awake.

"Gen, wake up! He hit the wrong switch!" Khaine told the groggy Es'mith.

"Wh..at? What happened? No wait, Maaric turned on the box!?" he stammered.

"It's ok! He hit the dummy switch. Here drink this. It appears to be a dispenser for my missing scotch. No wonder this thing is soo big.

Who'd have thought of a jamming beacon/drink dispenser combination unit?!" Khaine stated with wonder.

e: Run on: THE REST.....  
by CPT Gen Es'mith  
2:20:38 PM

posted 8/23/99

?Flight Officer Drazt looked at his cockpit chrono for the 14th time. "Hey, when are we through with this stupid patrol?"

"Shut up Drazt! You're gonna give away your position!"

"Roger." Drazt hated these routine patrols. They were SO boring. Besides this time he had a date waiting for him

dirtside. It had been a long time since he had seen someone with a friendly face of his own kind.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lt. Colonel Khaine's brightly colored Muurian Transport emerged from hyperspace a short distance away from the asteroid belt that circled the distant planet of )&()\*& deep inside Rebel territory.

"Colonel, that is the asteroid belt where the rest of Wing V should be holed up, if they didn't just barge in without looking around."

Khaine ordered LT. Maaric to scan for any radio emissions within the asteroids.

"Sir, I have what appears to be routine transmissions from a rebel recon satellite near the center of the belt. There

also appears to be, well ghosts of emissions located in approximately the same area."

"What do you mean by ghosts?" queried CPT Es'mith.

"Well they're too faint to really locate and I can't even get any data from them." answered Maaric.

"It might be tight beam transmissions between the squadron commanders. Let's move in for a closer look." Khaine responded as he plotted a course between the asteroids.

re: Run on: OF THE STORY.....BUT.....  
by CPT Gen Es'mith

posted 8/23/99 2:25:21 PM

"Well what do we do know about this system?" asked CM Monaghan, the Nun commander.

"We know that it has an asteroid belt so far away from the planet, that the rebels don't even waste manpower to patrol it!" quipped CPT Turtle commander of Sadhe.

"We know that LT. Maaric said there are women here!" chorused the other commanders and pilots joyously.

"Aw sithspawn, we should have waited for CPT Es'mith. He at least knew what he wanted to do. I mean what good does a recon in force do us if we don't know why we are here?" CM Syn Kaek. "What kind of juicy targets are so weakly guarded that our half-wing of less than 25 pilots....."

He was interrupted by a muffled curse, as CPT Zystem Fryar of Samekh noted a peculiarly shaped mauve object

approaching their position. "Lords of Darkness! Do you see what I see?"

"I hope not, I see what appears to be some kind of purple transport. But I have no idea who..." stated CM Domm of Pe.

"What you see, gentlemen, is the latest crazy, but brilliant stunt created by CPT Es'mith and LT. Maaric." Khaine's voice broke in, disrupting the disjointed musing of the Wing V pilots. "And if you EVER leave half-cocked on a mission like this without shooting either of those two, I'll feed you all to Fleet Admiral Kramer's scorpions myself!"

"Commander Fishbone, are there any LARGE asteroids suitable for a meeting of mindless wonders for this motley crew?" queried Khaine.

"Sure, Colonel, about 2 clicks at a bearing of 243 degrees, up 14."

"Excellent, Commanders, get your pilots over there. Lt. Commander Yoman, head out to the edge of the belt, near where we came in and escort Aylin Squadron to our meeting rock."

"Yes Sir!" came the chorus of replies.

Slowly the 26 ships maneuvered through the asteroids to their assigned positions. After Pe Squadron had checked out all likely caves and overhangs for Space slugs, the wing brought their ships down to rest in a quiet saddle.

"Not enough breathable atmosphere, sir. However there is enough gravity to allow use of breather masks and allow for personal meeting, Colonel." reported LT. Maaric.

"Fine. Get your holoprojector set here, under the cockpit. When Aylin gets here, we'll proceed with the briefing." muttered LC Khaine.

CPT Es'mith came over to help Maaric with his gear. "You know, I hope that there really is something worth

attacking down there. Your career depends on it!"

"Captain, I assure you that there is something going on down there. I'm sure that the

Rebels would not appreciate us attacking this competition of theirs and it will net us a valuable commodity."

Run-on: Will it never end?  
by CPT Gen Es'mith  
2:28:07 PM

posted 8/23/99

?LT. Maaric had barely gotten his equipment set up when Aylin Squadron came roaring over the heads

of the other assembled pilots.

"Hey, how'd you guys rate the black paint job?" asked CPT Turtle as he nudged CPT Es'mith in the ribs.

"Sh! It's part of the plan and the briefing."

The Aylin pilots landed, powered down and sprinted over to join the briefing.

LCM Yoman came over to CM Kaek and exclaimed: "I didn't even see those guys until they were right on top of me!"

"Excellent!" Khaine stated as he came down the ramp, "That's part of the idea behind all of these wonderful paint jobs. I shall allow LT. Maaric and CPT Es'mith to explain. It's something you'll all want to hear, I'm sure."

"Maaric, give 'em the why and I'll tell them the how." ordered Es'mith.

"Well as you all may or may not have heard, the 14th annual New Republic Female Medical Shuttle

Pilots' Olympics is taking place near Phobis III. As you have also noted, the planet is somewhat secluded from the rest of the Rebel Squadrons, and my sources tell me that an attack by us could expect little reinforcement on the part of the Rebels."

"Oh come on, you drag us out here all the way for that?!" interjected LT. Subzero 742.

"If I might be allowed to continue...As you all know, LT Jennif Es'mith is the ONLY woman in the wing,

and I for one am quite tired of the assorted booby traps that CPT Es'mith, her husband has planted in their corridor..."

"Get on with it!" snarled CPT Es'mith and LC Khaine.

"Right! Well, due to our successful campaign in the Minos Sector, most of the competition and escort

that should be here for this exercise are elsewhere occupied. I believe we have approximately a dozen skilled

non-human medical pilots with state of the art medical shuttles. Our mission is to capture these pilots for a propaganda blow, the shuttles for the fleet and last but not least to also capture the All-male Cartuplian Dance Review that is entertaining those female pilots."

"Oh, right, we come half way across Rebel space to capture a GAY dance troupe?!?!" erupted from the

assembled pilots (as well as other more colorful phrases I am not at liberty to divulge).

"No wait, it makes sense!" exclaimed the startled Khaine. "We have these guys perform on say Tuesday

nights in Airlock 21 and we'll have...well...at least more women coming around than we used to."

"Exactly!" interjected Es'mith. "But there's actually a sound military reason for coming out here."

"What's that? To use up the left over purple paint on the Sovereign?" called a disguised voice from the

back of the assembled pilots.

"Actually, it's mauve. And no that is not why this Muurian Transport is painted up this

way.

It's called a feint and thrust maneuver. Colonel Khaine's ship is painted this way to draw the attention of any rebel patrols. If they see it, they should come closer for good look at a gaudy pirate vessel...as you can see from the "Hawkbat" symbol painted up there on the fin."

"When they come close enough, my little black box gets tested. Yes, my pride and joy, a box that disrupts rebel communications, sends a verbal wait to hopefully jar the pilots and even includes a computer virus that disables their astromechs."

"OK...so I can see that IF that works, why he's painted up that way, but why is Aylin black?" asked CM

Syn Kaek.

"Well, while the rebel escorts are disabled and the rest of the wing protects Khaine's ship and captures

the shuttles, Aylin is going to use their Stealth paint and land at the starport to capture the dance troupe and shoot up the military facilities."

"So gentlemen." broke in Khaine; "What we have is a four part assault. One: I go in with my ship with

CPT Es'mith and LT. Maaric, we jam rebel communications. Two: The Wing, less Aylin disables or destroys the rebel patrols.

Three: The Wing then captures the medical shuttles. Four: Aylin lands at the starport, captures the

troupe and destroys any military facilities. Are there any questions?"

"Well I have two questions, I noticed that Aylin brought eight ships, but Maaric and CPT Es'mith are flying with you..."

"Ah, good point. Kaek and Turtle, I have two new pilots for you, SL's Dohrey and Fahso. Send the best

pilot from each of your squads to assist Aylin. And your other question?"

"How are we going to get the shuttles back to the Sovereign?"

"I can answer that." stated CPT Zystem Fryar. "All you have to do is rig a slave unit and they'll go with us

to where ever we tell them. And yes, Captain Es'mith I have six units here, I didn't have enough time to make any more."

"It'll have to do, if need be Maaric and I can fly another couple of ships out." commented Es'mith.

"Ok, gentlemen, lets get to our ships and get this thing done!" ordered LC Khaine.

re: Run-on: Almost there..

by CPT Gen Es'mith

2:32:41 PM

posted 8/23/99

"I swear I'm gonna go nuts!" complained Flight Officer Drazt as he looked at his cockpit chrono for the 20th time.

"Drazt! Do you see that?!" his wingman called.

"What, where?"

"At about three o'clock some kind of purple ship. What do you think it is?"

"I don't know, but I suppose we should be grateful for the interruption and check it out.

Olive-3 and 4,

form up on my left, 2 you're right. Let's go check this out!" ordered Drazt.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Colonel, I have four Crosses coming in at 270 degrees, even." Maaric called to Khaine and Es'mith.

"Alright, you two get to the gun positions! Es'mith what do you think the range is on

your box?" answered  
Khaine.

"Well, I hope about five clicks, but I'd wait until they get REAL close...I've never truly  
trusted techs!"

stated Es'mith.

"Well that gives us about 2 minutes then....get ready!" said Khaine.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Well boss, I think that's a purple transport with some kind of bird painted on its fin."  
radioed SGT Kayl.

"That's what it looks like to me." answered Drazt.

It was time to get some answers, he decided: "Unidentified transport, you have entered  
New Republic

Space, please state your name and business!"

"This is the Mutinous Dog, a freetrader bound for Phobis III with a cheap load of  
dwarven ale." answered

Khaine. "Hold your position for a sensor scan and then you'll be allowed to proceed."  
ordered Drazt.

"Affirmative." replied Khaine. "Get ready gentlemen, here they come, two crosses to the  
right and two to  
the left.

As Drazt and his pilots approached sensor range, a high pitched wailing came across the  
radio.

"Arorg!" cried Drazt, it was worse than anything he'd ever heard. It wasn't the kind of  
thing a

Shistavannen was supposed to deal with, he pulled away in alarm and rammed into  
Olive-2. They both exploded in a great ball of yellow and red flame that was quickly  
snuffed out as the contained gasses were swallowed in flame and space.

The pilots of Olive-3 and 4 fared better with only bleeding ears as their astromechs shut  
down their

fighters in accordance with their new programming.

"Congratulations Es'mith, it appears your box works!" marveled Khaine.

"Maaric, use the tractor beam and attach those X-Wings to this ship. Es'mith get dressed  
and bring in

the pilots." ordered Khaine.

"Yes Sir!" chorused the two officers.

"Maddog and Madman, this is Headdog. Phase one AND two are complete. Proceed with  
phase three  
and four."

(If someone wants to write a bit about the raid on the spaceport or the battle between  
25 TIEs and six  
shuttles go ahead, otherwise I'll post the after-action in a day or so.)

re: Run-on: Almost there..

by Benjamin Jahou Morgan  
10:12:33 AM

posted 9/1/99

Meanwhile ..... somewhere .....out in space.....

between PLT Daedalus and SSSD Sovereign.....

a little missile boat in space .....

"Sure P2-idio, i know, i know, but it was not my fault that we lost the course. I told to  
the FO that i never

before flight a missile boat, "yes, yes, SL but you are an imperial pilot, you have the missile boat gold medal and so you can fly this spacecraft. "FO Sir this was only on a simulation and not in real space and ..

"SL you have to go earliest to Wing V and so good luck" shouted the FO. " and so we are here in no where's land."

"AH, sure droid-know-all- you told me not to use this button i ve never seen before.

"What course data there is nothing course data left in this bloody ship computer".

"No i can not fly this ship by hand and look at the stars and find the way to SSSD Sovereign."

"Give a radio message to headquarter? Never i would be blamed for all of the rest of my days

and earliest degraded back to CT.... and when i am remembering right there was a cable you used for

repairing ... What does you mean with "its not your fault" you told to me you never seen before this cable".

"Oh shut up whisteling i can not hear any longer your comments."

Can the young SL get out of this problems.

Will he be right in time on SSSD Sovereign.

And can he come right in time to save the flight groups and help to capture the transport?

Well chapter two will follow earliest on this channel. Same time, same place.

re: Run-on: Chapter 2/the Adventure of SL Morgan

by Benjamin Jahou Morgan

posted 9/5/99 9:27:08 AM

"Ok,Ok, think!!! There must be a solution for all this trouble." mmmmmm

(thinking)....later.... mmmmmmmmmH (really hard thinking but no solution)

"Well, P2-idio do you have any idea?"

"He whistle to me!!!!" HE!!!

"OK rivetbolt , i am very sorry what i am talking to you before" "TALK TO ME"

"NOOOO!!!"

"HUH, what shall i do. Having a shower and relax and you will look what you can do?"

"Ok, why not i have no better idea."

He left the pilot seat, made two steps to the very carefully and secretly installed shower.

A little bit later the SL had begun to sing the song of the lonely rider in the black sky.

Meanwhile P2-idio was coming in front of the pilot seat whisteling the song "How to defuse a mine" and cut a lot of cables and put them together with some others.

MEANWHILE.....somewhere.....out in space....

in a galaxy far far away from here, Star wars.

The big brainbug had given orders to shot an large asteroid to a little blue planet in a nine planet system as he want to kill a little rainworm on a planet named "Terra".

BUT....

"whoooooooooooooooo....." cried the young SL in the shower as the hyperspace engine begun to work.

.....40 seconds before....near an asteriod belt where 26 imperial ships are waiting for the run of Aylin squadron.....

An M/CRV came out of hyperspace.

"Imperial pirates, CMDR Athen Younger from M/CRV Alabaster is speaking, your virus has been detected by our SO and cleared ;"You are trapped, surrender or die!"  
2 Squadron of each 6 Xwing were started from M/CRV while he said this, and also jumped A-wing Squadrons called BLUE, ORANGE,RED, GOLD,VIOLET and GREEN,( each 6 members)in the space.

..... 8 1/2 seconds after this.....

.....ohaaa" as the "smilin fat duck" was approaching.

SL Morgan jumped out of the shower.

"He you bloody droid - i will call you up to now P2-idio-t. What have you done?"

"What, cutting some cable, putting together with some others, and the engine works, thats all, really easy".

"I WILL DELETE .....

"What 's this? Out of my way..."

He jumped into the pilot seat and looked at the radar display where a lot of red and green "blips" are.

"Wonderful, you brought us out of hyperspace near to an asteroid belt where a space battle is going on, in the range of an M/CRV.

"Range of an....HE,HE,HE.. heavy rockets are linked..... shot ..... shot... two more"..... and the heavy rockets take course to the M/CRV.

Will the heavy rockets hit the M/CRV.

Will WING V surrender? And what will AD Kramer think abt this when Wing V arrive back on SSSD Sov?

Now its on you members of Wing V to run on..  
FM/SL B.J.Morgan/Mem 2-2

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A FORCE SECOND TO NONE....

WC/CMD TORRES/WING II/MC-90 BISMARCK/IW/EH

"Flight I, break and attack the escorts. Flight II, take out the corvettes and Flight III, you've got the cruiser."

A series of acknowledgements flooded FLT DwX-jio's com-system as Enforcer Squadron began its strike against a small Rebel task force which had been making raids on EH space. For the past two weeks, the ASF and TC had attempted to track and destroy the raiders with little success. A few fighters here and there were the only victories they could claim, but the main prize, the cap ships, always managed to escape before the escorts were overwhelmed. In desperation, AD Eric O'Flynn, FO and TC Commander, had contacted FA Maestro and requested the help of the IW in tracking down the raiders. In turn, Maestro had assigned Wing II, commanded by CMD Torres, to the assignment. Given a task which they were quick to complete, the Wing II pilots tracked down the raiders to a small outpost which served as a fueling station for explorers heading out to the Unknown Regions. Assigning Enforcer Squadron to maintain a watch on the station, Torres had taken Intruder and Black Squadrons to another system where his contacts had reported sighting an MC-60 under-going repairs.

"Proton to DwX, got torpedo lock on the cruiser....firing torpedoes."

"Acknowledged."

With the 3 X-Wings of FL I effectively occupying the remaining escorts, the bulky B-Wings of FL III had managed to gain a lock on the Carrack Cruiser and launched a number of torpedo volleys at it. DwX clipped the Z-95 he was attacking and pulled his

fighter out of the way as the Z-95 began to spin wildly and then exploded as it crashed into the side of one of the corvettes which had been disabled by ion runs from the Y-Wings of FL II. Noting the remaining escorts were destroyed, DwX commed the assault transports into the area.

"Enforcer-I to Stolar-I, all escorts destroyed, area secure for your arrival."

"Roger that. Request status of targets."

"FL II, report status on target corvettes."

"Laa to DwX, both corvettes disabled and awaiting capture. FL II assisting FL III."

"Proton to DwX, shields down on the Cruiser. Do we destroy it or disable it?"

"Disable it, Proton. The WC ordered all ships disabled if possible. FLs II and III, proceed to use your ion cannons and disable the Carrack. Enforcer-I to Stolar-I, both corvettes are disabled, cruiser's shields down and fighters beginning ion attack run. Expect it to be disabled within a few moments."

"Acknowledged, Stolar Flight entering area now."

As FL I entered formation and began a patrol of the area, 5 attack transports entered the area and headed for the corvettes. COM Atrus, believed that this task force was a scout force for a larger, more powerful battlegroup that the Rebels were assembling deep in their own space and requested that Wing II capture as many of the raiders as possible.

"Proton to DwX, cruiser disabled. FL III returning to base, see ya back at the barn, boss."

"Acknowledged, Proton. FL II, head for the WC's position. FL I, remain in the area while the capture operations commence."

With a slight hiccup of space, the 6 fighters vanished into hyperspace, leaving 3 X-Wings, 5 assault transports and 3 disabled Rebel cap ships behind. Time passed as one by one, the rebel ships were captured and entered hyperspace.

"Stolar-I to Enforcer-I, operation completed. We're off now, we'll see you around."

"Acknowledged, Stolar-I. Thanks for the help. FL I, our job is finished, let's head home."

Punching in the coordinates of the MC-90 Bismarck, DwX waited as the fighter quietly approached the hyperjump point and then the stars flashed by as the 3 fighters entered hyperspace.

\*\*\*\*\*

Moving slowly through deep space, the Mon Calamari Cruiser MC-90 Bismarck awaited for the return of its fighters. The flagship of the Infiltrator Wing, the Bismarck was one of the best capital ships in the EH's service and had proven that by defeating more powerful Rebel task forces over and over again. At the moment, the mighty battleship was gathering its forces for a strike on rebel positions in the Minos Cluster. With its escorts arriving, all that was missing were the fighters of Wing II.

On the bridge, the chaos and confusion associated with the planning of a massive strike ruled. Bismarck officers along with CS personal criss-crossed the bridge, ordering the movements of troops and equipment to ensure that all commands were ready when the launch signal was given. Sitting in the COM's chair, COM Atrus signed off a status report for the number of torpedoes on the ship and handed it back to the ensign who immediately head for the quartermaster's office with it.

"Busy day, Atrus?"

"Oh you could say that, FA, but you knew this sort of thing would happen when you announced the operation."

Turning his chair around, Atrus saw FA Maestro, Commander of the Infiltrator Wing, shrug his shoulders.

"We've spent this long just recovering from that disaster over Corellia so I decided it was best if we found out just how good this crew of yours is."

"Well we'll find out once Torres gets back."

"Don't worry, I've served with him before and one thing I have learnt is that he is always eager for a good fight. He'll be here."

Just then, the senior sensor officer reported a number of fighters leaving hyperspace just as a comm-line was opened by the leading B-Wing.

"Vorlon to Bismarck, objectives secured repeat objectives secured."

"Vorlon, this is Maestro. How did it go, Torres?"

"Like a bell. Enforcer disabled the cap ships and destroyed their escorts while the rest of us took down an MC-60 plus a dozen freighters and a squadron of E-Wings. We're heading in, request permission to land."

"Permission granted. Welcome home."

Approaching the battleship at full speed, Torres banked slightly and then folded his fighter's wings as he landed in Wing II's main hanger bay. With the skill of the best, the other 27 fighters landed in their squadron's own hanger bays and the Bismarck headed off for the Minos Cluster.

\*\*\*\*\*

Still dressed in his flight suit, CMD Torres, WC of Wing II, waited for the last pilots to take their seats before proceeding with the debriefing. SLT Emon DarkFyre was the last to arrive and then the doors closed.

"Firstly, a good job to you all. You did excellent work out there by eliminating two rebel task forces and doing it without losing a single pilot. I've read Dwax-jio's report on the assault on the raiding cap ships and Enforcer Squadron did an excellent job by eliminating the fighter escorts and ensuring a safe and successful capture of the ships. With the capture of the ships, Intell believes that the danger to our convoys has passed and we can now turn our attention to the main Rebel fleet in this sector of space."

Cheers went up as the pilots celebrated their victory over the rebel raiders.

"About the MC-60 Cruiser the rest of us engaged, we destroyed it and it's compliment of E-Wings plus a dozen freighters. According to the freighters' markings, they were from the Rebels' 10th fleet which has been last sighted in the Kuat System. Also the Cruiser in question was the Wilet which is suppose to be with the 10th Fleet. We have no confirmations, but rumors have surfaced that the 10th Fleet was being supplied with the new E-Wings, a fact we can confirm in at least one part of the fleet. I'll keep you informed on that."

"Now our mission is to attack a rebel staging center in the Minos Cluster. Most of the IW will be participating in this strike and I expect that we'll do better than anyone else. The primary target for Wing II is the armaments manufacturing facility located in section 2 of the staging area. Secondary targets are the subspace arrays located in sections 2, 3, and 4. These arrays give the rebels good information on ship movements in the entire Cluster."

"Excuse me, WC, are you saying that three subspace arrays can cover the entire Cluster?"

"No, Proton, in order to do that, the Rebels would have to transport in one of their D-3s and a strike by Tau Squadron destroyed the only factory producing them. These arrays are part of a massive network which is scattered across the Cluster. In theory, the Rebels had established the network so that if up to 5 sections were destroyed, the network would still work. However, theory in this case doesn't work. The entire network is controlled from one center which happens to be in section 5. Now Wing I will be targeting that section of the staging center."

"What's the expected resistance?"

"Resistance is believed to be from medium to heavy with at least several MC-class ships protecting the command base. Intell also believes that the 10th Fleet is enroute and that forward elements may have already arrived. These elements are believed to be several X-Wing squadrons plus a squadron of CRVs and a few FRGs."

"Oh boy and we have to get through that lot? Just our luck."

"Cut the smart remarks, Boosk. Our first mission will be to eliminate the CRVs and reduce the number of X-Wings in the area. Black Squadron, you're the first up for this mission. The plan is that you'll enter the area and engage the X-Wings patrolling the area. Intruder Squadron will enter the area and make fake attack runs on the FRGs, drawing away any reinforcements away from Black Squadron. Andron, you'll be the

mission commander and when you gave the order, Enforcer Squadron will enter the area and attack the CRVs. It is important that Enforcer Squadron destroy the CRVs in under 3 attack runs. Any more and you'll be competing with Wing I for kills."

"Black Squadron, you'll be armed with advanced concussion missiles. Your primary goal is the elimination of at least 2 X-Wing squadrons before departing.

Intruder Squadron, you'll be armed with magpulse torpedoes. Your primary goals are to reduce the number of X-Wings engaging Black Squadron and near the CRVs and to damage the weapon systems on the FRGs for a future attack. You will depart the area once Wing I arrives.

Enforcer Squadron, you'll be armed with advanced torpedoes. Your primary goal is the elimination of the 12 CRVs. It is imperative that all CRVs are destroyed before Wing I arrives. One of their goals will be to cover your retreat from the area.

Once all squadrons return to the ship, your fighters will be re-armed and you'll be going out 2 hours later. That's it for now. The Bismarck will be departing for the launch point in 30 minutes and will arrive there in 4 hours so get some sleep. Dismissed."

With that, the gathered pilots stood up, saluted, and walked out of the briefing room.

To be continued.....

WC/CMD TORRES/WING II/MC-90 BISMARCK/IW/EH

dunnwd@ozemail.com.au

<http://www.geocities.com/Area51/Crater/1894/> Wing II

Vice Admiral Torres looked up sharply from the datapad he had been intently studying. "Yes, Lieutenant?"

Lieutenant Adams, the Challenge's sensor officer repeated what he'd just said, an edge creeping into his voice. "Sir, Chancellor Nighthawk is on his way to the Challenge."

Torres' eyebrows raised. "Are you sure?"

The Lieutenant nodded. "Positive ID on his personal shuttle, sir. Coming in under escort from Ares Squadron."

Torres smiled. "Ares? Excellent, perhaps I'll catch up with Yacko and Striker. Let the shuttle and X-Wings land. I'll receive the Chancellor. Notify the Challenge's stormtroopers."

"Yes sir," Adams said, spinning on his heel and heading back to his station.

The shuttle's ramp hissed as it slid to the ground like the tongue of some metallic beast. Torres and Corran Force stared intently forward as the ramp made its final clunk, touching down on the landing bay's deck.

A figure wrapped in a purple-hemmed cloak strode purposefully down the ramp, his vaguely avian figure unsettling the Vice-Admiral. Calibops were normally found in the New Republic. Indeed, a calibop was one of the most influential figures in the New Republic's Senate. As Chancellor Nighthawk was to the Emperor's Hammer.

Torres and Force fell into step with the Chancellor. "Chancellor, we are honoured by your presence."

"Dispense with the pleasantries, Vice-Admiral. I'm here on official duty."

"Senate? Infiltrator Wing? Dark Brotherhood?"

Nighthawk stopped, a grim smile appearing on his face. "None of these things, sir."

Torres' brain finally caught up with his ears. "Sir?"

Nighthawk pulled back the Krath cloak to reveal a TIE Corps uniform bearing the rank of Sub-Lieutenant. Nighthawk snapped off a salute.

"Sub-Lieutenant Nighthawk reporting for duty, sir!"

Torres shook his head. "This is some sort of joke, right?"

"No, sir."

"but you're my superior. You're the Chancellor of the Imperial Senate, a more powerful Dark Jedi than I, and a member of the IWCS! You can't be in the TIE Corps!" Torres continued. "And besides, neither I nor Major Force heard anything about this."

"Ah, I managed to convince Admiral O'Flynn to let me bring you my commissioning papers personally." He handed the Vice-Admiral a datapad.

Torres looked at the pad carefully. "Typhoon Squadron? you're taking over from Brandon?"

Nighthawk smiled.

Torres sighed and placed the datacard from the pad in his pocket.

"Welcome to the Challenge, Sub-Lieutenant," he said, snapping off a salute.

"I don't think she'll need many introductions."

Nighthawk smiled again. He pointed to the doors at the end of the hangar. "Shall we?"

Torres nodded. "I believe we shall. Major, you want to sort things out down here while I show the Chancellor- I mean, the Sub-Lieutenant- around?"

Force shrugged. "Sure."

Typhoon Squadron had been on another dangerous mission into the Minos Cluster, assaulting a Rebel shipyard in tandem with Cyclone and Tornado. The Wing X squadrons hadn't lost a pilot and the shipyard was free-floating hydrogen. Yet, the battle had been long and hard, several pilots had gone EV, including Ehart and Sakul, who were being bacta-dunked for exposure. Still, the remaining pilots had convened in the cantina to celebrate their victory.

Estie and Andron were playing guitars, trying to outdo each other in a Deliverance-style guitar-off. The riffs were becoming longer and more complex with each round, Andron just managing to keep up.

Vexie was watching in musical awe in the corner, sipping on a soft drink. She vowed never to drink chalcuila again after the night Nightwolf joined the squad.

Nightwolf was cheering on Andron. Blackbird was cheering on Estie. Calli was standing behind Andron, playing air-guitar in an attempt to put Estie off, whilst Jenn was doing a similar thing behind Estie.

Drear was talking to Domi in the corner whilst Slicey was playing Sabbacc with Corran Horn, Spaceboy and Mell. By the looks of things, Spaceboy was going to be a much richer man by the end of the night.

All activity stopped when they saw who entered the cantina. Andron broke a string. Vexie dropped her drink. Calli's air guitar noises trailed off when she saw the newcomer. Slicey's cut-off cry of "Saba-" was the last sound to be heard.

Then, Calli spoke. "Hey," she said, "The Chancellor's wearing a TIE Corps uniform!"

Nighthawk smiled. He'd been doing that a lot recently. "Lieutenant Colonel Callista, Sub-Lieutenant Nighthawk reporting for duty."

"Well, tie me up and call me Jabba," Domi said.

"Where's the rope?" Mell sniggered.  
Domi glared. Mell grinned sheepishly. Callista coughed.  
"Welcome to Typhoon, Nighthawk," Calli said. "First of all, no ranks unless necessary. I don't think any of us have used Torres' rank since he got promoted.  
"Second of all, introductions. Some of them you might know from the Senate, such as Andron, Estie, Blackbird and suchlike. But you'll get to know us all in time.  
"Third of all...do you like Chalquila?"  
"Do I have to?" Nighthawk asked.  
"It's a distinct advantage in this squad," Calli replied.  
Nighthawk shrugged. "I guess there's a first time for everything."  
"Good," Calli said, draping an arm over the shoulders of the newest Typhoon pilot. "Bartender, a double Chalquila for the Sub-lieutenant. He's buying drinks for the next week."  
"I'm \*what\*?"  
Callista smiled sweetly. "It's tradition, dear. New pilots get the drinks in for the first week of their tenure in the Wing. Don't worry, with your handsome Chancellor's wage, I'm sure you can afford it."  
Nighthawk sighed as he reached for his wallet...

FM/LCM Andronicus/Typhoon 2-4/Wing X/ISD Challenge

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

Name: Paul Maud'dib Atraidies  
Rank: sub Lt.  
Scandoc Transmission Code (Screen Name): FM/SL Dirty Harry 99/Crusader 1-4/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf  
Sex (M/F): m  
Race: human  
Date of Birth: 5-18-87  
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Caladan  
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): single  
Family: House Atraidies  
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Nobility  
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Took control of Arrakis  
Significant Events of Adulthood: Continued to rule as muad'dib  
Alignment & Attitude: Calm  
Former Occupations (if any): Prince of all Caladan  
Hobbies: Biking, Computering, Sandriding  
Tragedies: Father, Duke Leto Atraidies, Dies.  
Phobias & Allergies: Non  
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): I felt that it is a good place to have a name  
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: So i could take a part in non irc tournaments  
Other comments or information (optional): I make very good XvT missions  
I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.  
Signature: FM/SL Dirty Harry 99/Crusader 1-4/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf

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## **Battle at Endor**

By FL/LT Outlaw/Sword 3-1/Wing IX/ISD Relentless

A heck of a lot of planning went into the tactics and execution of the trap at Endor. To this day, we still don't know quite what went wrong.

We had everything timed down and planned to the second. What the Rebels would do when they discovered the Death Star's protective shield was still operational; what formations they would assume; how they would attack. We had it all laid out. And the Rebels followed our plans... for the most part.

But it wasn't the Imperial TIE fighter pilots' fault, that's for certain. We all did our job; keep the Rebels from escaping. We did that, and, if you ask me, very well. Heck, I alone had eleven kills in the engagement. But, if we had fully succeeded in our task, there would be no Rebellion presently, now, would there?

The Rebels did what we expected-- after figuring out the Death Star's shield was still intact, they turned around and broke for space, only to discover that the Imperial fleet was there waiting for them. Our fighters washed over them like a tidal wave, pouring green laser fire down on their pitiful fleet. We took out even more fighters than we had estimated in the first pass. The forces collided, and became a churning mass of starfighters and laser fire.

The Death Star then let out an immense burst of energy, which disintegrated a Calamari cruiser. I knew this battle was going to be easy. With the pride of knowing the Rebellion would surely die with one swipe of the Emperor's power, I vaped enemy starfighters at my discretion. Tuning my comm in on their frequencies as I unleashed my last burst of laser fire, I enjoyed listening to their death cries. Some were screams. Others were curses. But most of them were just hisses of static. What I preferred.

I noticed two Rebel fighters, an A-Wing and an X-Wing, if I remember correctly, heading for an attack run on the Executor, the lord Darth Vader's personal command ship. My sensors indicated the massive Super Star Destroyer's shields had fallen. A rip of terror flooded my every nerve. How had this happened? The Rebels were supposed to lose. The Empire was to emerge victorious!

But my main concern was to get the X-Wing before it could fire any of its proton torpedoes. After eliminating that threat, I turned my eyes to the A-Wing. Though not nearly as powerful as an X-Wing, the A-Wing was still a fast little fighter. I fired off a salvo of green energy, and it succeeded in hitting the enemy fighter, just not destroying it. It twisted horribly out of its path as the pilot tried to regain control. While I was kicking myself for not vaping the little insolent Rebel, I noticed it was heading straight for the bridge of the Executor. I stared in wide-eyed horror as I saw the A-Wing plunge into the command tower of the Super Star Destroyer. After the initial collision, I heard over my comm the command staff of the Executor giving orders and damage assessments.

The crew couldn't regain control of the massive, eight-kilometer long ship from its auxiliary bridge. I shut my eyes as the Executor plunged into the Death Star, exploding upon impact with the battle station. My feeling of power over the Rebels vanished along with the Executor. The comm was silenced as all of the officers and crew that had been aboard the Super Star Destroyer died with the ship.

The rest of the fleet was as dumbstruck as I was. We had not anticipated the Rebels to put up such a fight. No one thought it capable of this alliance of revolutionaries to accomplish a feat such as destroying a Super Star Destroyer. But, they had destroyed the first Death Star, which had also been deemed impossible.

The Death Star. A call had come over the comm that it's shields had fallen. I oriented my TIE interceptor with the moon-sized battle station, still under construction, and kicked my throttle to full. We had expected the Rebels to send starfighters down into the uncompleted battle station's interior to take out the main power core. We had since done away with the thermal exhaust port that had been the undoing of the previous Death

Star.

The first wave of Rebel fighters, including the famed Correllian YT-1300 freighter, the Millennium Falcon, was initiating the attack on the second Death Star. It took me only a short period of time to cover the distance to the battle station. I followed the Rebels through one of the construction access ports that lead all the way to the Death Star's power core. I was followed by several more TIE interceptors, attempting to accomplish my goal as well. We knew the Empire's fate was on our shoulders, for the Emperor himself, along with Lord Darth Vader, were on the Death Star at that very moment. If the Death Star was destroyed, the Emperor would go with it.

I lined up an X-Wing in my sights and let loose a barrage of laser fire. The X-Wing exploded magnificently, as S-foil wings and fuselage pieces clanged against the sides of the access tunnel. I flew through the resulting fireball, along with all but one of my companions, who lost his orientation in the blinding explosion, and plowed into the side of the tunnel. I wondered how many Imperial personnel were killed when the TIE had crashed.

But that didn't matter. The Emperor and his mighty Empire were at stake. I focused back in on my objective. There was a split coming up, and a few of the Rebel starfighters broke away from the group, and headed back to the vacuum at the surface of the Death Star. Two of my companions followed.

But one other pilot and I followed the Millennium Falcon and another X-Wing as they continued their flight to the Death Star's core. It should be coming up any time, I thought. I couldn't get a clear shot at either of them, as I was trying to avoid low beams and other obstacles. The tunnel opened up into a huge chamber, the exact center of the station. Knowing our situation was desperate, my companion TIE and I opened fire upon the remaining Rebel craft. They weren't well placed shots, and they flew off away from their targets. The X-Wing headed up for the power regulator and opened fire, just as the Millennium Falcon fired on the power core. Both shattered under the barrage, their fragile frames toppling and exploding all at once.

Then I was passed it all. The realization that countless Imperial lives were going to be lost set in. A lump caught in my throat. It was all my fault. First, for crippling the A-Wing that ultimately destroyed the Executor, and then my failure to protect the inhabitants of the second Death Star when they needed me most. But my main concern at that moment was for my own safety, and getting myself out of the dying battle station.

I followed the Millennium Falcon to the construction access tunnel that lead to the surface of the Death Star. Anger flowed within me as I envisioned myself destroying the freighter on its way back to the surface. The vision of the explosion replayed over and over in my head.

A proximity sensor in my cockpit noted that the ring of fire resulting from the destruction of the power core was gaining on me rapidly. The other TIE that had accompanied me had already become subject to the flame, having been consumed and destroyed by it.

That wasn't going to happen to me. I could see the black void of space up at the end of the tunnel. I kicked up extra speed, sending power from my laser cannons to my engines, as I maneuvered to line myself up for the kill shot on the Millennium Falcon. It was in my sights. The tone indicating a confirmed lock rang in my ears. The proximity sensor also was beeping insistently, as the flame came closer to the hull of my ship. In fact, it was a matter of meters away from my TIE. I could feel the heat burning through the hull. I pulled my trigger, sending a wild shot off towards the Millennium Falcon.

I was consumed in heat. My cockpit filled with fire. It burned up all of the oxygen in my cockpit, and then went for my personal supply. I looked down, only to see my entire flight suit covered in flame. The heat was searing. I screamed in my agony. I listened as the call for a full retreat came over the comm.

As I took in one final breath of oxygen, I succumbed to the fire. I released that final breath as I yelled in my final death throes, as I'd listened the numerous Rebels do under my fire.

Blackness came quickly.

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

Name:Buddy  
Rank:SL  
Scandoc Transmission Code (Screen Name):Buddy  
Sex (M/F):male  
Race:humaniod  
Date of Birth:april 28  
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld):in Mos Eisley on Tatooine  
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated):single  
Family:mother,father,me  
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility):nobility  
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:Seeing a lightsaber duel

Significant Events of Adulthood:podracing  
Alignment & Attitude:fearless  
Former Occupations (if any):sell goods at the market  
Hobbies:Building a space ship,working on the droids,shooting targets with my t-16  
Tragedies:Things were slow one season and we nearly perished(didn't get enough money for the family and almost died of no food for several days straight)  
Phobias & Allergies:a jedi with a lightsaber no allergies  
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer):the empire is the side i think is fighting for the right reasons, so the hammer is the place to be  
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet:the reason that i joined was that i think that the empire might need a little help from a veteran 4th grade with 86% until my next promotion  
Other comments or information (optional):i think that star wars is the best movie ever made in all time and all the lucas arts games rock the house!!!!

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

Signature:FM/SL Buddy/Crusader 3-3/WingXIII/ISD Grey Wolf

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

Name: Theodore - (Long for Beaver > Long for BVR)  
Rank: Lieutenant  
Current Assignment: Mu Squadron (Rebel Annihilation)  
Scandoc Transmission Code: dpippen@abanet.org  
Sex (M/F): Male  
Race: Most likely Human  
Date of Birth: Unknown  
Place of Birth: Unknown  
Marital Status: Married

Family: Assorted life forms

Social Status: - impossible to classify - relative to system visited

Quote: "Those who do not prevent crimes when they could, encourage them"  
Cato the Elder, 234-149 B.C.

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:

The beginning is unclear as bvr was abandoned on Coruscant as a newborn. What is known is that bvr is most likely of human lineage, he was healthy, well fed and at peace when found.

bvr was found by those who would raise him, Petyr and Janl. bvr's adopted parents were Mandalorian survivors and Petyr served on the staff of the Imperial Senate Judicial Council. Petyr and Janl had one son of their own, Ja, who would spend many years teaching bvr of Mandalorian valor.

Ja was an impossible youth courting trouble for he and his adopted brother as often as possible. The youth were prone to joyriding in any vehicle they could jack into and necessarily became adept at laser fire and escape techniques. Through the situations into which bvr was forced, he learned to defend himself. When Ja became too much trouble for his parents, he was sent to serve the Empire. There he found discipline and order. Ja served the Empire as a Stormtrooper of such exceptional skill, he eventually was invited to join the Imperial Royal Guard where it is presumed he still serves today.

Throughout his formative years, bvr enjoyed the freedom of rule breaking and paid the price of the same. As he witnessed the transformation of his adoptive brother in the service of the Empire, he learned the power and lure of Law and order. His intellect led him into various studies, but his freedom burned for release.

Significant Events of Adulthood:

bvr demonstrated promise in academics and his adopted parents hoped he would follow their lead in service in the Judicial Council. Their hopes, however, were not to be fulfilled as they envisioned.

bvr did well in his studies and achieved some level of repute. He married a stunning human, Christina and settled into what many hoped would be his life: Years of toil and upstanding citizenship leading to a comfortable judicial appointment. His work prospered, but he yearned for the freedom of his youth.

bvr enlisted in the Tie Corps just a few days prior to the normal age restrictions for new pilots. His family wealth assured, he left his young bride for the thrill of the ultimate service to the Empire. His explanation was simple: order can be argued or imposed and he wanted the satisfaction of accomplishing the goals of the Empire.

bvr quickly completed his training and was assigned to a new squadron, Mu, aboard the ISD Colossus. There he discovered his appointment was fortuitous as his fellow squadron members were among the finest fighters in the Tie Corps. Active and aggressive bvr was happy, but not yet satisfied.

Alignment & Attitude:

The Rule of Law is of paramount importance to bvr. Only with a functioning and stable legal framework can society prosper, let alone survive.

Former Occupations (if any):

bvr is a former child delinquent and self-taught pilot. Prior to joining the Tie Corps, bvr was trained in the law and prepared for a judicial appointment.

Hobbies:

- water sports
- wooing his young wife
- enforcing the Rule of Law

Tragedies:

- those who do not respect the authority and rule of the Empire

Phobias & Allergies:

- n/a

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

- see above - order reigns supreme

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

- To be pro-active in enforcing the laws of the Empire

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

Signature: Theodore

Date: 1999-08-18

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The sun on Wellor II rose in the early dawn. Kanauses, bird-like creatures, chirped and fog spread throughout the dark jungle. The Rebellion had built a small base here in order to gain access to the planet of Wellor. Wellor was abundant with various resources. Minerals and metals could easily be mined creating a conflict between the Empire and the Rebellion concerning Wellor's possessor.

The distinct shape of two Imperial transports could be seen heading into Wellor II's atmosphere. 14 selected Stormtroopers were on each transport for this special mission. The 28 troopers were both nervous and excited in anticipation of what was to come. Private Zuek was among them. Sticky, hot sweat gathered on his forehead and then dripped down into his eyes. He blinked. Ever since Sergeant George recommended him, Zuek had been apprehensive about the whole mission. Now that it was time to actually do it he felt panicky. Thousands of thoughts swept through his mind as the transport lowered onto a soft patch of grassy turf. As the order to move out was given over his comlink, Zuek pushed these thoughts away and concentrated on serving the Emperor. As he headed over to the boarding ramp he felt confident and secure. All of his training came back to him and he was ready to fight. Not only that but he wanted to fight!

It was 0800 hours and the selected Stormtroopers had broken up into Platoons and Squads across a sunny field. Zuek was in Squad 4 of Vendetta Platoon. He stood beside Private Chronos, Private Tuler, and Sergeant George as Lt. Ares barked out orders. Thresher Squad was ordered to do an espionage mission of the Rebel base. Ares made it clear that this was a big opportunity for Vendetta to show its stuff. Zuek had already memorized the orders and was clear that they would leave toward the base at 0100 hours sharp. When Ares said sharp he meant sharp.

The sky was dark since Wellor II's sun had not yet risen. Zuek was in Vendetta's assigned barracks lying in bed. It was almost 0100 hours and he did not want to get up. Finally Sergeant George's order to get out "persuaded" him. He went to his reserved locker and saw that special covert armor had been placed inside for the mission. This armor was lighter than standard Stormtrooper armor and was a dark camouflage green color. He quickly dressed and hurried over to the meeting spot. Most of Thresher Squad was already there. Lt. Ares stood to the side and cleared his voice, "You have been briefed! Go and good luck!" Immediately Sergeant George ordered the privates forward. After 13 kilometers of rough hiking, the weary troopers came within visual contact of the base. The base was surrounded by a 3.2 meter high duralsteel fence. Every 8 meters was a mounted E-Web repeating blaster. Every other E-Web was manned with one rebel trooper. There were about five rebels out on patrol around the base and each carried a small hand-held scanner that could track up to 12 meters through the dense fog. The base itself had one main blast door at the front and about five 1 by 2 meter air vents. Thresher Squad took down various bits of useful information onto data pads and then hurried back to the barracks. No one but Private Zuek noticed the air vents.

Two days had passed since Thresher's spying job. Lt. Ares, Sergeant George, and Sergeant Egad were discussing battle plans using the obtained information. They decided to send Squad 1 and Thresher Squad of Vendetta Platoon to take out the base using thermal detonators. That afternoon the squads were briefed. That morning they set out for the target.

It was a very chilly morning and the Stormtroopers of Squads 1 and 4 were very happy to be in their temperature controlled Body Gloves. They were just approaching the

Rebel base when they heard a rebel say,

"Wait a minute, I just picked something up." The Stormtroopers cursed silently to themselves and ducked down. Lance Corporal Gripper of Squad 1 went ahead. He grabbed two fragmentation grenades from his utility belt and threw them as close to the base as possible. Instantly there were cries of surprise and pain. The Stormtroopers pushed forward, blasters firing. Bolts of energy shattered bones and sliced through tissue. Soon no sound could be heard except for the worried E-Web operators trying to contact the rebel patrols. The Stormtroopers had suffered no casualties during the skirmish. Then they systematically fanned out and took up different positions within the base's vicinity. Private Zuek and Private Tuler moved forward. They were crawling very slowly so as not to alert the E-Web operators of their approach. When they reached the fence they began to dig into the soft soil around the it. Soon they had tunneled underneath the fence. They then reported their current actions via comlink. Zuek motioned to the air vents. Tuler nodded in agreement. They dashed over to the air vents as fast as they could. Suddenly one of the E-Web operators spotted them and called out in alarm. The rebels hastily tried to turn their E-Webs around to get a clear shot, but Zuek and Tuler had already vanished into the first air vent.

Rebel E-Web operator Salger again tried to radio the rebel patrols. Still no response. He knew that he must keep an extra eye out for anything suspicious. Suddenly he spotted a camouflaged Stormtrooper sprint toward the base. He instantaneously reported,

"I just spotted a Stormtrooper heading for air vent one! Re-angle E-Webs immediately! I repeat: Re-angle E-Webs immediately!" He started to re-angle his own as he continued to report: "Use air vent security system immediately! Use air vent security system immediately!" The other operators acknowledged the order and did as he said. Then Salger spoke to himself in a low voice, "Well so much for that trooper. No one's ever gotten passed the security."

Zuek led the way through the air vent with Tuler close behind. They both had their blasters withdrawn and held at ready. Suddenly a very loud high pitched sound was produced by small unobtrusive devices located along the ceiling of the air vent. Zuek and Tuler's helmets protected their ears and therefore the sound did not affect them. Then small blasts of uncontrolled energy were generated from mechanisms along the entire length of the venting shaft. The blasts started a few meters behind the two troopers and then instantly spread toward them. Zuek cursed in surprise and then crawled as fast as his armor allowed. Tuler was not as experienced in his armor and could not keep up. The Body Glove that surrounded his body absorbed the sweat that was now flowing profusely. He panicked and tried to look around. This forced him to stop, yielding him vulnerable. The blasts of energy easily reached him and consumed his body. His armor started to melt into his skin and he screamed in pain. His body started to twitch and his limbs crumbled into a gooey mess of blood, skin, and armor. He cried out for mercy with his last breath and then crumpled to the floor, nothing now but a pool of bubbling ooze.

The camouflaged Stormtroopers were getting uneasy. They didn't know if Zuek or Tuler had made it since neither had reported in for awhile. Sergeant George decided to send Private Chronos and Lance Corporal Gripper together for the second wave of the operation. It was unusual to mix troopers from separate squads together but this was an unusual mission. The Private and Lance Corporal left staying close to the ground. The E-Web operators guessed that more Stormtroopers would be coming so when they heard the soft noise of Chronos cough they immediately began to shoot into the ground around the base. This kicked up a lot of dust and therefore provided cover for Chronos and Gripper. They made a dash for the fence and then stopped underneath one of the mounted E-Webs. Gripper then silently climbed an old ladder up to the E-Web. The rebel operator was busy scanning the base for signs of Stormtroopers and did

not see Gripper come up. Gripper took out his blaster and raised it at the rebel. The last thing the rebel did was turn in Gripper's direction before he was blown into bits. At once all of the rebel operators turned to look at Gripper. He systematically shot one after one of the rebels. All that target practice had finally paid off. When the closest operators were no longer operating Gripper turned the E-Web to face the base's front blast door. He then continually shot bolt after bolt of energy until the door's controls were destroyed. There would be no escape for the rebels this time!

Tuler had slowed the energy but Zuek still knew that he had to work fast. He crawled over vents leading into various rooms and turned into different passages. He still could not locate the base's main reactor room. Suddenly the thought to report in occurred to him. He moved his chin to click on his comlink and spoke into it,

"This is Zuek reporting in."

"Where the hell are you?!" came the response. "Why didn't you report in?!" Zuek recognized the voice as Sergeant George.

"Sir, I haven't located the main reactor yet and...sir...Tuler didn't make it," replied Zuek solemnly. "What's the situation out there?"

"Gripper and Chronos have taken control of an E-Web blaster and have fried the controls to the front door. Find that damn reactor!"

"Understood sir, I'm on it." Zuek assured him. Zuek then continued to search room after room to find the reactor. After five minutes of searching from overhead, Zuek looked down into the main reactor room. There were 5 rebels on various control panels and two standing guard at the far side of the room. Zuek easily picked off the operators and then when the guards came to investigate he got them too. He talked into his comlink, "I'm planting the detonators now. We're going to have eight minutes to get the hell out of here!" There was no response since everyone knew what he meant. Zuek removed the two thermal detonators that he brought from his belt, pushed a button on them, and then dropped them into the room. The second he let them go, he turned around and raced back the way he came. He hoped the energy wave was gone. All he could do was hope.

As soon as Sergeant George heard that Zuek had delivered the "package", he gave the order to fall back. He did not want any unnecessary casualties from his own detonators. The Stormtroopers of Squads 1 and 4 of Vendetta Platoon backed away from the base as Sergeant George glanced at the detonator monitor. They had six minutes before the explosion. It was enough time, but was it enough time for Zuek?

Zuek was lost. He could not find the passage that led to the air vents. Time was steadily ticking away and he told himself to stay calm. He was anything but calm. Finally he came to a shaft that looked slightly familiar. He took it and finally came to an opening. Light poured in and he squinted. He was very relieved that he had not encountered the energy wave or the remains of Tuler. He glanced at a detonator monitor that he held with him. He had one minute to get out. He had just made it in time. Zuek stuck his head out of the vent and to his surprise he saw nobody on the E-Webs. He didn't have time to think about that now. After getting out of the vent, he sprinted as fast as he could away from the base. As he scrambled under the fence he heard the beginning of an explosion. He kept on running and never looked back. He knew the explosion was close since he felt great heat despite his suit's temperature control. The world was a blur as he ran by fellow troopers. They too were running. When he came to a ditch he dove in. Fire and noise passed over him and then disappeared. He climbed out and looked around. The other Stormtroopers were scattered around. All of them seemed to be okay. Then Zuek looked at where the base was. Now all that was left of it was a large black scorch mark with flaming wreckage strewn around. Mission accomplished Zuek thought to himself.

Everyone was back at the barracks. Word of the Imperials mining on Wellor had brought cheers through the crowd of troopers around Lt. Ares. Lt. Ares spoke,

"We have been through great obstacles in our past and have overcome many things. Even on small missions such as this, we have shown our 100% effort. Now Vendetta has risen a little higher. We have conquered our obstacles and will always conquer them. And more importantly, Vendetta will succeed again!"

TRP/PTE Zuek/Alpha-Vendetta-4/Carrida II =S= [CoOx2]

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

Name: Sendar Kala

Rank: Lieutenant

Current Assignment: Daleth 3-1/Wing III/SSSD Sovereign

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): tthygesen@yahoo.com

Sex (M/F): Male

Race: Correlian

Date of Birth: Unknown

Place of Birth (Please include Home world): Born on the planet of Errin in the Greop System.

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

Family: Son of Siadra Kala and Jaeone Kala, (former) members of the New Republic's maintenance staff. No known brothers and sisters.

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

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Sendar Kala's parents were forced to Errin in connection with the New Republic's foundation of operations in the system. As maintenance staff they were badly paid, and this had great influence on the childhood and adolescence of Sendar. Naturally he attended the compulsory school system maintained and controlled by the New Republic, but he had trouble seeing the positive sides of the Republic, due to the fact that his parents almost were working as slaves for them. As Sendar Kala grew his hatred to the New Republic grew with him, and at the age of 14 he became aware of the Empire and the values it represented. Then, at the age of 17, his father died in a working accident caused by poor working conditions. At this point Sendar decided that he would not accept the ways of the New Republic, and that he would join the Empire to make a difference. He made it to Imperial space, as a stowaway in a freighter, and he contacted the Empire and explained his terrible situation. To this day communication with his mother has not taken place, but Sendar knows that she is alive, and he has sworn to find her and avenge his father's death!

Significant Events of Adulthood: After contacting the Empire, Sendar Kala joined the Imperial Armed Service, and hereafter he applied for joining the Tie Corps. He was accepted as a trainee, and carried out his training on PLT/Daedalus.

Alignment & Attitude: Due to the fact that Sendar joined the Empire because of the Republic's bad influence on his entire life, he has an enormous hatred to the New Republic. This horrendous fact drives him forward in the search for revenge. This does not mean that he is a bad person, because he actually loves and respects life and other human beings, but when dealing with the Rebels he cannot stop thinking of his father.

Hobbies: Flying combat simulators, enjoying life, listening to music and hiking.

Tragedies: The loss of his father.

Phobias & Allergies: No phobias and no allergies.

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Looks at the Empire (and the Emperor's Hammer) as the "right thing". In order to keep peace and order the Empire is the future and the destiny for the galaxy.

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

loss of his father while working for the Republic, he sees the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet as the only likely way to get a kind of revenge.

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

Signature: LT Sendar Kala

Date: 09/05/99

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Written by: CM\_DS-61-4

One day, while on patrol duty on the frozen ice world of Hoth (The Rebels have fled there Main Base on Hoth a few days ago and we're looking for additional outposts) I spotted what appeared to be a wampa ice creature hovering over what appeared to be a carcass of a tauntan. While seeing this event and passing over head I remember and thought of a story I once heard..

A group of failed Alliance Cadets had set up a business as guides to take the highest-paying, big-game hunters to track down and kill wampas. The profits were high, and given sufficient weaponry, the game was not too difficult. But on the fourth such expedition, the wampas fought back.

By this time the ice creatures had learned their enemies' tactics and weaknesses. The wampas found the spaceships left by the group and tore them apart during the night, leaving the hunters and their guides with no comlink and no way to get off the frozen planet. The wampas raised their howling voices in the night, terrifying the hunters, and making them waste their ammunition by shooting at shadows. Idiots of course. But then, these were failed rebel troopers.

The perfectly camouflaged snow monsters struck, attacking in unison-these supposedly solitary creatures acted together like a precision killing machine. They came seven nights in a row, and each night took only one victim, dragging him into the cold darkness. No amount of fighting could stop them, and even though several wampas were slain, the monsters kept coming until they grabbed there chosen human. The terrified hunters, seeing their numbers diminishing with each passing night, could do nothing.

Finally the last two survivors made a pact and turned their weapons on each other rather than become tortured victims of the wampas.

Of course, as with many such tall tales, the question remains who told the story, if no one survived? I thought and thought about it, even after I left Hoth, I have only 3 conclusions.

1-One of the Wampas told the story. Which I highly doubt.

2-A search and rescue team came and conducted research, rescue, found clues, and maybe found a survivor. This one I also doubt.

3-Like many cantina stories, it was a tall tale, but a good one indeed!

Out of all the stories I've heard, from local cantinas to the infamous Death Star this was one of the best stories I've heard.

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

Name: Jeff Loruss  
Rank: SL  
Scandoc Transmission Code (Screen Name): FM/SL Jeff Loruss/Crusader #-4/Wing XIII/ISD Greywolf {IWATS}  
Sex (M/F):M  
Race:White  
Date of Birth:Unknown  
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld):Corellia  
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single  
Family:Mother,Sister.  
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility):Poor  
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:Cut my teeth in Pod racing when i was 12.  
Significant Events of Adulthood:Joined the EH, Stationed aboard the ISD Greywolf in Crusader Squad.  
Alignment & Attitude:Imperial Thinking, Attitude only good rebel is a dead rebel.  
Former Occupations (if any):1.) Cab on Corellia proper,2.)system passenger liner.Quit that too boring.  
Hobbies:Like to create death and havoc for rebels. or any other beings that oppose the might of the empire.  
Tragedies: that i didn't know about EH sooner i'd have a larger rank by now..  
Phobias & Allergies:none that i know of.  
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer):this is the best place i found to be..  
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Wanted to kick some rebel butt.  
Other comments or information (optional):I just wanna say thanks for lettin me in this man's navy.

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

Signature: SL Jeff Loruss Crusader 3-4/ISD Greywolf

Date:10-1-99

cc: Imperial Security Bureau (ISB) Liaison Officer

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

Name: Hello  
Rank: APP, LT  
Current Assignment: Cyclone Squadron, Hurricane Squadron  
Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): HelloRiker@hotmail.com  
Sex (M/F): Male  
Race: Human  
Date of Birth: Unknown  
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Correlia  
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single  
Family: Deceased  
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Well-to-do  
Quote: "Death and Destruction shall rain from above"

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Witnessed the death of his mother and father at the hands of a Jedi Knight in a pre-clone war battle.  
Significant Events of Adulthood: Joined the Emperors hammer and became a member of cyclone squadron. Joined the Dark Brother Hood after realizing he had Sith potential.

Alignment & Attitude: Hates New Republic will stop at nothing to see its destruction.

Former Occupations (if any): Formerly a smuggler for Talon Karrde left his organization after the attacks by Grand Admiral Thrawn. Member of the Correllian security force for a short time.

Hobbies: Killing rebels.

Tragedies: Death of parents and family members at the hands of the Rebellion and the Jedi.

Phobias & Allergies: None

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Believes that the empire is the only true government in the galaxy.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Wants to see the destruction of the rebellion and the return of the Empire to power.

Other comments or information (optional):

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

Signature: Hello

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"Once upon a time I got a small windows game called Sabacc (by David Sanborne). As most of the members will know as the very famous card game in which Han Solo conned.. I mean won the Millenium Falcon from Lando Calrissian. Now reading the included readme file, I noticed that the author of said program was working on multiplayer support, however since then Mr. Sanborne has gone disappeared from sight and the mutliplayer version did never (to my knowledge anyway) become reality. I was a little disapointed about this... but to make a very long story not so long.... I made a small dualplayer version (2 players, using IP) of Sabacc in VB, you can download it at:

<http://loth.simplenet.com/files/ccs.zip> (it's a 5mb download if I recall correctly)

I'd appreciate any response on the game, and if people like it I might make a multiplayer version (up to at least 4 players) too. Send any comments to [vigsted@email.com](mailto:vigsted@email.com).

FM/LCM Jens "Bushmaster" Vigsted/Kappa 2-2/WingII/SSSD Sovereign  
[PC][ISMx4]OV-2E"

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

Name: SL Adrenaline  
Rank: Sub Lieutenant

Current Assignment: Cheth Squadron  
Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): jaycor@direct.ca  
Sex (M/F): M  
Species/Race: Human  
Date of Birth: 74/09/15  
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Vancouver  
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Married  
Family: 3 Cats  
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Poor  
Quote: When Mr Bigglesworth gets upset, People Die !!!  
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Nope  
Significant Events of Adulthood: Snowboarding  
Alignment & Attitude: Freedom, baby, yea  
Former Occupations (if any): n/a  
Hobbies: Snowboarding, Video games  
Tragedies: Titanium rod  
Phobias & Allergies: Rebels  
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Rocks  
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet:  
Was recruited  
Other comments or information (optional):

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

Signature:

FM/SL Adrenaline/Cheth 1-2/Wing IV/SSSD Sovereign

{IWATS}

Date: 99/18/09

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## Star Wars

Imperial Re-creation

SEN Enerum Shka (Hiran)/Literature, Debate, Intelligence [LXY: Black Shka] [CoK(x3)]

FM/SL Enerum Shka/Spectre 1-2/Wing I/SSD Avenger {IWATS-M}

JH Enerum Shka (Krath)/ House Marka Ragnos of Naga Sadow, WR/SC/ GRMG: INI

## --CHAPTER ONE--

He winced in pain as he was thrown violently forward. He wondered what had made him decelerate out of hyperspace so abruptly. As he tried to repair damaged subsystems, this thought was locked in his mind. Then he saw answers—several of them.

A massive Imperial Armada was gathered around a small planet. The planet, called Tornas Minor, looked like a smaller version of Coruscant. It was covered in a seemingly unending sheet of sheer metal. Command towers visibly stuck out of the moon. It was hard to accept the fact that this was a real, natural planet with a breathable atmosphere, not some immense new Death Star, five times the size of the original. Thousands—no, millions! —of bright dots speckled the surface of the moon, while the huge fleet went about its business. All was completely oblivious of one, tiny, insignificant A-wing fighter that was interdicted out of hyperspace.

Apparently not everything was oblivious to him. "Unidentified rebel craft," crackled a voice over his comm channel, "you are going to be captured and be brought aboard the Imperial Star Destroyer Ysnna. Please shut down all systems save life support and make ready to be tractored in. Over." "Imperial Fleet, this is A-wing Purple eight, I copy. My ship became disabled when you snatched me outta light speed. All that's left is

emergency life-support. I'd actually owe you Imps a favor if you brought me aboard."  
"Copy, Purple eight. The Yssna is on its way."

It took half an hour for the Yssna to arrive and get his A-wing into its hangar bay. He was greeted by a busy bay filled with TIEs and other Imperial fighters. This was obviously the fighter bay. A female lieutenant in full uniform walked up to him. "You Purple 8?" she asked, then, without waiting for an answer, said, "Follow me." She walked over to one of the many doors in the bay. He hesitated. "Well, are you coming?" she yelled across the room. "Uh...yeah," he said, finally walking after her.

She punched in an access code and the door slid open, revealing an empty corridor. She quickly closed and locked the blast door. "Follow me," she said, pointing towards a small transport vehicle. He got in without question. "Who are you?" he asked, feeling a tad nervous. He had been in an all-male squadron his entire life. He had never, ever, thought he would be addressing a female officer, much less a female officer above his rank. "I'm Lieutenant Andda Rhah. You?" "Flight Officer 3rd class Nathna Kor." "Nice," she replied, blandly.

"Don't like to talk much do you?" he inquired, then paused a moment. "Or is it something else?" "Shut up!" she snapped. "Jeez! Just trying to make conversation!" "Conversation isn't important right now." "Why were you assigned to meet me anyway? I'd expect someone of equal rank to meet up with me." "You're my new roommate." He nearly fell out of the speeder.

The interrogation chamber was by no means designed for creature comforts. Quite the opposite, he finally understood. It was designed break someone's will to resist. It was serving its purpose extremely well.

"For the last time, Officer Kor, does the Rebel Alliance know about these shipyards?" "NO!" he screamed, fed up with all of this. "Ah, yes. You'll make a perfect Imperial," Lieutenant Rhah said coldly. "Why should I help you Imps?" "Because it will hurt a lot less if you live up to your promise voluntarily." "What promise?" "You said you'd owe us a favor after tractoring you in. Well, the favor we want you to do for us is to join up."

Just then, a door slid open, and in walked Admiral Daala. "Daala?!" said Kor. "You're supposed to be dead!" "Just goes to prove you can't believe everything the Rebellion tells you," she replied. "Next thing you're going to be telling me is that Grand Admiral Thrawn's still alive!" he said sarcastically. "I was planning on delaying that, Officer 3rd Kor," mentioned Daala.

"Anyway, let's get to reeducating you," Daala said, changing the subject rather quickly. A brainwipe droid followed Daala closely.

On board the Super Star Destroyer Dark Side, Admiral Norath Kassad watched over the construction of the new ship. Everything was going exactly as planned. With the hollowed-out moon serving as a space dock, the construction could be observed without having to leave one's ship. The main access door was still opened so the ships of the fleet could ferry supplies in and out of the dock. The new ship was almost finished.

Admiral Kassad turned to his industrial staff, who had nothing to do with military operations, save the construction of new ships and weapons. "Any questions about the new ship?" he asked, breaking the unnatural silence. "What will the new class of ships be called?" asked Kyle Tora, CEO of Groft Technologies. The flag of his corporation was the Victory-class Star Destroyer Groftna. "It will be called a Galaxy-class Super Star Destroyer. This particular one shall be christened the Blacksaber." Just then Admiral Daala and Lieutenant Andda Rhah stepped in. Lieutenant Rhah snapped to attention.

"Have a seat, ladies," offered Norath, "How nice of you to join us. Has the Rebel revealed anything?" "Only that the Alliance has a nice-sized Armada three light-years from this space dock." "What?!" Norath raged. "This calls for emergency planning. Gentlemen, if you'd please leave the room now, we'd appreciate it. Lieutenant Rhah, call in the military command staff." "Yes, sir," she said, typing in a message and sending it

to the various commanders. "They're in the plans room, sir. They say they'll be here in a half an hour."

"Well, we might as well start discussing the new development. What exactly do you mean by 'nice-sized'?" Daala was helping herself to the fruit basket. "About nine hundred ships. Half rebel, half pirate," she said, biting into an apple. "Only one hundred ships the size of a Corellian Corvette or bigger, however. There are a lot of Assault Transports and regular Transports, though. I do believe it's a research force bound for the Unknown Regions," added Lieutenant Rhah, drinking a small glass of wine. She always acted so proper; Norath often wondered how she was raised.

Beep-beep-beep. The Ronnanet was alerting them to an incoming audio/visual transmission. Ronnanet was a special modification of Holonet made by Admiral Anikin Ronna, of the Flight of Griffins. More secure than Holonet, it was now widely used by the Imperial remnants.

He checked the ID line and he saw it was coming live from the Deep Core. "All right girls, if this is someone we know, look good," he said, playing the message.

He saw who it was. "My Lord! To what do we owe the honor of this contact?" "My advisors and I would like to pay a visit to the construction site of the new weapon. If, that is, it wouldn't slow the construction process?" came the icy, razor sharp voice of their supreme commander. "Why, quite the opposite, sir. I'm positive that it would speed the workers up to know their supreme commander"—he wasn't allowed to finish. "I am not the supreme commander of the Empire, Admiral. Please remember that next time." "Why, yes, sir. As I was saying, I'm sure it would speed the workers up if they had the Dark Lord of the Sith breathing down their necks."

"Thank you for correcting your previous error, Admiral," replied their Lord. He stood in his personal chambers aboard the Super Star Destroyer Sith. "And I am glad that my presence would speed the workers. I certainly hope, for your sake, that it would. I am shortening the deadline by three months." "Three whole months, sir?! But why?" "Because the Empire drastically need this new weapon! Don't worry so much, Admiral. I am bringing a full company of fresh workers for you to use. We also have at least ten more new suppliers."

"We'll try hard, my lord," replied the admiral, a trace of fear now ringing through his voice. "I hope so, Admiral. For your sake, I hope so." The Lord pressed a button, ending the transmission.

"Well, sir? How's progress going?" came a voice from the shadows of his chambers. "As expected. By the way, how'd you get in here Anikin?" "Electrocuted the lock." The voice's owner, Anikin Corrona laughed, helping himself to an unfinished dinner. For that matter, the dinner hadn't even been started. "Hmm...nice. You keep that up, and you'll find yourself on a Jedi Dungeon Ship," replied Enerum in a cold tone of voice. "Relax, relax. I needed to tell you something, boss." "What is it?" "That." Anikin pointed out of the viewport.

A Rebel strike force was suddenly coming out of hyperspace. Ship by ship, it was being snatched out of light speed by the Super Interdictor cruiser and the several smaller Interdictor Cruisers. "Excellent! Finally, a test of the Fleet's performance in battle conditions. Consider this a surprise exercise." He smiled, and lowered the tone of his voice almost to a whisper. "A deadly real exercise."

"Ah!" screamed the leader of Green Squadron as he met his doom in the form of a barrage of laser fire, becoming the last Green pilot to meet his death in the battle. All that was left now were Red and Gold Squadrons. And they were dwindling fast. Soon, it would be up to the system patrol craft (SPC) to defend itself.

"Pull fighters back, get them close to the SPC!" yelled Admiral Ackbar. His forces were depleting rapidly. Suddenly two proton torpedoes rammed into Gold One, leaving Red Squadron as the only group of fighters still fighting. All of a sudden, a small Assault

Transport dropped out of the Super Star Destroyer's hangar bay.

Then, the TIE Defenders from the Imperials began to hammer the helpless System Patrol Craft with ion cannons. Ackbar watched as his systems failed, one by one, each of them shutting down. Soon, all they were left with was emergency power, and that was quickly failing. Within three minutes, they were completely without power.

Suddenly, the comm unit crackled to life. "Attention System Patrol Craft Heath, you are to be boarded in three minutes. Please stand by." "Ackbar calmly closed the Imperial transmission, using the still working comm channel to ready his troops. "Attention all troops, get ready to be boarded! Ready yourselves for battle with Imperial troops!" The Assault Transport drew ever closer. One more minute.

Then the comm, too, went dead. It was all up to the loyal Republic soldiers on board to defend the dead ship. "Thirty seconds," he said to himself. He could read the ID markings on the transport now.

Suddenly the ship shuddered as the boarding tube from the ATR connected to the armored hull plating of the larger SPC. "Look alive!" he shouted to the bridge crew, "here they come!"

At the midpoint of the ship, white-armored troops were jumping out of their Assault Transport and coming onto the Heath, only to be attacked by New Republic troopers. Still, thirteen troops got on board, with only two being cut down by blaster fire. Then a dark-robed woman jumped onto the SPC. "Take all the officers alive!" she yelled to the Imperial Stormtroopers. "Our Lord wishes to have prisoners. Especially the one called...Ackbar. Move out!" She walked through the carnage of the battle, untouched by lasers. Cloaked by the Force. There, yet not there.

She arrived at the bridge fifteen minutes later, speeded by the Force. "Greetings, gentlemen," she said to the men, uncloaking herself. I am Sarina Torn. "And now, Sarina, you will die!" A hail of blaster bolts screamed at her, but they disintegrated before reaching her. "Sorry fellows, the Force is on my side and not yours!" "Skywalker will sense you take us, lady! He will follow us and rescue us!" "All the Walker of the Sky can see is a massive black shadow. By the time he gets here, we will have you at a secret location, hidden even from your great 'Master Skywalker'." She laughed coldly after saying that. Then, blue circles screamed into the room, hitting every rebel there. "Take them to the shuttle," she said, "I have work to do."

As the troopers left, she suddenly sensed an old, familiar presence. She spun around to see an old figure in the gray uniform of an Imperial officer. His rank bars indicated the position of admiral. She instantly knew who it was.

"So, Admiral Corrora, you've returned to face your punishment." "No. I've come to face you!" With that he drew his orange bladed lightsaber. She drew a double-bladed purple saber.

"So they promoted you, did they?" "Yes, they did. All the way up to Dark Jedi Primarch and the Deputy Grand Master. "Ha! They want YOU to be DGM?" "You will pay for that Corrora. Our Lord doesn't care to have traitors as prisoners. He'd rather just have you die. And so you will!" With that, she lunged at him, lightsaber pointed straight at his chest.

He parried the first blow, but she hit him so hard he fell back a little and his thumb was pressed into the on/off switch for his saber. She didn't hesitate to take the initiative. Taking her saber, she pointed the blade at his chest...and pushed it in. Fresh blood made a puddle beneath the man, staining his gray robes deep crimson. She lopped his head off, to mount it above her fireplace back home.

After landing the ATR in the Exar Kun's hangar bay 75, the Imperial troops unloaded the prisoners and began leading them to various detention blocks where they would be thoroughly interrogated. Sarina was the last to leave the transport. As she climbed down the ladder, Anikin greeted her.

"Well, Sarina, looks like you got a nice number of prisoners for Terrn to talk to. He'll be happy," Anikin said, a smile on his face. "Good for him. Would you take me to the medical office, I feel faint," she replied grimly. "Sure. What's wrong?" "I ran into your father on the SPC. I won, but I think he used his draining power on me." After saying that, she fainted. He picked her up and put her in the speeder. Setting the destination as the doctor's office and turning autopilot on, he resolved to take a nap.

"Looks like he drained her pretty bad. She'll be all right, though. Just a couple of days in the recovery bay and she'll be fine. She'll be awake before we reach Tornas Minor," the doctor said to Anikin. "Good. I want her to see what we've created." "You realize what's left of the planet isn't exactly the most beautiful thing in the galaxy, don't you? More than half of the thing was left uninhabitable when we...cleaned it out." "Yes I know, I know. I was a member of one of the cleaning teams. When we set that sucker to blow, it blew all right! Boy! It blew like Alderaan." Anikin laughed, but then quickly became serious once more.

"How long until we reach Tornas Minor?" he inquired of the doctor sternly. "At least a week—maybe more." "How long until she's conscious?" Anikin asked, again sternly. But this time there was a shred of worry tainting his ice-cold voice. "Around two days, but maybe less..." the doctor said, but was interrupted by a soft moaning sound.

Anikin looked at the small medical sick bed in the corner of the room to see Sarina rising from unconsciousness. "Two days, eh?" Anikin asked the doctor impatiently, ushering him out of the room (to the doctor's dismay). "Now, we want some time alone please!" He closed the door and locked it.

"You okay Sarina?" "Yeah, I guess. But I had the weirdest dream in the world just a while ago...it was strange," she said, still groggy from her unconsciousness. "What was it like?" "Well, for one thing, Grand Admiral Thrawn was back. He and our Lord were side by side at what looked to be a Dark Council (DC) or Senate meeting. Except it would take both of those bodies combined—and doubled—to make up what I saw in my dream. It was like seeing the Empire reborn totally, seated in the Grand Hall of the Empire!"

"That was a pretty awesome dream...and the dream of every loyal Imperial citizen, Sarina," replied Anikin. "Not a dream, Anikin. No...more like a vision of the future. Yes, that is what it was. It will come to pass Anikin...it must!" "Yes, Sarina. The Empire will indeed rise again," said Anikin, holding her close. They looked out the viewport as the stars extended into long starlines, then into the mottled colors of hyperspace as the New Imperial Fleet bade farewell to the world of the Galactic Core, and began its long journey to the Unknown Regions.

--CHAPTER TWO--

"Say, at, maybe...Yavin IV. That's a major target. They would think 'This couldn't possibly be a diversion. The target's too major to waste forces on. It must be a real attack.' That's why Yavin IV is perfect," said Anikin releasing his idea on the Dark Council like a master releases his hound. "Hmm...interesting, Anikin. That could very well be our decision. Please take your seat and we will hear what DGM Sarina has to offer," said their Sith Lord

The Dark Council was called into an emergency session to discuss diversions to stage so they could begin their move deeper into the Unknown Regions. So far, Anikin's Yavin IV attack is the best they had come up with. Deputy Grand Master Sarina Torn had risen from her seat and was now delivering what she thought.

"I agree with Primarch Corrona's plan wholeheartedly. I believe we should grant this diversion not crappy, expendable ships—save for TIE Fighters, Bombers, and Interceptors, they're always expendable—like the kind we would normally use in a diversion. If we did that, they would guess that it's a diversion in a second. I say we commit three Star Destroyer fleets. That's what I have to say. I mean, we already have

hundreds of I-classes. Why wouldn't we be able to afford the loss of three?

"Then the forces that come along with those three fleets. I know it may seem like I'm asking you to give up a lot of good men and fighters, but what's the loss of three basic fleets—of which we have hundreds—compared to the restoration of the great Galactic Empire? I leave my case at that to be considered by you men." With that, she took her seat once more.

"I know this Council of Darkness was designed to take the power off of one man alone—that is, until the Emperor is returned to power—but I am going to take all the power on this decision. The diversion will go as Primarchs Corriona and Torn have stated it. And I mean exactly as they have stated it, no exceptions. Now, leave us three alone. We have matters to discuss now."

The various Clan and House representatives left the Council room, leaving Anikin, Sarina, and their Lord in the room alone. "Well?" said their Lord. "I don't think they like it," commented Sarina. "Neither do I. What're we gonna do? There's no way they're gonna commit three of their fleets." "No...they'll accept. If they don't, then we'll brand them as traitors to the Empire. With that title, they'll have to go along with it, or be executed. And I'm positive that none of them would like to die."

"I see your point. They're all much too self-centered. They don't care about the future of the Empire, as long as they get what they want," Anikin said, backing up their Lord's.

Suddenly, the door slid open and a Captain stepped in. Clicking his heels, he snapped into a salute. "At ease, Captain Tore. What have you to say?" inquired Sarina "We are coming out of hyperspace now. Distance to Tornas Minor...what?!" "What is it Captain?" asked Sarina, five times calmer than the Captain was. "We're one full light-year away! We should be within five kilometers!"

"Crap! I should've expected this!" Anikin exclaimed, darting out of the Council room towards the bridge, enhancing his speed with the Force. He was there five minutes later, Sarina and Enerum close behind.

"What is it, Anikin?" they asked in unison. "When we left the Deep Core, I ran a ship count. We were missing two Star Destroyer fleets, along with one Super Interdictor. Rebels took `em. Now they're using the Super INT to pull us out and ambush us."

"We're going to capture them. We have to have those ships! All capture squads—," he was cut off by a great burst of light then a huge form moving slowly into view. "It's the Blacksaber!"

"Fleet Admiral Ronna, what are you doing?!" screamed Kassad as the Blacksaber pulled out of hyperspace. "Why, we're going to test the Blacksaber, as well as save the Grand Master's personal Fleet.

Suddenly the GM appeared on the holoscreen. His eyes were flaring with anger. "Ronna, get the hell out of here. Return to the base, if that thing's finished, and start prepping the docks for hyperspace. If it's as done as it looks it's all the more reason to do so.

"But..." said Ronna, ready to argue his case. "Do it!" interrupted their Lord.

"Very well..." he said as the transmission suddenly died.

To be continued...

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

Name: Striker

Rank: SL

Current Assignment: Don't Know

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): eh\_striker@hotmail.com

Sex (M/F): M  
Race: Terrian  
Date of Birth: 4\7\2276  
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Tera  
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single  
Family: None  
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility):  
Fifty Stinken Rich  
Quote: Beam Me Up Scotty  
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:  
Abducted By Aliens :)  
Started Designing Sub Space Engine  
Started Designing Antimatter Reactor  
Studied Physics And Quantum Physics  
Significant Events of Adulthood:  
Perfected Subspace Engine Perfected Antimatter Reactor  
Alignment & Attitude:  
Empire  
Good  
Former Occupations (if any):  
Navigator On A Spice Frater  
Hobbies:  
Physics  
Subspace Physics  
Tragedies:  
None  
Phobias & Allergies:  
None And I Mean That.  
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer):  
I like It, But Most Of The Squadren Web Pages Need To Be Re Done.  
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet:  
I Like Star Wars And You Guys Are The Best Club Around.  
Other comments or information (optional):  
We Need More People In The Corporate Division.

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

Signature: FM/SL Striker/Teth 1-2/Wing IV/SSSD Sovereign

Date: 9\15\99

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

Name: Bok  
Rank: Lieutenant Bok  
Assignment: Flight Leader, Flight Three Kaph Squadron  
ScanDoc Transmission Code (E-mail): bok01@altavista.net  
Sex (M/F) : Male  
Date of Birth:  
Place of Birth: Coronet, Corellia  
Status: Single  
Family: Wadek  
Status:

Significant Events of Childhood and Adolescence  
Parents died in the destruction of Alderaan  
Significant Events of Adulthood  
Joined the Emperor's Hammer  
Alignment and Attitude:  
Aggressive pilot, but content to kill rebels  
Occupations: Pilot  
Hobbies: Flying  
Tragedies: Parents died.  
Allergies: None  
Personal View of the Empire and Emperor's Hammer  
The Empire is where the true justice is. Crush the Rebels.  
Comments:

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

Signature

Bok

Date

8/9/99

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

Name: Chris Deckard

Rank: FM/SL

Scandoc Transmission Code (Screen Name): FM/SL Chris Deckard/Crusader 1-3/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf

Sex (M/F): Male

Race: Human

Date of Birth: unknown

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Mandalore

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: Joined the Mandalore army at a young age

Significant Events of Adulthood: Still a mandalore Bounty Hunter working for the Empire.

Alignment & Attitude: Well behaved

Former Occupations (if any): Bounty Hunter

Hobbies: Flying and hunting

Tragedies: Lost his whole squad of Bounty Hunters to a rebel attack.

Phobias & Allergies: None

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Wants revenge on rebels so see's the Empire as a good thing

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Wants to be the best of the best.

Other comments or information (optional):

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

Signature: FM/SL Chris Deckard/Crusader 1-3/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf

Date: 9/12/99

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

Name: Jon Theall  
Rank: Sublt.  
Scandoc Transmission Code: EH\_Falcon  
Sex: M  
Race: Human  
Date of Birth: August 30th 3098  
Place of Birth: Coruscant  
Marital Status: Single  
Family: Zacheria Theall  
Social Studies: Wealthy  
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Father killed by Enraged Rebel  
Significant Events of Adulthood: Brother killed by Rebel Commando  
Alignment & Attitude: Stubborn & Listens to commander  
Former Occupations: N/A  
Hobbies: Flying Tie Interceptors & playing card games like Sabacc  
Tragedies: Father and Brother killed  
Phobias & Allergies: N/A  
Personnal views of the Empire: To destroy every rebel around for the deaths of hlaf of my family that I had alive and the Emperor's Hammer gives me that chance and I was raised on Imperial familys.  
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: For Revenge!

Signature: Sublt. Jon Theall  
Date: 09.11.99

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

Name: Halcyon  
Rank: Sub-Lieutenant  
Current Assignment: Member of Yod Squadron  
Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): jdasilva@pathcom.com  
Sex (M/F): Male  
Race: Corellian  
Date of Birth: May 12, 1968  
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Coronet City, Corellia  
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Seperated  
Family: None  
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Well-to-do  
Quote: "I'm Corellian, screw the odds!"  
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence  
N/A  
Significant Events of Adulthood:  
Joined CorSec  
My dad died in my arms

Joined the New Republic  
Joined Rogue Squadron  
Liberated Courscant  
Married Mirax Terrik  
Learned I was of Jedi heritage  
Joined the Jedi Academy  
Killed my wife  
Joined the Tie Corps of the Emperor's Hammer  
Alignment & Attitude: I am aligned with Imperial forces, forces which I helped slowly destroy for 6 years. Joined because the Rebels are just a bunch of pushovers with no direction.  
Former Occupations (if any):  
Corsec  
Rogue Squadron  
Hobbies: Improving my grasp on the darkside.  
Tragedies: My dad died in my arms during a stakeout in CorSec. Lost many friends during my time with Rogue Squadron. I killed my wife but she was just in the way at the end.  
Phobias & Allergies: A Jedi fears nothing  
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The Empire is but a means to an end. That end is still many years away but closing in.  
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Of all the fleets out there, this is the only one which will be able to defeat those Rebels and their alien friends.  
Other comments or information (optional): I am a Jedi Knight turned to the darkside. I have no more ties to any groups. I am alone and dangerous. Do not cross my path.

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

Signature: Halcyon

Date: September 3rd, 1999

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

Name: Zuldar Scalara

Rank: Sub-Lieutenant

Scandoc Transmission Code (Screen Name): Silentnoble

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 04.12.87

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Wanto (Outer-Rim Planet)

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

Family:None

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

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Family was killed.

Significant Events of Adulthood: Became leader of Wanto and forced the rebels off planet, Joined the Wanto with the Empire.

Alignment & Attitude: Serves the Empire to fullest abilities, Hates all rebels.

Former Occupations (if any): Leader of Wanto, Imperial Spy

Hobbies: Executing rebel prisoners. Repairing out-of-date craft

Tragedies: Family was killed by rebel forces on Wanto smuggling raid.

Phobias & Allergies: none

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Thinks the Empire will make peace in the galaxy.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: To Kill Rebel Scum as revenge for what happened to his family, and to fly small craft with amazing firepower.

Other comments or information (optional):

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

Signature: FM/SL Silentnoble/Crusader 3-2/Wing XIII ISD Grey Wolf

Date: 09.09.99

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

Name: Irek Dahran.

Position/Rank: Koph Squadron Flight 2 Leader/Lieutenant Commander.

Callsign: Irek.

Decorations: Imperial Security Medal x 5, Letter of Achievement.

IWATS: Core.

Sex: Male.

Race: Human.

Date of Birth: 0891/21/50.

Place of Birth: Unknown.

Marital Status: Single.

Family: Uncle, Lord Ol Dahran.

Social Status: Well to do.

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Was transferred to Zandra III immediately after birth. Left by his uncle at the age of 14, he grew up under control of automatic protective systems placed in his home on Zandra.

Significant Events of Adulthood: At the age of 18 he was instructed by a computer recording from Lord Dahran to search for loyal imperial forces in the Galaxy and join them.

Alignment & Attitude: Huge Capital Ships, Corellian Ale.

Former Occupations: None.

Hobbies: Unknown.

Tragedies: Living without family.

Phobias and Allergies: Rebels.

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperors Hammer): Emperor Palpatines New Order is the only right way to prevent our galaxy from revolutions, crisis or anything that may crush normal life of Imperial citizens. Does not fully agree with Grand Moff Tarkins doctrine of ruling by fear but thinks its applicable in the most dangerous regions. The Empire is the best way for people to be united, powerful and rich; to have stable economical, financial and political system - in a word it means: to have normal life.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet: After the death of the Emperor, our great Empire started to disintegrate. Illegal organisations such as the New Republic started to bring corruption and anarchy in the galaxy. The Emperors Hammer is the only loyal and really powerful force now. I see our task is the destruction of any illegal war organisations; to restore peace and order to the galaxy; to do all for building the New Empire.

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

Irek Dahran, 27/07/99

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

Name: Ficher Darkwalker.

Position/Rank: Flight member/Lieutenant.

Callsign: Venom or Crossfire.

Decorations: None to date.

IWATS: None to date.

Sex: Male.

Race: Rodian.

Date of Birth: 29th June.

Place of Birth: Salfur's Trading Post.

Marital Status: Single.

Family: None.

Social Status: Well to do.

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Family killed by the rebels during a smuggling raid.

Significant Events of Adulthood: Assisted IG-88 in ship repairs at Sluis Van shipyards - orbital dock V-475.

Alignment & Attitude: Loyal to the himself.

Former Occupations: Bounty hunter/Assassin.

Tragedies: Death of parents.

Phobias & Allergies: General Wedge Antilles, New Republic Starfighter Command.

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

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer:: Shares common goal of destroying the Rebellion.

Other comments or Information: (Quote) "Who's got your back? Cuz I don't".

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

Ficher Darkwalker, 26/07/99

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

Name: Vir Rog.

Position/Rank: Koph Squadron Commander/Commander.

Callsign: Rog.

Decorations: Imperial Security Medal x 2.

IWATS: Core, Squadron Management.

Sex: Male.

Race: Human.

Date of Birth: 30th March.

Place of Birth: Imperial City, Imperial Centre (Coruscant).

Marital Status: Single.  
Family: Parents & younger Sister - currently living on Aurora Prime.  
Social Status: Wealthy.  
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Joined the COMPNOR political movement at the age of 16. Was sponsored by this organisations to enter the Imperial military academy on Carida to train as a military attach=E9, while on Caridia took several other courses including ones in TIE piloting and starfighter tactics.  
Significant Events of Adulthood: Became a COMPNOR aide on graduating from Carida. Left Imperial Centre with his family as the rebel invasion force entered the system. Decided after this to put his piloting skills to good use by joining the Emperors Hammer Strike Fleet.  
Alignment & Attitude: Loyal to the Empire. Firmly believes in the principles of the new order..  
Former Occupations: COMPNOR aide.  
Hobbies: Flying practice missions in the combat chamber, slicing into computer systems.  
Tragedies: The Rebels taking Imperial Centre from us.  
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperors Hammer): Strong leadership is needed to keep the various alien races of the galaxy from attacking each other and causing chaos on a galactic scale. Only the Empire can provide this by imposing discipline with strong military force. The Rebels are wrong to oppose us and must be taught the error of their ways  
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet: The Emperors Hammer is dedicated to the preservation of the Empire and it=92s final victory over the rebellion not it=92s own agenda like some Imperial factions.  
Other comments or information: Jar Jar Binks must die..

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

Vir Rog, 25/07/99

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

Name:Jakar Streng.  
Position/Rank: Koph Squadron Flight Member/Lieutenant.  
Callsign: Stryker.  
Decorations: None to date.  
IWATS: None to date.  
Sex: Male.  
Race: Human.  
Date of Birth: 25th March.  
Place of Birth: .Correllia  
Marital Status: Single.  
Family: .None, all killed in core explosion on a civilian FRT  
Social Status: Unknown.  
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Unknown.  
Significant Events of Adulthood: Unknown.  
Alignment & Attitude: Unknown, so far has demonstrated that he is a loyal Imperial.  
Former Occupations: Mechanic, civilian Corellian transport pilot.

Hobbies: Unknown.

Tragedies: Death of parents in core explosion on a civilian FRT.

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperors Hammer): Likes the order involved, but dislikes the suppression of other races and females.

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

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

Jakar Streng, 27/07/99

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

Name: Bret K'thraz

Rank: Sub-Lieutenant

Current Assignment: Yod Squadron, flight 2, position 2

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): csimo@ibm.net

Sex (M/F): Male

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 01/24/85 (Earth time)

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Umgul

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

Family: None alive

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

Quote: I'm not gonna kill them, I'm gonna make them wish I had.

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Bret was born in Umgul city, a place famous for its casinos and sports attractions. When he was a child, Bret loved to watch Tauntaun races in the company of his father, one of the richest gamblers of Umgul. Unfortunately, his father was a vicious gambler and in one bet he lost all his fortune to a pirate lord named Zevas. In addition, him and his family became Zevas' slaves. At the time, Bret was 11.

Significant Events of Adulthood: Bret served Zevas for ten years as a pilot. He quickly distinguished himself among the pirates of Zevas' clan. When he was 21, Zevas made him a proposition: He was making deals with the Empire and he needed a spy within the Rebels. If Bret infiltrated the Rebel Alliance and served as Zevas' spy, he would release his family. At the time he didn't particularly care for the Rebellion or the Empire, so he immediately agreed. He was a top-notch pilot, so he had no problems joining the Rebellion and quickly became a general.

One mission changed it all. Bret was supposed to destroy an imperial convoy passing through a commercial exchange zone near Corellia. Imperials reinforcements arrived early than expected, so the rebel command decided there was no time to find out which ships were imperial and ordered Bret to destroy every freighter in the area.

So he did. Little did he know what would be the consequences of his actions. Soon after he returned to his command ship, he received a letter from Zevas telling him that his whole family was killed in a rebel attack near Corellia. He didn't believe. It couldn't be true. He had killed his own family. He had destroyed everything that mattered in his life. He felt an uncontrollable rage growing inside him. It was the rebel's fault, they made him destroy the freighters. It also was Zevas' fault, he was the one who made Bret join the Alliance. But he knew what he had to do. He knew how to have his revenge. He waited for his patrol turn, then he destroyed the Calamari Cruiser and its full complement of fighters. But that was not enough, he swore he would not rest until he had destroyed the Rebel Alliance and Zevas' clan.

Soon after Bret joined the Empire. There he got the callsign "Lynx" because of the way

he sneaked behind the enemy and attacked without mercy. He had just completed training when the Emperor was killed in the battle of Endor. His hate of the rebels grew even more. He wanted to destroy the New Republic so he joined the Emperor's Hammer. He is currently assigned to flight two of Yod Squadron.

Alignment & Attitude: I just want to kill rebels, and the EH is best place for that.

Former Occupations (if any): Pirate, spy.

Hobbies: Gambling and watching rebels being interrogated.

Tragedies: Killed his own family.

Phobias & Allergies: Fears that he will not live to see the destruction of the New Republic.

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The Emperor's Hammer is the only chance of putting an end to the chaos brought by the New Republic.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: I want to kill as many rebels as possible.

Other comments or information (optional): none

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

Signature: FM/SL Bret K'thraz/Yod 2-2/Wing IV/SSSD Sovereign

Date: 9/28/99

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

Name: Darkfire

Rank: Lieutenant

Current Assignment: Long-range support

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): gmishkin@yahoo.com

Sex (M/F): M

Race: human

Date of Birth: 03/08/86

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): The World

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

Family: no children

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

Quote: "Thanks to you, I feel like I can kick anyone's ass"

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: none

Significant Events of Adulthood: Was a member of SeeD

Alignment & Attitude: EH = Good RS = Bad

Former Occupations (if any): SeeD team member.

Hobbies: Blowing things up, Casting magic, Playing with fire

Tragedies: none serious

Phobias & Allergies: none

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Like I said before, EH = Good RS = Bad

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Because of my hobbies.

Other comments or information (optional): My favorite place to hang out is the bar. You go with me, you pay!

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

Signature: FM/LT Darkfire/Spear 1-3/Wing IX/ISD Relentless

Date: 08/25/99

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

Name: Darrin Shik'ru  
Rank: Sub-Lieutenant/Flight Member  
Current Assignment:  
Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): gordy@quixnet.net  
Sex (M/F): M  
Race: Corellian  
Date of Birth: 03.20.86  
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Corellia  
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single  
Family: Deceased  
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Well-to-do  
Quote: Serve the Emperor above all others.  
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Grew up in poverty, mother died at birth, and father died during teen years. Found work with a local smuggler and dreamed of becoming a pilot.  
Significant Events of Adulthood: Joined the TIE Corps when he was eighteen.  
Alignment & Attitude: The Empire is my master and I am but a humble slave.  
Former Occupations (if any): Smuggler  
Hobbies: Rack up Rebel kills  
Tragedies: Death of parents  
Phobias & Allergies: Bacta  
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The Emperor's Hammer is the only chance of restoring the Empire, and the sanity it brings.  
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Dreamed of flying for the Empire all his life  
Other comments or information (optional):

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

Signature: Darrin Shik'ru

Date: 09.10.99

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

Name: Darth Calazin  
Rank: SL  
Current Assignment: Battle 14  
Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): yuant@usa.net  
Sex (M/F): M  
Race: Twi'lek  
Date of Birth: 1 year before Battle of Endor  
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Coruscant City  
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): single  
Family: younger sister  
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Nobility-child of diplomats  
Quote: "No matter what they call themselves, they still are scumbag Rebels"

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: As an individual with basic Force sensitivities, I grew up tinkering with, and later flying my personal airspeeder. Being the child of diplomats, I grew up with a lasting distrust of upper government officials, and I once even considered joining the Rebel alliance. This thought was quickly and instantly destroyed when, in the middle of one fateful night, I witnessed the complete slaughter of my parents and all my relatives, save one sister, by agents of the Rebel alliance. Since then, I've been adamantly determined to extinguish the flames of rebellion and once again bring order to this galaxy

Significant Events of Adulthood: I managed to evade and destroy an ambush of smugglers during a routine patrol in the Bruuani sector, and in the process captured 2 out of 4 smuggling transports for the greater glory of the Empire. Also, during shore leave one day, I managed to find a long-forgotten lightsaber, almost derelict with neglect. I managed to restore it to working order and now can effectively use it in combat, along with the skill of blocking blaster shots. I have yet to seek formal Dark Jedi training, but with the Rebellion still in control of the Galaxy, the time is ripe for me to become a true Dark Jedi.

Alignment & Attitude: Deep-seated hatred of the Rebellion

Former Occupations (if any): Freelance mechanic during adolescent years, but since then a full-time member of the Imperial Fleet.

Hobbies: Practicing my lightsaber, upgrading and repairing my Assault Gunboat

Tragedies: Aforementioned death of family, as well as loss of one head-tail during crash-landing on Dantoine.

Phobias & Allergies: Non-force related allergy towards ysalamiri, and unusual discomfort when placed in bacta tank

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The only way to release the Galaxy from the treacherous and evil Rebel Alliance.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: One word: Vengeance.

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

Signature:

Date: 7.21.99

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

Name: Jake McBlaster

Rank: Sub-Lieutenant

Current Assignment: Punitive Raid on Suzuki Pirates

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): cody@nac.net

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Human

Date of Birth: May, 9, 1980

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Talar (Planet) Clashma (City)

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

Family: Orphan

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

Quote: Let's kick some rebel butt!

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:

Broken arm age 12, Speeder accident age 17

Significant Events of Adulthood: none

Alignment & Attitude: ?? & Brave but cautious

Former Occupations (if any): Speeder delivery service

Hobbies:Builds Models  
Tragedies:Broken arm, Speeder crash, Orphan  
Phobias & Allergies:Aracnaphobia(spiders) & none  
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer):Powerful and Organized, Good ships too  
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet:to Kill rebels  
Other comments or information (optional):

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

Signature:Jake McBlaster

Date:Wed. July 22, 1999

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

Name: Jay Urick  
Rank: Sub-Lieutenant  
Current Assignment: none  
Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): J\_Yurek@hotmail.com  
Sex (M/F): M  
Race: human  
Date of Birth: 6/4/86  
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Corellia  
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): single  
Family: Father, Mother, sister, all living on Corellia  
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): wealthy  
Quote: "Everyone dies, might as well be from my hand."  
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Lived on Corellia for most of life. At age 21, Jay's home was destroyed and his brother killed by a rebel raid for supplies. He then vowed to destroy the Rebellion anyway he could.  
Significant Events of Adulthood: Joining the Emperor's Hammer and being assigned to Crossbow Squadron on the ISD Relentless.  
Alignment & Attitude: Thinks the Empire is the best thing for keeping families together.  
Former Occupations (if any): Lawyer  
Hobbies: Working on one of his ships; a modified Lambda shuttle named the Double Edge, and a YT-3400 Corellian freighter.  
Tragedies: Brother killed in Rebel raid.  
Phobias & Allergies: none  
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Is eager to become promoted to Lieutenant. Thinks everything about the Empire is a better than the Rebel Alliance.  
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Wanted to get back at the rebels.  
Other comments or information (optional): none

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

Signature: SL Jay Urick

Date: 7/27/99

FM/SL Jay Urick/Crossbow 2-3/Wing IX/ ISD Relentless

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

Name:Mystique  
Rank:Sub-:Lieutenant  
Current Assignment:None  
Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail):tomdave74@golden.net  
Sex (M/F):F  
Race:Human  
Date of Birth: Stardate 30735  
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Coruscant  
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated):Single  
Family:None  
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility):Wealthy  
Quote:"War is like a garden-it has its ups and downs"  
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Driven from alien space colony at early age, had to pilot small fighter long distance to friendly colony  
Significant Events of Adulthood: Fought as a Stormtrooper in the Coruscant ground troops, joined TIE Corps  
Alignment & Attitude:Disciplined, focused,down to the point, but has a sense of humor  
Former Occupations (if any): Commercial pilot, Tech repair  
Hobbies: Collecting miniatures, piloting  
Tragedies: Death of family-killed in a crash with a space-bulk cruiser  
Phobias & Allergies:None  
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Very organized but lacking planetary support  
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Revenge on rebels for killing parents  
Other comments or information (optional): Good web page, but needs frequent updates

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

Signature:Sub-Lieutenant Mystique

Date:99/07/23

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FM/SL Mystique/Shield 3-3/Wing IX/ISD Relentless  
tomdave74@golden.net

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

Name:Tycho  
Rank:SL  
Current Assignment:Spear Squadron  
Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail):masta\_Rommel@yahoo.com  
Sex (M/F):M  
Race:Human  
Date of Birth:unknown  
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld):unknown  
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated):Single  
Family:none  
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility):Poor

Quote:"Mess with me and be ready to be womped"  
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:abandoned  
Significant Events of Adulthood:Lived in Invisec on Coruscant  
Alignment & Attitude:Cut off and un social  
Former Occupations (if any):Apprentice to verpine starship mechanic in Invisec  
Hobbies:Playing the Sims  
Tragedies:Abandoned my parents then parents killed by unkown outlaws  
Phobias & Allergies:none  
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer):I am not a political man but live to fly  
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet:Only way to legally kill enemies  
Other comments or information (optional):I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accuratetothe best of my knowledge.

Signature:SL Tycho  
Date:8.1.99  
<Salute>

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

Name: Virgil Renka  
Rank: Sub Lieutenant  
Current Assignment: none  
Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): CRYSP82@aol.com  
Sex (M/F): Male  
Race: Corellian  
Date of Birth: 77.06.22  
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Corellia  
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single  
Family: None  
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Wealthy  
Quote: He who laughs last laughs best.  
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:When Renka was a boy he was a brilliant pilot and flew escort for his father's smuggling operation or at least that is what he was told. Renka doesn't know much of his past. When he was 15 his family were captured and imprisoned by Rebels for stealing war supplies and information they later sold to the Empire. Renka was given drugs to erase his memory and was made to fight for the Rebels. At the age of 20 he was "rescued" by a strange man who told him of his past and who he truly was. The stranger took him to Tatooine where he trained him in combat and piloting.  
Significant Events of Adulthood:At 21 the stranger began to train Renka in the art of lightsaber combat and the ways of the force. But a short while into his training his master was taken ill. On his death bed he told him he was a jedi knight and very close friend to his father, and that it was his father's will that he looked after him and told him the truth. Renka now knowing most his past and the past ofhis family set out to find a new master and take revenge on the rebellion.The jedi's last words were information of how he could join the Empire and get his revenge. The man died before Renka even learned his name.  
Alignment & Attitude:The Emperor's Hammer is the only true authority, and the Rebel scum must pay for their crimes with blood.  
Former Occupations (if any): Smuggler, soldier, pilot.

Hobbies: Training

Tragedies: His Rebel capture and service.

Phobias & Allergies: none known

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The Emperor's Hammer is his life, he lives and will die for it. It is the perfect tool of revenge against the Rebellion.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: To get revenge on the Rebellion and hone his fighting skills. And possibly learn more of his families past.

Other comments or information (optional): Renka can be a little unstable during battle, at time he can be overcome by rage and sometimes ignore orders of retreat or that prevent him from killing more Rebel craft. This condition occurs mostly when he is frustrated, like if he has a guy on his tail and can't shake him his primary mission is a failure or something along those lines. This condition is only overcome when his fighter or himself is so damaged that he must retreat or die, or on some strange instances he sees a vision of his father or the stranger that seems to calm him down. Information on this condition is still sketchy at best.

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

Signature: FM/SL Virgil Renka/Sword 2-4/Wing IX/ISD Relentless

Date: 99.07.21

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

Name: Zero

Rank: Sub Lt

Current Assignment:

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): vegais1@aol.com

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Mixed

Date of Birth: 05/18/81

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Canada

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

Family: Bro, Sis, Mom, dad

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

Quote:

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Played X-wing and then a year later Tie

Significant Events of Adulthood: Alignment & Attitude: I am aligned to the Emperor.

VICTORY IS LIFE

Former Occupations (if any):

Hobbies: Art, Computers, Movies

Tragedies:

Phobias & Allergies: Sharks

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The greatest Organization ever

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: To serve the Emp once more...

Other comments or information (optional):

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

Signature: Zero Lestat

Date: >>07/23/99

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

Name: Bo "Outlaw" Wedlin  
Rank: Lieutenant Commander  
Current Assignment: A/CMDR of Sword Squadron  
Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): stevie\_t-man@mindspring.com  
Sex (M/F): M  
Race: Human  
Date of Birth: 1/10/86  
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Grakouine  
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single  
Family: None (deceased)  
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Poor  
Quote: "The Rebels will die in my hands."  
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Outlaw's parents ran a small shipping company, consisting of their one freighter, an old SoroSuub. While on an ammunition supply run to the Imperial world of Fer'thor, the base at which Outlaw's parents had touched down came under seige by Rebel commandos. Outlaw's parents were both murdered in the ensuing fighting. Outlaw managed to lift his parent's freighter off of the landing pad and made for deep space. From there he flew to join the Emperor's Hammer TIE Fighter Corps.  
Significant Events of Adulthood: Outlaw matured quickly after the death of his parents, and is currently flying combat missions at the age of 19.  
Alignment & Attitude: The Rebellion must be punished for their insolence, and the Emperor's Hammer is the only way to bring peace to the galaxy, and death to the Rebels.  
Former Occupations (if any): N/A  
Hobbies: Outlaw teaches himself the ways of the Dark Side of the Force in his spare time, to broaden the range of ways to bring death to the Rebellion.  
Tragedies: Parents killed when at the age of 16.  
Phobias & Allergies: Xenophobic  
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The Emperor's Hammer is the only way to crush the Rebellion.  
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: To rid the galaxy of the Rebels, and to avenge his parents' deaths.  
Other comments or information (optional): Outlaw has made a name for himself aboard the Imperial-class Star Destroyer Relentless, by flying above and beyond the call of duty.

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

Signature: FL/LCM Outlaw/Sword 3-1/Wing IX/ISD Relentless

Date: 9/16/99

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

Name: Alakk Dae  
Rank: Sub-Lieutenant

Scandoc Transmission Code (Screen Name): EH\_Alak  
Sex (M/F): M  
Race: Human  
Date of Birth: ???  
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): ???  
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single  
Family: Unkown true family.  
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Poor  
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Dumped on doorstep of Rodian trader who made me a slave.  
Significant Events of Adulthood: Escaped slave camp and butchered Rodian master worked as technician for several years until Rebels set up a base nearby, their presence put my friends and I in great danger at no gain to ourselves eventually they made us flee the area making me leave behind every thing I worked for.  
Alignment & Attitude: Do anything necessary to advance yourself and destroy others.  
Former Occupations (if any): Slave technician  
Hobbies: Modifying and building starship engines.  
Tragedies: The death of a much respected elder friend when the rebels forced us to flee.  
Phobias & Allergies: Fear of open spaces.  
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The Empire may be selfish but at least order will rstore the balance of the Universe.  
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: To crush the Rebels who's unreasonable actions and request must have inflicted great suffering on many planets.  
Other comments or information (optional):  
I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.  
Signature: Alakk Dae  
Date: 27/09/99

**typhoonwater.jpg** - An image submitted by FM/CM Blackbird/Typhoon 1-3/Wing X/ISD Challenge.

**dirbanners.zip, isbanners.zip** - A group of images submitted by MO/CZ Alex 'Viper' Foley/MC-5/Gondor Base/Aurora Prime.

**enbann.jpg** - A new banner for Enforcer squadron by cmdr flt/dwx-jio/enforcer 1-1/wing 2 /mc90 bismarck.

**isdchalban.jpg** - A banner for the ISD Challenge by CMDR-ROA/CPT Corran Horn/Tornado/Wing X/ISD Challenge.

**movie-01.gif** - A banner for the Emperor's Hammer "movie" project presented by WC-FOA-IOA/GN "Bad" Wolly/Wing I/SSSD Sovereign.

**flight3banner.gif** - A banner for Flight III of Echo Squadron by FL/LT Bip/Echo 3-1/Wing XV/ISD Vanguard.

**eh-mov~1.zip** - The poster for the EH "Movie" in both .gif and .jpg, presented by WC-FOA-IOA/GN "Bad" Wolly/Wing I/SSSD Sovereign.

**battleboard.zip** - The latest edition of the Battle Board (high scores of all EH Battles and Free Missions), presented by CA:TAC/VA Striker/CA-3/SSSD Sov.

**braid.jpg** - The long-awaited braid of the EH uniform, presented by OA/COL EmpReach/FRG Phoenix.

**sfire.gif** - A "silly little animation" by CMDR/CM Lusankya/Copperhead/Wing XIV/ISD Intrepid.

**squall.zip** - Three banners, author unknown.

**recui~1.bmp** - A recruitment banner by FL/LT Goatham/Rage 3-1/Wing I/SSD Avenger.

**nlgraphi.zip** - Two images by FM/LCM Andronicus/Typhoon 2-4/Wing X/ISD Challenge.

**cheth.mim** - Two images for Cheth Squadron, by FL/LT Cracoucas Cheth 2-1 Xing IV SSSD Sovereign.

**newfchg.jpg** - The new stripes for the Fleet Commanders Honor Guard by OA/COL EmpReach/FRG Phoenix, based on work by AD Eric O'Flynn.

**grads.zip** - The latest list of IWATS grauates, presented by TO/FA Astatine/CS-6/SSSD Sov.

## **fleet order of battle**

### FLEET COMMANDER'S NOTES:

Herein are presented the Capital Ships of the Fleet as recognized by the Fleet Commander. Only those Capital Ships presented below in **boldface** are assigned Emperor's Hammer Members as crew, pilots, etc. (i.e. TIE Corps pilots). Other Capital Ships in the Fleet are assumed to have 'standard Imperial crews' (i.e. non-players).

The SubGroup vessels presented below are also manned with their respective SubGroup Members. Emperor's Hammer Members desiring more specific information on the capabilities of each of the Emperor's Hammer capital ships should review the EH Fleet Manual.

<b>Craft Name</b>	<b>Craft Designation/Assignment</b>
<b>Core Forces</b>	
<b>Flagship/Escort</b>	
<b>SSSD Sovereign</b>	<b>SSSD Sov</b>
<b>Aggressor Strike Force</b>	
<b>ISD Grey Wolf</b>	<b>ISD GWif</b>
<b>ISD Intrepid</b>	<b>ISD Int</b>
<b>ISD Vanguard</b>	<b>ISD Van</b>
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	
<b>Battlegroup</b>	
<b>ISD Colossus</b>	<b>ISD Col</b>
<b>ISD Relentless</b>	<b>ISD Rel</b>

**ISD Immortal****ISD Challenge**

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

**ISD Imm****ISD Chal****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 Veneable, FRG Assault, 4 Carrack Cruisers

### ***Carrida System***

VSD Hood, FRG Pompous, FRG Arrogant, 4 Carrack Cruisers

### ***Heir System***

VSD Conquest, FRG Conquistador, FRG Cortes, 4 Carrack Cruisers

### ***Karana System***

VSD Ronin, FRG Balboa, FRG Snake, 4 Carrack Cruisers

### ***Setii System***

VSD Raptor, FRG Rex, FRG Galimimus, 4 Carrack Cruisers

### ***Pirath System***

VSD Patriot, FRG Rebellion-Crusher, FRG PoliceMan, 4 Carrack Cruisers

### ***Minos Cluster Battle Fleet***

ISD Crimson Blade, ISD Crimson Dagger, VSD Crimson Sword, VSD Crimson Knife, VSD Crimson Knight, VSD Crimson Guard, 16 Carrack Cruisers

## **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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