

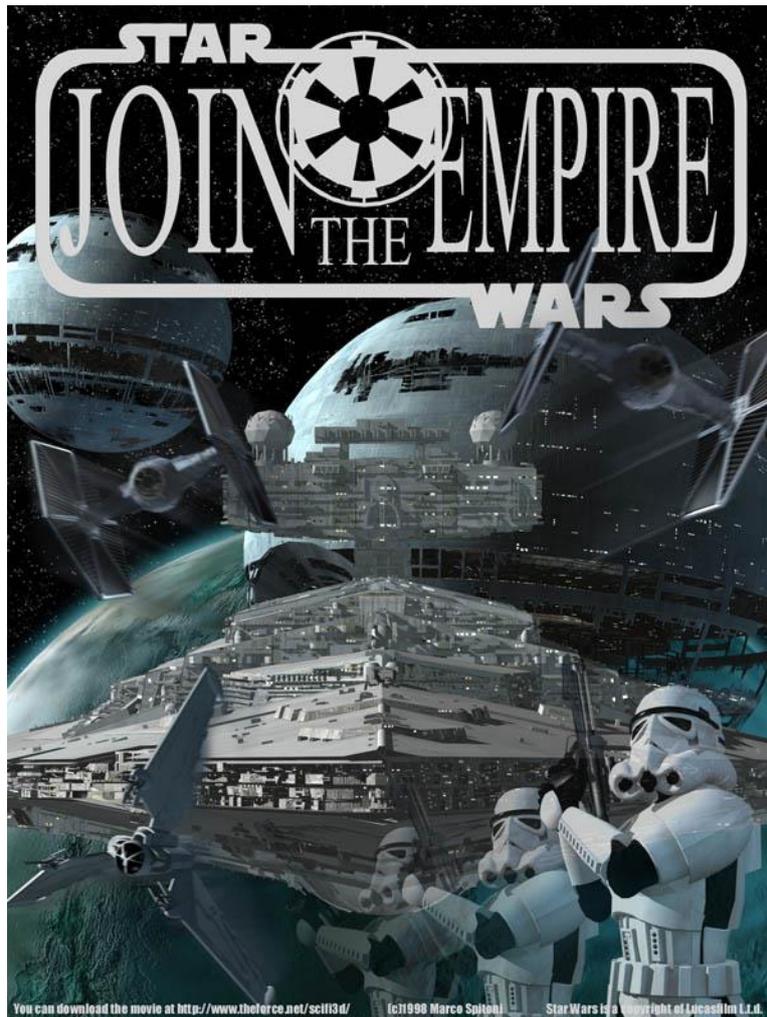
The Dark Sentinel

Issue #65

May 7, 2000

Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet

Aurora System, Outer Rim Territories



"Join the Empire" (c) 1998 by Marco Spitoni.

Edited/authored by Sector Admiral Jahn Compton
XO/SA Compton/CS-2/SSSD Sov

Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet
SSSD Sovereign

3,256 members worldwide

office of the fleet commander

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

05.07.00

Anakin Screen Tests Held for Episode II: 05.02.00

As Copied From: www.starwars.com

"May 2, 2000 -- This weekend, Skywalker Ranch played host to a handful of candidates for the coveted role of Anakin Skywalker in Star Wars: Episode II. George Lucas, Producer Rick McCallum and Casting Director Robin Gurland were on hand on Saturday and Sunday to see the hopeful actors in action opposite actress Natalie Portman.

'George and Robin and I need to put our heads together,' said McCallum. 'It could be several weeks before we know anything. This is just one step in the process. The casting of Anakin is always a very emotional thing... it was for Episode I.'

True to Lucas' commitment to the advancement of purely digital filmmaking, the screen tests were recorded using the new high-definition digital camera jointly developed by Panasonic, Sony and Lucasfilm. The modified Sony HDW-900 will be used this summer to record digital 24-frame progressive high definition in place of traditional film for most of Episode II's live action scenes.

The actor eventually chosen to fill the role of Anakin will join confirmed returning cast members Natalie Portman, Ewan McGregor, Ahmed Best and Samuel L. Jackson when production begins in a few months at Fox Studios Australia in Sydney."

FA Rapier Receives the Medal of Honor (MoH): 04.23.00

As Emailed From: CA:SO-SEC/VA Nightflyer/CA-9/SSSD Sov

Sir:

I would like to make a request/recommendation for FA Rapier to be awarded the EH Medal of Honor.

I know that the MoH is not exactly an everyday medal, and that I'm probably biased (hey, I'm his CA), but I would like to outline the reasons:

- 1.) Served as the EH Security Officer for almost a year and a half.
- 2.) Was instrumental in, if not totally in control of, the creation of the EH Sector Rangers and the transition of the position of Sector Enforcement Commissioner to an active position. The EH Sector Rangers have been reasonably effective in keeping IRC incidents down, or at least in allowing more to be dealt with.

With all due respect, sir, FA Rapier has served longer than most EH CS officers, and while their accomplishments have been more spectacular, such as FA Astatine's explosion of IWATS or HA Kawolski's design of TC.org, Rapier's in for the long haul, and in my opinion, he's more than earned it.

Thank you for your time. Also, I would appreciate it if this was kept under a certain degree of wraps, so that FA Rapier gets this as a surprise.

Vice Admiral Jacen Nightflyer
CA:SO-SEC/VA Nightflyer/CA-9/SSSD Sov
SBM(Sith)/Tridens of Tarentum
SS/PC/ISM x3/OV-2E {IWATS-M-S-Q-IIC/3-GFX}

General Khaine Awarded the Imperial Cross (IC) Medal: 05.01.00
As Recommended By: Operations Officer (FA Howlander)

GA Ronin, SA Compton:

With your blessing and permission, I would like to award Operations Office Assistant, and Wing Commander - General Khaine (khaine@ihug.co.nz) for the Imperial Cross.

Simply, this man is a Godsend. He has gone miles above beyond the call of duty, on countless occasions. He has redone his original redoing of the EH Merit and Service Medals, so now they are even more fancy than before.

The Medal of Honour is probably his best work along the lines of Medals.

http://members.tripod.com/khaine_eh/merit-moh.JPG

Right now, Khaine has completed about 1/6th of all the Female Uniform Templates, he's been working like a little beaver on these, and man, if anybody in this clubs deserves to be rewarded, its him..

Operations Officer - Fleet Admiral Howlander
Concurring Recommendation for GN Khaine

I know that FA Howlander has already recc'ed GN Khaine for a IC, and I'd like to concur with that recommendation. Khaine has redone all the medals for the Directorate, and, if I may say so, has done a smashing job of doing so. They look very nice, and are very suitable for the new uniform designs I've been working on. I know he's been doing all sorts of things for the OPS office, and I think he deserves this medal.

Thank you for your time.

<SALUTE>
Admiral Kessian Armus
Grand Moff Armus /ISD Tiger's Claw
Sith Battle Master Armus(Sith)PCON/Satal Keto
[SS][BS][PC][ISM][IS][LoCx2][MoC-BoCx4]/[TCx2][SoD]/[DC-
KC][WR][SC][GC][CoL][LSS]
[IWATS-M]

FA Manesh Awarded Grand Order of the Emperor (GOE) Medal: 04.30.00
As Recommended By: NAVCOM/VA IQ Pierce

To Grand Admiral Stephan Ronin and Sector Admiral Jahn Compton:

It has come to my attention that the only merit award that Fleet Admiral Manesh, the Lord Ambassador, has received is: a single Palpatine Crescent. His position is one of those where only the Command Staff is likely to see the results of most of his work, and

so I would leave it to you to decide what would be appropriate; but it seems to me that it's a crime for an officer to spend so much time reliably filling a Command Staff position - not to mention showing such ingenuity by forming and reliably maintaining the EH Polling Center - and be overlooked for any Merit Award higher than a PC.

I'm sure both of you feel the same way, which is why I bring this to your attention. I hope that Manesh will receive some more recognition for his efforts, as well as an incentive for further reliable service as Lord Ambassador. But, I leave it in your hands. Thank you for your time.

Vice Admiral Ingo Q. Pierce
NAVCOM/VA IQ Pierce
GSx2/BS/PC/ISMx4/MoI/IS/LoC-ISx12/OV [LANC] {IWATS-SM/1}

04.30.00

Emperor's Hammer Privacy Policy Revised: 04.27.00
As Submitted From: EH Legal Counsellor (VA Theodore)

With the kind assistance of our EH Legal Counsellor (VA Theodore), the Emperor's Hammer Privacy Policy has been updated in accordance with the requirements of the United States of America (USA) Children's Online Privacy Protection Act (COPPA), effective April 21, 2000.

ALL Members of the Emperor's Hammer are requested to review them CAREFULLY as they particularly affect our Membership under 13 years of age.

Please fee free to email EH Legal Counsellor (VA Theodore) or the Fleet Commander (GA Ronin) if you have any questions on this new revised policy.

Thank you...<SALUTE>

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Grand Admiral Ronin
Fleet Commander/Founder - Emperor's Hammer
MoH/IC/MoT-2rh/8gh/MoI-dc, DJP(Sith) [IWATS] [OV-5E]
FC/GA Ronin/CS-1/SSSD Sovereign

Richard LeParmentier to be Interviewed by the Emperor's Hammer: Updated 04.26.00
As Submitted From: Fleet Commander (GA Ronin)

Richard LeParmentier (Admiral Motti) contacted the Fleet Commander (GA Ronin) of the Emperor's Hammer regarding distribution of his biographical info and his WWW site. An interview will hopefully also be arranged on our IRC Chat in early-mid May 2000. More news will posted pending receipt of Richard LeParmentier's touring schedule including revision of a screenplay, an appearance at the upcoming EmpireCon in Perugia, Italy next week and imminent visits to Holland and Detroit. It is anticipated that Richard LeParmentier will be interviewed personally by or the Executive Officer (SA Compton) with the assistance of the Communications Officer (AD Kumba). Imperial Citizens desiring to attend should think up a few good questions beforehand for the moderator to ask of Mr. LeParmentier. We plan to run this chat/interview like the one we hosted for Mike Stackpole on August 22, 1998...(Please feel free to review that log for format)...Maybe, if we're lucky, Mr. LeParmentier will be able to stick around for open channel chat after the interview.

His WWW Site URL is posted below and has been permanently added to the Fleet Commander's Favorite Links page...Take a look around; Richard LeParmentier has also had a very distinguished career outside of Star Wars.

Admiral Motti (Richard LeParmentier) Biographical Profile
As Emailed From: Richard LeParmentier (04.20.00)

"Admiral Motti

Richard LeParmentier

Star Wars - Episode IV - A New Hope

Star Wars was Richard LeParmentier's third film after moving to Britain from the United States in 1975. His role as Admiral Motti, the Imperial Officer who believed more in the power of his Death Star than the power of The Force earned him a memorable place in what has been voted The Film of The Millennium.

When Darth Vader raised his finger and Admiral Motti momentarily lost the ability to breathe movie audiences got their first inkling of the Dark Side.

With the passing of Peter Cushing and Don Henderson Richard is the last surviving Imperial Officer from the original Star Wars.

He has appeared in over fifty films and television shows in Britain and the United States. He has appeared in such International hits as Rollerball, Stardust, Space 1999, Capital City, Reds and

Who Framed Roger Rabbit. He now works as a screenwriter and has written extensively for the UK film and television industry, the US and for German television. Since starting on the convention circuit last year he has appeared in London, Paris numerous conventions in the UK, Belgium and the US. He will be appearing at StarCon in Holland, EmpireCon in Italy and a store signing tour to coincide with the launch of the Admiral Motti Commtech figure.

Contact:

motti80@fsnet.co.uk

Website

(under construction)

<http://web.ukonline.co.uk/motti>"

Episode II Pre-Production Heats Up: 04.25.00

As Copied From: www.starwars.com

"April 24, 2000 -- With filming for Episode II slated to begin in about two months, Producer Rick McCallum is juggling many tasks. 'Obviously we're getting into serious crunch time,' he explains. 'We're building sets like crazy and adding new construction workers daily. We'll probably max out next week with about 200 construction crew in total.'

McCallum recently returned from a whirlwind trip to Tunisia and Italy where he finalized details for Episode II location shooting.

The Australian crew aren't the only ones with their hands full. "We're deeply into jamming mode," says Design Director Doug Chiang. Chiang has begun painting key points in the action for selected scenes, while the sculpting team is working at peak capacity creating maquettes and other three dimensional models of approved designs.

His work and assistance have been invaluable over the last 6 months and he has done more to advance the Sector Rangers and help them grow than anyone before him.

SO/FA Rapier

office of the executive officer

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

the dark brotherhood	db
the hammer's fist	hf
infiltrator wing	iw
corporate division	cd
the bounty hunters guild	bhg
intelligence division	id
eh directorate	dir
the fringe	eh rpg
the imperial senate	is
eh strategists	ehs
combat operations officer	coo
lord ambassador	la
special operations director	sod



Good little Imperials...

by SA Compton

Look, kids, the NL's on time!

I know it's only been a couple weeks since NL 64 came out, but these things are supposed to come out on the 7th. I thought it'd be nice to get them out on time again.

We had a mini-EH meeting the other week. This low-key get-together was held at Dave & Buster's, an arcade/bar & grill, in Orange, CA. In attendance were your humble XO, CHS White Tiger of the Imperial Senate (also known as mah woman), COL Devin of Omega Squadron and Senator Sabé. We had dinner and played a heck of a lot of video games. I finally beat the darn Star Wars arcade game. Twice! Almost made it through the Yavin stage without dying once, too. There were just a few of us there, but a good

time was had by all. We ended up talking until almost 3 am when my brain melted, and I decided I was going to sleep. I'm such a party pooper.

In other SW related news, the first Episode One era novel is out. Rogue Planet by Greg Bear follows Obi-Wan Kenobi and a 12-year-old Anakin Skywalker on their quest to find a missing Jedi Knight. I'm about halfway through it, and it's a pretty entertaining read.

I'm still working on that interview with Richard LeParmentier, the actor who played Admiral Motti in A New Hope. His schedule is very busy, so it looks like it won't happen until mid-June. It looks like he needs mass quantities of the Motti action figure, so if you know where we can get our hands on 250 Motti figures by May 14, 2000, let me know. :-j

Again I state to you: if you are a fan of the Kevin Smith films (Clerks, Mallrats, Chasing Amy, Dogma) you can't help but notice all of the Star Wars references he puts into his films. Well Kevin's first film, Clerks, is becoming a cartoon on ABC this summer. Unfortunately it doesn't start until May 31st, which is a lousy time to start a TV show. I'll keep you posted on when it's going to be. Kevin is an incredibly funny and talented writer/director, so this is going to be a show that you really shouldn't miss. For more information, be sure to visit the View Askew website.

Snookie bootchies!

XO/SA Compton/CS-2/SSSD Sov, Impr (ret.), (MoH)(IC)(GoE)(PC)(GS-2)(SS)(BS)(ISM-2)(IS-2)(LoC-BS)(OV-4E)(MoI-dc)(MoT-gh-3rh)(MoC-PoC-6GoC-2SoC-2BoC), DA (Sith), (IWATS-IIC-SM2)

Many thanks to AD Tron who submitted this list of LoA awardees for the last couple NLs:

--- LoA awardees-NL63 ---

CMDR/MAJ Mell/Mu/Wing VIII/ISD Colossus
OPSA/COL Khaine
Senate Librarian Priyum Patel (Storinal)/AD-1
WC/LC Theodore/Wing VIII/ISD Colossus
SEN Mejas Doto(Ord Mantell)
COL EmpReach
Tethys/Nu

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--- LoA awardees-NL64 ---

FA Brad Fordham
VA Keiran Idanian
VA Mike/M-TFC Last Hope
COL Khaine
LC DS-61-4
MAJ Steve Strangelove/Nu Squadron run-on
CPT Hunter/SSSD Sovereign
CM Artyis
LCM Kou Taiki
LT RAF/Pi 3-2/Wing VIII/ISD Colossus
SL Jace Sossin
SL Chibo

SL Tom
SL Algaron
SL Jeff Willarado
SL Zev Kazarian
SL Pete Mitchell
SL Ishar Osan'gar
SL Zukarev

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SOD/AD Tron/SSSD Sov

the dark brotherhood

The Executive Officer presents the attached section of the Newsletter for the Dark Jedi Brotherhood.

The Holocron of the Brotherhood of the Dark Jedi

Weekly News Update for the Week of April 1, 2000

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

6 Members as of Today, Following Massive AWOL Check
(April Fools!)

989 Members as of Today
(Really)

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

** Several Updates [From Grand Master Thedek] **

1. The Domain will receive a nice little enhancement for people in the Clan or House Summits (once I regain FTP ability). You will now be able

to 'Generate Excel Roster' once you have logged in. It works on Excel 95 - 2000, but I'm not sure what effect it will have on non-Win32 platforms... try it out and let me know.

2. As always, please feel free to email me ideas. I may not get to them right away, but they are taken into consideration, and at the worst, logged for later review.

3. Since I have a bit more time right now, I am going to try to work on

the Envoy System that I keep saying we are working on. I have no idea when we'll actually finish... but we are moving forward slowly. It's

long been a somewhat 'dead' group, and the Council wishes to find a strong, and active, role for it to play within the Brotherhood.

4. With his inexplicable disappearance, Warlord Rocanon has been removed from his office as Obelisk High Commander. If you are interested in the position, please send email to myself (thedek@h...), Deputy Grand Master Astatine (jpboyce@u...), and Master at Arms Nighthawk (jr9090@a...). All applicants will be reviewed and a decision should be made by the next meeting.

5. Also, I'm very pleased to announce the promotion of the latest member of the Dark Council. Adept Astatine, since becoming Deputy Grand

Master, has managed not only to move right into the work expected of him, but has far exceeded my expectations. As the Dark Side Compendium mandates, and his work demands, I hereby promote Adept Astatine to the rank of Dark Jedi Master! Keep up the excellent work.

**** DGM Updates [From Deputy Grand Master Astatine]****

1. The DGM page's hoster seems to have been screwy the last couple days. The page appears to be working now, but if you have any problems,

let me know.

2. The Clan/House Leader email chain has yielded a lot of good results. I'll be summarising this first week and updating the mailing list for it

tomorrow.

3. I'm going to be starting that long trip on the yellow brick comp road. That's right, we're going to have a comp!

4. Well done to those Clan and House leaders that have used the form on the DGM page.

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

1. Congratulations to the new Consul and Proconsul of Clan Taldryan, KAP Typhon and DA Kryder!

2. Remember, if you want to make a clan-to-clan transfer, send me an email with the name of the clan you want to transfer to, the name of the clan you're in now, your ID line, and the reason you want to transfer. If you don't have a valid reason, you can't transfer, so you need to include one.

**** Survey and Message Board [From Headmaster Kumba]****

1. Nothing of major importance in the SA This week. I will be updating the Members DB with SA Grad dates from my Grad's list and from a mail or two

I have in my box.

2. This is the last week for the member Survey! the Address is <http://24.4.85.79/sa/survey.php3>, so if you haven't sent in your opinion

of things, do so now!.

3. Have an Idea on how to improve the DB Message Board, drop me an email. I will begin coding scripts for the EH main boards soon, basing alot from the DB Board, so suggestions sent in now may wind up in the new boards and in an upgrade to the DB MB.

** Heraldic Role Approaches 100 [From Herald Joker]**

1) Heraldic role at 99 GoA's. For those of you who can't count, that's one away from 100. (99+1=100)

2) I have been noticing a lot of people don't include anything in their request for a GoA (mostly GRD's) so for those of you who don't want to make me mad, include your Name, DB Rank, EH Rank, Motto, Order, and Image. For more info check the DSC under "Heraldry of the Brotherhood."

** CHAN Marks One Year [From Chancellor Howlader]

1) First and foremost...the scary news. I've been Chancellor of the Brotherhood for one year now. Just thought I'd share that disturbing fact with the entire Brotherhood.

2) Yes, there is going to be a new Brotherhood Medal, and yes, its going to be for Dark Voice submissions. But thats all you're going to get to find out :P

3) Check this space for more information next week, Same CanAussie Time, Same CanAussie Channel!

** Avenger/SHW News [From Sith High Warrior Firefox]**

1. I have been contacted by 2 persons who want to build the SHW website

and

I talked with one of them. Hopefully, those 2 won't quit on me. :)

2. My Praetor and I have been discussing a couple of new ideas for the Sith. Expect to hear about these new developpements as soon as they have been reviewed for approval.

3. The Avenger thursday night training sessions have been moved to the Internet Gaming Zone. Go to Undernet channel #Avenger between 8pm and 11pm for more details.

4. Imperial Storm is proceeding smoothly. The Blue Task Force (including the Avenger and Tau squadron) have just encountered a small amount of Red Force ships. The fight will be fierce! Expect more details next week.

5. Avenger Wing I now stands at 39 pilots.

** Krath Updates [From Krath High Priestess Arania] **

1) Submissions for the Echoes of Nightfall needed. Send your stories and poems to me now (lwaxanatroi@m...)

2) The Krath Journal got a new design - check it out (<http://krathhighpriest.virtualave.net>). New issue will be out end of this week. Krath houses and Phyles, send your news for this issue in until Tuesday.

3) There will not be a new competition for the Krath now due to the upcoming GJW. However, suggested topic for this month and February is "A

Dark Jedi's love." Poems or story or both is possible. Remember, when writing about this topic, that it is not thought of as "love stories" in

the usual sense... we are dark after all...

4) Those of you who have writings that may fit into the Dark Library/ Dark Lore project, please mail my Magistrate Aragorn (ivanrad@b...).

5) Please remember.. when you mail me your writings.. or your questions... please do add your ID line! I prefer to know who am I talking to without having to look up the roster...

infiltrator wing

This Section of the Newsletter is dedicated to the Infiltrator Wing of the EH; a Wing of former Rebel Pilots that have returned to the Empire.

The Infiltrator Wing did not submit anything for NL 65.

corporate division

The following Section of the Newsletter is to be accessed by the Emperor's Hammer Corporate Division.

From the Desk of the President of the Corporate Division,

A lot has changed in the Corporate Division since the last newsletter report, and I say that in no uncertain terms. This is all as a result of the introduction of the new CD Training Manual, and the new structure, chain-of-command, and guidelines it lays down for the entire subgroup. Most of the past month has been spent by my Direx Board and myself actually putting in place the doctrinal infrastructure that the Training Manual demands. With this in place, we are now beginning to introduce the first of the new CD corporations.

This is also where a massive shift has taken place, because these aren't the traditional sort of gatherings of slicers that have always been associated with the Corporate Division, but rather more diverse collections of various trades and industries, from web design, to IRC bots, to uniform creation. The future of slicing itself is still uncertain, and a problem that I am trying to work on, but I feel happy that having seperated ourselves as a subgroup from slicing, we have also seperated ourselves from the drastic decline of that particular industry.

The next problem facing the Direx Board, and the new Corporate Executive Officers, is quite how to make these corporations not only productive, but useful to other parts of the Emperor's Hammer. A handful of initial contracts have already been thrown around, but these are within the CD. In future months I'd like to expand our zone of operations to other subgroups, including the TIE Corps.

CD Membership has also just risen to the 50 mark, but I expect it to drop in the future, when the deadline for the removal of inactive members comes on May 18th. After that point, we'll finally have a 100% active Corporate Division for the first time in many years, and the Direx Board will have a good idea of what we actually have to work with.

This month has also seen the brief introduction of the new www.corporatedivision.com domain, which was down almost as quickly as it was up. A temporary mirror site is currently available at <http://redrival.com/corpdiv/> but we hope to have a fully-working, fully-updated domain back within a little over a week at most.

- Admiral Val Ricaud
President of the Corporate Division
PREX/AD Ricaud/VSD Warhammer/CD

the bounty hunters guild

This Section of the Newsletter is dedicated to the Bounty Hunters Guild.

What is the personality of the BHG?

The Bounty Hunters Guild has existed for, more or less, a half-decade. Rumors abound that those in power at the time in the Emperor's Hammer opposed its creation. And yet now it thrives. It is inevitable that with such factors surrounding the Guild, it would take on a personality all its own.

But so many other subgroups in the Emperor's Hammer also, thank the Force, thrive as well. What makes the Bounty Hunters Guild unique? How to dissect its personality?

I have served as Dark Prince for over two years, and have served the Bounty Hunters Guild for twice that. I have seen the BHG's personality and identity develop. And here, for a bit, I will attempt to delve deep into its past and present, and explore what makes the BHG what it is.

This past month, the second Specialist in the history of the Bounty Hunters Guild, Elliad Gavron, retired. In retiring, Gavron said the following:

It has been two years since I joined the BHG - almost all of that time has been spent in this position. I will miss it. I will miss all of you, who've been a constant source of humor, camaraderie, and yes, even guidance, at times, to me. It's been such fun, but it's time that even the decrepit old Specialist laid down his blaster.

Let the young blood take up the cause. My one request;

The BHG is the most unique group in the EH, by far. We are the fun ones. The rebels without cause. Keep that "heritage". Keep our morals strong!

My response to him was as follows:

But, as you said, the sadness of loss is framed by the elation of a promising future. You asked that the young blood take up the cause. I can promise you that it will. Yesterday was fantastic, and today is exceeding our wildest dreams. Tomorrow, you can be sure, will be even better (if such a thing is possible, you say; I am sure that it is, and will be). Let the future of the Bounty Hunters Guild be your legacy.

The BHG's personality is so difficult to determine mainly, I think, because one person can have such a profound impact on it. Thus, its personality is perhaps the best kind. It signifies a united group, but also one in which every person is not expected just to contribute but to make his presence known. If that happens, it is certain that his presence will remain long after he does not, and will flourish while he does.

We consider ourselves different. The first sentence on our webpage states, "Welcome to the home of the most vile scum in the universe." That is what I have called my hunters as long as I can remember. And I, too, wear that label proudly. We take our jobs very seriously. But we are not afraid to have fun, as good scum ought.

Among what seems to be a sea of unmitigated slaughter, we cannot forget that every bounty hunter has deeply ingrained in a him a notion of what is right. This is expressed

in our creed. In an excerpt from an upcoming work of fiction written by yours truly, the spirit of the BHG is evident:

Menalaus leaned forward. "Am I to understand that we are actually permitted to attempt these missions ourselves?" Trench looked down; he had seen Compton's hands quivering at the thought of flying, and had felt his own turn crimson when the same prospect was placed before him. He knew that the Tactician had leaned forward to redirect some of the energy that was now swirling within him and to provide an outlet for the excitement that any bounty hunter worth his salt would feel when missions were being discussed. This was all obvious, and it alone did not bother the Dark Prince. What perturbed him was his own reaction. Why had he looked down? Why had he been unable to face the excitement of his Tactician? It must be that sense of jealousy inherent in every bounty hunter. For though he was regarded as the scum of the galaxy, the bounty hunter was in fact more noble than any Dark Jedi or TIE pilot. The most sacred part of his creed, that which was ingrained in his mind from his first day in the Lyarna system, was never to interfere with another's hunt.

What could be more straightforward—or more honorable? The Dark Jedi, among whom bodily strength was optional, used cowardly mind tricks to ruthlessly twist an opponent apart from the inside, turning his own body against him and inciting the worst form of treachery. He wondered how they could ever be trusted. And the fighter pilots, though they followed a strict code, all descended upon one kill like vultures over a doomed carcass. This was supposedly justified; after all, their modus operandi was not to allow personal glory to interfere with the goal of the mission. Yet they were credited with those kills; each Rebel starfighter that they downed was emblazoned on the front of their vehicles. How, then, would one pilot feel toward his wingman, his ally, when, after a long, crippling battle, the latter swooped in and literally stole the kill from under his sights? A murderous, treacherous business, thought Trench.

But the bounty hunter's creed spared his ilk from that type of shameful livelihood. Never interfere with another's hunt. If they have succeeded, do not steal their glory like a spiteful child. Instead, succeed yourself. Be faster, stronger, better equipped—and next time, be first. The system was a paragon of fairness. It rewarded those who deserved reward.

Faster, stronger, better equipped, the Dark Prince thought as he looked down at his own hands. Compared to Menalaus, I think that I am all of these things, and maybe it is only because of that healthy jealousy that bounty hunting has bred in me. So he raised his head and stared at those quivering hands that sat to his left, knowing that they, as did Compton's and his own, symbolized everything that was right and good about the Emperor's Hammer.

We are at once individuals and part of a tightly knit collective. In living for ourselves we live for our brothers and sisters--and never the other way around.

I have but scratched the surface of the BHG's personality. I fear that my skills may be inadequate to do so, and I regret that at the end, my analysis seems to descend into a ploy for new members. But it is not. Without trying to be condescending, I know that I see the rest of the Emperor's Hammer, and I wish it could have what we have.

These are not empty words. I have been involved in numerous proposals and countless plans to unify the Emperor's Hammer in whatever ways I have been able. The BHG, I believe, is the epitome of what we can be--nay, what we must be if we are to reach the pinnacle of our existence.

If you're interested, we're located at <http://thebhg.cjb.net>.

And if you're not, I will not press you. If not, I ask you to bring some of our personality and our pride to your area of the Emperor's Hammer, or of the galaxy. We are the best. Now we must show it.

I am,

Dark Prince Trench
Leader of the Bounty Hunters Guild

intelligence division

The Intelligence Division serves to organize our eyes and ears across the chaos that is now the Empire.

As usual for the fast life of the Intelligence Division, this last month has been a prosperous one. Prosperous in that we are making sure that the best possible people are operating the best possible positions at the best possible capacities. That has been that major theme for this past month: efficiency.

To lead the Bureau of Operations into the future we have brought in one of the most skilled operators to grace the Fleet. We have brought General Zoomba - a longtime Intelligence Division member before he became COMM - back to the fold. He will do the macro managing of the Bureau of Operations, and in conjunction with the two Branch Leaders, will keep the BOO running at the pinnacle of efficiency, speed, and accuracy that they have been renown for.

Our other change this month has been with the appointment of Rear Admiral George to the position of Commodore of the Intelligence Division's flagship, the Dungeon Ship Lichtor V. Following in the footsteps of Vice Admiral Slade, George has started to bring activity and skill level up in Praetorian Squadron. He and Major Weasel will lead Praetorian back to the standing in the Fleet that it deserves and historically has had - the elite of the elite, charged with protecting the life of the Supreme Director.

This month we are going to start to make more use of our message board. In the past, it has simply been a place for the occasional run-on story, and the odd thread of discussion about beer. This month, we will start to change that. We will start to lower the dependence on mass emails of the Division, and will start to post more important materials and information on the board. It is located at <http://idmb.tsx.org> - all members should check it often.

On a more personal note, for the first time in a long time it has actually been nice for a long period of time here in London. Its been sunny and warm, and as my fellow UK-based members can attest to, that doesn't happen too often here. It was also my 17th birthday this month, which means I can now do, well, nothing that I couldn't do before.

<SALUTE>

Admiral Langer
Supreme Director of the Ubiqtorate

SDIR/AD Langer [GoE]

eh directorate

The EH Directorate maintains and governs the various star systems in the EH Territories and scours the known Galaxy for new Star Systems.

The Directorate did not submit anything for NL 65.

the fringe

The role playing section of the Emperor's Hammer.

The Fringe did not submit anything for NL 65.

the imperial senate

The following section of the Newsletter is for the Imperial Senate.

Greetings and Salutations all -

Stop what you are doing. Stop it all. Go to this site now: <http://www.impstar.net/senate/SA/sa.html>

Why? Cuz I said :P Ok, how about because it is the May issue of the Senatorial Address, the newsletter of the Imperial Senate. And because if you look in the right place, it's hilarious.

Tactical Committee Chairman Karva has been busy - his committee is currently working on Project Mandalorian. Visit the Project site for all the information: <http://www.geocities.com/nomispj/mandalor.htm>

Short, sweet, and to the point for this newsletter. Just wait and see what I have for next month :P

White Tiger

Chancellor of the Imperial Senate

(Aurora Prime)/HC-1[M-CRV: Oeil du Tigre][CORT YT-2400: Leader of the Pack][SHU: Sher Khan][LXY: Tiger Eyes][Estate][BU][BST][CoD][CoK][CoL][GOE]

eh strategists

The EH Strategists are the Collectible Card gamers of the EH.



FROM THE OFFICE OF THE SUPREME STRATEGIST

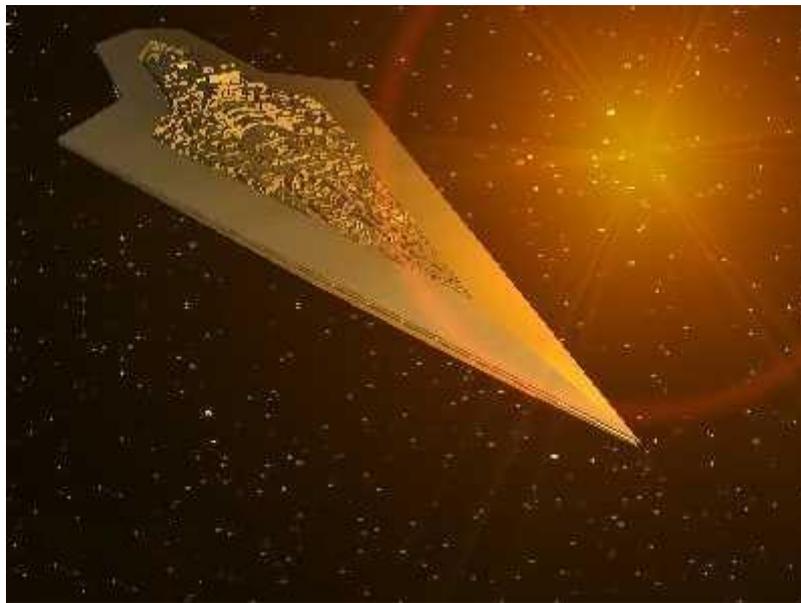
Time flies - I would not have thought it was already time to send in a NL report. Another month has passed, and what has happened in the EHS?

Well, Captain Karva has been selected as PR Officer. This position was made to ensure regular postings of the EHS URL and detailed information on the various SW and YJ message boards out there in the world wide wonderland. Thus, we hope to get more members, and even those not wanting to join the EHS may still join the EH.

Due to the EH Privacy Law, what was changed due to the USA changing the laws regarding kids under 13, members of the EHS under said age now need the agreement of their parents, too. If any parent has questions regarding the EHS, please direct them to me. Having a son myself, I can understand eventual concerns.

Our website is back up - still under pop-up ad condition, but this will change as soon as we get to upload to the pop up free space we now have been provided with.

I believe the next NL report will be a bit longer...



For the Empire

GN Arania Lawakiro

Some of you have certainly heard of the attempt from COL Callista from the ISD Challenge to arrange a meeting for German (and preferably other European) EH members. Well, though the time to arrange it was short, it worked out. We hope to see you at one of the next meetings - no matter where you are from, you'll be welcome! It all started Friday before Easter. We were scheduled to meet 1700 in the afternoon at a parking area opposite of the youth hostel we were to stay in. I arrived with BG Anakin Skywalker, about 30 minutes early. Now, I somewhat knew how Callista looks like - I've seen pictures of her on the net - but to be on the safe side, I put on my SW T-shirt with the Emperor on it. You can hardly be overseen in that if someone is looking for other EH members...



Callista



Xeraan



Brandon



Duncan



Talon Drear

Due to the T-Shirt, Callista and the others found us fast. There was LCM Talon Drear and CM Brandon, also from the ISD Challenge, LCM Duncan Idaho from the ISD Intrepid and JH Xeraan of Primus Goluud of Naga Sadow. We got to the youth hostel and got some fancy code cards for room 130. Those cards you did not only need to enter the room, but also for bathroom and toilets. Unfortunately, they made a little mistake with mine - it was coded for a man - and I needed Callista's card to go anywhere else but my room until I managed to get it changed the next day.

But one thing after the other. First thing Anakin did, of course, was to take pictures of everyone to create the EHCCG cards. It proved a little difficult for everyone to look like a bad Imperial - especially since those not in front of the camera made jokes all the time. After that, we waited for another member, who lives in Frankfurt, to arrive and lead us to the Thai restaurant we wanted to have dinner at. LT (for life) Kaine (I don't remember my ID line) arrived and took us there... by some twists and turns that made it look like the restaurant was on the other end of the galaxy.

The restaurant was really good - and the food was so much that we didn't manage to eat it all. Talks that evening involved inactive members and what to do about it, real lifestories etc... At one point, Duncan tried to get under the table... we do not want to know why, really... we do? Oh well, he was searching for a ring that gor lost...



Down there...!



Waiting...

After the restaurant, we went to a cocktail bar. There, Callista, Xeraan, Duncan and Brandon proved that you can do a lot of things together - even sharing a drink. As usual if Anakin and me are present somewhere where you can get a hold of ice, the ice cubes started flying and occasionally even hit their target. And at one point we had the flower power syndrome - eating the deco flowers and trying to put them onto each other's head.

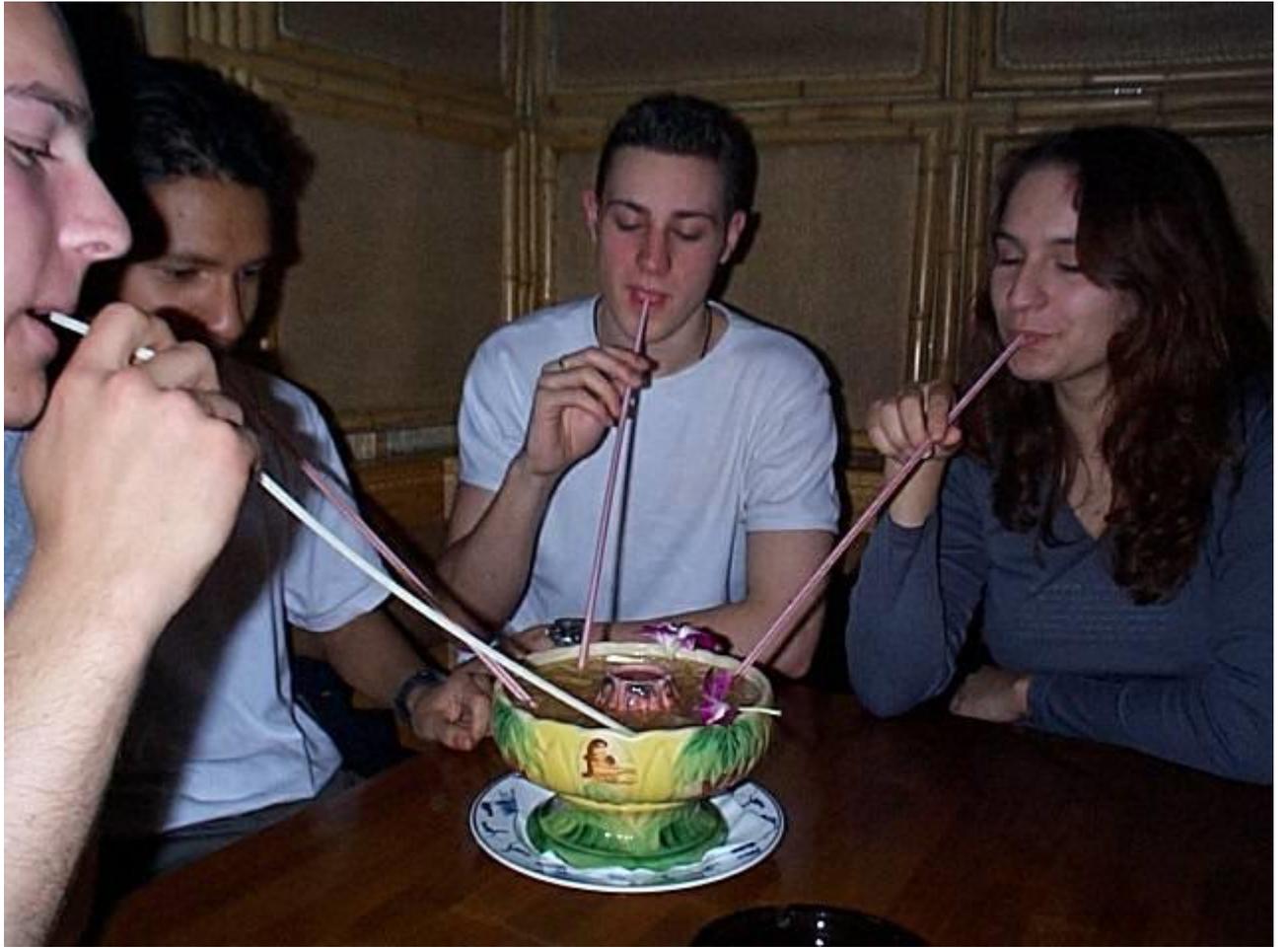
When we got back to the youth hostel, Callista opened a round of "truth or dare," and since you never know what ideas people would get in a youth hostel, it was no wonder that people decided to stick with "truth." Only Callista herself dared once and had to shout something in Italian out of the window. If you want to know what, ask her or Caine - I do not speak that language :o) It was pretty late before we all went to bed. LT (for life) Kaine (I don't know my IDline) left to stay at his own house, though we tried to persuade him to stay.



Chose



Just those two again.



Sharing



Flower power.

Early next morning (well, early if you went to bed late) we grabbed breakfast, went to shower (me still using Calli's code card) and took another turn waiting for Caine who was supposed to show us around. In the city, we went to check out some shops, and Talon, who had decided to finally collect the SW:CCG, was taken to some shops to see if we could get some cards. In a remote shop we finally managed to find some limited Premiere starters and bought them all (Anakin of course pulling a Darth Vader). Me and Anakin decided to have a quick Sealed Deck game, and then we had to go shopping for after the meeting, so Talon went back to meet the others.

It was actually a quite warm day for this time of the year, so when we got back to the youth hostel we were sweating and tired. We didn't have much time for a nap tho, since the others came back soon after us, and we had planned earlier to go bowling and to the cinema after that. By now, LT Mark Metallic, a pretty new EH member, had joined us for the day. Again, LT (for life) Caine (I don't know my ID line) was supposed to lead us to the bowling center. We refused to take the expensive taxi since he told us it were only 15 min to the place when walking. Again, we rounded the Outer Rim twice before we sent him scouting alone and waited at a remote bus stop for him to return and get us there.

Bowling teams were formed- the Challenge members, the Intrepid members (Mark is an Intrepid member, and we found out Kaine is one, too) and the rest made up of EHS and DB members. We played 3 rounds ("Just imagine those are X-wings" - that comment really helped) and every team managed to win once, what was really cool. When leaving there, Duncan found that he had left his sunglasses in a filling station where he had stopped to buy drinks earlier that day. Brandon and him thought they may still find it there, so Kaine shouted for them to run and get it, and guess what, they did. And hey, the sunglasses were actually still there, what a miracle.

Now we took tram to the cinema...we already lost our way often enough... or rather, Kaine had :o) The movie we went to see was Galaxy Quest, English version so our non-German visitors could understand, too. We didn't come early enough to get places together, but that didn't really matter, we had lots of fun with it anyways.

After the movie, Mark Metallic got picked up by his parents, and the rest of us went to get a restaurant. and then it was time to go back to the youth hostel again. On the way to there, Brandon and Duncan for some reason tried to fall into the river fooling around on a bridge, but they didn't succeed...

After all that walking, we were really tired, but not too tired to continue celebrating in our room for a bit. Well, Anakin fell asleep soon, but no wonder, he was still jet lagged from returning from the States a few days ago.



The bridge



Mark



Arania

The next day we had to check out of the place early. Talon had to leave due to work and thus couldn't follow us to the zoo. Xeraan decided to go home early, too, since he had a long distance to drive and didn't want to be caught in traffic jams. The rest of us took Anakin's car to the Frankfurt zoo where we met up with LT (for life) Kaine (I still don't know my ID line). We split up in groups because we wanted to go at different pace and thus, the meeting was more or less ended before the day was over.

We have to thank Callista for this interesting fun weekend. I hope that for the next meetings, we'll get a few more of you to participate! And those of you to far away - what about organizing your own meetings..?

If you want to find out more about the next meetings in Germany, click on our LT (for life) Kaine to mail Callista :o)

combat operations office

The Combat Operations Office oversees the EH online competitions.

This month lots of m-playing has been going on. Im quite happy that we are having more and more competitions that pilots can attend and earn LoCs at.

At Outer Rim Nights the RS have been slacking off and we havent had too many matches for any Outer Rim Night in April.

The Sunday XWA Tourny is turning out to be a big hit. For this month the Tourny has been getting 30 or more matches in just a 1 and a half hour period.

This month we've also seen the start of the new Euro Competition that is on Saturday. This competition is meant to accommodate the Europeans in the EH, although you don't have to be European to go to this competition.

Also expect a few new things for the Combat Operations Office in the month of May.

Da COO
AD Hav

office of the lord ambassador

The Lord Ambassador oversees and promotes relations with other online clubs.

The month of May will bring us four new polls, and the exciting conclusion to the Mr/Miss EH competition. AbsoluteK, Kessler, Trench, Mell...who will be our Mr. EH? Marenta, White Tiger, Sarriss, Inkwolf...who will be our Miss EH? The exciting conclusion to this great competition is upon us, so don't forget to check in with the polling center, at <http://polls.squadron.org>

I'm also working to make the Emperor's Hammer presence more affluent on Yahoo, since Yahoo is how I found out about this club, and since Yahoo is the most popular search engine.

LA/FA Manesh/DREAD Tranquility

special operations director

This section of the NewsLetter is reserved for the Special Operations Director.

From: The office of the Special Operations Director
To: Newsletter 65

Many things have happened in the SOD's office as of late. Here they are:

1.) A new addition to the Special Operations office is the "Holo-novel" concept created by VA IQ Pierce (ShayPierce@juno.com). Here is an excerpt from the 1st chapter of the upcoming "Holo-novel" :

Written by Admiral Tron
Credited to IQPierce for concept and ideas

Imperial Characters

Kirn Toleth - Colonel with the Imperial Army, human male from Aurora Prime
Cel "Mad Dog" Mirna - Captain with the TIE Corps, human male from Corellia
Jevik Trenton - Lieutenant with Imperial Intelligence, human male from Coruscant

A.R. Sirano - Sergeant with the Imperial Army, Seraii male from Sif
Lena Farra - Corporal with Imperial Army, human female from Coruscant

New Republic Characters

Sirj Bro'dek - Admiral with NR fleet command, Bothan male from Bothawui
Crinta Molija - Commander with NR Starfighter command, human female from Bespin
Shewvacca - Sergeant with Page's Commandos, Wookiee male from Kashyyyk

1 ---

Aurora Prime - Office of the Special Operations Director - 04.14.00 0900 hours

Admiral Tron Sadow stood looking out his office with his back to the rest of the room. There were five others in the room, all from different departments or section of the imperial military. He had been ordered to assemble a team of specialists or top aces for the likely event that a Special Operation would require such a thing. He had looked through the candidate lists that the Army, Navy, and Intelligence had sent him.

He had selected two from the Army, one an officer the other a non-commissioned officer. He had also chosen one of the TIE Corps top-notch pilots and one of Intelligence's best infiltration agent. The army officer would of course be the leader of the team, the non-com sergeant would be the teams heavy weapons expert, non-com corporal would be the engineer/hacker specialist, the TIE Corps officer would be their pilot, and the Intelligence officer would be their infiltration agent as well as the requisition officer.

"Gentlemen," began Tron on the speech he had been looking over just moments before they had arrived. "I am sure you are all wondering why you have been called before me of all people." Tron spun on his heels to face the five. "You have been chosen to be apart of a special team that will be given assignments related only to special operations.

"But before we go any farther, allow me to introduce you to each other." Tron looked them over, then begining with the team's leader, "Your team leader, Colonel Kirn Toleth. Your pilot, Captain Cel Mirna. Your intelligence and infiltration expert, Lieutenant Jevik Trenton. Heavy Weapons specialist, Sergeant A.R. Sirano. And Corporal Lena Farra will be your hacker and engineer." Looking them over one more time, while they simultaneously looked each other over, Tron decided to conclude the days meeting.

"Training will begin tomorrow at 0700 hours. Make sure your team is present and ready, Colonel. That is all, dismissed." Turning around to look out his window once again, the team began to head towards the door. "Oh, one last introduction. Myself, I am Admiral Tron Sadow and I will be in charge of all of you from now on, you will report to no one else. Dismissed."

2.) Hopefully, many of you have heard of INPRs - Imperial Navy Pilot Records - or it's equivalent in your subgroup. If not go here now: <http://www.tiecorps.org/rosters/inprlistings.asp> and view any one of the TIE Corps members, it's important that you know the layout of IMPRs for this competition (which is open to all Subgroups).

The competition is this: Make an INPR (or as they will be called for this IIPR - Imperial Intelligence Profile Records) for any of the following characters listed that will be main characters in the holo-novel adventures.

Imperial Characters

Kirn Toleth - Colonel with the Imperial Army, human male from Aurora Prime
Cel "Mad Dog" Mirna - Captain with the TIE Corps, human male from Corellia
Jevik Trenton - Lieutenant with Imperial Intelligence, human male from Coruscant
A.R. Sirano - Sergeant with the Imperial Army, Seraii male from Sif
Lena Farra - Corporal with Imperial Army, human female from Coruscant
Dren Vallok - Senator from Sif, human male from Alderaan

New Republic Characters

Sirj Bro'dek - Admiral with NR fleet command, Bothan male from Bothawui
Crinta Molija - Commander with NR Starfighter command, human female from Bespin
Shewvacca - Sergeant with Page's Commandos, Wookie male from Kashyyyk

Now before you get underway writing these up, here are some guidelines:

Write a full INPR-type backstory and/or "psychological profile" of an interesting, skilled character supposedly from your subgroup. We don't want stereotypical or uninteresting characters... though at the same time we want to leave at least some parts of their history and personalities vague and undefined. We will weed things down to only a few candidates, from which you can make the choice. Medal incentives for winners and runners-up. The 1st novel is already underway and when completed will be released to mission creation specialists and then you will be able to re-inact your character's adventures. For the general purpose of having each character related to a certain subgroup some will be added later that are submitted, some characters that will be excepted for this role will be:

Bounty Hunters (sided with Imperials)
Crime lords (independent)
Black market grease-balls (wimpy informants who are almost able to get you anything)

3.) The Special Operation: Sun Crusher (SpecOp: SC) run-on portions are still going and are located at the following sites -
- General Run-on - <http://www.sitepowerup.com/mb/view.asp?BoardID=118089>
- ID Run-on - <http://narsissi.tky.hut.fi:81/intel/>
- BHG Run-on - <http://narsissi.tky.hut.fi:81/bhgrun/>
4.) SOD website is still up at: <http://www.techline.com/~hceline/sod/>
5.) A continuation to SpecOp: SC is still being worked up with GMF Armus, rumors that the title could be SpecOp: Black Sun Strikes Back have been confirmed since I started the rumor.

And that's news you can use from your one and only SOD.

SOD/AD Tron/SSSD Sov

SQUADRON READY ROOM

NEWSLETTER REPORT FROM THE TACTICAL OFFICER

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

(absurefire@aol.com)

TAC Office News

Not as many battles were released this month as were planned. My university semester was bogging down my schedule, unfortunately. Next month is a total vacation for me so be on the lookout for several new battles!

The new battles have been archived in [NL65battles.zip](#).

TAC Archive Information

Battle Board

Battle Completed Records

Respectfully submitted,

= High Admiral Kawolski, Tactical Officer and Fleet Systems Engineer =
TAC-FSE/HA Kawolski/CS-3/SSSD Sovereign -
MoH/ICx2/GOE/GSx2/SSx3/BSx2/PCx4/ISMx5 [IMPR] -
MoI-DC/MoT-rhx6/MoT-gh/LoCx3/MoC -1BoC/CoL/CoE/OV-3E {IWATS-SM/1/2} -
<http://www.tiecorps.org> -



the command staff

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

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

the logistics office lo
the reconnaissance office ro

the flight office

The Flight Officer herein reports updates related to personnel or changes in the operations of the Flight Office of the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet. The Online Roster URL is also posted herein.

From the Desk of Fleet Admiral Kessler

The main news for this issue of the Newsletter is that work has begun on integrating the Naval Corps into the TIE Corps Roster database. The Naval Corps is structured like a real Navy, so it may appear a little confusing at first, but once work is complete on the Rosters it should all become pretty obvious. We've also selected the first group of Naval Flag Officers who will lead the Navy's first two Task Forces. Your congratulations for:
RA Pel (Task Force Crusader)
RA Slade Holm (Task Force Monitor)
MAJ Jack (VSD Crusader)
MAJ Weasel (VSD Monitor)

The two Rear Admirals will be in overall command of their Task Forces, and the two Majors are the Captains of their respective Task Force Flagships, as well as the Captains of the 1st and 2nd Cruiser Squadrons respectively. We anticipate being able to open the Navy to applications by mid-May, so watch www.tiecorps.org for further news and updates.

Several updates have made by the TAC to the way the TIE Corps database processes information, and I'm extremely happy to be able to report that your activity levels are so high that he's been forced to make BSF processing automated now in order to keep up with the amount of missions you're all flying! A certain percentage of BSFs will still be checked by hand in order that the TAC Office can continue to make sure everything's correct, and anything with a High Score on it will definitely be done by hand, but my congratulations to the TIE Corps for achieving this level of activity.

Speaking of activity, I'm happy to say that the winner of the TCCOM's Citation for April was none other than Avenger Wing I, with a staggering 176 BSF submissions in one month. I'd just like to point out that mission flying alone doesn't guarantee anyone the award of the TCCOM's Citation, Wing II were awarded it for simply being highly active in general, but I couldn't allow the Avenger's achievement to go unnoticed, so congratulations to her crew.

And that's about all until next month. Keep your triggers oiled and your engines warm!

Fleet Admiral Kyle Kessler

TCCOM-FO/FA Kyle Kessler/CS-4/SSSD Sovereign

MoH/IC/GOE/GSx2/SSx4/BSx7/PCx2/ISMx10/MoI-DC/ISx3/LoC-PSx33/OV-2E [CAVL]
[IWATS][IIC/3][M/2][SM/1][TT][XTT][XA-A][GFX]

the internet office

The Internet Officer herein presents any special updates and events related to the Internet Office operations of the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet.

<Salute>

This is the Emperor's Hammer Internet Office report #2 for the week of 21 April through 27 April.

I would like to apologize for the delay in getting the IO site up and running. Due to the recent busyness of myself and LCM AbsoluteK, who is assisting with the MySQL portions of the new site, stuff has been happening really slowly. I hope to have everything going by 3 May.

Next, I would like to announce the appointment of my new CA:IO, LCM AbsoluteK. He is hereby promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral. Congrats RA AbsoluteK!

Additionally, I have put out a call for graphics designers interested in applying for the position of IOA. The requirements, as originally posted to tiecorps.org, are:

"The Internet Office is seeking a qualified graphics designer to fill the position of Internet Office Assistant (IOA). Applicants must:

- Be able to produce web site graphics of the highest quality
- Be highly active (check e-mail at least once a day)
- Not have had ANY cases brought before the High Court of Inquisitors

The ability to create graphics is the only skill requirement for this position, however the ability to code in HTML, PHP3, JavaScript, and other languages is also a plus. Interested members should e-mail a short resume of their EH-related activities, as well as samples of their work, to the Internet Officer. IRC/AIM applications will be ignored."

The new IOA will be selected 30 April (or possibly before), so interested members should get in their applications immediately.

This concludes this week's report. Stay tuned next week when Turtle will "teach" a pig how to fly.

Vice Admiral Turtle Jerrar (Ret. Praetorian)
Internet Officer, Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet

IO/VA Turtle/CS-5/SSSD Sovereign (Knigt),
BS/PCx2/ISMx6/MoI/LoCx4/MoC-6BoC/OV-2E {IWATS-IIC/1/2/3-M/1/2-SM-GFX}

-AIM: TurtleXiT

the operations office

The Training Officer herein presents any special updates and events related to the Training Office operations of the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet.

The Operations Office did not submit anything for NL 65.



The Operations Office Report for the Month of April, in the Earth Year Two Thousand

Greetings from your friendly neighbourhood Operations Officer, I am, as always, Fleet Admiral Howlader. A few exciting things have happened since the last Newsletter. For one, the insane people in the Fleet Commander's and Flight Offices decided it would be good to promoted me to the coveted rank of Fleet Admiral. And I thank them for it. More importantly, General Khaine (yes, he got promoted too), was awarded the Imperial Cross, for his extraordinary work with the Uniforms, and all their respective addons.

Now, onto the good stuff:

The new Emperor's Hammer Medal Images

Prototype High Court of Inquisitors Position Badges (Expect the Final Images to be released by the next Newsletter)

Alphabetical Medals

Medals by Type

What we have planned for the future:

TIE Corps Flightsuits

Multiplayer Combat Ranking Uniform Addons

Detailed Female Uniforms (and their templates)

Until next month

Same Howie Time, Same Howie Channel

The Operations Office

Fleet Admiral Howlader

Vice Admiral Blackbird

General Khaine

the communications office

The Communications Officer herein presents recent events and current status of the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet Internet Relay Chat channels.

This month and the last has been very active for the COMM Office, as many know. To start with, many people know that I recently setup a duo of bots that link two different IRC Networks. the first network, everyone knows and loves (or hates) is Undernet, and the second network is Sidenet. Most people who use the Undernet are aware that it lags and has netsplits at the most inconvenient of times, and lately, it has been quite bad. This is where Sidenet came from. While Sidenet may not netsplit anywhere near the amount of Undernet, it does have them. As for Lag, Lag pretty much doesn't exist on Sidenet. If it does, it's a random incident. Unlike Undernet, the IRCd's on Sidenet (IRCd is the software that runs the server) are no where near their maximum user capacity. So what does this mean? It pretty much means that people now have a choice. Those that favor the Undernet, can remain there and continue to chat with their fellow peeps on Sidenet, and vice-versa via the Linker Bot. For those that are interested, irc.squadron.org is the server for Sidenet. It is an alias for the Toronto, CA server. other Sidenet servers can be accessed via irc.sidenet.org. the Linker bot on Undernet, has the nickname of "Sidenet", and on the Sidenet network, the linker bot has the nickname of "Undernet", to show which network a user is talking from.

Next on my list of fun things to do is Message Boards. Many people liked the way I designed the DB Message Board and have requested one similar to it for their specific SG. I will be starting/resuming work on those soon, I just have to continue to work out the Way the member's database will be setup. (The DB MB feeds from a centralized Roster...most other SG's don't have this). After I get that setup, I need ot convert the DB code to work with a different database format (MySQL, not MS Access), and it's pretty much all set. I do need some information from people however. The main thing is "What is the primary name for people in an SG?". Like, DB members are known as Dark Jedi, Intel as Operatives, HF Members as StormTroopers, etc.. If anyone has these "Names" for the various SG's (TC, IW, Dir, etc..), Please email them to me at kumba12345@aol.com. Also, If anyone has any Ideas they would like to see, Send them as well. I will be including a feature that keeps track of how many posts a member makes, and this will be used for a change I want to make to the Way MoC's are awarded after the boards are done. The change will hopefully make the MoC's more valuable than they currently are. The boards should be done sometime before June (I hope), so not much longer of a wait...

Finally, As I have been doing in my Domain Reports, I've decided to include random miscellaneous news that may, or not pertain to SW in general, but falls within my boundaries of Communications, which is mainly passing around some Links to sites that may humor, entertain, or befuddle you readers.

For those that are fans of the Lord of the Rings series, and if you don't know already, there is a set of movies coming out over the next 3 years or so (starting Xmas if 2001). Scifi.ign.com has some Trailers for viewing that gives behind the scenes footage and some preliminary shots of the Movie(s). the link if your Interested is here: <http://scifi.ign.com/movies/4219.html>. I recommend the 27meg Broadband version. Long download time, but worth it..

Everyone remebers the Furby craze awhile back, but how many know what makes the things tick? I'll say that for a child's toy, the things contain some really high-tech equipment in them. Here is a link called "Furby Aitopsy", and has a complete dissection

of a Furby. <http://www.phobe.com/furby/> if you interested in seeing the guts of the things :P

Finally, here is an interesting Site that should make everyone rub their eyes and hate me for mentioning it....It's called "Find the Black Dot"..and will drive you nuts :P <http://udel.edu/~jgephart/fun2.htm>.

Anyways, that sums it up for this NL. Stay tuned for next month's NL for more useless information from the Communications Office.

COMM/AD Kumba
DJP (Obelisk)/HeadMaster/

the security office

The Security Officer herein presents the latest Fleetwide security, Bylaws and Code of Conduct issues.

The Security Office did not submit anything for NL 65.

the science office

The EH Science Officer presents the latest EH technical news and EH Fighter/ships designs.

Salutations, members of the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet . . . I am pleased to report that the following progress has been made (both at home and abroad) since my last newsletter report:

- A ship with an entirely new designation -- which will be a staple of the fleet for years to come -- was announced by The Science Office, in conjunction with the Fleet Medical Corps . . .

It is the task of the Fleet Medical Corps to maintain the skill and the tools necessary to keep casualties to an absolute minimum. To this end, the Task Force Cruiser *Last Hope* (designated vessel of the Medical Corps) and its medical module both underwent upgrades. A variety of modifications were conceived & submitted by MO/RA Mike (darkjedi@otelo-online.de). The Science Office made minor modifications to accommodate feasibility, budget, and necessity, and then the plan was executed by engineering teams under my supervision.

The result -- several teams of weary techs and five hundred thousand Imperial Credits later -- is the first-ever Modified Task Force Cruiser (M/TFC). This might be a humorous concept to some, being a modification of a ship that was designed with modification in mind, but don't underestimate the importance of the Medical Corps in the Hammer -- you may be the one to come back from your next battle on a stretcher. Complete statistics and information are in the EH Fleet Manual (<http://www.pangea.ca/~zoraan/flt-man/>), which also happens to be maintained by the Science Office . . . ;)

- Patches. Several updates here, including myself modernising the last of the Science Office's "old" TIE patches with TIE95 versions, and SCOA / MAJ Kermee (Kermee@softhome.net) developing new XvT/BoP patches with custom OPTs and

the reconnaissance office

The latest events of the Emperor's Hammer on the Internet and World Wide Web (WWW)... Herein, the Recon Officer presents his reports on the frontiers of the Galactic Empire from the bridge of the M/CRV Phantom.

<SALUTE>

-- First off, I would like to congratulate Fleet Admiral Arcon Telf on his recent awarding of the Grand Order of the Empire. FA Telf has been doing very much to promote the Reconnaissance Office and he has been recognized for his efforts. Congratulations, sir!

-- If anyone has noticed, the EH's efforts on BanthaTracks (<http://www.banthatracks.com>) have resulted in a great outpour of votes for the EH Domain! If you go to their site, and search for Emperor's Hammer, you will find that it has recieved a large amount of votes which has raised the rating to 4 Stars. If you have any free time, go check it out, and support the EH! Also, other things such as the EH DIR, the RO, and the TC have been added to BanthaTracks under the same category.

-- Be sure to check out the Sites of the Week (<http://www.reconoffice.com/sotw.asp>) which have all been posted for this month. There are many interesting ones to check out, I recommend it. :)

-- With the recent resignation of Captain Czar Fortis from all positions in the fleet, the position of Reconnaissance Office Assistant was left vacant. The 2nd Reconnaissance Office Assistant, Commander Draye C. Maaric, is hereby promoted to the position of ROA. The position of ROA2 is herein neutralized for the time being. Captain Fortis will be missed throughout the fleet and within this office.

-- If you haven't noticed, the Emperor's Hammer Codex (<http://codex.ehnet.org>) has been completed just recently, when the finishing touches were placed on the Command Staff History page. It's a very resourceful guide to the history of the EH, and I recommend that everyone checks it out! Also, if someone notices an error in the page, or just has a comment, mail me (bossk@fast.net) about it. I'd be glad to hear from you!

-- If you have an idea which the RO could look into, we'd like to hear from you! Please send us your comments about our work, or anything you'd like to see done. You can e-mail us directly or use the forms available on our domain. Check out the Reconnaissance Office (<http://www.reconoffice.com>) for contact methods.

That's all for this month. Respectfully submitted,

<SALUTE>

Vice Admiral Slage Kal Fas
CA:RO/VA Slage/CA-12/SSSD Sovereign
GS/SS/PC/ISMx2/LoCx4 {IWATS-M-IIC/1/2-SM/2}

sovereign cantina

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

A RETURN TO DUTY

FL/COL Torres/Mu 3-1/Wing VIII/ISD Colossus, Imperator

"...and the FRG Vortex was lost while under-taking a recon run on the Devon Cluster. We believe that Imperial renegades are responsible for the ship's destruction. Rear Admiral Corran Force has reported that no survivors were discovered by the Challenge rescue crews and he has ordered all of our forces in the region to go on alert until further notice."

Sitting down, Fleet Admiral Kyle Kessler, TIE Corps Commander, finished off his weekly report to the EH's Command Staff. With nearly everyone from the GA to Chancellor White Tiger present, there was a hint of something in the air. The only person missing was Sector Admiral Compton, the EH's XO. With problems ranging from attacks against EH members to the destruction of patrol ships along the borders, there were signs that something was building up for a final strike on Aurora Prime. Apart from a single strike on the ISD Challenge which saw little damage inflicted, no attacks had been made on the Aurora System.

"Kess, who ordered the Vortex to the Cluster?"

"XO Compton, sir. I received a request for a ship to make a detour to the Cluster and the Vortex was the closest ship we had."

'Compton again.' Ronin rubbed his forehead as he considered the EH's XO. One of most respected officers in the EH currently, things had been going badly for him recently. A request to the Hammer's Fist for a transfer of troops to a new Intell station resulted in the destruction of the station, the assigned Carrack Cruisers and everyone on the station. Final numbers of casualties put the deaths at over 40,000 Imperial citizens and that was not the end of it. Convoys, patrol ships, garrisons and stations, many of which were vital to the integrity of the EH's territory and all of them destroyed within 24 hours of going on-line. All of them authorised by XO Compton who was currently taking a strongly-advised holiday to Aurora Prime

"I see, thank you for your report. Grand Master Thedek, I believe you have some promising news about the Dark Brotherhood?"

While the weekly EH Command Staff meeting proceeded, on Aurora Prime two officers slowly rose off the floor.

"Man, Torres, you really know how to out-drink a guy."

Sector Admiral Compton, Executive Officer of the EH and the latest person to sleep on the floor in Torres' Auroran apartment, groaned as the hang-over hit him again. Since arriving on Aurora Prime, Compton had decided to take up an offer from Torres to stay at his family's palace. Upon arriving, the two officers had gone out and hit the town, causing more chaos and trouble than an entire fleet of Rebels.

"Oh this is nothing, C. You should have been on the Challenge when we had some of the promotion parties. Now that's real partying. Of course, half the wing was in the sickbay for around a day or so while the other half were still being found by search parties."

Lying on the floor, Vice Admiral Torres (retired), former Commodore of the ISD Challenge, thought it would be a good idea to remain on the floor until the planet stopped spinning.

"Oh Torres? You awake?"

"Oh shut up Ris!!!!"

"Shut up Torres!!!!"

Groaning loudly, the two officers looked up to see Captain Risua Darkfire (retired), standing in the doorway in her dressing gown. A former Challenge and ISD Relentless

pilot, she had spent her retirement by accepting a job in the Auroran Civil Court and mostly out of trouble, although she managed to break more than a few laws whenever Torres, her uncle (actually her great-uncle), visited.

"Would you keep it down, Ris?"

"Sorry, Torres, I can't hear you. Anyway when you two sorry excuses of men are ready, I've got lunch waiting downstairs."

Both officers sighed in relief as they lowered their heads back down and then picked themselves up off the floor. Darkfire smiled as Torres and Compton walked down the stairs slowly and headed towards the dinner-table.

A boot rebound off the bulkhead as Lieutenant Colonel Callista, Commander of Typhoon Squadron, quickly ran out of the office. The last day had not been easy on the crew of the ISD Challenge as they were getting use to the command style of the latest Commodore. Unfortunately for everyone, Rear Admiral Corran Force had a bad debriefing session with Vice Admiral Val Ricaud over the failed rescue mission and he was now taking it out the first person available. Unluckily for Callista, she had decided to pay him a visit and got more than an ear-full of his anger.

"C-F pissed off?"

Heading for the flight deck to set off for his patrol, Captain Vader pressed himself against the bulkhead as Callista came speeding out of the office.

"You have no idea. Man I wish Torres was still Commodore."

"Hell so do I, but he made his decision. I heard that he's spending his time partying and getting completely drunk."

"So in other words, what he would have done had he stayed here on the Challenge."

Quite possible the most successful wing in the TIE Corps, Wing X was viewed by the rest of the TIE Corps as being a little strange and wierd for their continous parties. Despite this reputation, the long list of victories and an even longer list of destroyed Rebel task forces proved that the strange behaviour of Wing X actually did produce results. Under the leadership of Wing Commanders like Striker, Tad Taliesin, and Corran Force, Wing X had risen from the ashes like a phoenix and proved to be the finest Wing around. At the same, the ISD Challenge had started to threaten the rule of the SSSD Sovereign under the command of Pappy Renegade, but most people would agree that it had truly grown to greatness under the command of David Torres. Commanding for over a year, Torres had shaped the ISD Challenge into the finest command in the EH.

However only a few days ago, he had announced his retirement from the TIE Corps, stating it was time for someone else to take over his duties and take some time for a slower pace in life.

Both officers shock their heads in surprise as they tried to picture Torres living a slower pace of life. Just then CPT Oldham came racing down the corridor.

"Hey guys, you heard the latest???"

"Nope, whats up?"

"Comptons been arrested for high treason!!!! There's a report on it coming on the news right now. All I know so far is that he was arrested at the Cantor Palace."

The three officers quickly ran to the news room where the bulk of the off-duty crew were gathered. Callista glanced at Vader and then back at the screen.

"Stop moving or I won't be able to clean this mess up."

Grumbling softly, Torres held his head still as Darkfire finished cleaning up the rest of the dried blood off his face.

"I really dont know what goes through your head sometimes, Torres. I mean, what made you get the idea that you could take on a squad of stormtroopers?"

"Luck."

"Bah."

Torres, Compton, and Darkfire had barely sat down to start their late breakfast when the palace doors were barged down by two squads of stormtroopers, firing stun bolts into anyone and everyone. Knocking the bulk of everyone in the palace, the stormtroopers had tried to arrest Compton when Darkfire got knocked out by one of the stun bolts. This saw both Torres and Compton attack the troopers and they managed to knock out an entire squad before the second squad arrived and stunned both officers out.

When Torres had woken up, he found out that Compton had been taken to the main Imperial Security Building in the capital. While Darkfire was tending to his few wounds, news has arrived that Compton was being arrested on charges of high treason and the officer to assume his duties as EH XO was Fleet Admiral Davla. After hearing this, Torres had made a few calls and arranged a meeting in the palace.

Just then, Darkfire's father, Yacko, entered the room, followed by High Admiral Kawolski, Vice Admiral Striker, Fleet Admiral Kessler, Admiral Piett, Vice Admiral Nightflyer, Fleet Admiral Rapier, Chancellor White Tiger, and Admiral Alastery.

With Darkfire, and Yacko also in the room, Torres had gathered some of the most powerful officers in the Emperor's Hammer and Compton's last chance at freedom. After the usual greetings and allowing time for everyone to catch up, Torres cleared his throat.

"I'm glad to see everyone is here. Thanks for responding to my message so quickly."

"Hey, Torre, you might be a pain-in-the-butt...nope you ARE a pain-in-the-butt, but you are also one of the few officers I trust completely. So how about we skip the hot-air speeches and get to business?"

"Straight to the point as always, Piett. Ok, the mission is to spring Compton out and ensure he gets to have his say."

This simple statement caused a heated discussion as everyone pointed out the difficulties of such a mission. Eventually, everyone stopped talking as Rapier knocked on the table.

"Actually, it will be easy to get into the base, but getting out is another thing."

"I know. Your goal, Rapier, is to make sure we get to Compton's cell, get him out and get a head-start on the troopers. Ok the team will consist of 6 people. Myself, Piett, Darkfire, Nightflyer, Yacko, and Alastery will penetrate the base and rescue Compton. Now instead of going out the way we came in, we'll go to the launch pad where Kawolski and White Tiger will be waiting with our personal fighters. Kawolski, you'll be flying your YT-1300 'Hawkhunter' with my TIE Defender 'Gosainthan' on remote while Striker flies escort in his Spectre Missile Boat 'Dark Angel'. White Tiger, we'll need your YT-2400 'Leader of the Pack' with Kessler's TIE Fighter 'Kayta' and Rapier's TIE Phantom 'Ghost' attached to it. Now Rapier has confirmed that Compton's personal fighter, K-20b 'Hood' has been impounded at the base.

Here's the plan. Rapier will disrupt internal security patrol by causing false alarms and drawing off the troops. At the same time, Kawolski and White Tiger will depart from Challenge's base to hover just outside the range of the base's guns.

"Won't the base find two freighters hovering around a bit strange?"

"If they do, Kawolski will use his clearance to settle any concerns. Ok back to the plan, while Rapier is clearing the way and the freighters are standing-by, the rest of us will enter the base. We all have clearance to enter the base and Nightflyer's status as head of the Sector Rangers will smooth any worries. Compton is being held in the secured section which means we need to get by the automated defenses and that's where Alastery comes in.

As everyone knows, she was the EH's Science Officer and knows her way through any computer system. Once the defenses are down, myself and Nightflyer will enter to rescue Compton while everyone else will take up positions just in case one Davla's cronies are in the area. After we have Compton, everyone heads for the roof where Rapier and the freighters will be waiting with the fighters.

Rapier, when the signal that we have Compton is given, grab his fighter and head for the roof. Kawolski and White Tiger, you head for the roof at the same time. When everyone

is there, we will have around one minute before the troops arrive so it will be a quick take-off check. Everyone clear?"

Looking around the table, everyone thought over the plan and then nodded in agreement. Just as everyone was beginning to relax, Alastery brought up one point.

"Who goes into which freighter?"

"Good question, Allie. Ok Nightflyer and Piett will go with White Tiger as gunners while Darkfire, Yacko, and Alastery will go with Kawolski. Kawolski, you'll decide on the assignments. The rest of us will be flying our personal fighter. Kessler, make sure that bull's eye you fly has a hyperdrive. I've got a feeling that we might need to take an unannounced departure from the system."

"Bull's eye??? You're too chicken to fly like a real man...without shields."

"No, I just like my butt where it is."

Everyone shock their heads and began laughing as Torres and Kessler continued their age-old argument on the protection of shields in battle.

Several hours later, the small team had assembled in a cafe located near the base. Kawolski and White Tiger were waiting overhead with the ships and Rapier had already entered the base to disrupt the internal security measure. All they were waiting for was the departure of three squad which would mean Rapier was successful. Sitting around a table, tensions were high as everyone tried to keep their minds occupied. Yacko had started a small game of poker to help pass the time, but every now and then, someone would turn slightly to see if the main gate had opened. One hour and then two passed and still no sign that Rapier had succeeded.

"Thats it. I'm sick of waiting. I say we just blast our way through."

"Sit down, Yacko. We have to give Rapier more time."

"More time? Torres, he has two hours and nothing has happened. Its obvious that hes failed."

"Or maybe he hasnt created enough problems. Don't forget the troopers will probably by telling the civie police where the problems are. We have to give Rapier more time." Grumbling to himself, Yacko settled back and was about to order another round of drinks when the security base's main gates opened and four squads of stormtroopers rushed out. Four assault transports soon departed the base as the troopers head north away from the base. Waiting another few minutes, everyone then quickly got up and ran to the base, slipping through the closing gates. The bulk of the garrison had departed and only a skeleton force was left behind, but there were still enough stormtroopers to outnumber the team.

"Ok, diamond formation. Everyone, stun bolts only. Remember these are loyal Imperials just doing their duties so lets not kill anyone unless it is absolutely necessary. Clear?"

Everyone nodded in agreement and then walked into the base's main building. Standing inside the base, Rapier had a squad of Sector Rangers waiting to escort the team through the surface vehicle bay to the cluster of turbolifts located near the base security section.

"Andron, what are you doing here?"

Saluting, Sector Ranger Andronicus was also one of the member of Typhoon Squadron and had only left his debriefing for a patrol run when a message from Nightflyer had arrived.

"Well, Torres, Nightflyer here thought it would be good to have some backup so I got some of the other Ranger together and kinda strolled over here."

"Hmm well you better have your sense of direction checked after you get back to the Challenge. Ok Rapier should be taking care of the standard security measures, but we need Alastery here to take care of the automated defenses in the secured section."

Forming a wall in front of the team, Andron and the Sector Rangers marched to the turbolifts and secured the area, allowing Torres and the others access to the lifts. Just before heading up to the 5th level, Torres ordered Andron and the Rangers to head for

the Auroran Orbital Control and ensure they had a quick exit off the planet. As the lift hummed up, Yacko and Nightflyer handed out the stunners to everyone and armed the two stun grenades Piett had managed to grab on his way through the Auroran Civilian Police Headquarters.

Sergeant Rali was sitting behind the security desk when Turbolift 3's door opened and two round objects bounced out. Curious, Rali got up and walked around the desk just in time to catch the full blast of the stun grenades as they went off. The back-up team, which was located inside in the secured section, rushed out to deal with the potential intruders at the same time as Torres and the others barged out of the turbolift, firing stun bolts at the stormtroopers. The first volley saw three of the troopers go down, but now the troopers were firing back as everyone scattered. Laser fire and stun bolts criss-crossed the room as the two sides exchanged fire for a minute or so.

As the smoke cleared the room, Torres saw that the back-up team were all out cold and looked around to make sure everyone was alright. There had been a lot of close-misses and Yacko had caught a laser on his right leg, but everyone else had managed to survive the battle injury-free.

"Ok, Alastery, you're up. Remember we have probably only 2 minutes before any of the remaining garrison gets here. Nightflyer, you and Piett lock down the lifts completely. Everyone else cover the exits and jam the locks."

Spreading through-out the room, the team quickly got to work to secure the area. Torres sat down at the security desk and accessed the various cameras covering the corridors connected the secured area while Darkfire and Yacko jammed the locks by firing their personal blasters at close-range. Meanwhile Alastery opened the panel covering the defense systems and started decoding the computer defenses. One minute quickly passed as everyone finished their tasks and then two minutes passed when Torres saw a group of COMPNOR troopers lead by Fleet Admiral Davla heading for the turbolifts.

"Alastery, whats taking so long?"

"Would you give me a break, Torres? I'm almost through. Got one more code to break and then I can shut the defenses down."

"How long?"

"I dont know, maybe another minute."

"You've got 30 seconds because Davla just arrived with a squad of COMPNOR goonies and I dont think they're here to play cards."

"Blast."

Working quickly, Alastery almost tripped the alert command, but managed to de-activate it and broke the remaining code, shutting down the defenses while Davla was trying to figure out why the turbolifts weren't working.

"Got it."

"Ok Nightflyer, lets get Compton. Everyone else, stay alert."

Stunners at the ready, Torres and Nightflyer entered the secured section and headed for Compton's cell.

Tapping his feet against the wall, Compton stared up at the ceiling of his cell while lying on one of the hardest beds in the Empire. Only 10 hours had passed since he had woken up in the cell and no one had acknowledged he was even here. The last thing he remembered was attacking a squad of stormtroopers who had barged their way into the Cantor Palace and then stun bolts had flashed into him, knocking him out.

Just then he heard the sound of footsteps heading his way. In fact they were heading his way very quickly and Compton had got off the bed when the door opened to reveal Torres and Nightflyer standing there with stunners in their hands.

"Torres? Nightflyer? What are you two doing here?"

"Yeah, nice to see you too, Compton. Now lets go....unless you want to stay here?"

Pushing pass the two, Compton ran down the corridor into the security foyer where Piett, Yacko, Darkfire, and Alastery were exchanging fire with a squad of troopers in one of the

other corridors. Grabbing a dropped blaster rifle, Compton switched it to stun and start to fire at the troops while Torres and Nightflyer re-entered the room and joined in.

"Piett, what the hell happened?"

"Davla got in contact with some of the remaining troopers on the floor and ordered them to investigate what was wrong with the turbolifts. They blew the door and started firing at us."

"Oh wonderful."

"That aint half of it. Davla managed to get one of the other turbolifts working and is on his way up. We've got another 30 seconds before we get into serious trouble."

"What the heck is Davla doing here?"

Pulling Compton behind the desk, Torres filled him in on what had transpired since the assault on the Cantor Palace. Just as he finished, more laser fire come out of the corridor as Davla and his troops finally arrived on the scene.

"Ahh Torres, we got a serious problem here. Davla and his goons just arrived and they're pinning us down. The signal was sent and the freighters should be waiting for us, but getting there is another thing."

"Ok, everyone but myself and Nightflyer pull back into the secured area. Head for the turbolift in the technical/service personnel barracks and go down to the second floor. Theres a bridge connecting the base to the AT-AT docking station. The freighters will on the landing bays on the third floor."

Popping up and down, Nightflyer and Torres provided covering fire as everyone else ducked back down the corridor and headed for the turbolift. Time passed slowly as the two sides exchanged fire and then the troopers stopped firing. Looking at each other, Torres and Nightflyer both looked over the edge of the desk to see a heavy repeating blaster being set-up in the corridor. Scrambling out of the room, they just made it into the corridor before the desk was destroyed a vollet of fire from the blaster.

"Oh wonderful just wonderful. Just we need some luck and this happens."

"Oh can it, Nightflyer, at least we gave the others time to get to the landing pad."

"Ok, but what about us?"

"Ahh ok now we've got a problem."

Just then, Yacko appeared in the corridor followed by Rapier and Kessler.

"Its about time, we almost fell asleep waiting for you two."

Glad to see them, Torres and Nightflyer had just reached the three officers when Davla appeared, firing a blaster. The bulk of lasers missed the officers, but two hit Nightflyer in the left shoulder, one hit Rapier in the right arm, and one hit Torres in the right shoulder, but five hit Yacko in his right leg, shattering the leg completely. Collapsing to the ground, Yacko still managed to take a few shots at Davla, forcing him to duck into one of the adjoining corridors."

"Nightflyer, give me a hand here. Rapier, you and Kessler keep Davla in that corridor."

"Forget it, Torres."

"I swear you are still as thick as when I first meet you, Yacko."

"Look, your first priority is to save Compton. Everything else doesnt matter. Now move it!!!"

Biting his lip, Torres nodded and motioned Nightflyer and Rapier to move down the corridor to the turbolift while Kessler provided cover-fire. Running down the corridor, the four officers jumped into as the doors closed and headed down to the second floor. Hastily bandaging each other's wounds, they ran out of the turbolift when it arrived on the second floor and rushed across the bridge and up to the landing pad where the others were waiting with the fighters and freighters ready for take-off. Nightflyer, Piett and White Tiger quickly boarded the YT-2400 'Leader of the Pack' while Alastery and Kawolski entered the YT-1300 'Hawkhunter'. While everyone else were busy getting changed into their pilots uniform, Darkfire stood still and looked at Torres.

"I'm sorry. Davla has managed to catch us in a corridor and Yacko caught a number of lasers in the leg. It was completely shattered and the rest of us were lucky we only got out with light wounds. We were going to pull him out, but he refused, telling us our duty was to protect Compton first."

Darkfire nodded calmly and then ran to the Hawkhunter while Torres quickly changed into his pilot's uniform and climbed into his TIE Defender.

"Torres, I've got four boggies incoming. ETA 15 seconds."

"They're probably the assault transports we saw leave earlier. Ok I need 5 more seconds before I'm ready."

"Its going to be close. Kawolski to squad, departure pattern star-2."

"Ok I'm ready. Hit it!"

Seven ships blasted their way off the landing platform just as 4 assault transports coming in firing, hitting the Hawkhunter and narrowly missing Striker's Missile Boat as it firing a series of laser bolts at the base's defense turrets. Twisting and flipping their way through the tall buildings of the capital, the ships headed for space with 4 assault transports close on their tails. Skimming past the Golan-class orbital battle stations, the small squadron of seven ships found themselves heading straight for the ISD Challenge which was now launching a squadron of fighters to disable the ships and allow the transports to capture them. However, Torres and the others had other plans and the squadron entered hyperspace just as they flew past the gravity well projected by the Challenge's bulk, followed closely by the squadron of fighters from the Challenge.

Several hours later, the seven ships re-entered normal space in the Phare System and flew to the Planet Sif where a convoy was waiting for it's escort. Original ordered to a newly established platform by Compton, it was the only convoy not hit by the mysterious raiders. After an hour of shifting through data on the convoys already attacked, Compton and Kawolski agreed that this convoy would be the next to be hit.

"Hawkhunter, code 234a8643 to convoy command."

"Convoy command to Hawkhunter. Code received and acknowledged. Glad to see you, sir. I take it you're our escort?"

"Thats right, command. Have your ships move out so by the time we arrive, we'll be able to jump straight into hyperspace."

"Aye aye sir. All ships have acknowledged orders and are underway. ETA to hyperspace jump is five minutes. Your ETI is four minutes."

"Hawkhunter to escorts, ETI convoy is four minutes. Weapons hot, repeat, weapons hot and Kessler, keep an eye for those fighters from the Challenge."

"You got it, Kawolski. Look sharp everyone."

Streaking through the Phare System, the squadron intercepted the convoy and took up escort positions around it.

"Convoy command to escort command. Ahh sir, thats a strange bunch of fighters you've got."

"How about you just concentrate on your convoy and leave the escorts to me?"

"Yes sir. Ok hyperspace jump in three, two, one...now!"

A flash of their engines and convoy entered hyperspace. At the same time, a ripple in space ocured and a cloaked corvette appeared. With the insignia of Imperial Intelligence on it, the corvette recorded the bearing of the convoy's jump into hyperspace. Once this had been confirmed, the captain of the corvette sent a tight-beam transmission to a secured com-link on Aurora Prime where Fleet Admiral Davla smiled and opened another com-link to a group of Marauder-class Corvettes who were awaiting for their next assignment.

"Ahh thats a negative on the hostiles, Inferno-1. My scope is showing only the system defense fleet, a small convoy of freighters around Sif and a corvette."

"ID on the corvette?"

"Intelligence."

Lieutenant Colonel Manitsas swore to himself as the twelve TIE Defenders swept the

space in the Phare System. Having just returned from a joint strike with Thunder Squadron, Manitsas and the other Inferno pilots were surprised when a call came in to depart immediately. The squadron had left the hanger bay just in time to see seven ships flash over the hull of the ISD Challenge, easily weaving their way through the laser fire from the turbolaser and laser turrets. Barely one minute after launch, Manitsas saw the seven ships jump into hyperspace and ordered Inferno Squadron to follow immediately. By the time they had plotted the jump and arrived at the Phare System, the seven ships had disappeared.

"Calvin, show me the record of the ships you managed to get."

A few minutes later, Manitsas' MDU began playing a short segment of film. Lasting only a minute, Manitsas ordered the computer to isolate each of the seven ships and to pass them through the warbook. After searching the entire warbook, the computer informed him that there was reference to any of the ships searched.

"Oh this is great. The computer can't find any of the ships in the warbook."

"Wait a sec, Manitsas, I want to check something."

Manitsas waited as Inferno Squadron approached the Planet Sif.

"Ok I've Ided them."

"How did you do that? They weren't in the warbook."

"I scanned the entire warbook and all seven came up in the personalised section of the Empire."

"Ok so who are they?"

"It's listening them right now. Oh darn, you are not going to believe this."

"Try me, Calvin."

"Alright, but don't say I didn't warn you. We've got a YT-2400 'Leader of the Pack' piloted by Chancellor White Tiger, TIE Phantom 'Ghost' piloted by Fleet Admiral Rapier, TIE Fighter 'Kayta' piloted by Fleet Admiral Kessler, Spectre Advanced Missile Boat piloted by Vice Admiral Striker, YT-1300 'Hawkhunter' piloted by High Admiral Kawolski, TIE Defender 'Gosainthan' piloted by Vice Admiral Torres (retired), and K-20b 'Hood' piloted by Sector Admiral Compton."

Stunned beyond belief, Manitsas ordered his computer to scan the personalised section of the Empire's warbook and soon the same results appeared on his MDU. Seven ships piloted by seven high ranking officers, some of whom sat on the Command Staff of Emperor's Hammer. But what really stunned Manitsas was seeing Torres' and Compton's names on the screen.

"Ahhh boss, what do we do now?"

"Damned if I know. Inferno 1 to Challenge X."

"Challenge X here. Sit rep, Inferno 1."

"Sit rep, targets can not be found in the Phare System. System Defense Command reports that the targets did arrive and joined a convoy heading for Station 3x. At the same time, an Intell Corvette declassified and transmitted the hyperjump coordinates to a location in the Aurora System."

"Acknowledged, Inferno 1. Head for Station 3x and destroy the banditst. Orders from Fleet Admiral Davla."

"Challenge X, we've Ided the targets. Transmitting ID codes now."

A few minutes passed the hypercom transmitted the data to the command console on the ISD Challenge in the Aurora System.

"S***!!! Change of orders, head for Station 3x and help them. Ignore any messages which do not come on the alternate frequency."

"Orders acknowledged, Challenge X. Departing for Station 3x."

"Inferno 1 to Inferno Squadron, set hyperspace coordinates for Station 3x, maximum speed."

A faint flash of their engines and the twelve TIE Defenders entered hyperspace.

Closing down the hyperlink, Rear Admiral Corran Force ordered navigation to change the Challenge's orbit so it was right next to the Sovereign.

"Colonel Nighthawk, please report to the Commodore's office.

Several minutes later, Colonel Nighthawk, Wing Commander of Wing X, arrived.

"Sit down, Nighthawk. We've got a problem."

"I don't think we need to worry about those bandits. Manitsas will take care of them with no problems."

Shaking his head, Corran watched as the SSSD Sovereign slowly came into view. Three squadrons had just launched from one of its bays and appeared to be going a patrol around Eos, Aurora Prime's moon.

"Normally I'd agree with you, but in this case, you better check this data transmission Manitsas sent us on the bandits."

Taking the datapad from Corran, Nighthawk read it, blinked and then read it more closely. Shaking his head in disbelief, he placed it back on the desk and looked at Corran.

"So what are we going to do? We've got a large chunk of the Command Staff along with some of the most respected officers in the TIE Corps being hunted by Inferno Squadron on orders from the XO."

"That's true. It means one of two things. Either the disease of treachery has gone beyond just Compton and into the rest of the Command Staff or..."

"Or Compton is being set-up by Davla."

"Which means someone has to get this data to Ronin before Davla presents his version of events and sets the others up for target practise."

"I assume that with the orbit change, that you intend to present this data to Ronin?"

Corran simply smiled as the Challenge's orbit brought the command structure of the SSSD Sovereign into view. Still not comprehending the situation, Nighthawk was stunned when a volley of turbolasers flashed from the port batteries of the Challenge and smashed into the command structure of the SSSD Sovereign, breaking through the hull and wiped out the bulk of Intelligence's command staff assigned to the flagship. Almost immediately, the Sovereign's guns started firing on the Challenge, first individually and then in massive barrages.

"Bridge to Commodore, we've got Fleet Admiral Kramer demanding as to why we fired upon the flagship."

"Bridge, inform the Fleet Admiral that we are operating under Imperative Order 323-a from the Grand Admiral. Have him confirm this order with the Grand Admiral before he blows the Challenge into the next system."

A few minutes later, the Sovereign's numerous guns fell silent and the ship began to change its orbit. At the same time, the com-screen in Corran's desk beeped and the screen activated to show the face of Grand Admiral Ronin.

"Force, I told you to neutralise Davla's spies, not to damage the Sovereign."

"Sorry, sir, but after some thought it became clear that the only way to cut off Davla's main communication to the raiders was to eliminate Intelligence on the Sovereign. This in turn would force Davla to turn to other lines of communication, identifying these traitors."

"Well good reasoning, but if I were you, I'd stay out of Kramer's path for the near future."

"Acknowledged, sir. Now about Compton and the others?"

"The ISD Colossus has already been sent to their destination. We've also confirmed seven Marauder-class Corvettes heading for the same area. Unfortunately, even if we sent the Challenge, you wouldn't arrive there in time to make a difference."

"Will the Colossus?"

"Depends. According to our calculations, the convoy will arrive in two hours and the Marauders will arrive forty minutes later. The Colossus won't arrive for another hour so Compton and the others will have to protect the convoy for twenty minutes. Given that Davla most likely gave the Marauders access to the latest Imperial weaponry, it could be a problem. Also the Sector Rangers picked up Vice Admiral Yacko (retired) from the Security Base in the capital. According to him, Torres, Nightflyer and Rapier were injured during an exchange of fire with Davla."

"Serious?"

"Hard to say, things were pretty hectic at the time. I'll keep you informed. Ronin out."

A flicker space occurred and then a convoy of 12 freighters and an escort of seven ships appeared.

"Hawkhunter to convoy, we have arrived at the correct normal space coordinates. Set course for Station 3x. Dark Angel, you're on point; Kayta and Ghost, you've got port patrol; Hood and Gosainthan, you've starboard; Leader, you're with me on support. Keep an eye out for hostiles."

A series of acknowledgements came across Kawolski's com-system as the ships went to their assigned stations. According to Darkfire's calculations, it would take them another seventy minutes before the freighters would enter Station 3x's security zone. Once the convoy entered the zone, their firepower would be increased by the addition of one squadron of TIE Interceptors and three Corvettes. Enough to stop any attacks by the mysterious raiders, but there was the small problem of getting to the zone intact.

"Dark Angel to Hawkhunter, first sensor sweep has found negative hostile contacts. I'm only picking a faint signal from Station 3x."

"Acknowledged, Dark Angel. All ships proceed for waypoint 1 and report in ETAs."

"Freighter command, ETA calculated at being twenty minutes at full speed."

"Hood to Hawkhunter, my sensors are showing something in hyperspace, extremely faint. It's so faint I'm surprised it was detected. ETA is forty minutes."

"Hood, how the hell did you pick up something at that range?"

"I used my security code to login into the sector's surveillance system and it reported seven contacts heading for our third waypoint."

"Any ID?"

"Corvettes-sized starships. That's all I can get from this distance. We'll get more information in around twenty minutes."

"Ok keep me informed. All ships, be aware we have a possible hostile force heading for our third waypoint. Weapons hot, but only fire if fired upon."

"Ghost to convoy, what does 'possible hostile force' mean?"

"Gasainthan to Ghost, I think it means we ask them out for dinner before we shot them."

"Gee I always thought it meant you dated their sister before you cleared."

"Actually it was considered part of the Rules Of Engagement on the Relentless to offer them a chance to escape before destroying them."

Listening to the chatter, Compton smiled to himself and continued to read the data as it came from the surveillance system. Still nothing other than they were corvette-sized ships and that their destination appeared to be the convoy's third waypoint.

Twenty minutes passed and the convoy was now on course for its second waypoint when the sensors on the convoy detected a hyperspace jump behind them.

"Kayta to Hawkhunter, I've got twelve contacts which just jumped into the area. ID is unconfirmed, but they appear to be starfighter-scaled ships. Speed confines them to the A-Wing range and higher."

"Hood here, that only leaves A-Wings, TIE Defenders, Missile Boats, Specter Boats, TIE Guardians, and A-9bs."

"Negative on A-Wings. My sensors show Imperial IFF coming from them. Torres, have a look at their IFF signal and tell us what you can about it."

Powering up his personal IFF signal scanner, Torres now had the ability to not only ID any ship but also bring up its weapons array, engine type, and current length of use.

"Gosainthan here, ok I've got what we need. Scans show them to be Class II TIE Defenders, CD-produced."

"How many of those are currently in service?"

"Kayta here. Currently we have four squadrons equipped with them. Inferno, Typhoon, Sword, and Dagger."

"Great that only leave Typhoon and Inferno as the only candidates."

"Can't be Typhoon. They got back from a patrol and Flight 2 is currently assigned to the

Hammer's Fist to provide air support in a training exercise. Which means we've got Inferno on our tails."

"Suggestions anyone?"

"We could turn around and attack them."

"Forget it, Nightflyer. Firstly, it would leave the convoy vulnerable to attack and secondly, we do not attack other Imperial ships. I suggest we keep on course and worry more about the Corvettes than Inferno Squadron. Torres, when they're in communication range, try and see what Manitsas is up to."

"Roger that, Kawolski."

Time passed slowly as the convoy continued along its course and the escorts remained on station. The convoy was coming on its third waypoint when the sensors picked up the beginnings of a hyperspace jump.

"Hood to Hawkhunter, I've got more information on those Corvettes. They're Marauder-class Corvettes. I can't tell if they're carrying any fighters or not. Current data on the Marauders indicate that they are currently being used by the Corporate Sector Authority and a few large pirate bands."

"Ghost to Hawkhunter, that's not all. I received a report from one of my contacts in Intell. According to him, Intelligence captured seven of them a while ago, but they disappeared into a black project. No idea who was in charge of it, but it was someone high in the Imperial Command."

"COMPNOR Command?"

"That's my bet. Ever since Endor, COMPNOR's influence has been waning and I'm sure they'd do anything to stop that decline."

"Including the destruction of Imperial property?"

"As far as they're concerned, they have every right to do what they want to Imperial property. Heads up everyone, seven Marauder-class Corvettes just jumped out of hyperspace and I don't think they're here to offer a hand."

"Hawkhunter to unidentified Corvettes. You are in violation of Imperial space. Stand down or face Imperial justice."

"This Corvette Destiny to Hawkhunter. By the order of Fleet Admiral Davla, you are to surrender immediately or be destroyed."

"Hawkhunter, I'm bored. Can we destroy them now or do we have to sweet talk them first?"

"Gee that's a hard one Striker....ok enough talk, we destroy them. Hawkhunter to convoy command, bring your hyperspace drives up for an emergency jump to Station 3x' security zone. Leader, you're to remain with convoy to provide protection. Everyone else, break and attack!"

As the convoy prepared for an emergency hyperspace jump, the six ships went to full speed and entered into an attack formation.

"Gosainthan to Hood, engage the Corvette Silence. I'll take the Gudience."

"Acknowledged."

As the pilots began calling out their target, the Corvettes launched their own starfighters. Seven squadrons of Z-95 Headhunters were launched and moved into an attack formation of their own."

"Watch, flying coffins heading our way. Kayta and Ghost, disengage from your attack runs and take care of the Z-95s. Everyone else, continue on your runs, but watch your sixs."

Peeling off, Kessler and Rapier roared towards the oncoming Z-95s and started firing as soon as they entered laser range. Blast after blast shattered into the Z-95's shields and then one by one the fighters exploded, taking out several more of their own. But then the Z-95s had their revenge as they swept behind the two Imperial fighters and began firing their own lasers. Twisting and turning, Kessler and Rapier lead the Z-95s on a merry chase while the others entered attack range and started firing at the Corvettes. Torres aimed for a small opening in the shields caused by Compton's first missile volley and pulled up into time to be engulfed by a large fireball erupting from the Corvette Silence. Recovering quickly, he pulled off a few quick shots at the Gudience, reducing their port shields to 10% and turned around to see flames coming out of the Silence's

power room as Compton started another strafing run while Striker finished off the Destiny in a volley of advanced proton torpedoes.

"Hawkhunter to escorts, the Silence and Destiny are out of the fight. Gosainthan, continue targetting the Gudience. Hood and Dark Angel, target the Sliver while I'll take the Unicorn."

Just as he began another run on the Gudience, Torres was thrown forward as two concussion missiles slammed into the back of his TIE Defender. Pulling a series of evasive maneuvers, he checked his radar to find that 4 Z-95s had decided to use him for target practise.

"Gosainthan to Kayta, get these pests off my back!!!"

"I'm kinda busy now, Gosainthan. I've got 5 bugs of my own to worry about."

Slamming the joystick hard right, Torres put the fighter into a tight loop and leveled up behind one of the Z-95s. Pouring his laser fire into the Z-95's aft shields, Torres was quickly rewarded with the destruction of the fighter and fly through the expanding cloud of debris to hunt down the remaining 3 Z-95s which were now regrouping for another attack on Torres. Just before they could began the attack, a number of advanced concussion missiles swept in and obliterated the Z-95s.

"Inferno 1 to Gosainthan, I see you're having a party. You don't mind some late comers do you?"

"Inferno 1, you guys are always welcome to the party. Have Flight 3 help Kessler and Rapier out with the Z-95s while the rest of you concentrate on the Corvettes."

"Roger that. Oh we also got word that the Colossus is on its way to help out. ETA is around fifteen minutes, although I wouldnt be surprised if they turned up abit early."

"Got that, Inferno 1. Ok Flight 1, form up on me and we'll finish off the Gudience With the combined firepower of three freash TIE Defenders supporting him, Torres swung around for another shot at the Gudience. Volley after volley smashed into the Gudience's hull as the hull began to bulk and then shattered completely. As the TIE Defenders flew over the ship, flames began erupting out of the holes in the hull and then a massive explosion rocked the ship as the engines were destroyed, sealing the Gudience's fate as explosion after explosion erupted along the hull and then a final explosion occured as fragementes of the Gudience flew in an expanding cloud of debris. During this, Compton, Striker, and Flight 2 had finished off the Sliver and were heading over to help Kawolski finish off the Unicorn. Kessler, Rapier, and Flight 3 had effectively eliminated the last remaining fighters and were now engaging the Corvette Lester.

"Inferno 1 to Gosainthan, suggest we take care of the Corvette Dilva."

"Good idea. Ok power up your launchers and get ready to fire a volley of missiles at her. Steady steady....fire!"

With a slight lurch, the three TIE Defenders launched a volley of two advanced concussion missiles and pulled in to draw away the defense fire of the Dilva. As the missiles slammed into the Dilva's hull, luck also struck and one of the missiles destroyed the main power core, causing a massive chain-reaction in the Corvette's power network and destroying the Dilva.

"Hawkhunter to escorts, good work people. All hostiles neutralised. Convoy command, jump to Station 3x, we'll be right behind you."

"Convoy command here, acknowledged Hawkhunter. Thanks for the escort. Jumping now."

A flash of their engines and the convoy entered hyperspace, leaving Inferno Squadron and the six ships with the flaming hulk of the Silence. Kawolski slowly brough the Hawkhunter closer and closer to the Silence as more and more explosions rocked the Corvette.

"Ok Alastery, you're up. Start hacking your way into their main computer core."

"Connection secured. Alrighty, we're in. Starting search program."

Time passed as Alastery searched the damaged computer core of the Silence and Kawolski kept an eye on the decreasing hull strength.

"Come on, Allie. Hull is down to 5% and it aint going to last that long."

"Give me one more minute and I'll have everything we need."

Gritting his teeth, Kawolski began the fire-up sequence and wait for the go signal from

Alastery.

"That's it, got it. Ok Kawolski, get us the hell out of here."

A simple flick of a switch and the Hawkhunter leaped away as the Silence finally gave in and the hull exploded. Roaring out of the debris, the Hawkhunter entered into formation with the other ships and began their hyperspace runs when the ISD Colossus existed hyperspace.

"Colossus to Hood, come in please."

"Hood here. Good to see you, Colossus."

"Same here, Compton. You're cleared for docking. Don't worry about the convoy, I've got the Relentless covering it and it seems you took the raiders out with little trouble."

"Ronin?"

"You were expecting someone else?"

"Well no. Hood to escorts, head for the Colossus. We're cleared for docking."

One by one, the ships entered the hanger bay of the Colossus and landed. Awaiting them was Grand Admiral Ronin with a squad of Obelisk troopers guarding Fleet Admiral Davla. Getting out of their ships, the twenty officers walked over to where Ronin was standing.

"Good to see you in one piece, Compton."

"Thanks, boss. I take it that Davla being under guard means I'm clear of the charges?"

"Found out about that did you?"

"Torres and Nightflyer told me when they and the others broke me out. We had to leave Yacko behind, but the rest of us got out. White Tiger, Piett, and Nightflyer were with the convoy when it entered hyperspace."

"Yeah, a team of Sector Rangers found Yacko in Davla's 'tender' care and got him out. He's currently in the TIE Corps Fleet Medical Center. He should be up and about in a few days."

Relieved, Darkfire leaned against Kawolski and closed her eyes. Then Ronin cleared his throat.

"Sector Admiral Compton, as Fleet Commander of the Emperor's Hammer, I am clearing you of all charges of treason and re-instating you as Executive Officer of the Emperor's Hammer."

Proudly standing at attention, Compton saluted Ronin and then a massive cheer rose from the massive crowd which has gathered around them. A flick of his hand and the troopers took Davla off to his obvious fate. Then Compton turned around and faced the people who risked everything to get him out of prison.

"Well for those of you who are still serving I'll make sure that any charges are cleared from your records. As for the rest of you, I'm offering a chance to return to service and the selection of any squadron to be assigned to."

Darkfire smiled and shook her head, she had enough of putting her life on the line and was enjoying the soft life while Alastery shrugged her shoulders and decided to think it over. Compton then glanced at Torres who was still thinking it over.

"Well, Torres, how about it? We all know that you won't be satisfied with the slow pace. Hell, you'll probably be off blasting away pirate and Rebels just for sport if you did stay in the Reserves. So why not take this chance to return to duty?"

Torres looked at Darkfire who gave a slight nod of her head and he then looked at Compton.

"You got it, Compton. I'm in."

Compton shook Torres' hand as the crowd cheered. Kessler wrapped his arms around Torres and tried to lift him up as the others were hugging each other in joy at the end of the whole episode.

"Oh by the way, I'll take Inferno Squadron on the ISD Challenge."

A massive roar shook the hanger bay as the gathered crew of the ISD Colossus gave their approval to Torres' return to service.

One day after the events on the Colossus' hanger bay, Inferno Squadron was returning to the ISD Challenge. Thunder Squadron had pulled patrol duty and Lieutenant Colonel

Wet Willy noticed that Inferno Squadron had acquired a thirteenth TIE Defender. A quick glance at the fighter's IFF signal revealed it to be the 'Gosainthan' and Wet Willy smiled as Flight Operations cleared Inferno Squadron cleared for landing.

Meanwhile in the main hanger bay, Callista and Lieutenant Commander Vexan were over-seeing the latest addition of weaponry to their fighters when Inferno Squadron appeared in the bay's entrance.

"Hey Inferno's back. Been awhile since they left."

"Yeah. Wonder what took them so long. Hmmm looks like they got a thirteenth fighter. Wonder who it is."

"Tell me you're joking, Vexie. That's the Gosainthan, Torres' personal fighter. Looks like hes back for a visit."

"Oh yeah, didn't see the insignia."

The two officers watched as Inferno Squadron landed and the pilots got out as Rear Admirla Corran Force and Colonel Nighthawk arrived on the flight deck to welcome them back. Corran activated his com-link to the Challenge's internal communication system.

"Attention all hands. From Fleet Admiral Kessler, TIE Corps Commander, to Rear Admiral Corran Force, ISD Challenge Commodore. Under the authority of Sector Admiral Compton, Emperor's Hammer Executive Officer, Vice Admiral David Torres is hereby demoted to the rank of Colonel and returned to active duty. As per to his request, Colonel Torres is assigned to Flight I of Inferno Squadron, Wing X, ISD Challenge. Signed Kyle Kessler, Fleet Admiral."

The Targeter

As the last swirl of glowing gas that had been an X-wing and pilot dissipated, Lieutenant Garik Hizad and the rest of Mantis Squadron turned their fighters toward home. "Good job everyone" said the Commander over the comm. "These Strike missions sure make the Rebels wary everywhere." But Hizad wasn't paying attention. He was busy thinking about the upcoming leave he was taking on Etti-6. Hizad had some business to attend to.

Steeping of the shuttle onto the duracrete at C'harn, the main city of Etti-6, Hizad retrieved his baggage and proceeded to the customs area. noticing the large, longish black case Hizad carried, the customs official inquired, "Planning some hunting?" "You might say that" replied Hizad. Moving through the gates, Hizad hailed a speedercab and was transported to the Golden Sarlacc, a local hotel, and one that looked none to luxurious either, Hizad thought. After arriving in his room, and with a quick stop at the refresher, Hizad sat and pondered the things that made him come here. Etti-6 wasn't a particularly nice place, but the local government was trying to clean things up a little. Hizad smiled softly, and that was just why he was here. He didn't know when his ability had first occurred, or why, but it had constantly for the last 10 years, and Hizad new he had to act on it. Garik dressed and wandered out into the streets, and before too long, he had a definite twinge. Now only to find him....ahh..there excellent...yes, he looks the type. Garik then returned to his hotel and ran a quick search concerning his prey. He's never been wrong before, but it never hurt to check. Yep, this is the one all right, intense hatred of his business partner, a few shady dealings. "Well" Hizad thought, "It looks like I'll be seeing you tonight." As dusk began to fall, Garik readied his gear, one Talm & Bacch custom sniper slug thrower, on black body suit, vial of green paintballs, 5 rounds of custom ammo. It was going to be an easy night. As Hizad crept toward the house of his intended prey, he thought some more about his secret. Little did anyone on the Vanguard know that he was the Targeter, feared by criminals the galaxy over. People said he could sniff a potential murder a mile away. This was mostly true thought Hizad, but if he didn't act quickly, the odd feeling surrounding the person would pass, and be lost forever, leaving Garik no chance to stop the crime and save innocent people. Of course the only way Hizad knew to deal with these scum was to quickly and quietly

kill them. That was why he had joined the Empire, to be trained as a sniper. Clearing these thoughts from his mind Hizad selected his perch on a rooftop across from his target's home. Patiently assembling his rifle, Garik waited for his target to arrive. Sure enough, the target and his business partner arrived some minutes later. Hizad saw the target slowly pull a vibrodagger from his cloak. Time to act thought Hizad. Raising the rifle, Hizad centered the cross hairs on the man's chest, and pulled the trigger. The round exited the barrel with not much more than a click of the action. The target's chest suddenly exploded crimson as the subject sank to the ground with a surprised look on his face. just as suddenly the feeling left Hizad. "Good, another life saved" Switching magazines, Hizad readied his weapon, ready to leave his trade mark. With a small thwack a green paintmark soon spread on the newly deceased man. Hizad's job here was done. Heading back across the rooftops, Hizad heard a voice calling for help. Peering down into an ally, Hizad noticed a small Muftak being corned by a large and ugly looking man. Suddenly the Muftak looked up and fainted dead away. Following the Muftak's gaze, the man also saw Hizad. "Shit" Hizad thought, "now I've been seen" Jumping down into the ally Hizad knew that now he would have to save the Muftak. As he slowly stood up from the crouch he had landed in, Hizad saw that the man now comprehended who Hizad was. With his jaw dropping to the ground, the man begged the Targeter to spare him. With a vision of his parents dying in an ally very much like this one, Garik slowly nodded his head no, and raised the rifle. "NOOOOOO!!!" Screamed the man, "I've got a family, I'll never do it again..." Hizad pulled the trigger 3 times. Thwack! Thwack Thwack! The force of the blow knocked the man over. Walking over to the man, Hizad kicked the man's leg. The man rolled over and looked up. Peering through his eyes, now covered with green paint the man looked mortified. The stain spreading across his pants reaffirmed his fear. "Never Again" said Hizad, and he walked away. While passing through a park on the way back, Hizad again sensed the smell of a potential murderer. Hiding behind a tree, Hizad pulled out his rifle. Sighting it at the crest of a hill where the subject was expected to appear, Hizad waited. As soon as the subject appeared at the hill, Hizad began to squeeze the trigger. But wait..no..Hizad jerked slightly but it was milliseconds too late. The target, who Hizad could now see was nothing more than a teen. The boy screamed and doubled over. The sense instantly disappeared. Hizad was rocked by a vision of the boy forever in a hoverchair. No..this couldn't be.... Hizad ran as fast as possible to his hotel, he had to leave. This had never happened before, had his sense failed him? No..it couldn't be. Hizad collected his things and ran to the spaceport. As the shuttle lifted away from the surface, Hizad mulled over the occurrences of the day. Hizad was going to have to do a lot of thinking about this.....

THE END

CM Garik Hizad/Mantis 1-1/Wing XV/ISD Vanguard

Note: This story is a verly loose adaptation of something I read along time ago in a sci-fi magazine. If anyone who reads this knows who wrote the original story, please tell me so that proper credit can be given.

The characters and situations in this story are purely fictional. This would never ever happen in real life. Kids,don't try this at home.

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

Name: Renee D'Anclaude
Rank: Sub-lieutnant
Current Assignment: Gimel Squadron
Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): Jackpetto@gmx.de
Sex (M/F): male
Race: Human
Date of Birth: 23.05.1982
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Coruscant City (Coruscant)
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single
Family: Only Father anymore
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Well-to-do
Quote: Jo man ! afucking staaaaaaar! aaaah
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: none
Significant Events of Adulthood: Joining the Emperor's Hammer
Alignment & Attitude: pro - emperian
Former Occupations (if any): none
Hobbies: Flying, just flying (not very good but flying)
Tragedies: Mother and sister died
Phobias & Allergies: none
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): WOOOAAAH!
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: a friend showed me a bit of it
Other comments or information (optional):

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

Signature: Renee D'Anclaude
Date: saturday, 15th april 2000

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

Name: Renorion
Rank: Lieutenant
Assignment: FM/Kaph 3-2/Wing IV/SSSD Sovereign
ScanDoc Transmission Code (E-mail): renorion@hotmail.com
Sex (M/F) : M
Date of Birth: 6th July 1976 Earth Calendar
Place of Birth: Kashan, Palvar Sector
Status: Middle Class
Family: Deseased
Status: Wealthy
Significant Events of Childhood and Adolescence: His family sent him to a Private Military Academy at the age of 10. He advanced quite well through his studies, and at 15 voiced his desires to attend the Imperial Academy. This is when his parents choose to reveal themselves as rebellion sympathizers. This obstacle was easily overcome when his parents mysteriously disappeared. With Uncle, an Imperial Army Officer, as his new legal guardian, Renorion found the support he needed to enter the Academy and later get commissioned in the TIE Corps.

Significant Events of Adulthood: His adulthood began with his commission. What he makes of it is yet to be seen.....

Alignment and Attitude: An Imperial Zealot, nothing will stand in the way of his right to serve.

Occupations: Never been anything but a pilot.

Hobbies: Killing rebels and planning to kill rebels.

Tragedies: None, yet.

Allergies: None.

Personal View of the Empire and Emperor's Hammer: Joyful and proud of being able to serve the finest of the Emperor's implements of destruction.

Comments:

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

Signature FL/LT Renorion/Kaph 2-1/Wing IV/SSSD Sovereign

Date 4/22/2000

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

Name: Zekiel Masters

Rank: Sub-Lieutenant

Assignment: Kaph Squadron, Wing IV SSSD Sovereign

ScanDoc Transmission Code (E-mail): art_izan@postmaster.co.uk

Sex (M/F) : Male

Date of Birth: 14/07/81 Terran Calendar

Place of Birth: Neo-Aiur

Status: Single

Family: Status and whereabouts unknown presumed deceased

Status: Unknown

Significant Events of Childhood and Adolescence

Relatively sheltered upbringing on the neutral homeworld of Neo-Aiur. As the son of a wealthy merchant he learnt to fly a transports, Shuttles and fighter ships at an early age. Educated at the Aiur Confederate Academy his intellectual capacity and adaptive ability was noticed by his superiors and he was initiated into the Ghost program. Neural processing treatments were used to increase fighting potential and reactivity times, while ocular and muscular structures were altered and conditioned for increased efficiency. At the age of 13 he was undertaken by a mentor Zeratul. From him he learnt spiritual and combative guidance in the art of Zenxjitsu, to become an Enforcer. At the determined level of force he was left on Khala, a swampland planet in the same system to survive 12 terran months to pass the final test. On completion of this arduous endeavour, an orbiting droid ship would pick him up.

Significant Events of Adulthood

While on Khala, Aiur's entire civilisation was wiped out by the ignorance and fear of the Rebels. Being a peace seeking community, they were unprepared for the global sabotage caused by their fear of superior technological advancements that could fall into the "wrong" hands. A sabotage team easily placed a Quantum-Plasmic Apocalypse explosive device within the tellurian energy generator, which tapped at the planet core. The disruption caused a positive feedback increasing plasma flow exponentially, thus the planet core imploded under the cataclysmic event before rebursting outwards ripping the planet apart, obliterating everything. At the time Zekiel was on the way back, the impending shock waves literally blew his craft back into the empty void of space. He was picked up several weeks later by a salvage ship looking for space junk. From there he planet hopped, working on trade vessels until the battle of Endor, whereby he enlisted

and joined the Empire to prevent Rebel dominance of the Galaxy.
Alignment and Attitude: Pro-Empire wishes to see an elimination of the Rebel Alliance
Occupations: Adventurer/Enforcer
Hobbies: Art, Painting, Poetry, cooking, Swimming, Ion-Cycling, Martial Arts and Weapons
Tragedies: Destruction of Home world and loss of his people
Allergies: None
Personal View of the Empire and Emperor's Hammer
Only the best of the best live, fight and die here. I have the honour of being one of them.
Comments: Soon we will reveal ourselves, soon we will have revenge.

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

Signature SL/LT Zekiel Masters

Date 23/4/2000

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

Name: Ace Pilot (nickname, real name unknown)

Rank: Lieutenant Colonel

Current Assignment: Flight Leader in Dagger Squadron

Scandoc Transmission Code: Smile577@aol.com

Gender: Male

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 05/13/2433

Place of Birth: New Cov

Marital Status: Single

Family: My mother and father are farmers on New Cov. My only brother died at the hands of rebels on New Cov.

Social Status: Poor

Quote: Get busy living or get busy dying.

Significant Events of Childhood and Adolescence: Luke Skywalker and Han Solo were on New Cov and being tracked down by the Empire. My brother attempted to help them but was killed by them, thinking that he was a storm trooper. I was originally neutral but that event made me hate the Alliance and I became a pilot in hopes of avenging my brother's death and achieving glory.

Significant Events of Adulthood: Joining the TIE Corps and seeing the glory of the Empire's fleets first hand.

Alignment and Attitude: Considerate, fair, and patient.

Former Occupations: Farmer along with my parents until I became a pilot.

Hobbies: Flying, studying history of the Empire.

Tragedies: Losing my brother at the hands of Rebels.

Phobias and Allergies: My fear of small spaces makes it hard for me to be in a fighter for too long.

Personal View of the Empire and EH: The only way to get rid of the reckless ways of the Alliance.

Reason for enlisting in the EH: To avenge my brother's death and to gain some glory. I also want to help my parents out someday and give them enough money so they don't have to be famers.

ID Line: FL/LC Ace Pilot/Dagger 2-1/Wing IX/ISD Relentless SS/PCx2/ISMx5/MoI/LoC-

Biography of Czar "Reesbon" Fortis:
Told by: Neil Gellock'

Fire from the past.

" From the deep space regions of space to the Imperial Capital world, from the birth of the Death Star to the death of the Emperor, I never forgot who I was, I was an Imperial." - Fortis

Czar was born in to a wealthy family. He was raised to be of the Elite from an early age. His very name denoted power and leadership. There was no doubt that he would try to make a difference in such a peace less galaxy.

On the peaceful planet of Zuntaira their manor was located in the lush forests of Go-`tar. Their mansion overlooked some of the most beautiful areas of the planet. The sky would usually fill with Tylar Fire Birds that would light the evening sky. Yes their family truly had all there was to have.

The Planet of Zuntaria was located in the Unknown Regions. It was in a strategic area that would make it prime focuss for Pirate activity. It was easy acess for trade routes and a quick escape route as well, a perfect area for pirate settlement. Because of this Zuntaria became the target of MANY assaults form numerous pirate groups. They fought each other and Zuntairan people for the planet. Because of this ongoing threat the Zuntarian High council agreed to form an official Navy and Army. They put in to use and launched old picket ships that weren't in use for MANY decades. They scrounged together all the weaponry that they could find or steal. They were fighting for the survival of their race and of their planet.

Because of the lack of need for military minds and personal in the past, the staffs of the Army and Navy were limited. There were few leaders that could justly make Tactical decisions. But Czar proved to be a Military mind. When he was old enough he joined their Navy and became a Squadron Commander of their Elite Strike Force. There were even special cases where he was allowed to command entire Picket Cruisers. Because of this he was given honor on his planet. For his excellent piloting and leadership skills, he was nick named "The Razor Fox".

The Zuntarian Sector Force (ZSF) as it was then called, fought constantly. The pirate groups were relentless, and the ZSF forces were slowly falling back. In the midst of their slow defeat even Czar's father, Jonas, was killed. An especially vicious group of Barabell Pirates penetrated their forces and took control of a large area of the planet. They had planted their flag in Zuntarian soil.

They were in a desperate state; there was no hope for them now.

The history of the planet then changed when an Imperial Armada under the command of the famed GRAND ADMIRAL Thrawn arrived. His strike force was assigned to patrol the Unknown regions and explore new planets. They just happen to arrive in the knick of time. In a swift assault against the Pirates the joint attack with the ZSF and the Imperial Forces prevailed. They eliminated all pirate activity in their sector.

In accordance with his mission, Thrawn was also to seek out Imperial Loyal planets to join their Empire. In long meetings with the Zuntarian High Council, they agreed to join the Empire in exchange for New Patrol ships and fighters. The Empire agreed and sent

them and standard System Force of Ships and fighters. The planet had become a stronghold in the Unknown regions for the Empire and regularly communicated with the Imperial Capital World.

“ There was never a more elegant, powerful commander then as Grand Admiral Thrawn. His manner of speech cause entire planets to turn to the empire.” – Fortis

Most of the older pilots were forced to resign because of Imperial Law. If they wanted to pursue their career they had to join the Imperial Naval Academy, and that is what Czar did.

He quickly completed the courses and long tests needed to be a pilot. Eventually he received his FIRST station onboard the ISD Dark Talon. His career included being a Tactical Officer on the ship and assisting the Wing Commander in standard duties. He eventually rose through the standard ranks and become Wing Commander / Major of the Talon

During a dark period of the Empire, the Dark Talon was assigned to fly a standard Recon flight in an area void of Rebel Activity. They were to hold post there for 3 days until they received transmission from the 2'nd Death Star that was recently completed at the time. 3 Days had passed and still no word.

On the 4'th day Captain Fortis ordered his ship back to the Endor system to find out what happened. It was 4 days too late.

The Death Star was destroyed and huge asteroid and moon size chunks of their symbol of power now occupied the system instead. Immediately Rebel Forces assaulted his ship and they were forced to fall back into the Unknown regions again.

In a desperate attempt to form some stable government he reported back to the Zuntarian System. His was the only Imperial Class Star destroyer in the system. (Aside for a few Covets and Frigates.)

During the Imperial rule, Moff Dark Knight controlled the system of Zuntiara. Captain Fortis and the Moff setup one of the FIRST factions of the Empire – The ELITE ENFORCERS. Moff Dark Knight appointed Czar Fortis as the Fleet Commander / Admiral. They setoff in a massive recruiting campaign trying to gain support for all those that were interested in serving the Empire. But they had trouble.

The New Republic (as the Rebels were soon called) found the Zuntarian System and destroyed all protecting ships. The ISD Dark Talon fled with only a few command officers, Admiral Fortis, and the Moff Dark Knight.

In hiding in the Newstar Nebula the ISD was found by NR ships. The ISD was quickly destroyed and Admiral Fortis and the Moff evacuated the ship via Shuttles. They were forced to go their separate ways to find another faction of the Empire to join.

After about 1 year of searching in that lost region, Admiral Fortis stumbled upon a COM Satellite that had an Imperial IFF code. He quickly tapped into its transmission frequency and frantically tried to contact the Imperial Source. Hopefully it wasn't a trap. Sure enough, it was a small but powerful Imperial Fleet. It was one of the original standard fleets, the 5'Th Regular fleet.

Czar met with its commander (self proclaimed) Grand Admiral Michael Simon and his XO High Admiral C.B Jjerrows. Together they agreed to have Fortis join their fleet with a demotion to Commodore. Fortis agreed and started his assignment as Training Officer and Wing Commander of board their Eclipse Class Star destroyer.

He truly gained a name with the 5'th fleet and rose through the ranks incredibly fast. He helped make the 5'th fleet strong, and in doing so was promoted to FLEET ADMIRAL. He worked as an aide to the Fleet Commander closely. But Simon was more power-hungry than he thought. He was SO power-hungry that he would give his fleet to the New Republic in exchange for a high position in their Galactic Government. The Iner-

Council quickly assembled and declared Simon a traitor to the HIGHEST extent. The 5th Fleet was then divided. Half remain Imperial and under the Command of (then promoted) Moff Jjerrows and Fleet Admiral Czar "Reesbon" Fortis – then called the 3rd fleet. The rest of Simon's followers were slowly hunted down by 3rd fleet assassins and killed. The 3rd fleet took up settlement in the Farfin Sector near the New Imperial Capital Home world Byss.

After cleaning up the ashes of war their fleet held strong in Farfin Sector.

" I had pushed my leadership skills to the best of my ability, and all paid off. I learned a lot from elegant officers like Jjerrows. They taught me what it was to be a true Imperial Admiral. Many forget what an Admiral really is, and because of that they lose their sense of being and respect." – Fortis

After many long years the old Moff Dark Knight returned. He proclaimed himself Supreme Imperial Warlord and assisted Grand Moff Jjerrows in building up Neo-Imperial Forces. When Jjerrows resigned as Fleet Commander, Dark Knight took control of the fleet and brought it to its highest power. It was at that time when he renamed the 3rd Fleet to – The Elite Enforcers. It was a Golden Age for Imperials in those systems. His excellent career history of the Empire, Czar was given the honorary rank of HIGH ADMIRAL. In addition, High Admiral Czar Fortis organized a plan to retake his old home planet.

They agreed to return to the Zuntarian System, and retake their lost forces.

In a large comprehensive strike the NEWfound ELITE ENFORCERS attacked the Rebel Blockade on their planet. Fighting in a long bloody 3-month battle all was lost. The New Republic prevailed and had killed the Supreme Warlord and almost killed the High Admiral.

In quick escape Fortis disappeared into deep space in hiding never to contact another Imperial Fleet.

Czar basically went mad, and lived with the dark memories of losing his entire fleet due to the New Republic at the battle that would be remembered forever. It was nicknamed by many "The Fire from the past".

" Certainly not the bloodiest war I had fought in, but the one that held the greatest psychological repercussions. I lost many good friends. You don't realize what war is till you lose a friend to your enemy. That is what hurts the most." – Fortis

Fortis lost all hope in Imperial forces believing that all were destroyed and traitorous. Rebels controlled the galaxy. But his beliefs would soon change.

In a standard sensor sweep an ISD found a small Transport holding a life form, Czar. When brought aboard he couldn't believe his eyes. He was onboard an Imperial Class Star destroyer again. In the hanger bay a tall built man with the rank badge of MAJOR approached him. The man was Wing Commander, Major Ace Pilot, The first person Fortis met onboard the first ship he stepped foot on, the ISD RELENTLESS!

From that time on Fortis found new hope in the Empire and re-established his goal of restoring peace to the Galaxy.

From that time onward, Czar "Reesbon" Fortis served the Empire to the full.

" I believe in doing all that I can for the Empire, my fleet, my Battle group, my ship, my wing, and my Squadron. I plan to slowly climb up that ladder of command again and return to my previous positions. I will use all that I learned in the past to benefit the present. I will never forget who I am, and that is, Imperial." – Fortis

This short Story is verified accurate by the very own: CZAR "REESBON" FORTIS. Most of the above events took place on various Internet Gaming Fleets (all ranks and positions mentioned are accurate and were ACTUALLY held by Fortis). The summary of this story is included in his personal INPR.

Imperial Navy Pilot Record: LT Troutrooper Personal Background information (Imperial Security Bureau)

I must begin by saying that my life in the New Republic/Alliance/Whatever it is has been fairly good. I've always had plenty of money (thanks to a very well-paying job on Coruscant), a spacious apartment, and have (recently) had good health. So why am I now an active member with the Emperor's Hammer TIE Corps? This is the question that I will answer, not only to you the reader, but also to myself.

I guess it began on my birthworld of Dxun. My mother was a slave of my father's father (my grandfather, or, as I knew him, "That bastard SOB"). My grandfather was a Mandalorian and a historian of his people. He owned 92.873% of the district we lived in. Why do I remember that exact number? Because my grandpa was obsessed with owning 100% of the district. Apparently, that would give him near-totalitarian authority over the residents within; yes, he was a control freak. My grandfather and I never got along very well, probably because of what he put me through. My grandmother was a non-entity: she was a housewife whose only real goals were to see her kids grow up, get married, and have children of her own. As for my mother's parents, I never knew them; they shipped my mother off into slavery when she was about 7 standard years old and never looked back.

My parents, however, are another story. They grew up together: only a year and a half apart, my parents would play together as children. They said that they would run hand-in-hand through the Kshoi forests on the edge of my grandpa's land, play Jedi-and-Sith (my father was usually the Jedi), or just relax on the porch drinking ice water. They both knew they were in love from the moment they saw each other. Happy as two people can be, but unhappy my grandfather was. He wished for my dad to marry well, possibly to royalty. My grandfather wanted this so badly, he drilled my father on how to behave like royalty. He did everything in his power to stop my dad from marrying his slave girl. He ended up sending dad off to military school while forcing my mother to work harder than she ever had before.

Then I came along. At age 16, my mother gave birth to her only child, me. My father was still in military school at the time and was flabbergasted when he found out that my mother had borne a child. So who's the father? That bastard SOB. He "took" (read: raped) my mother while my dad was at his off-planet academy, and I was the result of that unholy union. When my father came back after graduation, he and grandpa fought like never before. My mom said that the entire house shook during the "little chat" the two men had. Afterwards, my father left the house and boarded the first shuttle to Carida, leaving my mother with a month-old son and an irate father-in-law/master.

I accepted the man who eventually married my mother as my dad, even though he is actually my half-brother. Grandfather was never referred to as father because I could not (still cannot) believe that he was my biological father. My mother told me the truth at an early age, but I never believed her. "Daddy is fighting for the Empire!" I would exclaim to my classmates. Yet the truth confronted me everyday: I would come home from school, and grandpa would have a list of chores to do before dinner. Most of them

were kids stuff: feed the felinx, do my homework, etc. But others were designed to prepare me for the privileged life. None of my classmates ever had to balance their father's company's accounting books by hand, nor did they ever have to learn how to formally greet people from any planet. I hated the work and my grandfather knew it. So he pushed more on me, trying to break me. Sometimes I would purposefully screw up, just to watch my grandfather explode into a fit of rage that Lord Vader would be proud of. He wanted me to be the obedient son he never had.

Returning to my accepted father, he had a rather illustrious career in the military. His (our) father subconsciously taught him (and me) how to obey orders from superiors, how to command and lead people, how to survive. These are the only things my grandfather/biological father ever did to help me in life. And they certainly helped dad. He rose through the ranks at an above-average rate, becoming an AT-AT specialist. He drove an AT-AT during the attack on the rebel base at Hoth. He received several awards for his service to the Empire, including a commendation from General Viers himself. Unfortunately, he was also rewarded with an honorable discharge after suffering a severed arm and broken leg during the attack on the rebel base on Hoth.

Grandfather was surprised to see him, to say the least, as he chose not to disown dad after their fight. He thought that dad would be killed fighting for the Empire (and he should have been), and therefore he would outlive dad and hand the estate to me. Things never turn out the way they should in this household. My dad immediately took control of the family estate, forcing grandpa to move to an apartment close to his factory on the edge of town. Grandpa formally handed over the estate to my father, while secretly leaving me with a small fortune at my disposal. After this point in my life, grandpa/my biological dad disappeared.

In the beginning, I was hesitant to meet my dad for in person for the first time, but soon we became like a real father-son team. Mom, however, was not as happy as she once was. The bonds that children make seldom survive, and it was clear that the bonds my mom and dad made many years ago had faded into the past. They argued constantly, they threw each other out of the house, they quarrelled over who would do what. Often, I wondered if they still loved each other. Dad managed the estate, and my mother did the same things she did for her former master. We started to lose money. Lots of money. Not that my parents were lazy, but they never got paying jobs, deciding to stay at home and raise their only son.

Meanwhile, I finished school near the top of my class, receiving offers to a couple large research universities deep in the core. I had only a couple of friends on Dxun, and they were planning on going to the Academy as soon as they could. I hardly knew the rest of my classmates, as the years of "social training" my grandfather put me through alienated me from my friends. So I accepted an all-expense paid education at the University of the New Order. Out of love, devotion, or plain lack of want, I gave 75% of my small fortune to my parents when I left for school.

I had never been in to Coruscant (or the Core), and so I was absolutely amazed when the shuttle dropped out of hyperspace. Coruscant glistened with the light of a billion tiny suns. Ships marched like ants to and from the hive, carrying unimaginable quantities of cargo. And then I saw it: the Imperial Star Destroyer Majestic. It lived up to its name and so much more. It traveled with the meridian and stood out like a shepherd watching over his flock of ships. The passenger in the seat next to me had to slap me before I returned to the real world.

School was fun...for the most part. I decided on double-majoring in intergalactic politics and quantum chemistry, both of which were definitely not easy. I guess I can't complain, as I enjoyed both topics as well as the rest of my classes. Because of my choice of major, I participated in student government my second year, holding the position of sub-assistant to the Under-Director of Academic Affairs in the Particle-Level Science Division. Basically, my peers elected me to file meaningless papers regarding nothing. But hey, it gave me something to do. I did some research in both topics and then the second Death Star blew up.

It was at UNO that I became involved with the Rebellion. Students throughout the galaxy were defying the Empire in various ways, both peacefully and violently. My roommates, Z'yl and Bhou, had deep-seated hatreds of the Empire, but for their own reasons. Z'yl was half-Alderaanian. Enough said. A close relative of Bhou (an uncle, I think) was a Jedi, who was killed in the Emperor's purges. They chose UNO because it gave them access to the ever-growing rebel underground on Coruscant. Both tried endlessly to get me to join in their schemes to overthrow the Empire, but neither succeeded (obviously). I never realized it before I went to UNO, but I really despised the rebellion. I was taught that the military is a good thing, that the Emperor was looking out for my best interests, that I wanted to fight against these holier-than-thou idiots. Things soon became much more interesting: after I got into a fist-fight with Z'yl regarding his negligence to shut the heck up on the night before my biggest test, someone informed Imperial Intelligence that two rebel spies were students at UNO. The dorm room was never quieter.

I graduated from UNO cum laude with a dual-degree in intergalactic politics and quantum chemistry, and moved on in life. I accepted a research position at a military-affiliated research company named zKrwDP, or, as we called it, 'Screwed-up'. This company invented faster, more agile, stronger, smaller, and in general, better fighter ships than those in use (both the M-CRV and M-FRG came from the braintrust working at Screwed-up). I enjoyed it, not only because I love challenges, but because the atmosphere was infinitely anti-rebel, pro-Empire. I also was able to fly many of the prototype planes we designed, as engineers get first dibs at their creations. It was here that I really learned how to fly. I knew the basics, but learning how to fly from ex-Elite squadron pilots and battle-tested veterans (who functioned as test pilots for Screwed-up) is completely different than learning it from my grandfather. Mainly, it was the little tricks to keep one alive in a dogfight that really helped. One tester, Rik Faspov, allowed me to use his custom fight-sim he had at his apartment, which aided immensely in developing my fighter pilot skills. I developed a love of flying, already had an innate distrust/hatred of the New Republic, and then the events occurred which drove me to the Emperor's Hammer.

When the Alliance subjugated Coruscant, I knew that I would be leaving soon. I could easily go home to Dxun and teach at the university there, or I could go to a neutral planet and start a family of my own, or I could travel to the Corporate Sector and see if there were any jobs out there, or...I had a lot of choices, but staying on Coruscant was not one of them. I was at work filling out an application for a teaching position on Dxun when it was announced over the loudspeaker that we were to leave the building. No-one had any clue what to do, as we never needed to leave the building en masse before. We dropped what we were doing, secured our computers, backed up our files, made ready to leave, and exited the office. Outside in the tram, people were wondering what was going on. We began to worry when we passed every stop on the way home. The tram kept going and we kept worrying more and more. Finally it stopped.

And outside was a legion of Alliance troops, led by the Assistant Director of Alliance Intel.

Two days later, I was in a holding cell awaiting our next meal. The past 48 hours were filled with screams, cries, pleas for mercy, beatings, confessions, and interrogations. I was so doped up on "Truth Tellers" that I told the truth for three weeks afterwards. The Alliance wanted to know everything that we knew: codes to our computers, new ship designs, past ship designs, friends' names, past colleagues' names, how much we earned, nothing escaped these guys. My meal never came; instead, I was released and escorted back home. I was told that if I ever worked on ship design again, I would be imprisoned for a much greater length of time. When I returned home, I had three messages for me: one from Alliance Intel thanking me for my "cooperation", one from Rik, and one from my parents. These three messages, along with the events of the past few days, led me to EH.

Slumping into my easy chair, I told my computer to read then delete the first message. "Alliance Intelligence would like to thank you for your time, cooperation, and information. Without your help, the New Republic would be losing the battle for permanent control of Coruscant, and possibly even the war with the remnants of the evil Empire! The information you provided us will go a long way in our struggle to save the galaxy!! Yours truly, Alliance Intelligence". Wow. The Alliance certainly does have some great spin doctors. My entire body ached from some of their interrogation methods (or, "One thousand ways to use gaffi sticks!"), my mind reeled from the drugs they gave me, and I needed a drink. Possibly three or four drinks. Instead of demanding alcohol from my computer, my curiosity overtook me and I asked for message number two.

Rik sounded just as bad as I felt. "By the time you read this message," a weary and hurting Rik said, "I should be long gone from ImpCity. As you know, I have family back on Corellia, and a friend of mine who works at a local racetrack offered me a job there. It does pay as much as Screwed, but then again, I won't get beat up by rebels." He paused for a moment, then began again, sounding more urgent. "Kid, I know what you're thinking: 'What the heck just happened and how can I retrieve my dignity?' I know just what to do. Go to the 15 level of the building at Shr'ok and Apdel and ask for a catalogue. They'll know what to do. I know this sounds like a bad detective story, but just do it. Some of us still have feelings for the Empire, you included. Don't deny them, trust them." I thought the message was done when Rik finished with, "And if you see Admiral Astatine, tell'em I say hi." And I thought the drugs hit me hard. A catalogue? Of what? Pornographic vids? And who is this admiral? As far as I knew, the only admirals left were either in the Alliance navy or allied with some whacked-out warlord off in the outer rim. Whatever. I saved the message and asked for the third message.

Before the message began, I tried remembering my parents. It had been nearly 7 years since I last saw them in person. The video messages they would send showed a slow, but persistent tiring of them, especially my dad. Ever since grandpa killed himself, dad had been steadily declining in mental (and physical) health. He often spoke of his past when he lived like a prince, of mom and her infinite beauty and cuteness, and of grandfather and thier (as he put it) special bond that "only a father and son can have." I knew the truth: he wanted off Dxun and back into the military. Dad loved the military more than life itself, evidenced by his sacrificing his body for the destruction of a small rebel base on the other side of the galaxy. Mom, too, would write and say that she wished dad were fighting again. They were able to purchase a new arm for dad and his leg healed soon enough, but he was definitely never the same man.

"Hi son. It's your mom. It's been a while since we last updated you on our life here on plain ol' Dxun! Your dad is doing well; right now, he is planting some new kind of tree in the orchard without droid assistance. Why? I don't know anymore. His arm broke down a week ago and we took it in..." My mother droned on for a few minutes, stating the usual

homefront nonsense. I decided to stop the message and save it for later (when I could focus on multiple things). Rik's message still bugged me. Why? I asked myself. I came up with a plan: first thing tomorrow I would search for this building and find out what he was talking about. Right now, I needed sleep and lots of it.

The next morning...okay, it was actually dusk before I woke up and began my search for Rik's mystery site. I hopped in my speeder, got the directions from the nav computer, and headed toward the ruins of the Imperial Senate. Apparently, this building was only 10 clicks away from the Senate, in a sector of the planet that had fallen sharply on bad times. The building itself had started to decay badly, looking more like a fire-gutted warehouse than the sort of place Rik would visit regularly, if at all. I parked my speeder two levels above the given floor and made my way downstairs. Thankfully, there was only one listing on the floor, some company called Killimar Resources, Efficiency in Bureaucracy. I had heard of Killimar, but I thought that the planet was not even a major industrial planet yet. Of course, I was so doped up they could have called it "Dxun" and I would have believed them. The office was not as I had imagined it: spartan, yet comfortable with sparkling white walls, cushioned hoverseats, and a small plant in the corner. I was going to the doctor. What really surprised me was the man behind the secretary's desk. He seemed to be about my height, and built like a tank. I bet that he could have (and probably still could) break me in two like a twig. He sat straight up and rigid in his seat, but something made me think that he always sat like this. He typed on an old-fashioned keyboard, choosing not to use the standard voice recognition software most people use today. He looked up when I came in and smiled. Seemed nice enough. Then the com rang. BAM! In a flash, he had the receiver in his hand, even before it stopped beeping. "Killimar Resources, Efficiency in Bureaucracy. How may I help you?" He nodded me to a seat. Five minutes later, he ended the conversation and asked if he could help me.

"Yeah. A friend of mine told me that you have catalogues here...? If you do, might have a look at one?" I queried.

"Yes. We have catalogues here. What kind would you like?" the behemoth secretary asked precisely. There's no other way to describe it but precisely.

"Umm...I dunno. Do you have anything regarding...flying?" I wished Rik gave me more to go on.

"Of course. What kinds of planes are you interested in?"

"Well, I have worked on some experimental craft..."

"I know just the thing. Please fill out this form and I will be right back with your desired catalogue."

"A form? Why do I need a form to get a catalogue?"

"You'll see," and he left abruptly.

The form wasn't anything incredibly detailed. Name. Age. Sex. Address. Etc. Etc. Etc. Funny, as soon as I finished the form, the secretary popped back into the room. We exchanged files: I gave him my completed form and he gave me a small pamphlet with the title, "How rebels have you killed today?"

"What's this? I thought I was getting a catalogue of some sorts?" I inquired.

"That is a catalogue. It lists all the places you can go and rebel ships you can kill if you join," the massive secretary replied.

He went back to his desk and I started reading the pamphlet/catalogue/propaganda. It seemed like something from the height of the Empire, save that there weren't any pictures of the Emperor or Lord Vader. Not even a mention of either except at the end: "LONG LIVE THE EMPEROR!!" I set the pamphlet next to the plant, but then I picked it up again. This blatant propaganda ignited a fire somewhere inside me that I could not contain. I read the pamphlet again, becoming even more excited. The ships, the medals, the chance to extract revenge on those who had just recently smacked me around for no reason, everything I read made me want to join this...this...organization of Imperial pilots. I absorbed everything written down. My whole life had led up to this. Being a bastard child, I always felt distant from my peers who had loving biological fathers.

Raised to be a loyal and royal son, the military offered me the chance to practice the ways of the elite. The military was in my blood: I was half-Mandalorian, my half-brother/accepted father was a stormtrooper, and most of my close friends were already fighting the Alliance. Both of my fathers were military men, ruling with the fist more than the hug. Most of all, I wanted to strike back at the rebels for what they did to me and my colleagues. I knew how to fly, I knew who the target was, and I knew what to do. "Excuse me, can you tell me how I might be able to contact and possibly join this organization," I asked Mr. Universe the secretary.

"I knew you would like what you saw. I just uploaded your application—that form you filled out—to our pilot training platform Daedalus. You will have a message waiting for you when you return home. It will answer all your questions. You will most likely ship out in less than three days, so go and have fun for a couple days. Good luck, and kill a reb for me!"

Well, that's about it. I got home, and lo and behold, there was a message waiting for me. And as the Hulk predicted, the message did tell me everything I needed to know. I shipped out two days later, half excited to be doing something completely different and new, half anxious because I had no idea what I was getting myself into. Training was hard, but at least it went by quick enough. I was recruited by LCM Dall Star and CM Devlin of Omicron squadron and that's where I am today.

How old am I? What is my real name? I could answer those questions, but I prefer to stick with my callsign. It represents what EH is to me: a new life. They say that the Emperor will be reborn soon. I don't know if this will happen, but I know that if anyone can regenerate lost souls, it is the Emperor's Hammer.

The Emperor's Hand

Written By : FM/LT Skate/Theta 1-3/Wing II/SSSD Sovereign
{IWATS - Core, IIC/1, IIC/2, IIC/3, M/1, M/2, GFX, SM/2}
Date : May 2, 2000

Now gather around, fellow imperials. For I have a story to tell. This is something that I am not to tell anybody! That was an order directly from the Emperor himself! So listen closely and do not say a word of this to anybody...

There was a beeping sound, and my holopad flickered to life. I found the face of Grand Admiral Polt staring at me. The Grand Admiral began to speak. "Wake up Lieutenant! I have been told to have you in the Emperor's Chamber in 15 minutes! Get down to my office ASAP! The guards wouldn't tell me why you are to see the Emperor, but he requested to speak with you so it must be important! I will escort you to his Chamber, get a move on!" The holopad then clicked off before I could say anything. I quickly got suited up, polished my medals, shoes, and the brim of my imperial hat, and rushed down to Polt's office. I was then escorted to the Emperor's Chamber by the Grand Admiral. I was sent into the Chamber alone. The Emperor ordered his 6 royal guards out for privacy.

"Come, boy." ordered the Emperor.

I walked over, beside his chair. I still could not see the Emperor, he was burried in his huge chair. I stood at attention until the Emperor turned to face me. The first thing I thought when I saw his face was "prune". He was so old and wrinkled, I was surprised he wasnt in a swamp on degobah by now. Then the Emperor spoke.

"Welcome, Lieutenant. You are nervous, why so?" asked the Emperor.

"Sir," I replied

"Quiet, boy. Listen to me." interrupted the Emperor.

I stayed quiet. And listened as he spoke.

"You have heard of the Emperor's Hand, correct?"

"Yes, Emperor." I answered.

"Good, do you know what the Emperor's Hand does?" asked the Emperor.

"No sir." I replied, wondering what was happening.

"Well, young one, you are about to find out..." Said the Emperor. Then the Emperor picked up a light sabre, turned it on, and sliced off his left hand. I backed away and stared in amazement.

"Sir! What are you doing?!" I yelled in amazement.

"You are the new Emperor's Hand." said the Emperor. Then the Emperor gave me his left hand, stating that I was to carry it with me all the time for one month, without letting ANYBODY know ANYTHING.

"You are surprised, lieutenant. What did you expect?" questioned the Emperor. "You thought being the Emperor's Hand was a good thing?" asked the Emperor. "well, it seems you were mis-informed..." Said the Emperor, smiling. "Remember your last mission? Well this is punishment for the outcome... MWAHAHAHAHAHA!!!" Cackled the Emperor. "If anybody finds out the truth about the Emperor's Hand, Lieutenant, you will pay severely..." warned the Emperor.

The next month of my life was hell...

<you hear rustling behind the Lt.>

<all of a sudden you see a rinky hand fly out from behind the Lt and start to strangle him>

NOOO!! The Emperor must have heard me telling the stor... arrggghhh

<you hear the Emperor laughing from above, but you see nothing.>

"Lieutenant..." sais the Emperor. "You shouldn't have been so quick to tell your tale, now you will pay the price!" Laughed the Emperor.

<the hand strangled the Lt to death before our eyes, then vanishes>

"And if any of you decide to follow in the Lt's shoes, and say anything of this to anyone, you will die the same death! MWAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!" Laughed the Emperor, then there was silence...

The End

Hope you liked it!

<SALUTE>

FM/LT Skate/Theta 1-3/Wing II/SSSD Sovereign
{IWATS - Core, IIC/1, IIC/2, IIC/3, M/1, M/2, GFX, SM/2}

Name: Devin
Rank: Colonel
Current Assignment: Omega Squadron
Scandoc Transmission Code: d_francis@pacbell.net
Gender: Male
Race: Human
Date of Birth: 07/29/1975

Place of Birth: Classified
Marital Status: Single
Family: Mother and Father. I still see them on holidays.
Social Status: Wealthy
Quote: No beer and no TV make Devin go crazy!

Significant Events of Childhood and Adolescence: I was tortured by circus clowns. It's what made me the evil bastard that I am.

Significant Events of Adulthood: Credit cards. I can buy my own beer. My own place.

Alignment and Attitude: Take it easy, relax and have a beer.

Former Occupations: Flight Member of Daleth Squadron, Wing Commander of Wing I, Command Attache to the Fleet Commander, Inquisitor, Head of Project Reno, Grand Moff, Commander of Omega Squadron

Hobbies: Sitting on my ass.

Tragedies: She married someone else.

Phobias and Allergies: I think I really would hate to drown. Tortured to death isn't too high on my list either.

Personal View of the Empire and EH: Viva los Empire! Face it, we just have cooler looking stuff than the rebels. Besides, we all have British accents - that's a thumbs up in my book.

Reason for enlisting in the EH: Compton made me.

Other Comments:

ID Line:
FM/COL Devin/Omega 3-2/SSSD Sovereign
MoH/IC/GOE/GS/SSx2/BS/PCx4/ISMx5/MoI-GC/MoC-33BoC-4SoC-2GoC-1PoC/OV-4E
[GREN](IWATS-IIC/1/2-SM/1-GFX), DJK(Sith)
Submitted: 5/5/2000 3:57:00 PM

file archives

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

longunif.jpg - A proposed version of the EH woman's uniform, by FM/SL Dawn Nar'Shalla/Theta 1-2/Wing II/SSSD Sovereign.

pythbann.jpg - A banner for Python Squadron by FL/LC Wet Willy/Python 3-1/Wing XV/ISD Vanguard.

funbanner.jpg - A personal banner by COM/RA Blade/ISD Vanguard.

compton.jpeg - A newer version of the XO's uniform by CMDR/CM CrazyR2/Asp/Wing

XIV/ISD Intrepid.

SA Compton.jpg - Another version of the XO's uniform by CMDR/CM Ixion Deathbringer/Nun/Wing V/SSSD Sovereign.

wing.gif - An animated banner for Wing VIII by FM/LT RAF/Pi 3-2/Wing VIII/ISD Colossus.

banner1.jpg, banner2.jpg, banner3.jpg - Three proposed images for Squadron, Pilot and Commander of the Month by FM/LT RAF/Pi 3-2/Wing VIII/ISD Colossus.

colossusban.jpg - A banner for the ISD Colossus, presented by WC/LC Mell/Wing VIII/ISD Col.

offices.jpg - A banner for the ISD Colossus' Flag Officers, presented by WC/LC Mell/Wing VIII/ISD Col.

nl65battles.zip - The new, approved, Battles and Free Missions for the Emperor's Hammer, presented by TAC/HA Kawolski/CS-3/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.

Craft Name	Craft Designation/Assignment
Core Forces	
Flagship/Escort	
SSSD Sovereign	SSSD Sov
Aggressor Strike Force	
ISD Grey Wolf	ISD GWif
ISD Intrepid	ISD Int
ISD Vanguard	ISD Van
VSD Aggressor	VSD Agg
VSD Gilded Claw, M/FRG Implacable, M/FRG Rage, M/INT Vertex, ESC Corrupter, TFC Virulence, 4 Strike Cruisers, 12 Carrack Light Cruisers, 6 Corvettes, 22 Assault Transports, dozens of dedicated transports, tugs & freighters	
Battlegroup	
ISD Colossus	ISD Col
ISD Relentless	ISD Rel
ISD Immortal	ISD Imm
ISD Challenge	ISD Chal
VSD Formidable, VSD Monitor, M/FRG Imperator, M/FRG Ardent, M/FRG Onamo, ESC Iron Fist, 3 Strike Cruisers, 7 Carrack Light Cruisers, 10 Corvettes, 20 Assault Transports, dozens of dedicated transports, tugs & freighters, VSD Ravager, VSD Stalwart, M/FRG Invader, M/FRG Fogger, M/INT Harpax II, TFC Roxanna, M/CRV Phantom (Deep Recon), 4 Strike Cruisers, 12 Carrack Light Cruisers, 6 Corvettes 18 Assault Transports, dozens of dedicated transports, tugs & freighters, Torpedo Sphere, Empress Teta, ISD Hammer (ISD Hamr), ISD Warrior (ISD Warr), VSD Bombard, VSD Rapier, VSD Crusader, VSD Shield, M/INT Fairchild, 3 Modified Frigates (hospital/tender M/FRGs), 5	

Strike Cruisers, 5 Escort Carriers (TIE Fighter shuttles), 5 Modular Taskforce Cruisers (one w/each module type), 8 Dreadnaught Cruisers, 13 Carrack Light Cruisers, 17 Corvettes, 25 System Patrol Craft, 60 Skipray Blastboats, 120 Assault Transports, hundreds of dedicated transports, tugs & freighters

Auxillary Vessels

Dark Brotherhood

SSD Avenger (flagship)

SSD Avr

MC Tripidium (Tau Squadron, aboard the SSD Avenger)

MC Trip

ISD Subjugator

ISD Sub

3 VSD-II, 3 FRG, 1 M/INT, 10 CRV, 2 A/FRG, 1 ESC, 2 STRCK, 10 Lancer Frigates, 30 Assault Transports, Dozens of dedicated transports, tugs and freighters

Hammer's Fist

DREAD Retribution

DREAD Ret

LCF Excelsior

LCF Exc

LCF Friggia

LCF Frig

LCF Falcon's Eye

LCF Falc

Bounty Hunter's Guild

Star Galleon IvanHoe

SGAL Ivan

Infiltrator Wing

Task Force I

MC90 Bismarck

Gunship Centurion, Gunship Scorpion, Corvette Bellum, Corvette Vanquish

Task Force II

MC80b Saratoga

Gunship Repulse, Gunship Vindictive, Corvette Meteor, Corvette Daring

Task Force III

M/FRG Ka'tal, M/FRG Krayt's Claw, Gunship Conquestor, Gunship Scimitar, Corvette Harlow, Corvette Rewind

Task Force IV (Stationary Defense)

M/PLT Destrier, MC90 Despot

Corvette Scythe, Gunshi Falcon, Corvette Templar, Corvette Archon

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.

The Emperor's Hammer Training Manual

version 4.0

By GA Ronin, HA Paladin and SA Havok (ret.)

This is the most important manual for all the EH members. It contains all general information about the Emperor's Hammer ranks, positions, medals, ID lines, everything. It's a must for every EH member!

Sites:

<http://www.impstar.net/to/manual>

The Emperor's Hammer Fleet Manual

version 3.0

By GA Ronin and SA Havok (ret.)

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>

The Emperor's Hammer Systems Manual

version 3.0

By GA Ronin and SA Havok (ret.)

The Systems Manual has very detailed information about all the Emperor's Hammer star systems. Very essential to the fiction writers.

Sites:

<http://members.xoom.com/Directorate/sysman.htm>

TIE Fighter CD Bonus Goal Help file

By SA Compton

Sites:

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/tiecd.hlp>

The Fleet Commander's Dark Brotherhood Grant of Arms

Sites:

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/ga-grant.zip>

Poster Art

Sites:

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/eh-postr.zip>

Tie Fighter Missing Man Formation AVI

Sites:

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/missing.zip>

The Emperor's Hammer Tactics Manual

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/dragon128/tacmanual.html>

The Emperor's Hammer Recruiting Manual

by FA Darth Vader

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/Clanofgunn/Rec-Man/main.htm>

If you have any questions please contact the Logistics Officer.

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