

Shadows made real.

I've been sitting here staring at my screen for hours. I'm not sure if I should even write this, but it's just too weird NOT to! I had just finished some training drills in my Sin issued bomber, Wrath. We mainly flew TIE Sinisters but I still kept up my bomber skills, so I got one custom done for the Squadron. That's not important right now though. Back to the main issue... ISB. They're here. Or were here. I'm not sure if they're still lurking around. 207 and 301 if I remember. 7 handled most of the talking. Not sure why they thought I was worth talking to in the first place though... maybe my rifle, I was cleaning it like I normally do after a flight; preventative maintenance and all that. I had all my proper papers and registrations for it though, and they almost seemed surprised by that. 7 asked me about it, and all I could do was be honest, that I had more experience with that weapon than anything in the Imperial arsenal, and that it felt like the closest thing to something of a home for me. This prompted 1 to ask about that, where I'm from, why I joined the Empire, and so on. For such a "casual" seeming conversation, I could feel their predatory intent just below the surface. It was not something I was used to, even from Imperial superiors... This was... terrifying. The sheer presence of the ISB really was something to behold. And something I hope not to have to do again. Though they soon turned to each other and carried on a conversation as if I had simply vanished from their awareness. Aside from the periodic glance in my direction. They were discussing my "suitability" and merits for their current assignment... Eventually 301 said something about a decoy, while 207 handed me my rifle back, and made it VERY clear I was NOT to tell anyone about their little chat. Especially if I should hear from them again... Which I sincerely hope I don't. I don't really know what's going on, and I reckon that's probably for the best. Plus, something about 301 really got under my skin, but I'm not sure what. My head is still... unstable.