

To Seek Out

A Raise The Flag 2018 Fiction Work
By Admiral Miles "Tails" Prower, ISDII *Hammer* Commodore

"Our TCCOM has been trapped. He contacted me through the Dark Side and told me that he's been trapped. Right after that, he fell silent as if he was knocked out or killed." The voice was that of Woody, the commander of Epsilon Squadron and former TIE Corps Commander in his own right. The former High Admiral, now General was broadcasting on a frequency the two knew as Dark Councillors for the Dark Brotherhood. "The emergency call I just sent you contains coordinates. I'll take Epsilon and check out what's going on there. We'll keep radio silence until I've got some recon data to submit. Woody, out."

Admiral Miles Prower heard the telltale click of the transmission being cut off. He couldn't take the *Hammer* task force out there with Epsilon, it had to keep its station for the defense of Emperor's Hammer territories. However, there was one other asset he had at hand to use. He activated the comm-link at his desk and stared out at the bridge pit for the *Hammer*. Major Narven Task, the *Hammer* task force's Wing Commander perked up.

"Yes, Admiral?" Task said, straightening up.

"I have to disembark from the *Hammer* for an emergency. You are to remain in command of the task force until I return." Prower said. He rose up and cut the connection, then went over to the locker in his office, changing out of his uniform to get into his flight gear. Holding his helmet in hand, he strode out and made his way to one of the hangars where his TIE Defender, *Fox-1* waited. Boarding the craft, he activated its engines and detached it from his moorings, heading out from the ship. Programming a hyperspace jump sequence, he guided the Defender out to a safe enough distance before punching to hyperspace.

Exiting out from hyperspace, he looked out at a large arrowhead shaped ship with a grey colored hull and orange markings on the wings and the bow. He opened a communications channel to the ship.

"UTS *Warspite*, this is Fleet Admiral Prower. Open the hangar bay and prepare for my arrival." Prower said.

"Acknowledged, Fleet Admiral." A voice said on the other side. He could see the hangar bay doors opening and brought *Fox-1* down to enter. Once he was inside the shuttlebay, he brought it to a controlled landing and disembarked. The crew aboard was wearing black uniforms with a quilted colored pattern across the right shoulder of differing colors depending on their division. A white and gold badge was pinned to their chest.

“Fleet Admiral?” One of the crew members looked at him, surprised to see him in his flight outfit. The craft was also unfamiliar to them, but the identity of their fleet commander was clear.

“I’m going to my ready room. I’ll explain in a shipwide address.” Prower said, exiting the shuttlebay. He made his way through the ship, entering one of its turbolifts, ordering it to the bridge. Here’s hoping that this time cultivating this fleet would give the Emperor’s Hammer the edge it would need to rescue Pellaeon. Exiting the lift, he strode over to his ready room and changed into a uniform matching the style aboard the *Warspite*. Prower fingered the fleet admiral pips on the collar and then marched out.

“Open a shipwide channel, Rotarl.” Prower said, to a blonde-haired woman with silver on her shoulder.

“Channel open, Fleet Admiral.” The science officer acknowledged.

“Crew of the *Warspite*. I am taking our task force to assist an allied force that has encountered an emergency condition. We are to rescue their commander, Fleet Admiral Pellaeon. This mission is top secret and we will be on communications silence.” Prower said. He walked up to the helm control, causing the crewman there to pull back. He entered the necessary coordinates into the helm control and then executed a warp sequence. The *Warspite* started to charge forward, a warp bubble forming around it as it shot off.

The ship, a Wells-class timeship would arrive directly behind Epsilon Squadron. He took his regular station and then looked back at Rotarl. “Open a channel to the lead ship.”

“-Admiral Prower?” Woody’s voice could be heard, confused.

“That’s me, General. I’m not going to leave you alone to hunt down Pellaeon’s captors. The *Hammer* is in good hands for the time being. Other ships in this task force, the *Nelson*, *Orion*, *Iron Duke* and *Hood* will be joining us shortly. If anything, big gets in your way, you’d best let me know first. We’ll give them a taste of 29th century firepower.” Prower smiled thinly.