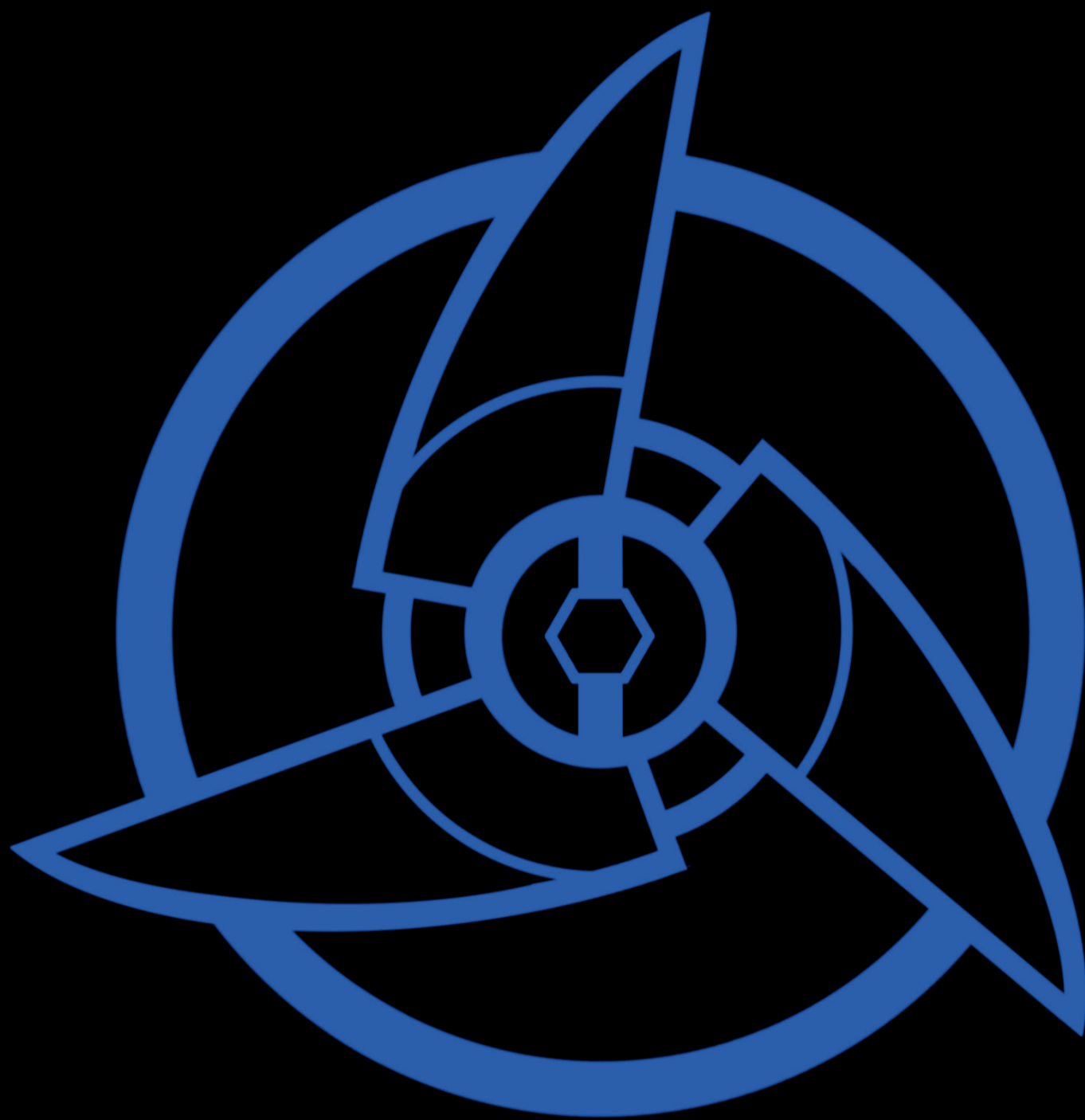




# THE DARK VOICE

SPRING | ABY 35 | ISSUE 3



# CONTENTS

FOREWORD .....04

MASTER-AT-ARMS'S IMPERIAL STORM MIXER.....06

AN INDOMITABLE INFATUATION .....08

HELP ME WITH A FIRZZLE .....15

THE PAST COMES TO LIGHT .....33

# FOREWORD

## THE STORM RISES!

This issue of the Dark Voice finds our Order in the midst of Imperial Storm VIII, a yearly Emperor's Hammer occurrence that propels the narrative and our fate forward more than any other singular event! While it may be tempting to dismiss this yearly affair as nothing more than a mere TIE Corps competition, do not allow your mind to be deceived by such thoughts! While we may not always show our hand as obviously as we did in Imperial Storm VI (when the TIE Corps would have faced utter destruction if not for the aid raised by the Secret Order), the Secret Order is always at work in the shadows... for it is there that we thrive...

In the shadows, so will you find your role. The Master-At-Arms has called for a number of tasks to be completed. Consider these assignments carefully, and help fulfill them wherever your skills are best applied. And do not be so foolish as to think there is nothing more to be done! Members of the Secret Order must always be prepared to act in the moment, knowing that at any time they may be called to do what must be done!

But let us not be consumed solely by current events! The Dark Voice must also chronicle the stories and events of membership, as it continues to write and expand on the ever-growing canon of our Order! We start by exposing the actual stories behind the recent attempts to steal the Victory Star Destroyer Indomitable, in the incident since classified as the Red Sun Heist 2. Beyond that, we shall showcase notable creative works since our last release, as well include bits of lore that look to expand the scope of the world as we know it.

Indeed, World Building has been declared by the Grand Master to be one of the priorities for the Order in this year ABY 35. Among our great houses, there are territories, ships, artifacts, all begging to be unveiled to members of the Order. But know that it is not the Herald's work alone to reveal these things and establish their place in the lore of our Order, but the responsibility of each member of the Order. For any who wear the robes of the Secret Order hold the power to reshape the galaxy that surrounds them...

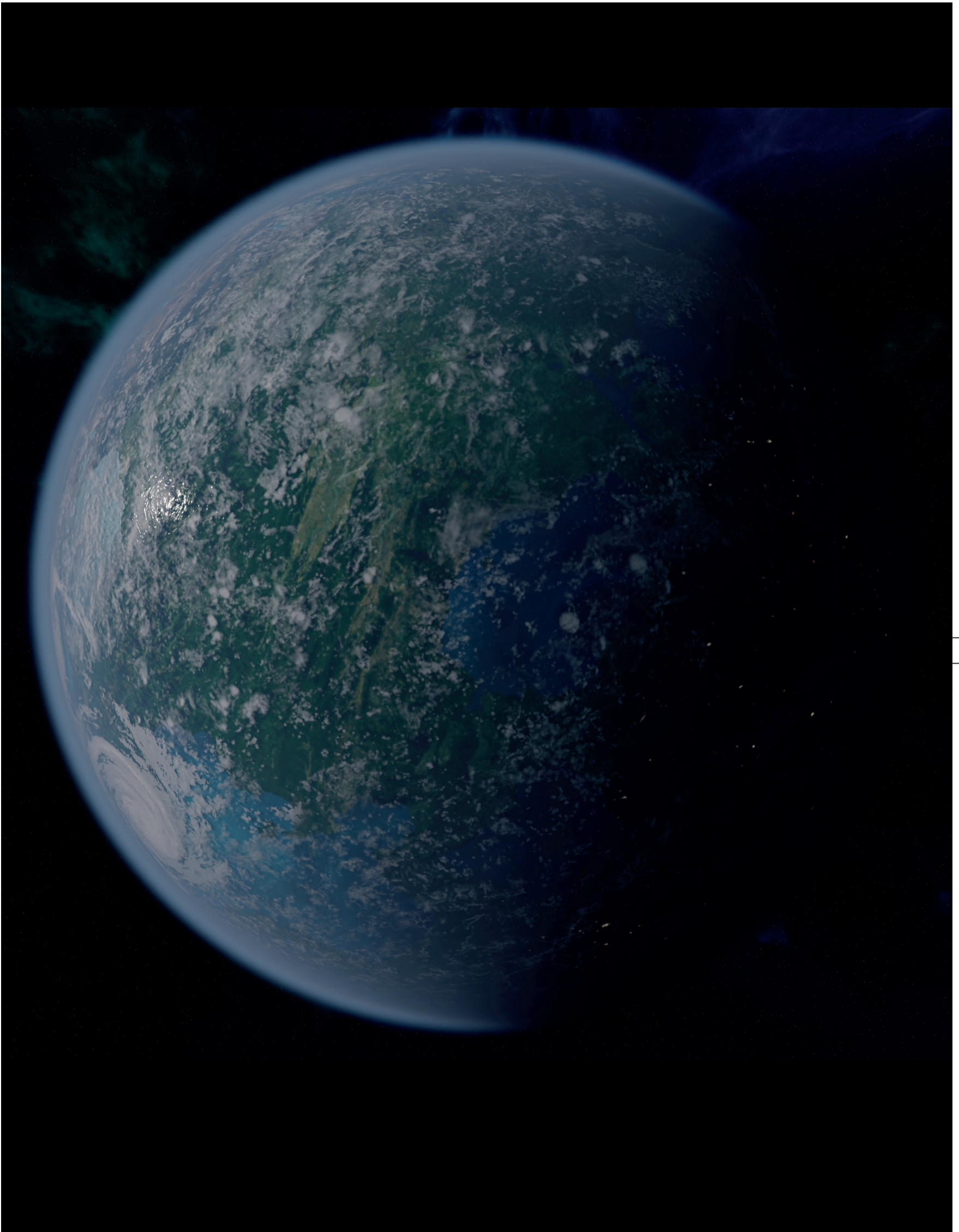
Use it!

In Darkness,

HRLD/GINQ Locke Setzer/DC-4/Dark Council

DS/ED/RSx2/GCx3/SC-SoI/SE/DC/MoT-8rh-15gh-16bh/  
MoI/MoS/MoC-poc-goc-soc-8boc/SN/Cr-D-Rx5-Ax14-  
Sx9-Ex3-T-Qx34/CF-G/LS-G/SI/CoSx2/CoLx5/CoB/  
LoAx9/OV-25E

{IU:CW/1/2, DBCORE, LSC, LST, TLC}



# MASTER-AT-ARMS'S IMPERIAL STORM MIXER

As the Imperial Storm campaign pushes deeper into contested space, the Secret Order is called upon to respond with initiative, creativity, and skill. The MAA's Imperial Storm Mixer is a container competition bringing together a range of event-themed competitions across fiction, graphics, and other activities tied to the campaign.

This competition tracks overall performance across all linked rounds and activities included under the Mixer banner. Additional rounds may be added as they are revealed.

Gold, Silver, and Bronze Novas will be awarded to the top three overall participants respectively.

## HELLDIVERS 2 BATTLE REPORT

DUE: APRIL 30, 2026

### TASK:

Submit a screenshot with the highest number of kills and the least number of deaths in a single Helldivers 2 match.

Scoring will be determined by awarding 1 point for every 50 kills, and subtracting 1 point for each death (after the first). The highest scored screenshot will be used.

SUBMISSIONS TO KNIGHT  
HECTOR VON RICMORE

## CHART THE EISVAHN SYSTEM

DUE: APRIL 30, 2026

### TASK:

Create a system chart for the Eisvahn System as an in-universe intelligence, reconnaissance, or planning document.

Your chart should present Eisvahn as a believable system of interest to an advancing military force. Entries should include, where appropriate, the system's primary star, its planet, any notable moons, one or more important cities, settlements, installations, ruins, temples, shipyards, mines, listening posts, or other sites of interest, as well as any known or suspected defensive features, such as orbital stations, patrol zones, interdiction points, minefields, customs platforms, or hardened military sites

Entries should be submitted as a graphic and may take the form of a star chart, a labeled system map, an intelligence diagram, an annotated orbital layout, a reconnaissance or briefing-style visual.

SUBMISSIONS TO BARON TAURUS

## ECHOES OF THE PAST

DUE: APRIL 30, 2026

### TASK:

Write a fiction piece set during the events of the Imperial Storm campaign using the established campaign background as your foundation.

Your story should expand on an existing phase, incident, or consequence of the campaign rather than replace it. Think of this as uncovering one of the untold stories that took place within the larger conflict.

Your piece may focus on, the long journey into the Unknown Regions, the first discovery of the so-called First Order, the opening stages of the war, the campaign in the Gasriese System, the capture of HydroStation 77, the escape of Grand Marshal Takeda, the combat trials of captured First Order vessels, the fighting on Jundaxa, the First Order's counterassault and trap, the Mandalorian infiltration at the Fuel Depot, the aftermath of those losses, the renewed push into hostile space, or the mystery of the strange Force emanations that first drew the Fleet into the Chaos.

SUBMISSIONS TO BARON TAURUS

## DARK VOICE

### TO NEW HORIZONS

DUE: APRIL 30, 2026

#### TASK:

Take the next step on the journey into the unknown by completing the [New Horizons puzzle](#) as quickly as possible

### SUBMISSIONS TO BARON TAURUS

### PVE SORTIE

PHASE I DUE: APRIL 14, 2026

PHASE II DUE: APRIL 30, 2026

#### TASK:

Submit as much PvE activity as possible during the competition period.

All valid PvE activity submissions count toward your total. Participants may submit in any supported title where PvE activity is accepted through normal reporting channels.

Each valid PvE submission made during the competition period counts toward your total. Final placement will be determined by the highest total number of earned EXP Points from PvE activity

SUBMIT PVE ACTIVITY AS NORMAL

### PVP SKIRMISH

PHASE I DUE: APRIL 14, 2026

PHASE II DUE: APRIL 30, 2026

#### TASK:

Submit as much PvP activity as possible during the competition period.

All valid PvP activity submissions count toward your total. Participants may submit in any supported title where PvP activity is accepted through normal reporting channels.

Each valid PvP submission made during the competition period counts toward your total. Final placement will be determined by the highest total number of earned EXP Points from PvP activity

SUBMIT PVP ACTIVITY AS NORMAL



# AN INDOMITABLE INFATUATION

BY: MACK UDAR

Mack left the Hall from the briefing completely rattled. *Steal an entire Star Destroyer?!! How are we supposed to pull THAT off?* “I guess I’ll have to give him a ring on the holo”, Mack sighed outloud.

Mack hurried down the corridors to his personal quarters, lost in deep thought, he bumped into a familiar face without paying attention. “Oof! You ok Mack?”, said Taurus. “Sorry about that”, replied Mack, “it’s just this tall order from Legion Ordo...”

“Yes, it is a tall order, but not impossible, Young Acolyte.” Taurus said in a calm voice. “I have complete faith in your abilities and that of the Secret Order.”

“Thanks buddy, I appreciate it. I just need to call someone I didn’t think I would ever see again for help.” said Mack. “I’m sure it will be fine, but remember, no killing”, said Taurus.

“I know, I know. I’m not a complete animal”, Mack said with a smirk on his face. Taurus chuckled, knowing that Mack was only teasing, given his appearance, patted Mack on the shoulder and continued about his way.

Mack got to his quarters and Nebula was chirping away at him. “Yeah I know that already”, he said to the astromech. A slew of chirps and whistles came in response. “Keep that up and I’ll wipe your memory banks!” Mack retorted. Nebula rolled backwards and spun her dome head with a low whistle. “I accept your apology. Now, if you would be so kind

as to send a message for me.”

“Captain, you’ve got an incoming transmission. It’s an Imperial code. Should I tell them to shove it?”

“As much as I’d like to indulge that impulse, we don’t need that kind of attention. Go ahead and patch it thru”

“Aye Captain”

The holoprojector swirled to life and Mack’s face appeared. “Well, well, well my dearest brother. To what do I owe the occasion?” said Jo Udar.

“I’m working on a project and I need your help, Jo.” said Mack

“And why should I help you? And before you say something real sappy like ‘We’re family’, I will cut this transmission if you even utter those words” Jo said with a sharp tone.

“Awww, don’t be like that. I thought you missed me”

“Tick Tock little brother, time is money and you’re not exactly a paying customer”

“But what if I was?”

“But you’re not. Bardo, get this sorry excuse of a mynock off my holo”

“Ok! Ok! I have the credits, just hear me out.”

“Now you’re finally speaking my language runt. Spit it out, what do you want?”

“I need your help hijacking a Star Destroyer, I have all of the access codes an-”

Jo cuts off Mack immediately, “YOU WANT TO DO WHAT?!! You’ve gone and completely lost your damn mind! Haven’t you?! Steal a Star Destroyer!” Jo starts laughing, kicking his feet. “You’re pulling my leg, aren’t ya?”

Mack continues, “No brother, I’m being dead serious. I can’t go into details about it, but I will make it worth your time”

“Oh, you bet your sweet mechanical arm you’re gonna make it worth my time! I ain’t cheap you know and I ain’t cutting you any special deals just because we’re related!”

“Yes, yes, I know. Meet me at these coordinates so we can go over the plan. Mom would be so proud of us, you know”

“Stow it!” and with that, Mack’s face disappeared from the holoprojector.

Bardo walks over to Jo and taps him on the shoulder. “Hmm?” responded Jo, rubbing his chin with one hand.

“Captain, are we really going to go through with this? It sounds like a suicide mission to me or at least a very, very long time in an Imperial prison.” asked Bardo.

“Yep, if I know my brother, he’s probably a little smarter than a Nexu, but he wouldn’t call me for no reason. If this job goes sour, I’ll take it out of

## DARK VOICE

his hyde.” said Jo. He sighs, “Alright, let’s go steal a Star Destroyer.”

“Aye Captain,” said Bardo. The ship spooled up its sub-light engines and hurried towards the rendezvous point.

Meanwhile in a distant part of the galaxy, the Mandalorians of the Red Sun begin making their own preparations for the attack and capture of the VSDII Indomitable. In the war room, aboard their dreadnought, there’s an eerie silence as their leader, Osik Cuun speaks. “Brothers and Sisters of the Red Sun! Tomorrow morning we will be capturing a Star Destroyer! There will be great honor brought from this and Mandalore will smile upon us.” The room was still silent, save for a few beeps and chirps from computer systems as the Mandalorians continued to listen intently. “Our target is the Victory 2 class Star Destroyer, Indomitable. It is currently stationed in the Minos Cluster, in Emperor’s Hammer territory.” There were a couple of murmurs at that point. “Yes, the same Imperial faction. But worry not, we will be victorious as the Star Destroyer will be lightly guarded. It will be as easy as the Verd’Goten.”

Mack and Jo just stare at each other across the table at the spaceport cantina. “This is absolutely insane, even for me, little brother” Jo stated. “So we’re just going to waltz in there and take the Star Destroyer? Oh! And my favorite part, ‘no killing’ and if that’s not enough, the Red Sun Syndicate will probably be there too?!” Jo said, obviously irritated at the thought of such an idea.

“Yeah, I know Jo. I know. But I also know that you and your crew can get it done. With my help of course to get onboard and to the bridge.” says Mack. A few whistles from Nebula. “And with Nebula’s help too.”

“I swear to you Mack, if this thing goes belly up, I’ll disintegrate you myself!” scowled Jo.

“You know that would break Mom’s heart” Mack snickered. “OW!!” Jo had

kicked Mack’s shin under the table. “I told you to stow it!” Jo said, clearly displeased.

“Ok, just so we’re clear, we will be posing as a technician crew to recalibrate the scanners. I already have the clearance codes to allow us to dock.” Mack explained. “Jo, you and Bradlee -”, “It’s Bardo” Bardo interjected. Mack rolled his eyes but continued with the plan, “BardO will need to get the docking locks disengaged. Otherwise, we won’t be going anywhere once we get the engines fired up. R6 will be ‘enlisting’ the help of some of the other service and maintenance astromechs that are aboard the Indomitable.”

“And how exactly is ‘she’ going to do that?” asked Jo.

“I’m glad you asked. Considering we do a lot of repairs ourselves to my own fighter, as well as a few modifications, the ship’s engineers have given us a lot of leeway and have given her a few admin privileges to redirect other maintenance droids as needed to help expedite repairs. Meaning, she can backdoor a few droids and give them new directives to follow.” Mack pauses and scans the room.

“What is it?” Jo asked, reaching for his blaster. Mack holds out his hand to calm his brother.

“It’s nothing.... I just thought I felt like we were being watched.” said Mack.

“Well don’t scare me like that and get that scared look off your face.” Jo said.

“I know... but let’s wrap this up.” said Mack. “So, as far as dealing with any personnel or security, like I said before, no killing. They’re all friendlies. And there is the possibility that the Red Sun Syndicate will be there as well, attempting to do the same thing we’re doing.”

“So we can take them out though, right?” chimed in Bardo.

“No. Nobody dies today during

this job. Not the EH personnel and certainly not the Red Sun. If anyone dies because of anything we’ve done, the consequences will be... extreme.” Mack replied, staring off into the distance, with a look of horror on his face.

Jo clicks his tongue, “Well, just from that look, I know this is serious...” he places a hand on Mack’s shoulder to bring him out of his trance and Mack forcibly puts a smile on his face. “We’ll get that Star Destroyer bro, believe you me. And we won’t kill anyone.” Jo continued.

“You promise?” Mack asked. “I promise and so does Bardo” Jo replied. Bardo rolls his eyes and scoffs, “You just had to suck all the fun out of this job, didn’t you? But yes, I promise. Not because you’re his brother, but because I know he’ll”, Bardo gestures to Jo, “chain me to the hull and fly through the atmosphere.”

“And don’t you forget it!” Jo said teasingly.

“Alright, well, let’s nab ourselves a Star Destroyer, shall we?” said Mack.

Deep in Emperor Hammer’s Space, in the Minos Cluster, the ship yard where the Indomitable was docked was quiet. The Victory 2 Star Destroyer was like a sleeping gondark, with several zero-g maintenance crews and Tug units buzzing around it like gnats. Seeing the sparks from their welders, it was like an uncoordinated light show around the hull of the ship. Aboard the ship, it was quiet, with only a few stormtroopers on their routine patrols around. Their footsteps being the only sounds being heard within the corridors, save for the occasional chirp or beep from onboard computer systems or distant chatter from maintenance engineers working within access panels. A lambda class shuttle exits hyperspace near the ship yard. “Lambda Class shuttle, please identify”

“Alright, it’s showtime kids” Mack said, “This is shuttle Indigo, maintenance techs for recalibrating

## DARK VOICE

long range sensors, over”.

“Shuttle Indigo, we don’t have you on our roster for approved technicians.” replied the shipyard comms.

“Are you freaking kidding me? I told them to get us assigned BEFORE sending us out here and for this very reason. Ugh... can I at least send my clearance codes to say that I was at least here?” Mack said.

“Standby Indigo... Go ahead and commence transmission”

“Transmitting now. Code Alpha-Alpha-One-Three-Sixer-Seven”

“Transmission received, Indigo.” There was a momentary silence, “Shuttle Indigo, you may proceed with docking in the hangar bay and may proceed with your work.”

“Copy that, en route now” and with that Mack turned off the comms.

“Well color me impressed little brother” said Jo.

“That was the easy part, as soon as we’re in the hangar, just follow my lead,” said Mack.

The shuttle entered the hangar of the Indomitable. Only 2 stormtroopers met them in the hangar. Weapons holstered. The loading ramp opened up and Mack and Jo came down dressed in typical maintenance crew attire. Nebula follows behind them and Bardo carries a heavy looking case on his shoulder behind her. “OH! I wasn’t expecting an escort!” proclaimed Mack.

“Standard procedure, sir” replied one of the stormtroopers. Mack and Jo gave a quick glance at each other.

“Ok, well then, by all means, lead the way.” said Mack.

The group makes their way to the turbolifts and Mack reaches out with the Force to the stormtroopers and whispers “We’ve got it from here”.

“You’ve got it from here.” said the stormtroopers in unison.

“Return to your post.” says Mack, both stormtroopers step aside and walk away from the group.

“Alright, Nebula, would you please do the honors?” said Mack. The R6 droid comes forward whistling a tune it made up. She connects with a com port and within a few seconds, she starts beeping and chirping at Mack.

“What is it going on about?” asks Bardo.

“Well, she says that she’s pulled up the work order manifesto and has assessed the overall condition of the Indomitable.”

“Okay, so what?” says Bardo. Nebula lets out a low beep, followed by a string of regular beeps. Mack snickers to himself.

“What’s so funny?” asks Jo. “Well, she said Bardo better watch his tone with a woman before she makes him one,” Mack replied. Bardo’s eyes widen and he takes a step back away from the droid. “She also says the hyperdrive is currently offline and the reactor is in a low power mode. Just enough power for the lights to be on and that’s it.”

“So, now what do we do?” Jo asks, arms crossed and looking less than enthusiastic of the development of this new information.

“We stick with the plan.” Mack looks at Nebula, “Pull up the schematics for the ship please”. Nebula complies and a holo image of the Indomitable appears before them. “Zoom in to our current position.” The image shows a 3D side view of their placement. “Ok, we’re here, on deck 7A. You and Bardo will need to go to decks 10C and 10H to gain exterior access to the ship and get to those docking clamps. Once there, set the thermite gel on the joints.”

“Shouldn’t you be the one out there doing that?” questioned Jo “Considering you’re the one with the

specialized training?”

“I would, but I know my way around a Star Destroyer and I can ‘fake’ my way a lot better than either one of you.” said Mack

Jo shrugs his shoulders. “Meh, worth a shot. Alright Bardo, let’s suit up.”

“Whatever you say boss” says Bardo “But you still haven’t said what we’re doing about the reactor and the hyperdrive.”

“Nebula is already on it. She is sending in a couple of astromechs to get the hyperdrive back online and to get the reactor up to the power level we need in order to get out of here. Keep your comm links on, because timing is everything.” said Mack

“Very well then” says Bardo and the 4 of them split up.

“And no killing!” Mack reminded them.

Aboard the crusader class corvette, a group of Red Sun Syndicate Mandalorians prepare to make their assault and capture of the Star Destroyer. The corvette hurling through hyperspace, exits outside of the sensor range of the shipyard. “We’ve arrived and they’re unaware of our presence.” says Ori Ehn.

“Good, power up the cloaking field device and take us into dock with the Star Destroyer.” announced Osik Cuun. The hum of the cloaking field could be heard throughout the ship. The corvette powered up its sublight engines and raced its way toward the shipyard and the Indomitable.

Nebula gave out a loud shrieking alarm that startled Mack causing him to accidentally shock himself on a wire harness within an access panel. “What the hell Nebula?!” he yelled out.

“Just what do you think you’re doing?” came a voice behind Mack. He spun around to see two actual maintenance crew workers standing over him.

“There’s a problem with a relay circuit here that I’m working on.” bluffed Mack

“On whose authority? Because it looks like you were trying to hotwire that blast door to the bridge.” says one of the maintenance crew workers.

“Don’t tell me you’re gonna give me a hard time about doing my job! And why would I try to hotwire the door? We’re all on the same side here, aren’t we?” Mack continued to bluff.

The two workers weren’t buying his bluff and he could tell. Just then, his comm link went off. “Hey Mack! Got that thermite gel all set, but I’ve got some bad news for you.” Mack’s eyes widened and he shrugged his shoulders at the maintenance crew. The crew members looked at each other for a second in bewilderment of what they just heard.

“I guess the nexu is out the bag, huh?” said Mack, coming up from a crouched position uppercutting one of the crew members. The other crew member threw a punch at Mack landing squarely across his jaw, knocking him back against the blast door. The first crew member, still dazed from the uppercut, tried to get up on his feet to assist in detaining Mack but was quickly intercepted by Nebula using an electric arc from one of her arms. Completely stunning and incapacitating the young man. He let out a scream from the pain before hitting the ground. The second crew member went for a low kick to Mack’s groin, but he caught the kick and sweep kicked his leg from underneath of him. Both men hit the metal floor hard, struggling to gain control of one another in a grappling match. “Hey... um Mack... did you hear me?” Jo’s voice over the comm link. Mack was eventually able to gain control and put the man in a submission hold until he quit resisting and his body became limp. Mack quickly let go and checked for a pulse. “No dying today sir. Nebula, give me some steel rope.” Another compartment opened up on Nebula with what looked like a towing cable that would allow the droid to

pull small objects. Mack bound the two men’s hands behind their backs and to each other. He picks up his comm link off of the floor and clears his throat. “Luxury yacht and resorts, how may I help you?” Mack jokingly said.

“Hardy har har. While you were sleeping and slacking off, Bardo and I got our job done. Where the hell were you?!” Jo’s voice was clearly irritated.

“I ran into a little problem on my way to the bridge, but it’s under control. Now, did I hear you say there was a problem?” Said Mack.

“Yeah, I did. There’s a Red Sun corvette about to dock and breach near the bridge. So needless to say, you’re about to have some company.” Jo replied.

“OH WHAT THE FRAKKING DUNG EATING KOWAKIAN MONKEY LIZARD HELL?!!” shouted Mack.

“Do you kiss mother with that foul mouth?” Jo said teasingly.

“Arrrgh, you got me there. Just hurry up and get inside. I have an idea.” Mack said.

Aboard the bridge of the Red Sun corvette, the Osik Cuun was barking out orders to the other Mandalorians. “As soon as the landing pads connect with the hull and the docking tube extends, transfer power from the cloaking field and begin jamming their comms.”

“Yes sir” said one of the Mandalorians from their terminal. The corvette touched down on the back of the upper section of the Indomitable. The entire ship shook and landing pads magnetized to the star destroyer to keep it from floating away. The hum from the cloaking field machine stopped. “All long range communications are jammed.” said Ori Ehn, “Docking tube is extended and Kad Garriss and his boarding party is on their way.”

Jo and Bardo just made it back inside from the exterior of the Indomitable and began getting their zero g suits off when alarms started sounding throughout the ship. “Oh what now? So much for the element of surprise.” said Jo. They put on their maintenance disguises and started grabbing their weapons from the case they brought with them. “Keep it set to stun, for Mack’s sake” said Jo. “Seriously boss? If we get in a firefight, they’re not exactly gonna be tickling us.” retorted Bardo. “Yes, I’m very serious. These troopers aren’t looking for us. So we can blend in for now. It’s the Red Sun I’m worried about. I’d rather not get a death mark put on me.” said Jo. Six stormtroopers ran past Jo and Bardo without even giving them a second thought. “See what I mean?” said Jo. Bardo rolled his eyes, “Ok fine. Let’s go”.

The two of them hurried to Mack and Nebula’s position where they heard a fire fight going on. “Jo! Come in!” Mack hollered into the comm link. “What is it runt? We’re on our way to you.” Jo replied.

“I’m not at the blast doors to the bridge. I’m in the adjacent corridor. Troopers and Red Sun are shooting it out.” Mack said.

“Copy that, be there in a sec” said Jo.

The fire fight continued raging on, with neither side giving ground to the other. “So what’s the plan here, oh fearless leader?” asked Jo.

“Well while you took your sweet time getting here, Nebula has already redirected some of the maintenance astromechs to the reactor to get it warmed up and going, and also a couple to the hyperdrive to bring it online,” said Mack. “We need to get the stormtroopers to back off and allow the Red Sun to gain control of the bridge for us.”

“Did you hit your head? Isn’t that counter productive to what we’re doing?!” protested Bardo.

“Not entirely, the Red Sun is going to fly the Indomitable out of here, but we’re not going to be going where they think we’re taking us. As soon as we’re clear from the shipyard they’ll start spooling up the hyperdrive. Nebula will lock down the controls and change the hyperspace coordinates before the jump.” said Mack.

“You seriously are insane” said Jo “And what’s to keep us from hypering into a planet or a star making changes at the last second like that?”

There was an explosion near them that knocked everyone off their feet. “Just trust me! Ok! I need you two to flank the stormtroopers and stun them and leave the rest to me” Mack said.

“Fine then, but if I die, I’m gonna kill you!” said Jo. He and Bardo circled back around and were behind the group of stormtroopers in a shootout with the Red Sun. Jo mouthed to Bardo “One, two, three...” and the two of them began stunning the stormtroopers from behind. The Red Sun boarding party took notice of the fact that they were no longer under fire and took the opportunity to advance their positions towards the bridge. Keeping their weapons and their sights trained on where the stormtroopers were firing from, one of them put a device on the lock controls to the blast doors which beeped after a couple of seconds and the blast doors whooshed open. The Mandalorians flooded onto the bridge of the Indomitable and quickly closed the blast doors behind them and secured the area. “We’re on the bridge and in control.” said Kad Garriss.

“Good, now get me my Star Destroyer back to our territory.” said Osik Cuun. “As you wish,” said the boarding party leader. “The reactor is at 75% and the hyperdrive is operational” called out another Mandalorian from a terminal. “Are we able to disengage the docking clamps from here?” asked Kad Garriss. “I will try brother” said Jorad Eldar, the Mandalorian started punching in commands to the terminal to get the docking clamps disengaged. At that point in time, there were what looked

like multiple explosions around the docking clamps and the Indomitable was free from the shipyard. Kad spun around and looked at Jorad, even though you couldn’t see his face through his helmet, you could tell he was not happy. “What was that?!” yelled Kad, “If this ship is damaged because of you, I will kill you myself!”

“I...I don’t know. I promise it was not me.” Jorad said.

“There aren’t any hull breaches, Kad” said another Mandalorian.

With a heavy sigh, Kad responded “Very well then, take us out of here.” The Indomitable creaked and moaned as it slowly began to leave the shipyard. The corvette detached from the back of the Indomitable and flew ahead. “We are going ahead of you, Kad. See you soon, you have done well.” said Osik. The corvette zipped into hyperspace. “Are we clear of the shipyard?” asked Kad.

“Yes brother Kad” said Jorad.

“Punch in the coordinates for Red Sun space and let’s get out of here before we’re unable to” said Kad.

Jorad began typing away at the terminal for the Nav computer, but it wasn’t responding and kept giving an error message.

“Did you forget how to pilot Jorad?” Kad said irritably.

“N-no! The computer... it’s not responding at all now all of a sudden.” replied Jorad.

The Indomitable began turning on its own and Kad began looking around the room, “What is going on? Who is changing our course?!” he cried out. Just then, the starfield began to warp around them and the Indomitable hurled itself into hyperspace. Kad stomped over to Jorad’s station and grabbed him by the throat. “Where are we going?” he said angrily.

“I-I do...” Jorad gasping for air, Kad relaxed his grip. “I don’t know brother.

The computer locked me out and I have no idea where it is sending us.”

“Then figure it out” Kad said, “better yet, go shut down the hyper drive to bring us out of hyperspace.”

Jorad got up from his station and went to the blast doors. They wouldn’t open. He pressed the open button numerous times and it wouldn’t open. Kad stomped over to the doors and shoved Jorad out of the way. Pressing the open button himself and the doors still remained closed. Kad cocked his head to the side, completely confused about what was happening but quickly figured it out.

“We’ve been had,” he said softly.

Mack’s voice came over the door lock intercom, “Our dearest guests, please make yourselves comfortable during our flight.”

“Open this door immediately and surrender yourself! This Star Destroyer belongs to the Red Sun Syndicate now.” commanded Kad.

“Yeah ... about that... I don’t think so.” Mack said, reaching out through the Force to touch Kad’s mind.

“And why is that?” Kad responded.

“Well, mostly because **you don’t have a choice in the matter.**” Mack said vindictively.

Kad suddenly started to feel panicked “B-but why? Who are you?” he muttered.

“Why don’t **you relax?** Hmmm? No harm will come to you or your people, but I **cannot allow you** to take this vessel” Mack said.

The room was slowly beginning to spin to Kad. “We cannot take this ship?” he said to himself. Jorad looked puzzled at Kad and was trying to figure out why he was losing his tenacity. He grabbed Kad by the shoulder and said “Hey! Snap out of it! We’re still in control here.”

## DARK VOICE

Kad slowly turned his head to Jorad and shook his head ‘no’, “No... no we’re not in control here, Jorad” he said, “Don’t you see? We’re trapped in here, going Mandalore knows where. How are we in control at all?!”

“Hey! Didn’t I say you need to relax?” Mack called out through the intercom.

“To hell with you! Once we get out of here, you’re dead!” yelled Jorad.

Mack gave a heavy sigh through the intercom, “Ok, well I suppose it was going to come to this anyway.” Mack turned to Nebula, who was connected to another comm port, “lower the oxygen in the room. They all need to take a little nap.” Nebula gave an acknowledging beep and began lowering the oxygen levels on the bridge. Within a few minutes, all of the Red Sun Mandalorians were knocked out on the deck.

“Ok runt, we’ve stolen your Star Destroyer and bagged a few Red Sun Syndicates as well. And we didn’t kill anyone. I expect payment ASAP.” Jo said. “With extra!” chimed in Bardo.

“Yeah, yeah, I know. I do appreciate your help with this.” Mack stated “But there is one other matter that needs to be addressed.”

“Oh? And what’s that, runt?” Jo asked.

“Well, where we are going, you cannot know about...I’ll have Nebula drop us out of hyperspace and you take the shuttle and get out of here. With your payment ofcourse.” said Mack, and looked past Jo, “with extra”. Giving a thumbs up to Bardo.

“You’re not gonna do one of those weird Jedi mind things on us, are you?” Jo asked nervously.

Mack chuckled, “No, not this time”

“This time!?!” Jo said alarmingly. They both laughed and shook hands. “It was good to see you again, runt, but no more crazy ideas or quests.”

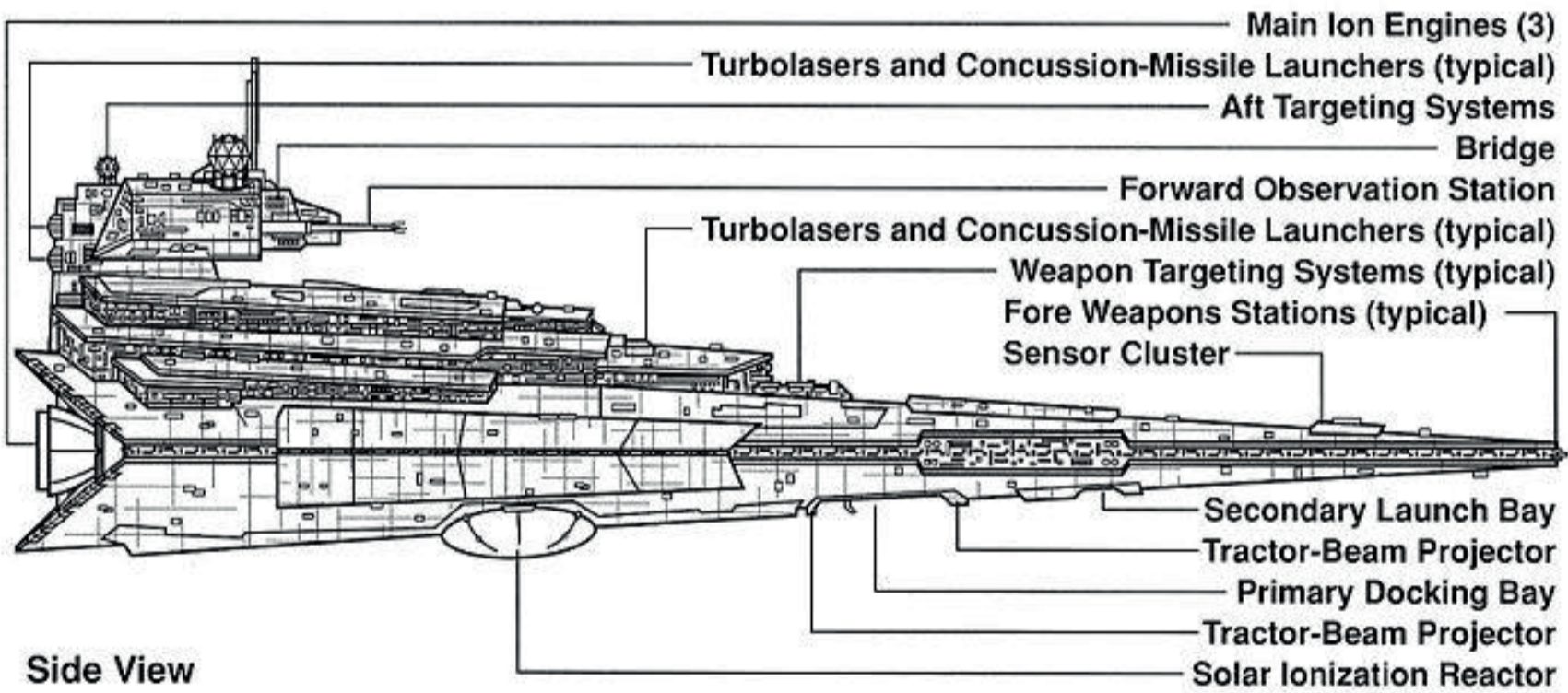
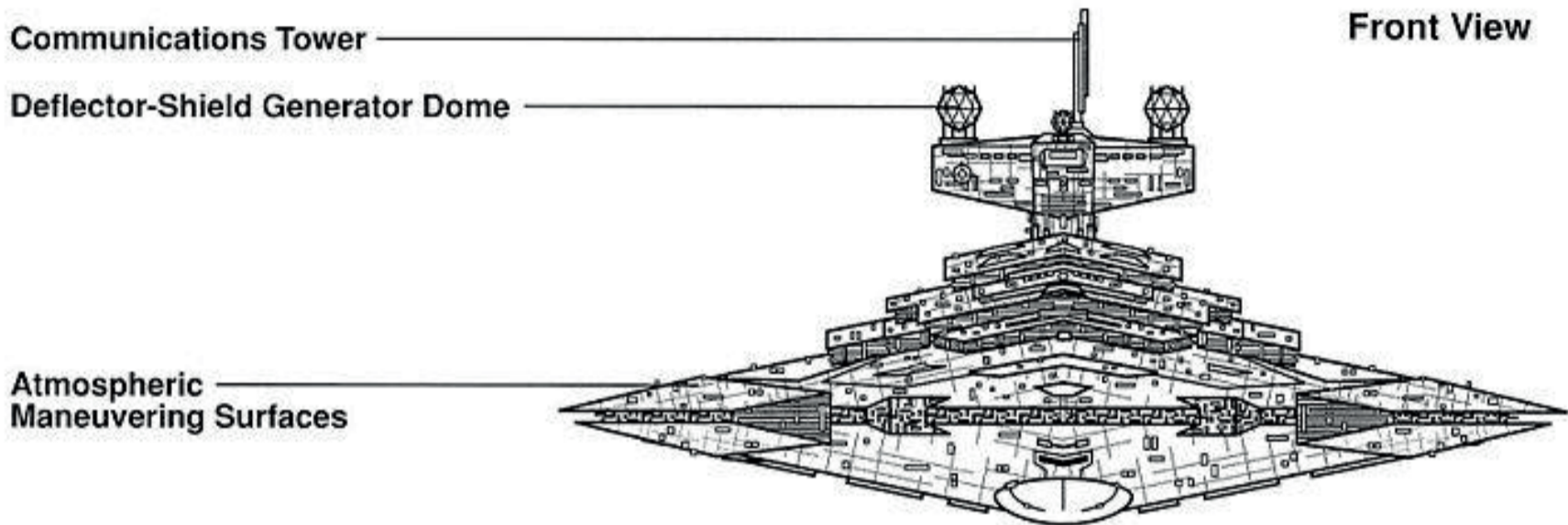
“That’s a fair deal. Don’t spend all your

credits in one place.” said Mack, “I certainly owe you for helping me with this.”

The Indomitable dropped out of hyperspace and the Lambda class shuttle Mack, Jo, Nebula, and Bardo arrived in, left the hangar and the star destroyer sped off into hyperspace once again. The shuttle with only Jo, Bardo and their credits for the job took off into hyperspace in the opposite direction of the Indomitable.

“Hopefully we didn’t get a mark on our backs for this job, boss,” said Bardo concerningly.

“We didn’t, Bardo. If there’s one thing about Mack, he’s an honest kid.” says Jo as the shuttle flies through hyperspace. “He’ll always do right.”



# HELP ME WITH A FIRZZLE

## BY: MORDRED

**Disclaimer:** *This is a work of fiction. The events narrated here never happen, there are no reports, holovideos or witnesses willing to corroborate with the story and it should be treated just as a hypothetical event. For better enjoyment, please mind the time-stamps.*

T-64

### MORDRED'S OFFICE, FRG TORMENTOR

"Tibanna Bounce?" Mord asked.

"Not enough time, not enough people..." Ron replied, his voice muffled.

"Kessel Feint?"

"Not enough time, not enough spice..."

"Droid Derby?"

"Jai will kill you if you use his droids. And not enough time."

"Yeah, I most definitely will." Jai whispered from behind the couch where he was meditating (praying for some idea more likely).

"Gizka Shuffle?"

"We did it last time with the Porgs. And not enough time."

"Help me?" A feminine voice came from the door. Major Ballo, their Stormtrooper PC stood there taking the scene in.

Mord was taking the whole couch, that was in the middle of the room for some reason, laid like a girly teenager with his legs moving while checking many datapads in his reach. Ron from Accounting was sitting at Mord's desk, obfuscated by several piles of months old dispatches that Mord simply ignored. Only Jai's hair was visible from behind the couch.

"We can't do a 'Help me' with a capital ship, can we?" Jai asked, shaking his head.

"Hummmmm wait, the Major might have something. What if we go Help Me with a Lookyloo and a Jawa Double Blind!" Mord raised his head, neurons already churning on a plan.

"A Jawa Double Blind would never fly in this sector. Even though we have Jawas to spare now..."

"True... BUT a Firzzle Blind is possible!" Ballo replied.

"Let's assume you can take the bridge with a Firzzle, what then?" Ron, being the reasonable one, intervened.

"Ohhhh, If we're doing a Help Me with a Firzzle, we can finish with a Savior Slip!" Jai got up and started pacing around.

"Mord can totally do the Savior if he shaves that beard. I bet he can beat them and make them ask for another." Ron agreed.

"Maybe, but we need more data."

"Who is in command? Do we have the roster?" Mord sat upright and started digging his datapads.

"Yeah, all 2103 names and ranks of the current skeleton crew. The cap is Captain Glocris, and he's on leave to be married. Commander Marcius, the XO is in his place. This is his third tour aboard the Indomitable, but the ship has not faced combat since 25ABY."

"One of those. He knows procedure but not combat then."

"We suppose. Anyways that's an 'OK' in my check-list. What's our window of opportunity?"

"According to the briefing, the ship should stay docked for at least another week, but our window should close in about 68 hours. If nothing went wrong, and our info is correct, in 58 hours from now, they will start the main coil replacement, and for that they need to turn off the main reactor and run solely on the secondaries. It'll last 12 hours. As per protocol, the whole garrison should be on high alert."

"How chaotic do you think we'll need to be to break them?" Mord inquired.

"He should break at .75 Mordreds." Jai whispered.

"That's a very conservative estimate, I'd say 0.6 Mords."

"Ha ha, very funny you too. Ok, Mildly Chaotic. Jai, gather our people in the briefing room! I'll have a final plan by the hour! Alright! One 'Help me with a Lookyloo, Firzzle Blind and a Saviour' coming up!"

As the teams gathered, Mordred called a disgruntled Professor on the holocom.

"I'm busy. What do you want?" Sylas growled.

"Now, now, that's not the way to treat a fellow Training Officer. I was TO once as you know..."

"Yeah, you've mentioned it like 500 times this week. Spill it old man, I'm REALLY quite busy."

"I want to schedule a training session, please? Pretty please?"

"Ok, I'll bite the bait." Sylas opened his IU UI and started scheduling an event. "What, who, where and when?"

"Put in as 'Elite crew training - classified', FCFS volunteer crew, Loki orbital anchorage, 40 hours from now."

"Mordred..."

"C'mon, trust me. Put me as Special Instructor and I'll sign the form if that makes you happier. We're going for some action, you up?"

Sylas sighed. "Aight, done. Now shoosh."

"Actually... Can I check the library special section?"

"I didn't know you could read... What do you want there?"

"Oh... Uh... The upgrades on the Tormentor were made in Phare, but we have little information about

T-63

the original systems. I'm going into the old CSA archives for the manufacturing blueprints of the FRG."

"You're so full of BS. Just go ahead, I'll clear you."

"Thank you so much! This will go nicely in your monthly review..." Mord smiled and waved goodbye.

"Oh bite me. And for the action, I'll be there."

"So here are the plans."

"Where did you get those?!? They are highly classified... Oh I know how. Do you realize the trouble we'll be if they catch us with this?" Ron was in a panic.

"Do you realize the trouble we'll be if they catch us with a VSD?" Ballo replied, smiling like a katarn.

The rest of them laughed around the planning table.

"Ok, so this is a VSDII. I served in a VSD I. Most of the pathways seem familiar, but the systems are definitely better shielded. We need to find the main antenna lines, access points and maintenance corridors. We have 2 hours, mark!"

And the clock started.

Ron's datapad beeped as the 2 hours were up. The room was almost unrecognizable. They printed some of the VSDII blueprints and there were a lot of notes, beverage cans and snacks all around.

"Alright gang, Time is up! Is the plan feasible?" Mordred called.

"Infiltration Engineering? Go or no go?"

"Go." Jetmech and Kuyliak agreed. "The systems are not that complex when you compare. If they follow the procedures the main reactor should be offline and maintenance access around the ship should be unlocked or open for equipment transfer. We can get it back online and operate for a short period, but realistically we cannot go without the TT."

"Noted. Fighters?"

"Go." Miles endorsed. "We've checked with everyone and the Starfighters are pretty much ready. We'll train a lot before departure."

"Roger that. Big Bad Wampa?"

"Go." Jai confirmed. "We've already managed to loan a ship from Loki garrison, was ridiculously simple. We can remove the focusing lens of the cannons and lower the power. It'll fire blanks for our light show."

"Perfect. Psyops?"

"Plan is good and we've already remotely inserted some clues." Visas attested. "We'll grab a few operatives and go local. IF one of them buys the idea, I guarantee full quota."

"Perfect. And for the Payload and FX?"

"Sounds doable, but clock is ticking on the payloads. We can do with heavy oil, but it'll affect momentum." Jetmech reported.

T-62

T-60

"No need, I will take care of that before I leave. I know a few traders for our optimal payload." Ron informed.

"For FX I'll raid a store I know and acquire sparkers and some Hutt Rojones" Coranel added.

"That will be awesome. Tormentor?"

"I still find you kids insane for doing things like this, but my crew will be ready to perform." Captain Meeda inclined his head to the side as he'd always do when contradicted.

"Thank you, old friend. Helldiver teams?"

"Doable." Rachel pulled her notes. "The pods are designed for that kind of abuse. I'll review the plan for optimal insertion with limited damage."

Mord blushed a little.

"Ah... ok, I won't comment on that. Ahem. Take over?"

"No objections. Considering objective TT is fulfilled, we'll guide them in with ease." Jaxx informed.

"My people is ready to assist, we've already gathered several spare armors and equipment." Major Ballo finished the briefing.

"Alright, that's it. I foresee very few sleep on the next days, but please try to delegate as much as you can. Any problems as usual poke Ron, Jai or myself." Mordred closed the meeting.

Ron had a mission. A viscous one. He spent a couple of hours contacting every known wholesale food supply merchant in the cluster. Until he found what he needed, by a price they could afford and within a decent timetable. Now it was on the newly assembled "J Team". He had a shuttle to catch.

Visas was wearing a medic triage visor to hide her Miralukian eyes. She had just arrived at the shipyards along with 2 more operatives and T5, Mord's astromech, and was sneaking past the inner structure watch. Once inside, they made a beeline to the mess hall.

Quietly, they took their food and sat at a table around the corner and started whispering to each other, very discreetly. And with that they started the drip-drip-drip of water that eventually causes an avalanche.

The Logistics Officer looked at all the secret chat on his datapad and sighed. People were having fun welding explosives and preparing the fighters and getting grease on their hands... and he was stuck in his office falsifying his own signature. Thankfully he was scheduled to meet Jai and start programming the droids.

Mord better allocate a whole section of the hangar so he can rebuild his vintage airspeeder when this is over.

Jetmech and the Jawa team were hard at work with the containers they'd bought. Attaching them to the Tormentor would be a massive pain, but the ship was back at its private berth at Phare Shipyards. The Corporate Sector officers were happy for their business as the House has always paid its debts.

T-48

T-47

T-46

T-45

T-44

Colonel Meeda was drilling the dance in the helm crew. Every console had a synchronized chrono.

"List to port, 4°, count 30, swivel and twist, 9°, stabilize 10, 3° per second starboard, fixed keel, stop at 80°, brace for impact. Count 15. Fantyr, ease the rudder in and out, no jittering! We are drifting!"

It'd be dangerous business getting into knife range with a VSD with a crew not used to such maneuvers, but they would deliver.

T-43

Miles and Travis got 7 operatives each to fake the dogfight. At a distance and with the Tormentor's jamming suit at full blast, it'd be a perfect lightshow. The risk was that their own systems would be jammed. They'd also escort the TIE Helldivers into launch position and disable the turrets on the station should they become active. It was a very risk business to do it blind, but for people used to do the impossible, 'risky' was the morning cereal.

T-42

Being stuck inside small places wasn't so bad, Rachel thought; she had fresh air being recycled, a nice temperature and several harnesses to keep her body stable. Problem is that after the first 30 minutes doing repeated simulated runs, all operatives were heavily nauseated by sudden acceleration and breaking, and it took them another hour to learn to calibrate the inertial dampeners.

Her objective was the bridge, the others would spread around her to nullify and/or confuse the enemy. That they could do.

The theatrics, however, would need her keeping a straight face and shouting the script Mord wrote, something that she was apparently physically incapable to do as every rehearsal ended up in the whole infiltration force laughing like maniacs every time she broke character.

19

T-41

Jai was tired. Even his work in the CS wasn't as tiresome as working for House Valkorion. It was 6 months of leisure followed by three days of sheer panic. His time was spent giving support to the team leaders, programing droids with Jaxx, purchasing supplies with Ron and distributing leaflets. You know, Praetor business.

T-40

A duel raged in the Shadow Academy grounds. Silvius challenged Taurus for a quick bout, and it got fierce. Everyone rushed to watch it, even the staff.

The event of the year.

Which left Lucas and the other novices on the clear to gather as many weapons as they could. The Shadow Academy was about to become a very silent place when they returned for regular training. Everything not bolted down or locked up was being cautiously smuggled away in their spacious robes.

T-39

Coranel Both smiled at his work from behind his zero-g helmet. While the other engineers had wasted the last days building something or whatever, he spent them in magboots attaching explosive charges to the hull of the Tormentor. He'd forever remember the happy face of the fireworks seller when he bought the entire stock.

T-38

Kiluyak looked at his boss expectantly. The other Jawas waited in silence.

"Looks good. Looks good indeed. How long it'll last?"

"The main system is designed for extended operation, but for our needs in this operation we've prepared these boosters that should give us around 15 minutes of overclocking power each. 60 minutes total." Kiluyak explained in Jawaese, talking very quickly as usual.

"More than that..." the other two said in unison, raising their shoulders.

"If we need more than that we'll be in big trouble anyways. Good work." Mordred approved.

T-37

"Aight, the orders are ready, here's the datapad. Are you sure they'll fall for it?"

"Cmon Jaxx, how many times have I ever led you astray?"

"Is that a serious question or do you want me to answer? Cause I have the receipts..." Jaxx responded monotonic.

"Nonsense. Anyways. Everyone will do their part, the jam pot is too tempty." Mord grinned. "And don't worry about the docs, I'll have one of Jai's droids to temper it."

"Right. Can I go get my hands dirty now?"

"Onwards, my friend! Those droids need programming!"

T-30

"Major Kadook, we have a situation, sir. Can we discuss it privately?"

"Of course, things look peaceful out there. Lt Karrek, you have the bridge."

They both left the room and retreated into the Major's office.

"Well, Lieutenant Fexo, what's the matter."

"We have intercepted some bits of information here and there amongst the crew. Concerning our visitor."

"I see. It should be nothing outta concern, the Fleet rotates the vessels for maintenance all the time."

"Normally so, yes. But the rumors says there will be some sort of training activity. Some even claimed that it'll be closely supervised by the FC and the TO."

"We better get everyone on alert then, don't you think."

"Yes sir, that would be my first instinct but look at this." Fexo passed a datapad to the Major, who read it once. then twice.

"How can we be sure?"

"That VIP, sir, the accountant?"

"The one-man circus? Here to inspect garrison expenditures on tibanna, I believe. Administrator Lucivalt was about to punch the little guy this morning, never seen that Rodian so blue."

"Yes sir, he is so clumsy the crew says he has two left feet. But you see, there was depressurization in his luggage when he was being transported to Dock 93 for inspection. And the crew found that datapad under the seat."

T-29

"Interesting. That certainly gives us a new perspective on things."

"If you check the holonet you'll find some unspecified training slated for this week."

"And when you add 2 and 2... It's not the FC then... Alright, I'm convinced. Get someone discreetly return the datapad to the owner. And quietly pass the order to the crew. And get ready for any demand we might have from the trainers."

"Yeah, it does say 'unspecified training', then what?" Ensign Keijo took a look at the holonet terminal his friend Zambogli was pointing at.

"C'mon Keijo! Do you remember some years ago we had that blue guy? Word on the street says he never quit and this is his pet project."

"Shut up, my cousin said he was retired. Why that guy would ever come back?"

"Your cousin also sold you that dead mynock."

"It was not dead when he sold it to me... I think."

"They are looking for people with certain knowledge of Vick mechanics."

"And how do you know that?"

"People hear things in the fleet and the rumor mill is strong on this one. You just have to enroll for a position, teams have preference."

"I don't know... We'd be risking a lot."

"I heard that the guys from the Formidable Huttball Team are on leave and they are going en masse."

"'En masse?' Who speaks like that?"

"Jik does. And his section of engineering is going too. First come first served enlistment."

"Fine, fine, sign us up. I'll gather the boys and the droids, and we'll slip on the next shuttle to Loki!"

"And where do the morons think they are going!?" The VSDII Anvil Staff Officer, Lt Harta yelled at Keijo and Zambogli, carrying their backpacks.

"We have been accepted for a Special Certification training! Here, it's legit."

"What? I wasn't informed of that..." Harta deflated his anger very quickly. If there's something that Staff Officers have a hate/love relation it is Certifications.

"Oh LT, why don't you apply? You were a crew chief before this post. There are many vacancies for chiefs in the training."

"Interesting, that looks tempting."

T-25

T-14

"K9 relayed a message from Visas, via T5. 'Plan going Ok. Unknown MCRV docked next to VSD, unchallenged, GCOM thinks it's part of our op. Agent R on the move.'" Jai informed. K9 and its counterpart T5 had their own language, making those messages impossible to decrypt. Even for allies.

"Oh dang it. Who do you think it is? Syndicate or Palpatine?"

"Syndicate. Palpa is more battle-oriented; they'd just board the damn thing and get it over it."

"What are we going to do with them?"

"Message back, get Ron to ask nicely for they to stay put."

"Do we have any contingency?"

"Ions" Mord answered.

"Aight, and it they try to disembark?"

"Ions" Mord repeated.

"And just for the record: if they have reinforcements?"

"Ions." Mord repeated again, smiling.

"Roger that."

VSDII Indomitable laid dormant in its berth, droids walking on its hull and several welding flashes could be seen.

"Sir, we are ready." Called engineering.

"Carry on." Commander Marcius acknowledged.

"Attention engineering, you are clear for reactor cycle."

"Copy that."

The lights flicked all over the destroyer.

"Main reactor offline, auxiliary reactors offline. We are running solely on the secondaries, 10% power."

"Acknowledge, engineering. Comms, raise alert status and inform the garrison."

"Yellow alert. Garrison Acknowledges."

A few minutes passed and a squadron of TIEs left hyperspace right above the VSD Indomitable.

"VSD Indomitable, this is Jaguar Squadron, we'll be your escort until the reactor is back online."

T5 was keeping an watchful eye on the comms from the VSD. As soon as they sent the request for high alert, he beeped.

Ron straightened his jacket, nodded to Visas and patted T5 on the head.

"Alright, showtime."

"Attention Valkorion Fleet, T minus 2 hours, ready check" Mordred started the final check.

"Everybody by the numbers. Go or no go. ECM?"

"Go."

“Payload?”

“Go.”

“FX?”

“Go.”

“Helldivers?”

“All teams report Go.”

“Assault transports?”

“Loaded and ready.”

“Troopers?”

“Go.”

“Fighters?”

“Red and blue green to go.”

“Garrison team?”

“Go.”

“Boarders?”

“Go.”

“Tormentor?”

“Engineering reports all systems nominal.”

“Main turrets primed for op. “

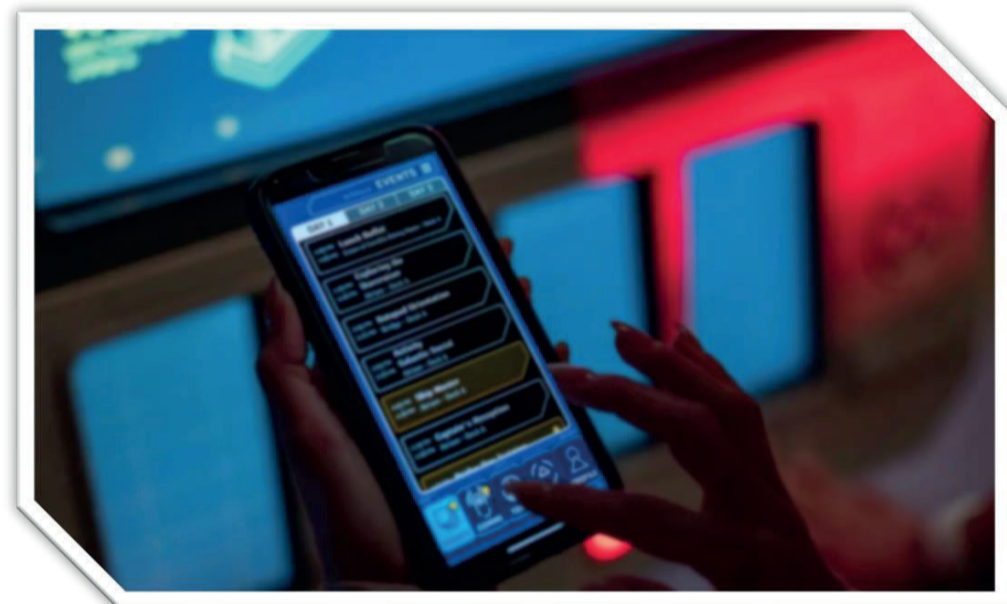
“Secondary turrets standing by to engage.”

“Helm stands ready.”

“Navigation locked.”

“Microjump standing by.”

“We are ready, milord.”  
Captain Meeda informed.



T-00:00

A Nebulon-B Frigate suddenly appeared on top of the Shipyards. Under her structure a huge container was held by a net of welded supports. On her sides small containers were attached. It was as loaded as safety inspectors would allow it. It came out of hyperspace 5km from the VSDII Indomitable, just above the planet, using the navigation beacon of the shipyard to properly hyperjump.

"Sir we have a contact, 5km and closing" Sensor stations called for Commander Marcius

"IFF?" He turned to the Corporal.

"Neutral sir, merchant vessel, we read no active weapons."

"Sir! Explosion on the target, they are drifting off course. Entering collision course with the Indomitable. Heavy debris field on our way." Someone else called from the bridge.

"Incoming transmission, audio only!" Comms warned.

"On speakers!"

"Attention imperial forces, this is food merchant Queen of Itaquaquecetuba! We are being pursued by enemy forces, we think they are Jedi! We have suffered heavy damage! We may have been boarded!"

"Queen of Itaquaquecetuba, this is VSDII Indomitable, change your course immediately to bearing 080 127"

"We are trying all we can! Believe me that the prospect of paying for your accursed paint job is not desirable by us either! Don't you have tractor beams to steady our course!?"

Commander Marcius grimaced. Pretty much all ancillary systems were offline.

"We can't help you with that, Queen of Itaquaquecetuba, we are offline ourselves!"

Several parts of debris started peppering the VSDII. The space around the ship was completely filled with metal shavings. More explosions lit the hull.

The Queen of Itaquaquecetuba continued to drift towards the Indomitable, rotating out of control.

"Sir, 4km and closing"

"Signal the garrison! Why aren't they stopping this frigate?"

"No response. We have zero feedback, we are not transmitting. Total hardware failure on the Comm Array!"

A beep on the main radar signaled another hyperspace signature.

"We have another signature, it's huge! System ids as a probable MC90."

"Probable?"

"Too much debris on our way, and the Frigate is between us and the new contact. It's casting a major shadow in our sensors. The big ship must be booming some ludicrous jamming..."

"We have laser fire from behind the Frigate!"

"Get our weapons and shields online! Now!"

"We can't sir, main reactor is offline! Shield capacitors are offline!"

"Fighter contact, Jaguar squadron moving to intercept!"

Right in front of them the Frigate was being slaughtered, multiple points leaking gases and explosions added to the debris. Heavy thuds could be heard from the hull plating near the bridge.

Amongst the debris and armor plates where deployed some tiny trojan horses. Little maintenance droids that had one programming only, ram the comm's array with the jet powered sleds the engineering team came up with. In less than 30 seconds, the main data cables were severed at the base of the antenna.

T-00:05

"I'm speechless, sir. I'd never imagine wargames conducted in such manner." Major Kadook was almost emotional.

"The Admiral is quite peculiar with his methods, but they achieve our goals."

"I can see how. Is it time for us to act?"

Ron checked his chrono.

"Yes, we should probably get going. But first I'd like to keep those civilians docked by the VSD from getting hurt in any miscalculations of our part, can you make sure their access is locked?"

"Of course, sir. Should I deploy the troopers just in case?"

T-00:08

Debris of all sizes kept hitting the VSDII. By their windows, the Frigate drifted closer and closer, spinning. It was almost sideways now, still blocking the view to the unknown enemy, lasers firing all around it. Fighters flew by exchanging fire, incredible maneuvers.

The bridge crew was mesmerized by the show, sparks occasionally flying from the frigate hull.

The commander was on comm station desperately trying to get engineering to power the weapons, but they could only do so much.

"How far is the frigate?"

"Less than a 1000m sir!"

"Sound impact alarm!"

T-00:09

"ECM, status?"

"ECM holding at 154%. Power cell at 15%. Estimated depletion in 130."

"Shunt it, new cell. Monitoring gap."

"Switching power cells, ECM efficiency drop to 87%."

"Controlling power gap, enemy sensors ping."

"Reflecting. Restoring power the array. 100% mark reached and still rising"

T-00:10

"Attention engineering, prepare to launch payload."

"Release charges ready."

T-00:10

“Deflagration ready.”

“Helm, initiate maneuver Dek.”

“Maneuver Dek, aye.”

“Superstructure roll complete.”

“Release payload.”

“Payload released.”

Suddenly the huge container was detached from the Frigate, floating directly in front of the bridge. Before they could even warn the others, it exploded, spraying its contents toward the VSD. Thirty seconds later, the entire castle was covered in thick fluid.

"Sir! We have been... uh, jammed?"

"I know we have lost sensors!" Commander Marcius chided the Sensor station.

"Literally sir! There's jam all over the windows! We are blind!"

Then the entire sensor station went blank.

"All signals lost sir, we have heavy jamming on most frequencies. Hardware reporting problems as well."

"Where is the garrison..."

26

T-00:11

“Prepare to thread the needle. Armor charges ready.”

“Aye aye, threading the needle, roll negative 18.”

“Armor charges ready, aye.”

“Passing through the needle in 10.... blast armor plates.”

“Armor release, impact in 5 seconds.”

“Ready ion turrets. On my mark light them up.... Fire!”

“Target Shields down.”

“Signal Helldivers.”

Four modified TIE Punishers left the fake dogfight, and converged on the VSDII from all sides, unleashing their deadly payload.

The torpedoes hit the VSDII with massive kinetic energy, at specially selected weak points on the hull. The inertia dampeners inside them made sure their precious cargo survived intact. As they stabilized, a plasma cutter ignited, carving a path on the structure so they could reach the ship's corridors. Coolant flushed and the doors opened. All over the ship 24 Operatives deployed, armed with yellowish light sabers and white Jedi garb.

T-00:15

“Sir! We have boarders!”

“How?!?” The Commander was losing it.

“I don’t know sir, we’re blind here...”

“Give me all holovids you can stream on those monitors!” Marcius yelled.

From it they could see the rapid progress of the enemies. No crew member or even navy security had a chance to raise a hand against them.

More hull hits, and barely a minute later, stormtroopers began flooding the corridor, from the opposite side.

T-00:10

The crew was still shocked, there were more than 200 of them in that section and they could do nothing. Two stormtroopers entered the room firing their blasters at Silvius, who carelessly deflected them.

The yelling of the stormtroopers broke the crew’s inaction.

“We have been boarded! Run for the escape pods! Go! We’ll cover you!”

Silvius laughed maniacally, hitting the railing and slashing the floors in defiance to the troopers, who kept firing in his direction.

“Yes! Move the rabble! Let’s have a decent match between professionals! Buahahah! Come and get me, Imperials!”

27

T-00:11

Kiluyak and his two Jawas mechanics were crammed in single boarding Torpedo, because Sparky was a bit afraid of being alone in the torpedo. The hit shook their smaller bodies a little, but they were fine.

The pod finished cutting its pre programmed path and unlocked the hatch. Kiluyak, Diesel and Sparky jumped out yelling "Utiiiiiiii!" and made their way to the starboard auxiliary generators.

Initializing a star destroyer generator was anything but simple, but Jawas were born and raised amongst such devices.

“Hummm it’s not so different than a caldera igniter!” Diesel spoke, after examining one of the starter motors.

"Good, good, start working! I’ll dig in the controls!" Sparky replied, and pretty much just jumped behind the console, hydrospanner in hand.

"Don't remove anything or the boss will have our heads!" Kiluyak warned.

"Only necessary! Only necessary!" They answered in unison.

Meanwhile, Jai, with his droids J-2m and R3N-N, dropped on the Starboard Auxiliary Generator, and started to work.

The main reactor room was a cavernous space and a bit spooky on the best days, but for the Valkorion Engineers there was no place as fun to work as this.

Jaxx, Lucas and Coranel made a bee line for the controls and started working.

T-00:15

“Boss, Auxiliar generator already at 1.21 gigawatts.” Lucas called.

“Alright, get ready to start the main coil once it hits 1.5!” Jaxx shouted back from the other row of controls.

“Coolant pumps going at 80%, we’re good to go!” Coranel popped from the pump room to let them know.

“Aight! I’m giving the crew a green light.” Jaxx informed, retrieving his long range comms.

The Vt-22s were stationed on the edge of the system. The crew chat inside was becoming more and more silent as the chronos ticked closed to the deploy.

T-00:20

Sylas was dressed as a stormtrooper officer inside the cockpit of TT-3, filled to the brim with eager “trainees”. He introduced himself as Coronel Kovab, and his voice was repeated on all ships.

“Attention everyone, I’m Coronel Kovab and I’m your CO for this part of the exercise.

“With the First Order menace, we are preparing harder and harder scenarios for the Emperor’s Hammer. You will be performing a full ship invasion, take control of the essential systems and prepare it for hyperspace. A small group of combat engineers will drop before you and start the reactors. We do not know how many systems would be affected by the battle, your job is to get them fit before the time runs out.

“We will have friendly and foes inside the target, and the regular crew will be evacuating as we arrive. Just a gentle reminder that while our forces will be using stun weapons, the foes are unaware of the exercise and may carry lethal weapons. Do not engage and let our troops take care of them. We have operatives around you distributing cloth arm bands to identify you as boarding crew.”

“Team leaders, take your people to the VT-22s and get comfortable. We will depart in 2 minutes. Sync your chronos and be mindful of your timetable.”

In his seat, Zambogli whispered to Keijo, excited.

“Here we go!”

“You never mentioned live blasters you moron!”

“C’mon, well be fine! Enjoy the adventure!”

---

28

T-00:21

Rachel reached the bridge doors with five other operatives behind her, all with their blades ignited. Two Navy officers stood guard and almost jumped out of their skins when they saw the lightsabers.

“Move or I’ll move you!” she growled.

“We- we... can’t. Cease and su-surrender!” A very brave navy trooper stuttered, lifting his weapon.

Rachel flicked her head towards the trooper, and two operatives slashed him down. His body twitched on the ground. The other guard just raised his hands. “Aight, cuff them before he awakes.”

Training sabers were great for intimidating, but they were not made for stunning people at long periods. She checked her chrono.

“This is Jedi 2, in position.”

“This is Savior 1, we are on schedule, you are clear to engage.” Major Ballo’s voice replied.

Taking a deep breath, Rachel keyed the door open.

“Imperials! Drop your weapons and surrender! The Jedian Popular People’s Front is here to end your evil ways!”

All six of them spread around the room, lightsabers glowing.

Commander Marcius stood between them and the crew, his hands gesturing to them to hold back.

“What do you want? You do realize that attacking an imperial vessel like this will come with great repercussions.”

“Oh?” Rachael laughed, venting some of her own anxiety. “You know what they say: no survivors, no witnesses.”

“Wait! Spare the crew!”

“Very brave, imperial scum, but your long abuse of our people will finally be over! This ship is but the first of our conquest!”

Marcius was still frozen. He was not using his hold-out blaster; the crew was also unarmed. Maybe he could distract them so the crew could evacuate...

He was about to jump at the Jedi invaders when four stormtroopers entered the room behind the Jedis, and fired their weapons at the crew, stunning.

“Commander, stand down.” Ordered the one with a pauldron.

“What!?? Are you not here for them? Traitors!” Marcius accused.

“You have performed admirably but the stacks were against you.” A voice came from the corridor. “But I’m afraid this exercise is over.”

A Chiss walked in the bridge. He was old, skin a tone of faded blue, beardless, and with carefully combed hair. But it was the white uniform with the long multicolored rank tab that hit Marcius like a hammer.

”You have unwillingly participated in our psychological warfare program, Commander, you should be proud. You see, we needed a target to test the reaction against very random and unforeseen actions by enemy forces.”

“We are unpowered with a quarter of the crew, that’s not fair...” Marcius lowered his voice at each word.

“It isn’t. It is not meant to be. It is not your failure to contend, nor the Captain’s. You must have noticed the garrison didn’t act?”

“That’s... yes, sir.”

“What do you have to add, Major Kadook?”

The Major’s entry was quiet, Ron and Visas by his side.

“Grand Admiral, sir. I can only hope our part in the training was competent enough.”

“It was indeed a job very well done. I understand how hard it must have been to not act in the defense of you fellow Imperials.”

T-02:00

“Indeed. I deeply apologize, Commander.” Major Kadook, nodded to Commander Marcius.

“I’m still a bit dazzled, sirs. My apologies.” Commander Marcius stature dropped down a bit, taking in all that happened. Taking a full breath he regained his posture and lifted his head. “I’m sorry we could not hold the bridge, but why stun the crew?”

“Because this meeting is only between us.” The Grand Admiral smiled. “I had not planned to make an appearance, but there was no need to keep you distressed any further.” The Admiral smiled. “Now, if you may pass me your control code cylinder as your symbolic surrender.”

Without questioning, Marcius drew his master control cylinder from his pocket and ceremoniously offered it to the Grand Admiral.

“Major Kadook, please send in your medical crew to assist the stunned crew. As for the Indomitable, we’ll cycle the crew, your men will go on a very deserved leave and we’ll move the ship to other location. Reset and start again with the other members of the crew and other parameters. Please use discretion to not spoil the surprise. The garrison troopers will accompany your men to maintain the ruse of a ship abandoned.”

“Yes sir, I understand.”

And that was it.

FRG Tormentor jumped with VSDII Indomitable to the delivery point, a few parsecs away. The Dark Council’s shuttle entered the Hangar, greeted by the Valkorion operatives. As they disembarked, they were escorted to the meeting room.

Mord was already in the meeting room, still removing the glue from the wig. Ron had quickly typed a basic preliminary report, and delivered the datapad at the hands of the council.

The Dark Council sat there staring at the datapads, their faces confused with the report.

“Wait, did you use your own name to book the transports?” Inquisitor Locked asked.

“Not really. All signatures were forged. They have been sliced and tempered with so they are a mess of a log to read. The final signature is Exbol Talak.”

“Who?” Legion asked.

“Folk hero from old movies.” Honsou replied. “Okay, but why didn’t you just make the crew surrender and use them?”

“Risky. They had a sense of pertaining to the Indomitable, things almost escalated during the boarding. That is why we went with shock and awe. Jedi yelling and showing off with lightsabers is quite enough for the regular crew. And the new people were just too happy to be of service under the impression they might gain a new certificate got the ship running in no time.”

“How did you convince Syllas of that?”

“I have to actually give them certificates.”

“Aight, and this thread the needle maneuver. Why risk collision?” Taurus frowned at the datapad.

“Mask the Helldivers pods hitting the superstructure, and it wasn’t a risk, we drifted exactly where we wanted and banged the hull.”

“Jam?”

“Better than oil. We needed the bridge blinded.”

“Why?”

To deliver a single killing blow.

“Why?”

“I get the feeling you don’t like my plan..”

“Couldn’t you just jump, disable and leave?”

“None of the shipyards monitoring holocams can show that we took any offensive action.”

“Ron, is he telling the truth?” Honsou asked.

“Yes milord. I returned with the Commander and the Major to the garrison control room and we reviewed the action. The Tormentor enters, has a malfunction, dodges and drifts until the Indomitable leaves the berth and both leave.”

“One more thing! What about the Syndicate? You barely mentioned them.”

“Got outmaneuvered, again. A certain Mister Shoround asked the Garrison to take care of them. Locked all bulkheads on their docking bay, full tractor beam to keep them steady and a squadron of stormtroopers waiting by the door. Apparently was very funny to see them open their hatch, see the troopers and close it again.

“What about the new crew? Won’t that be an issue?” Legion questioned.

Mordred got up and bowed. “My job was to deliver a ship in working. It’s done. Have fun!”

## EPILOGUE

Jaxx tried to start the airspeeder power, but it kept failing. Cursing under his breath he noticed some movement on the hangar. From behind a mound of pieces, Diesel and Sparky peeked and talked to each other in fast Jawaese. “What you two doing there? Come and help me if you can!” Jaxx asked.

Sparky came out in the open, Sparky right behind. He offered Jaxx a small mechanical piece. “You need power regulator, this better. Trade?”

Took Jaxx a moment to remember his Jawaese. “That’s a nice piece, what you want to trade it for?”

“Time! We help you build.”

“That’s not fair, I should be the one paying for your help!”

“This fun, we pay for fun!”

“Alright suit yourselves.” He turned to a mechanic droid. “L4A3? Please identify the power requirements of this piece?”

“ID 817RB3J2I289. Common power safety regulator for gigawatt range generators.”

“Oh no...”

A few parsecs from there, mechanics were trying to understand how the hell someone bypassed the power safety regulator from the auxiliary generators without them exploding. And more important, how could they fix it!



FRG Tormentor, House Ship of House Valkorion  
Art Credit: Knight Jai Thorne / House Valkorion

# THE PAST COMES TO LIGHT

## BY: KILUYAK Y AYAF A TON TON LO'WASSA

### RAT REPORT ???

### DIARY ENTRY ???

My friends in the Secret Order,

Long have I been silent. My apologies for this. I have been contemplating how to send this message to you, to discuss something I have had in my possession but told precious few of. Lord Honsou is well aware, as part of my onboarding was discussing the tools of my trade. However it is time to come clean. That crystal I wear on my red and gold belt? The large fragment and the two smaller ones next to it? They are not some fancy jewelry. Is the remains of a past that many have forgotten.

During the Jedi-Sith War, I was not a knight, though the belt says otherwise. Nor was I a frontline combatant. I was a coward. I was a cowardly Jawa who ran from a crime scene with the evidence. The scene of an accidental murder of a Jedi Master, and a coverup by burning down an ambassador's mansion. On my belt, the one from the days of the Army of Light, visible at all times, are the remains of mine and my former master's lightsabers. Mine, a Phond and Krayt Dragon Pearl; and that of my Master, a Lava Crystal.

As many of you can see the Krayt Pearl is cracked and damaged. That happens when you get frozen in carbonite and your blade shatters with it. The Phond, being a byproduct of alloy, was surprisingly fine and the

Lava Crystal had enough internal heat to survive. No other remnants survived that event sadly, leaving me with just the belt and 3 crystals to remember the old days.... ah we are getting off-topic aren't we?

As for how I got these? Well, it is tradition that a Jawa that shows Force Sensitivity, a Star Born, stays with the tribe only for 3 years before being sent away back then. It was seen as a blessing and a gift, but also a way to return the gift to the stars that gave it. You do not keep what is not yours. When they sent a child off, it was always with offerings for a better life. Mine happened to be my goggles, and a single white Krayt Pearl. A small one, barely bigger than an orange, but one none-the-less.

In my early years I grew closer and closer to the pearl. It was kept in a pouch around my neck as I grew in the temple. From youngling to unchosen padawan. To temple worker (back then our forces were too thin to spare anyone sensitive). Until the day I was chosen, and my Master helped me build my first blade. That was the first day we ever heard the blade, or any blade, scream. It howled with the rage of the creature from where it had been pulled, its blade a fierce white.

That was also the day I was banned from activating the saber on Caaman, even for training. This meant that my Master and I had to train while we traveled, so no focus on acrobatics or anything that could not be done outside of the ship. His blade, that glowed orange and spit fire, clashed

against mine in Makashi more often than not.

Our second-to-last mission together, he presented me with another crystal. This one, a byproduct of alloy he had said as we were warming our feet until we could feel them once more. With the guidance of the force, I slotted it in, and once again we regretted every decision made. This blade did not cool the fire of white. Nor did it calm the screams. It instead solidified the beam (though reduced the cutting power) and made the blade itself stronger. Now? It was a howling blade that hurt to stare at.

...My friends, I admit this to you so you know why I rescued Davy Jones for Rhodium. Few other elements can handle that combination of vibrations and heat, let alone when my master's Lava Crystal is added. I am still working in my Law office in an attempt to earn the money for thermal ceramics, as my couplings may need to be made of such (and possibly heat shielding as well).

I ask that you wish me luck, as I have another customer walking in now with what he claims is a space station alloy. We shall see if his case is worth this bar, and my future blade.

Yours in Service,

Kilyuak y Ayafa Ton Ton Lo'wassa  
(Rank is subjective planetside)



Failed Prototype 2 (melted)  
Art Credit: Armsman Kiluyak y Ayafa Ton Ton Lo'wassa / House Valkorion

# ART AND FICTION CREDITS

Darth Surgo: front cover

Grand Inquisitor Locke Setzer, p. 4

Jagged Fell III, p. 5

Baron Taurus, p. 6-7

Chose Mack Udar: p. 8-13

Knight Mordred, p. 14-31

Knight Jai Thorne, p. 32

Armsman Kiluyak y Ayafa Ton Ton Lo'wassa p. 33-34

hdqwalls.com: End cover



THE SECRET ORDER  
EMPEROR'S HAMMER STRIKE FLEET  
[HTTPS://SO.EMPERORSHAMMER.ORG](https://so.emperorshammer.org)