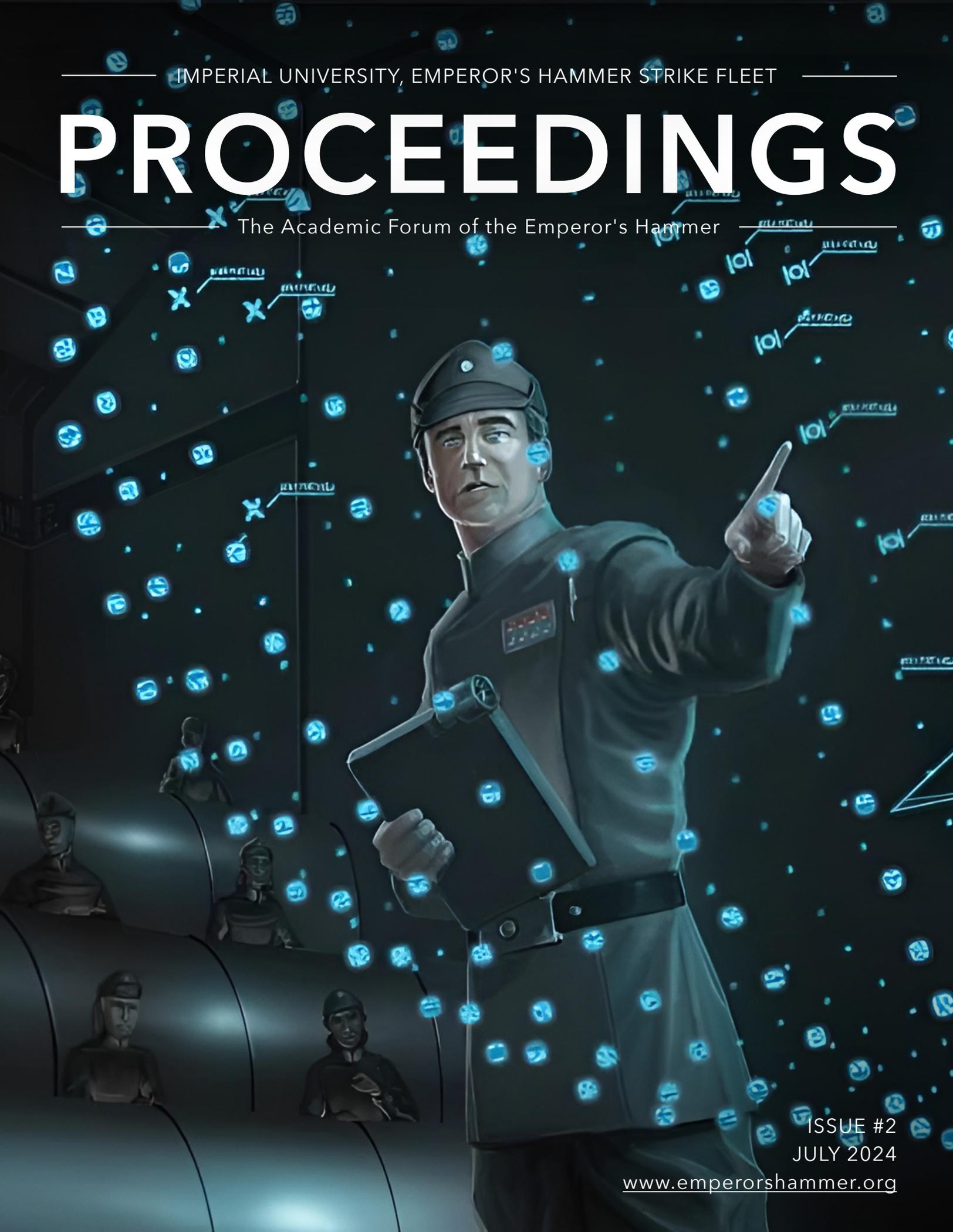


IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY, EMPEROR'S HAMMER STRIKE FLEET

# PROCEEDINGS

The Academic Forum of the Emperor's Hammer



ISSUE #2  
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# TO'S A CROWD: TWO YEARS AS T.O. ---

Welcome to the second issue of Proceedings!

In this issue, you will find four theses written by our very talented scholars, as well as some blurbs from some of our Training Office Assistants and other Command Staff members.

This issue is very special to the Training Office, as it commemorates two years of my tenure as Training Officer. With this, I would like to thank the entirety of the Emperor's Hammer for trusting me with its academic development. A very special 'thank you' goes out to our Internet Officer, High Admiral Turtle Jerrar, for being patient and resourceful when it comes to the new ideas and expansions for the Imperial University. Without his efforts and expertise, who knows how well the Imperial University may have fared during its time of growth.

With this, I would like to announce some new features, thanks to the IO and his team.

First, members who complete a thesis may now have their papers published in their profiles under their Fictions tab, marked especially as "Academic Papers". Now these theses may not only be found in our Proceedings Academic Journal, but in the author's very profiles!

Second, HA Jerrar has also added the Wiki links to Proceedings to the main Emperor's Hammer website, under "Newsletters". This allows for a greater reach of audience, and makes it far easier to find, share, and download!

Third, as students peruse the many courses offered in our Imperial University, they will find that the user interface has been updated, thanks to the feedback from many diligent students. Students are now able to browse the course notes with ease, finding a button at the bottom of the page that allows them to move on to the next section (or the previous one!) without having to scroll back to the top of the page.

As the Training Officer, it brings me nothing but joy to see how the Imperial University has expanded and grown since my assignment, and I hope to continue to bring our membership more courses and academic developments.

At your command,



AD Sylas Pitt

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## TRAINING STAFF

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Cover Art by [Anthony Devine](#)

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# TRAINING OFFICE RETROSPECTIVES

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EDITORIAL

FROM VICE ADMIRAL [ROBERT HOGAN](#), COMMAND ATTACHÉ TO THE TRAINING OFFICER:

Welcome to the second issue of *Proceedings*!

It has been nearly two years since I was appointed as Command Attaché to the Training Officer, and looking back, I am truly proud of what we have accomplished under Admiral Sylas Pitt's leadership. This period has seen a multitude of changes, from the introduction of new courses to the launch of the overhauled Emperor's Hammer website, and the Training Office has been working hard to make sure that these changes will serve the membership as best as possible.

We launched a new qualifications system to reward members for their academic efforts, and with this issue, we will have awarded eight Graduate titles. Members from across the Fleet have stepped up and helped develop new courses for the Imperial University and revise outdated ones, with 13 members outside the Training Office serving as Professors.

During Raise the Flag 2023, the Training Office processed a record-setting 251 exams, and throughout the past year, we've been received an average of 86 exams per month. This level of processing would not have been possible without the dedication of our four Training Officer Assistants who have ensured that exams for all members are graded timely and accurately.

I would also like to highlight the good work of the Internet Office in supporting our efforts and helping behind the scenes to make sure the Imperial University is easy to use and convenient to access for the membership. High Admiral Turtle Jerrar has worked closely with Sylas to enhance the IU experience from a technical side and impliment the Training Office's vision for new systems and enhancements.

With two years behind us, I cannot wait to see how the Training Office and the Emperor's Hammer as a whole will continue to grow!

At the Emperor's command,

Vice Admiral Robert Hogan

FROM LIEUTENANT COLONEL [LEGION ORDO](#), TRAINING OFFICE ASSISTANT:

Becoming a TOA and seeing the whole Imperial University come back to life after such a long period of inactivity and negligence has been one of the greatest adventures in my EH career. Our current TO, Sylas, and our CA:TO, Robert, bring in so many people into the IU and bring such a revival such as courses being updated and renewed, new courses being created and added, the new certification and graduate programs being implemented, all of it amazing! I only wish I could go more into detail about it, but even now I'm actually in the middle of creating several new courses to add with the help of an extraordinary team.

FROM VICE ADMIRAL [LOCKE SETZER](#), TRAINING OFFICE ASSISTANT:

In this issue of Proceedings, you'll find four new graduate-level works since our first issue. But did you know that the Training Office has processed nearly 500 exams since the last issue of Proceedings, in January 2024? It's true! In fact, I'd like to take this moment to share some other stats that might be of interest, both about the work the training office has been doing as well as the academic accomplishments of our membership.

- Since the last issue, we've opened 4 new courses; 1 updated course and 3 new subject matter courses - all four being led by first-time professors!
- The most popular course continues to be TIE Corps Core, followed by Dark Brotherhood Core. No surprise there, considered both are required for promotions in their respective subgroups. For this same period, the next most popular courses were History of Imperial Officers, Steam Introduction, TIE Fighter, Close Combat Course, and Lightsaber Construction.
- Over a fifth of all tests taken during that time were graded by our one and only Training Officer, AD Syllas Pitt! In fact, over 75% of all tests are graded by a member of the Training Office Staff (TO, CA:TO, or TOA).
- On average, most exams during this period were graded in less than a day. Only one exam exceeded the Training Office's three day window.
- Since the last issue, at least one exam was submitted for 109 of the current 118 active courses!
- Want to know who's taken the most courses since the last edition of Proceedings? It's a close one! CM Matt Brass passed 49 courses, just edging out LCM Jai Thorne, who passed 47 courses! Congrats!
- Finally, 43 Qualifications have been awarded since the last edition of Proceedings. Qualifications are a testament to a considerable amount of study invested in the IU, and we are proud to see so many of you achieve this academic award!

While this issue of Proceedings gives us a chance to honor the graduate work of our membership, I hope these numbers give you an idea of the incredible academic work being done both by our Training Office and by the membership of the Emperor's Hammer as a whole.

FROM LIEUTENANT COLONEL [HONSOU](#), TRAINING OFFICE ASSISTANT:

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times: Two years in the Training Office, an ode to War & Peace.

Firstly, this will not be so long winded. These past two years have been a whirlwind, it doesn't seem possible that two years have passed. We've laughed and we've cried (metaphorically of course).

As for *War*, the office fondly remember the competitive banter during the time when two members decided to *race* to complete the entire catalogue of IU courses!

Then, we have *Peace*. To stop and think about everything this office has achieved in the last two years. It is only then that the timescale seems real. In fact, so much has been achieved, that two years doesn't seem like enough time.

The leadership of Sylas and Robert, along with the dedication of all within the office has led to us becoming more than the sum of our parts... We are, in fact, a wonderfully dysfunctional family!

FROM HIGH ADMIRAL [TURTLE JERRAR](#), INTERNET OFFICER:

Welcome to the second issue of *Proceedings*.

In the two years since we launched the revamped Imperial University the activity within this segment of the Emperor's Hammer has been nothing short of amazing. Thanks to the collective efforts of many – the Training Office, members who have created course material, and members who have engaged with that material – the Imperial University is a vibrant hub of activity. When we launched the Qualifications system I'm not sure that anybody would have predicted the level of success of the program. Starting with introductory-level Qualifications at the Certificate level, members can complete a series of courses to demonstrate proficiency within a specific subject area. Taking academic pursuits to the next level, members have the opportunity to complete a Graduate program, each of which require the completion of multiple Certificates, additional courses, and a written capstone thesis. This level of engagement with the organization and community is no small pursuit.

With this second issue, what was once a new concept has become established practice. In these pages you will find the culminating work of our members as they have produced tangible real-world analysis of the fictional Star Wars universe that our organization inhabits. Part fiction and part scholarly work, these submissions add depth and complexity to our community's segment of this universe. They are both entertaining and informative, and I commend the hard work of each of the authors.

I look forward to seeing the next things to come from the Imperial University and all of its supporters.

HA Turtle Jerrar  
Internet Officer



# FORBIDDEN FRUIT

## AN EXPLORATION OF THE TALE OF DARTH PLAGUEIS THE WISE

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THESIS FOR THE GRADUATE OF THE DARK ARTS

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER [JAQUEL RAINRIX](#)

11 MARCH 2024

### Introduction

When searching through the archives at the Imperial University, I came across a piece of seditious literature purporting to be an accounting of The Tragedy of Darth Plagueis the Wise which records show had not been accessed since its initial archiving. This was obviously a piece of Rebel propaganda, but the understanding of this text sheds new light on how some may interpret the tale. Before approaching this topic it must be made clear that I have filled out the necessary forms required for the study of seditious material, and that I am in no way espousing any of the theories within this paper or implying the veracity of the text itself. It is instead my aim to educate fellow scholars in the possible types of discussion that may arise if the tale itself becomes mentioned, and how to best discern what this might imply about their character and intentions.

Two points specifically bear mentioning regarding the text which forms the centrepiece of this essay. Firstly, it dates itself as being made in 2012, but does not mention which dating system it is using. Due to this, I shall assume it means 2012 BBY. Notwithstanding the implication that this invalidates its utility as a primary source if taken at face value, I shall consider it a further point of propaganda used by the Rebel Alliance to imply it has some overtones of prophecy and date it as such in my referencing for the sake of ease. Secondly and more importantly, the text states that Darth Plagueis was the owner of Damask Holdings Hego Damask (Luceno, 2012, p.56) and that Darth Sidious was the late Emperor Palpatine himself (Luceno, 2012, p.146). Whilst this audacious claim may well be the primary reason for the existence of this propaganda and it should be thoroughly repudiated by any serious scholar, I mention it now so that it will not interfere with the rest of my essay. I shall use the fictional name of Sidious even when the text makes mention of Palpatine by name so as not to sully the memory of our late Emperor. I shall also not be commenting on the multitude of alleged political machinations the text pretends were committed by the late Emperor for the same reason, and rather shall focus on the details of Darth Sidious' relationship with his master as befits the thrust of this essay rather than getting caught up in hearsay and libel.

It should also be noted that whilst the academic consensus is such that one should paraphrase as much as possible in order to avoid plagiarism, in this case such concerns are antithetical to the task at hand. The text being reviewed was created by a terrorist organisation, and as such concerns of plagiarism are hardly relevant. Furthermore, when dealing with such text it is important to allow for a full context to be given in order to allow for less room for error which could lead to

implications of supporting the narrative, themes, or theories given within the text. Due to these concerns, I will be quoting verbatim as often as I may whilst adding context that may be lost on those less schooled within the subject itself. If further clarification is needed, inquiries should be made according to Imperial legislative protocol rather than contacting me directly once this has been published to a peer-reviewed journal.

The Tragedy of Darth Plagueis the Wise itself was not known during the time of the Republic, and remains the purview of a small niche of scholars whom are mainly working to collate oral traditions in the hope of ascertaining a common narrative. This has led to a variety of theories being proposed as to the meaning of the text within a meta-narrative context. Over time, four main schools of thought have proven dominant. I shall list them below and give some context as to their aims and place within academic circles before proceeding with the analysis of the aforementioned text to better facilitate the reader's understanding.

### The Titular Theory

The titular theory attempts to answer a simple yet pertinent question, namely that if Darth Plagueis was so wise, then why is he also dead?

Whilst this may seem puerile if taken at face value, scholarly investigations into this question have brought up many intriguing lines of thought and links to other theories. There are musings on the nature of hubris within the tale, discussions abound regarding the utilitarian and value-based ethics readings of his assassination by his apprentice, and even some links to the biological theory which will be touched upon later in this essay.

There is little if any consensus within this theory, and it has been accused of missing the forest for the trees by some. Regardless, its proponents continue to argue that it is the pillar of enquiry from which all other theories must base themselves and is thus of paramount importance to the field at large.

### The Dichotomous Theory

Proponents of the Dichotomous Theory posit that whilst The Tragedy of Darth Plagueis the Wise appears to be a story of a man discovering the secret to immortality, it is in fact about the inherent nature of duality in the day to day life of the average being alongside the finality and inescapable reality of death, irrespective of our personal power or position.

Though this lens, the story is seen as a rich exploration of what it means to be a sapient being, and the often paradoxical nature therein. For example, many of the activities engaged in to make one feel alive often bring us closer to, or openly risk, our deaths. Whom amongst us has not wished something to be over faster, and yet in so doing are we not wishing our death closer?

There is some overlap with Dichotomists and Titularists, although there is also a long-held tradition of conversations between the two devolving into arguments about whom should have primacy. They agree that Darth Plagueis' tragedy was of his own making functionally by his own

hand and hubris, however they often debate the importance of whether he should have been more learned than the apprentice that killed him.

## The Apprenticeship Theory

Proponents of the Apprentice Theory claim that beyond being either a fanciful tale or a sober recounting of historical events, *The Tragedy of Darth Plagueis the Wise* is actually intended to be utilised by the apprentice in order to snare their own apprentice by using the tale as a lure. This is often seen as a superfluous addition to academic study, as it is seen as having no bearing on the specifics of the tale itself.

## The Tautological Theory

Many interested in fields of cellular biology have honed in on the statement within *The Tragedy of Darth Plagueis the Wise* which states that the titular character could use the Force to influence midi-chlorians to create life. Modern advances in study of midi-chlorians have shown that they are what allow for the use of the Force, and are also the means by which life is given to any animate being within the galaxy. This would mean that Darth Plagueis was functionally using midi-chlorians to influence midi-chlorians.

At first glance this may seem like an impenetrable ouroboros wherein the head of the serpent may never be grasped. Darth Plagueis is dead, and thus we may not study his alleged ability within a laboratory environment to glean qualitative or quantitative data upon his methodology. Despite this, there are those with firm belief in the possibility that studying midi-chlorians will help unlock his secrets if given enough time and funding. Such budding experimentalists have even go so far as to request the help of sanctioned Force users within the Empire to help with their research, but no official documents have been put forth to imply that they have been successful in any of their endeavours.

## A New Lens from a New Text

It is now time to turn to the text in question, and dissect how its narrative might inform those who may attempt to separate truth from fiction within its writings and use it to further inform the schools of thought previously mentioned. Any well-made propaganda requires the use of both fiction and fact. The attempt to disentangle them falls outside the scope of this essay, so I shall attempt to follow the main themes within the text in the hope that further scholars may be able to work on the important process of verification. I shall provide some context where I deem it appropriate, but it should be borne in mind that these are merely meant to be a springboard for further discussion by more specialised scholars than myself.

## Plagueis' Hubris

A running theme throughout the text which would be of paramount consideration to many schools is the nature and content of Darth Plagueis' hubris. It is implied early on in the text that he had become "ensnared in a self-spun web" which resulted in him becoming a "victim of his own engineering" (Luceno, 20120, p.15). Whilst his master warned him that one would invite catastrophe

if one believed one's self to be all-powerful (Luceno, 2012, p.25), Plagueis was of the opinion that the Sith were allied to death and thus had no need to fear it (Luceno, 2012, p.23). Despite this, Plagueis' spends a goodly portion of the text attempting to find a way to avoid death which I shall cover in the later section concerning midi-chlorians which implies that he may well have been lying to himself in this regard.

## The Rule of Two

Plagueis tell his dying master that the Sith's "Rule of Two" implemented by Darth Bane which stated that there must only ever be two Sith consisting of "a Master to embody power [and] an apprentice to crave it" (Luceno, 2012, p.32) would no longer be used, and that he would usher in a new order he believed would last for a thousand years (Luceno, 2012, p.26). It is mentioned later in the text that "few Sith Lords had honored it" (Luceno, 2012, p.82). Whilst Plagueis does once mention that it "was at the start our saving grace" (Luceno, 2012, p.158), he intends instead to usurp its creed by allowing two Sith lords to enter into a partnership on equal footing (Luceno, 2012, p.165) in a way that he implies as giving it "new meaning" (Luceno, 2012, p.335).

The faith Plagueis' holds in his new creed being followed proves to be a key part of his undoing. Darth Sidious himself remarks to his dying master that his trusting that the Rule of Two had been superseded left him blind to the possibility that if another still believed in the creed as Sidious is demonstrated to he would not be excused from its implications (Luceno, 2012, p.339). These consequences are explicitly tied to his hubris when Darth Sidious goes on to opine that whilst forging "the most powerful Sith Lord the galaxy has ever known, [Plagueis] forgot to leave a place for himself," with the student believing the reason for this was that his "pride never allowed him to question that he would no longer be needed" (Luceno, 2012, pp.338-9). Such thoughts occupy the mind of his student to the extent that even towards the latter portion of the text Sidious notes that he has not learned all of Plagueis' secrets which causes him to worry as to whether he was "a level behind? Two levels behind," whilst noting that "Such questions were precisely what had driven generations of Sith apprentices ultimately to challenge their Masters." (Luceno, 2012, p.257).

The reasoning behind Plagueis' bull-headed belief in his new creed is made explicit when it is linked to his "Grand Plan" needing a partner instead of an underling during its final stages alongside his belief that "it made no sense to challenge or kill beings of equal power unless they posed a threat to Plagueis's personal destiny" alongside his belief that "The Sith line would continue through him or not at all" (Luceno, 2012, p.109). The irony here is implicit in the wording of the last quote, as a line continuing through something itself implies movement towards a later point. This can link to certain points framed within the mythos of prophecy, but that theme will be touched on at greater length in a later section of my essay.

Plagueis' plan to pervert the Rule of Two is ultimately undone by his apprentice, with reasons being given during the latter's assassination of the former. When gloating over his master as he lies dying, Sidious remarks "How often you said that the old order of Bane had ended with the death of your Master. An apprentice no longer needs to be stronger, you told me, merely more clever. The era of keeping score, suspicion, and betrayal was over. Strength is not in the flesh but in the Force [...] You lost the game on the very first day you chose to train me to rule by your side—or better

still, under your thumb. Teacher, yes, and for that I will be eternally grateful. But Master—never” (Luceno, 2012, p.339). This extract goes to highlight that Plagueis’ attempts to create an equal footing for himself and his student throughout the text were never seen as valid by the latter, and as such The Rule of Two could be seen as being enacted regardless of his hopes. This also goes to show the level of disconnect between Plagueis’ perception of his relationship with Sidious and the reality of the situation by the stark contrast inherent in Sidious’ telling when compared with Plagueis’ consistent imaginings noted in this section.

### Lack of Foresight and Assiduousness

Plagueis is usually titled by his honorific of “the Wise” in academic discourse, and it bears mentioning that this title only appears three times in the text. It is first coined by Darth Sidious when Plagueis divulges his plan to be the shadow behind the throne (Luceno, 2012, p.183), then later used twice in quick succession by Darth Sidious in mockery of his master’s lack of wisdom (Luceno, 2012, p.338). This sparse usage implies the text may have included them as a short but succinct lure to Titular theorists inasmuch as it appears to give them a neatly tied way for them to advocate their theory.

This lack of foresight is shown explicitly and implicitly at various points within the text itself. Sidious explicitly tells his master of his wish to be a “force for change” who will settle for nothing less than the ability to gain power and rule, and Plagueis’ response to it to remark that he “would be willing to be your ally in the quest” as long as his student does “whatever is necessary to realise your ambitions [...] in full expectation of the solitude that will ensue” (Luceno, 2012, p.134). This can be seen as an explicit admission of submission to his student, and any scholar with even a passing understanding of the Tarkin Doctrine knows that to yield one’s power and authority willingly to an underling is a foolish notion at the best of times.

Whilst congratulating his apprentice on “becoming an emancipated being” due to killing his father (Luceno, 2012, p.142), his student later remarks to his master that “You know nothing of my true nature” (Luceno, 2012, p.144). Whilst this would be a warning likely to be heeded by any commanding officer if heard by their subordinate that would likely result in a thorough screening via the Imperial Security Bureau, Plagueis instead waxes verbose internally on the power his apprentice has before concluding that with “cautious taming” he could be made into a powerful ally (Luceno, 2012, p.144). He then proceeds to immediately plant notions to the contrary within his apprentice’s head by calling him a “storm [...] much-needed [...] to wash away the old and complacent and prune the galaxy of deadweight.” (Luceno, 2012, p.145).

He reinforces this notion during a later training session with his apprentice, wherein he gives a multitude of lessons that are so counterintuitive that it is either the worst or best writing within the text depending upon the reader’s understanding. He begins by mentioning that “The urge to kill one’s superior is intrinsic to the nature of our enterprise” which “must endure until I have guided you to parity” (Luceno, 2012, p.149). This gives his apprentice the understanding that his rebellion is expected, and the revelation that his master is unable to change the dynamic of a training system that is an aeon old immediately implies a lack of foresight and structure to their new paradigm. He then requests his student to “take the hatred you feel for me and transform it

into power—the power to overcome, to forbid anything from standing in your path” (Luceno, 2012, p.149). This works against his previous statement by implicitly positioning himself as a barrier to his student’s rise to power, however this understanding seems lost on Plagueis’ as he is making his speech.

His lessons continue during this session in ways that further cement his apprentice’s later actions. He extols the active nature of a Sith who “goes for the throat” rather than “battling a floating remote with a training lightsaber” (Luceno, 2012, p.151). He tells his student that the “We serve nature’s purpose by culling the herd, and our own by sharpening our skills. We are the predatory swarm!” (Luceno, 2012, p.153). He reinforces this by claiming that “To become one of grandiloquent power requires more than mere compliance; what’s needed is obstinacy and tenacity” (Luceno, 2012, p.155). He then moves from an evolutionary angle to a martial one by bringing in weaponry as an allegory, saying that “In some instances your life might depend on your ability to focus on the weapon rather than on the wielder. You must train yourself to identify a weapon instantly [...]so that you will know where to position yourself, and the several ways to best deflect a well-aimed bolt” (Luceno, 2012, p.156). This again highlights his inability to see his student as a danger, implicitly highlighting Plagueis’ focus on his student as a wielder of power rather than a weapon which could be used against him even as he trains him for this very purpose.

This happens yet again when Plagueis notes that “A being trained in the killing arts doesn’t wait for you to acquire him as a target, or establish him or herself as an opponent, as if in some martial arts contest. Your reactions must be instantaneous and nothing less than lethal” (Luceno, 2012, p.157). Despite noting that his student is impatient with a hunger for power (Luceno, 2012, p.157), it does not dawn on Plagueis that his student may be capable of hiding in plain sight from his master despite having a conversation mentioning this very notion when discussing the teachings of Darth Guile (Luceno, 2012, pp.158-9). It bears noting here that whilst Plagueis mentions how Darth Guile “compare[s] the Sith to a rogue or malignant cell, too small to be discovered by scans or other techniques, but capable of spreading silently and lethally through a system,” noting how “Initially the victim simply doesn’t feel right, then falls ill, and ultimately succumbs,” (Luceno, 2012, p.159) he seems to be linking this to the macro sphere of galactic politics rather than the micro sphere of his relationship to his apprentice.

It is worth noting how Plagueis himself consistently denies the plausibility of his student being such a virus within their microcosm of a body politic. An example of this is given shortly after this section wherein it is mentioned how Plagueis frequently told Sidious to “Give order to the future by attending to it with your thoughts” (Luceno, 2012, p.166), and advises him that “Since you cannot allow yourself to be seen, you must make certain that you are taken for granted. Disguised in the profane; camouflaged in the routine—in those same realms from which you can attack without warning when necessary.” (Luceno, 2012, p.200). As further exploration shall show, Plagueis himself managed to be caught in his own routines and complacency in ways that ensured his demise at the hands of his student.

## The Closing of the Net

The final parts of the text highlight the differing ways in which Plagueis steadfastly refused to acknowledge Sidious' motives, and show how it resulted in his downfall. When Plagueis undergoes an assassination attempt in the Fobosi district, he rues that he is "Outmaneuvered by a group of inferior beings" (Luceno, 2012, p.229) and wonders momentarily if Sidious had taken out a contract on his life before dismissing it as him admonishing himself for being bested (Luceno, 2012, p.231). This proves to be the only time he has an inkling of Sidious' motivations, which is ironic considering that Sidious did not actually plan the assassination. This irony is furthered when one considers how correlation does not imply causation, and how many rely on gut feelings to make important decisions throughout their lives. This can also be observed in Sidious, such as when he worries whether an apprentice should ever conceal knowledge from their master before concluding that it should not be done if it may result in the master learning of their own apostasy through unfathomable means (Luceno, 2012, p.281). Some might link such gut feelings to the Force, but such musings are outside of the scope of this essay.

Plagueis notes that Sidious had felt his master was placing "more importance on his own survival than that of the Sith" and had left Sidious to the responsibility of enacting the "Grand Plan" whilst noting that his student "had a gift for subterfuge that surpassed the talents of any of the Sith Lords who had preceded him, including Bane" and finding "irony in the fact that Sidious had come to feel about him as he himself had felt about Tenebrous at the end of his long apprenticeship. Tenebrous trusted more in Bith science and computer projections than he had in the Sith arts" yet still maintained that he and his apprentice would become co-chancellors and work on greater things (Luceno, 2012, p.291). This shows the levels of tunnel vision Plagueis has at this point in the text, which makes his later reminder to his student of "the need to be prepared for sudden eventualities, whether harmonious or inimical to our plans, and compliant to circumstance" rather ironic (Luceno, 2012, p.296). This could even be seen as a precursor to Sidious' later statement to his own apprentice that "When you face someone strong in the Force you must remain focused—even when you're convinced that your opponent is incapacitated. Then is not the time to bask in the glory of your victory or draw out the moment. You must deliver a killing strike and be done with it. Reserve your self-praise for after the fact, or you will suffer more than a hand wound." Due to it almost entirely laying out the plan for his subsequent killing of his master (Luceno, 2012, p.308).

The killing of Darth Plagueis takes up an entire chapter of the text, and as such I will not be recounting it in its entirety. Rather, I shall pull out some points pertinent to the themes this section is exploring. Mention has already been made of Palpatine's adherence to the Rule of Two (Luceno, 2012, p.339) in a previous section of this essay, ergo I shall merely mention it in passing as being relevant to highlighting Plagueis' hubris. Sidious goes on to mention that whilst he has learnt how to modify midi-chlorians to save lives via observing Plagueis' experiments which I shall cover in the next section he refuses to do so, noting that he considers the fact "A tragedy, really, for one so wise. One who could oversee the lives and deaths of all beings, except himself." (Luceno, 2012, p.339). This phrase is certainly an insert by the author to appeal to the Titular and Dichotomous schools of thought, and serves as a prime example of how what many term as fan service can

cement the hold of propaganda upon a reader. Despite this, it does contain the crux of the story for any readers unable to see the fact through a reading of the text as a whole.

Sidious continues to explain that “Never once did I have any intention of sharing power with [Plagueis]. I needed to learn from you; no more, no less. To learn all of your secrets, which I trusted you would eventually reveal. But what made you think that I would need you after that? Vanity, perhaps; your sense of self importance. You’ve been nothing more than a pawn in a game played by a genuine Master” noting that many things Plagueis believed were his ideas were in fact Sidious’ (Luceno, 2012, p.340). He goes on to admonish his master for being “far too trusting” as “No true Sith can ever really care about another”, stating that ““I could have let you die in the Fobosi district, but I couldn’t allow that to happen when there was still so much I didn’t know” before delivering his final words to his master by saying “Rest easy in your grave, Plagueis. In the end, I will be proclaimed Emperor. The Sith will have had their revenge, and I will rule the galaxy.” (Luceno, 2012, p.340).

As is evident in this truncated retelling, the final chapter works as a microcosm and explanation of the main themes of the text as they relate to Plagueis’ hubris. Whilst it is not my intention to praise a Rebel as an author, I feel that this serves to highlight what I have mentioned throughout the text in such a way that further explanation as to its themes would be superfluous. I shall therefore move on to the next major theme within the text to be explored within this essay, which will be of particular importance in its relation to the Tautological school of thought.

### Midi-chlorians, the Force, and Immortality

A fair portion of the text mentions Plagueis’ experiments regarding the use of midi-chlorians in an attempt to gain immortality. Whilst it is entirely possible that this is all an attempt to engage in pseudoscience to imply legitimacy or to distract scientists from more valid research, I would be remiss not to give an overview of the materials conveyed so that those with more understanding of the implications can make their own decisions in this regard. It would also be bad form to deny their place in the greater narrative of the text, and so I shall make mention of these as they occur within this section of my essay.

The text first mentions midi-chlorians by stating that “The Jedi thought of the cellular organelles as symbionts, but to Plagueis midi-chlorians were interlopers, running interference for the Force and standing in the way of a being’s ability to contact the Force directly,” noting that “Plagueis had honed an ability to perceive the actions of midichlorians, though not yet the ability to manipulate them” (Luceno, 2012, p.27). It goes on to state that “A common misconception held that midi-chlorians were Force-carrying particles, when in fact they functioned more as translators, interlocutors of the will of the Force,” mentioning that Plagueis hopes to impose “his will on the midi-chlorians to keep them aggregate” (Luceno, 2012, p.27). Thus we are given an inversion of the common understanding of midi-chlorians alongside an initial explanation of Plagueis’ interest with them.

A short time later, we are told that “Even where he had been successful in effecting repairs to damaged blood vessels and organs, the results had been temporary, as he had not been able to

influence or appeal to the midi-chlorians to assist,” mentioning that using the Force to heal in such a way “had little effect on a being’s etheric shell, which was essentially the domain of the midi-chlorians, despite their physical presence in living cells” (Luceno, 2012, p.50). This shows something of a mystery of faith within the narrative given, highlighting an grey area between the physical and spiritual side of the Force, midi-chlorians, and living matter which Plagueis is attempting to cast light on so he may control it. It notes that he can “perceive the midi-chlorians that individualized Forceful beings” (Luceno, 2012, p.50), and has used this ability on corpses to conclude that “the midi-chlorians that resided in alleged symbiosis with them must have been preparing to be subsumed into the reservoir of life energy that was the Force” (Luceno, 2012, p.51). It makes mention that “Sith Lords of old were said to have been able to draw on the energies released during death to extend their own lives, as well as the lives of others. Unfortunately, much like the technique of essence transfer, that ancient knowledge had been lost.” (Luceno, 2012, p.51). This shows us that Plagueis has a belief in the tales he has heard, and is determined to rediscover this technique through his own deduction. Already we can see that he is spending much time looking into the specifics of this, and its continued study will affect the amount of attention he will give his apprentice.

We are given a lengthy description of Plagueis’ expansive laboratory, which is said to have many samples of flora and fauna which are unknown even to the droid’s database which serves as our proxy for the tour (Luceno, 2012, p.62). This shows that a large amount of resources and effort have gone into Plagueis’ research, further solidifying its primacy in his thoughts when compared to the fact he has yet to search for a new apprentice by this point in the text.

A lengthy exploration of his research follows in the next few pages, and so I shall highlight what I consider to be the key points in the understanding that more learned scholars may review this section at length should they wish. It is mentioned that “An individual’s midi-chlorians seemed to know to whom they belonged and become unresponsive outside their dedicated vessel,” and that “Extending life, then, could hinge on something as simple as being able to induce midi-chlorians to create new cells [that could] heal or replace damaged, aging, or metastatic cells” (Luceno, 2012, pp.63-4). Whilst scientists have struggled with such processes themselves, it is interesting that Plagueis notes it as being simple. Perhaps this is a betrayal of either Plagueis’ or the author’s belief that the Force is more powerful than tertiary methods. The former seems more likely, although the latter could serve as a rally point for the Rebel Alliance’s belief that they will usher in a tyrannical New Jedi Order to rule over the galaxy and as such should not be discounted as a possibility.

The text goes on to mention alleged attempts of the ancient Sith to use their powers for various reasons that Plagueis considers useless next to his own goal of eternal life, which he then ties into a sudden feeling that the Force is tying up his experiments with his plan to enact revenge upon the Jedi (Luceno, 2012, pp.64-5). This gives a few points for consideration. Firstly, considering that some of the powers Plagueis’ dismisses include resurrecting the dead, exploding stars, relocation of the self into a host vessel, and induction of large-scale paralysis, this shows that his lack of interest in the utility of these methods due to being disinterested “in being a lingering, disembodied presence” may well have resulted from his tunnel vision (Luceno, 2012, p.64). Considering the amount of understanding to be gleaned which would have helped him enact his “Grand Plan”, it is

here that we begin to comprehend how his quest for specifically corporeal survival occluded his focus on other affairs. His linking of this quest to his Grand Plan could thus be seen as him projecting his wishes into a belief that the Force was telling him to do so, as it is impossible for one to say for certain if the Force actually had any part in his decision.

Another example of this is given later in the text, when Plagueis muses that “the great dark side Lords of the past had doomed themselves to the nether realm through their attempts to conquer death by feeding off the energies of others, rather than by tapping the deepest strata of the Force and learning to speak the language of the midi-chlorians” (Luceno, 2012, p.176). Here again, Plagueis’ downfall is presaged in relation to his hubris by his failure to heed the mistakes of his ancestors due to being engrossed in the specifics of his own plan. He later explains his belief to Sidious by claiming that “To say that the Force works in mysterious ways is to admit one’s ignorance, for any mystery can be solved through the application of knowledge and unrelenting effort” (Luceno, 2012, p.240). Thus he appears to be applying the scientific method to his understanding of the Force. The fact that he is successful in his attempts at finding the knowledge but unsuccessful in their application could be seen as an indictment of applying science to matters of faith by the author, however Imperial edict rightly does away with such foolish notions in the pursuit of progress and as such Plagueis’ statement here could be seen as one of the few ethical truisms in this seditious text. It seems fitting concerning the overarching themes that this does not come without some hint of irony.

Plagueis’ steadfast determination to overcome science through the power of will is again stated when Plagueis ruminates on his master’s statement that Plagueis “lacked the talent for Sith sorcery, even though the inability hadn’t owed to a deficiency of midi-chlorians” but rather that he lacked an “innate gift,” before qualifying this statement with his belief that “Sorcery paled in comparison with Bith science” (Luceno, 2012, p.265). Plagueis refutes his master’s claims posthumously by stating that “Tenebrous had been wrong about sorcery,” and that “there were no powers beyond his reach; none he couldn’t master through an effort of will”, recounting how Sidious and himself had managed to resurrect a sentient being as proof to qualify his statement before ruminating on his inability to bring a creation into being by himself (Luceno, 2012, pp.265-7). This again highlights the author’s protestations of faith over science, albeit muddled by the fact that the text frequently highlights Plagueis’ use of both to achieve his ends.

It is mentioned towards the end of the text that Plagueis tasks his droid three times to make sure that all data relating to his experiments has been deleted (Luceno, 2012, p.290). This creates a conundrum for a proponent of the Tautologist school of thought. Firstly there is the probability that this entire text is a work of pure propaganda, which therefore means that the data never existed in the first place. Secondly there is the possibility that the text is speaking truth and the data was deleted, but that the experiments and their results could be replicated. Thirdly there is the possibility that the author mentioned that the data was deleted in an attempt to dissuade others from attempting to find it or engage in similar research due to the fate of Plagueis himself. Whilst I am of the opinion that this entire text is merely the writings of a Rebel with a cause to trumpet, I am also aware that this may not be an answer likely to satisfy the majority of Tautologists. Due to this, I would recommend that the text itself be restricted to avoid an entire

school of thought wasting its energy pursuing dead ends until those with sufficient pedigree have had a chance to verify its contents.

## Prophetic Propaganda

The final section I will look at before coming to my conclusion is to briefly look at the theme of prophecy within the text through a lens of its use as propaganda. It has already been mentioned that the proposed dating of the text gives it a prophetic air. Whilst this may rightly be seen as detrimental to its veracity in the eyes of historians, one must still question why the author would engage with such an obvious falsehood. It is my belief that this is due to the ease of writing self-fulfilling prophecies when one has the benefit of hindsight upon the matters being written about, and how the apparent fulfilling of these prophecies can help legitimise any spurious claims the text makes about possible events in the future. Statements such as “The heavens had been perturbed, tugged by dark matter into novel alignments” (Luceno, 2012, p.16) help to bring an air of mystical authority to those inclined to believe such notions, and this point is even made explicitly within the text when it mentions “the case of a weak-willed being manipulated by one who was strong in the Force” (Luceno, 2012, p.63). One could even go so far as to say that the Force itself is merely an allegory for propaganda in general within the text however that concept falls outwith the scope of this essay and it is not my intention to create another school of thought within this field of study.

In many ways the theme of prophecy works to undermine the autonomy of the characters within the text. Plagueis is said to be “fated to bring the Sith imperative to fruition [...] to bring the Jedi Order to its knees and to save the rest of the galaxy’s sentients from themselves” (Luceno, 2012, p.25) despite the text implying that Sidious was the one whom actually achieved this through using Plagueis as previously noted (Luceno, 2012, p.340). It is even said that Plagueis and Palpatine’s meeting was also the will of the Force (Luceno, 2012, p.145).

The text even goes so far as to have Plagueis state “Do you see the grand error of their ways? They execute the Republic’s business as if it were the business of the Force! But has a political body ever succeeded in being the arbiter of what is right and just? [...] We’re going to back them into a contradiction, Darth Sidious. We’re going to force them to confront the moral quandary of their position, and reveal their flaws by requiring them to oversee the conflicts that plague their vaunted Republic.” (Luceno, 2012, p.260). Whilst this statement might be read as an indictment of Plagueis’ hubris as well as a crude retrospective jab at the Empire’s implicit failings in the same regard by the author, even within this light it may also be read as an implication that the Force itself is the ultimate arbiter in galactic affairs. This is obvious millenarian thinking, and points to the anarchical root at the base of all rebel propaganda.

It is my firm belief that this consistent mentioning of the primacy of the Force serves to ballast the true purpose of this piece of seditious literature beyond the aforementioned libellous accusations against varied Imperial interests. What may be seen as a relatively innocuous line in earnest can be found stating “Nine years old ... Conceived by the Force ... Is it possible ...” (Luceno, 2012, p.329) which itself links to a later statement at the very end of the text after Palpatine kills Plagueis stating “Something was shading his sense of triumph: a vague awareness of a power greater than himself. Was it Plagueis reaching out from the far side of death to vex him? Or was the feeling

a mere consequence of apotheosis?” (Luceno, 2012, p.341). A cross-examination of the text linked these two statements to a sub-plot regarding an individual named as “Anakin Skywalker” who appears over thirty times by name throughout its pages. Whilst there is no record of such a person within the Imperial Archives, it seems obvious that the text sets up this individual as a relation to the infamous Luke Skywalker. Considering the time period in which the novel is set, it is strongly implied that this would be his father. It thusly attempts to imbue the terrorist responsible for the destruction of thousands of lives as some hero of prophecy within readers who may have rebel sympathies. This kernel of insidious propaganda may itself be the true meaning of the Tale of Darth Plagueis the Wise, hidden as it is within a greater narrative meant to obfuscate its true purpose from the casual reader. This goes to show the depths of misinformation the Rebels are willing to engage within for the sake of furthering their campaign, and as such should be highlighted as something of great importance to those wishing to understand the importance of the text.

## Conclusion

Whilst the studied text is highly sensitive and dangerous in nature, it is my belief that it is also helpful to those who understand how best to deal with its contents. Much like any intercepted piece of information, it can be dissected to understand its codes, meanings, and desired effects in order to be weaponised against our enemies in turn. In understanding its implied morals, we learn more about how the enemy thinks and how to effectively combat their beliefs. In understanding its desired effects, we forewarn ourselves against them so we may be forearmed if they come to fruition and increase our chances of suppressing such an event from occurring at all. In breaking its codes, we learn how the enemy communicates and increase our ability to gather more data in the future as well as increase our ability to find malicious actors through their use of language and metaphor.

The text also highlights the importance of the suppression of information so that only those with the ability to properly interpret it may be given the necessary access. It cannot be stressed enough that the author may still be at large and working for the Rebel Alliance creating propaganda. The depths of slander, libel, and outright falsehood within the text show that the Rebels hold nothing sacrosanct and will engage in any means necessary to achieve their aims. If they have already gone so far as to create something so seditious that it may rest in the Imperial Archives and remain almost entirely unknown also leaves the possibility that we have double agents within the very information infrastructure which we use to spread truth to the galaxy. I also stress that all materials within the text about the subject of midi-chlorians may well be an attempt to divert Imperial funds towards futile and costly research projects, although as mentioned previously I will leave such assessments to be made by those learned scientists already engaged within said field of experimentation and study.

I must end this essay by again protesting against the idea of believing this to be anything but a deliberately crafted attempt to discredit the Empire on levels that this essay shows far exceed what we have previously believed the Rebel Alliance capable of in regards to psychological operations. I also hope that this essay proves the importance of restriction of data as opposed to the deletion of

data for the reasons previously stated. Whether the text was uploaded by a clandestine double agent, a covert Rebel spy, or a standard member of the Imperial Information Office is obviously an important security concern, and should be followed up as a top priority. Despite this, the fact we have access to this information could prove invaluable in the future for our own understanding of the enemy and how to combat them within the realms of informational warfare. Whilst the liquidation of physical threats is always a good idea, imprisoning of information serves our purposes more than assuming it is as expendable. For as the Emperor's Hammer shows, just because you may kill a man it does not mean you have killed the idea, and we must strive to make sure that our truth crushes the lies of those who oppose us wherever we find them. ■

## Bibliography

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# TIE ADVANCED ESCAPE FROM REBEL CAPTURE

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THESIS FOR THE GRADUATE OF STARFIGHTER OPERATIONS

COMMANDER [HABU](#)

14 MAY 2024

## T/A Background

The TIE/ad starfighter, officially known as the TIE Advanced (T/A) but more commonly called the TIE Avenger, was a production TIE fighter equipped with shields, a hyperdrive, and a small tractor beam. [1]

The T/A was the culmination of a series of starfighter designs first explored with Darth Vader's T/A prototype. To avoid confusion with Lord Vader's personal craft, it was known better by its nickname TIE Avenger.

Incorporating the previous successes of the TIE Series starfighters, along with those of the Rebel Alliance, the T/A was one of the first production starfighters to break away from the Imperial doctrine of quantity over quality. Because of its high cost, it was not mass-produced to replace the TIE Interceptor or TIE Fighter, but it was produced to compliment the Imperial contingent of unshielded fighters. [2]

The T/A was a huge development in TIE technology. It was a direct reaction to the development of the Rebellion's superior, shielded starfighters. Originally lacking a hyperdrive system, the T/A was later refitted to become mothership-independent strike Starfighter with a hyperdrive [3] unit; also see Appendix A. Although the T/A had a weak shield system compared to the Rebel Fighters, but it recharged nearly twice as fast. Of significant note, the T/A is significantly faster (133 MGLT) [1] and more maneuverable than any existing Imperial or Rebel starfighter, resulting in enemy pilots nicknaming them "brights".

## Hyperdrive Background

Hyperdrive model ND9 [4] hyperdrive motivator was manufactured by Sienar Fleet Systems and deployed in the TIE/ad Avenger and TIE/D Defender fighters, two of only a few TIE-series craft to employ a hyperdrive.

The hyperdrive motivator, also known as the Hyperdrive Control Unit, was the primary lightspeed thrust initiator in any hyperdrive engine system. It was connected to a vessel's main computer system to monitor and collect sensor and navigation data in order to determine jump thrusts, adjust engine performance in hyperspace, and calibrate safe returns to normal space. It was shielded in a superconducting type of shield.

Because of the inherent dangers of hyperspatial navigation, highly traveled routes were close to inhabited systems. In the event of a navigation error or hyperdrive equipment malfunction, proximity to starports or inhabited systems meant it was unlikely one would be stranded with only

sublight power and limited provisions. Usually, problems came in the form of mistakes in calculating navigation coordinates or incomplete and outdated information in regard to significant gravitic bodies. Trying to find a ship that had re-entered realspace due to a malfunction or at an undetermined location was a nearly impossible task, as the many who sought the legendary Katana fleet across the vast tracts of open space learned.

## Section I - Emergency Procedures

A key tenant taught to every Starfighter Pilot when facing a malfunction is as follows: [5]

- Maintain starfighter control
- Analyze the situation
- Take proper action

These tenants are drilled into every pilot starting with basic pilot training continuing thru every advanced course they may attend. These core principles allow for a disciplined response to any abnormal situation and will keep a pilot and his craft safe; allowing them to survive any malfunction or anomaly encountered.

## Section II - Maintain Starfighter Control

The first step that T.O. 1TIE-SFS-TA-1, Starfighter Manual, Chapter 3, Emergency Procedures mandates is to maintain starfighter control. [5]

While this may seem very basic, it cannot be overlooked. A properly trained pilot will not panic when faced with any anomaly or emergency. Being in a combat zone, makes the situation even more critical with many more considerations bearing down on the pilot in distress. When faced with adversity, a pilot will revert to these training basics that were drilled into him from day one.

When a hyperspace unit malfunctions, the ship is usually violently and instantly pulled back into realspace creating a significant emergency situation for the pilot. It's imperative for the pilot to immediately regain control of the ship. Fly straight and level until complete control of the ship is regained. Then breathe...

You must always continue to fly your ship and know it's condition, considering it's your lifeline. Given that you've just unexpectantly exited hyperspace, you first need situation awareness of the status of your ship—power system, hull, shields, weapon systems, and hyperdrive that's obviously inoperative. Determine your ship's status—what's damaged and what's functional.

Now for my situation, the T/A was rolling uncontrollably with some yaw in the Y-axis. This was causing me a lot of disorientation while trying to take stock of my immediate surroundings.

I slowly regained control with small stick inputs correcting one axis problem at time. I got the rolling to stop and slowly brought the yaw to a neutral position. Now there's that deep breath!

With my T/A now under my control (i.e. maintain starfighter control), I immediately put all power into shields while beginning to analyze the situation by ascertaining my spacecraft and tactical situation simultaneously.

## Section III - Analyze The Situation

### *Spacecraft Status*

I immediately recognize I've fallen out of hyperspace and I'm realspace. Falling out of hyperspace is an emergency procedure according to T.O. 1TIE-SFS-TA-1 because of the violent nature and typically out of control situation the pilot will encounter. Once the spacecraft is under control the first step is to determine if you can re-engage the hyperdrive. Following the Emergency Procedures Checklist, page EP-11 is the first order of business.

### *Location*

Checking the navigation system, I realize I'm in an enemy controlled system. I know that if captured the enemy would cherish the EH intelligence contained just in my navigation computer alone in addition to the secrets and technology contained within the T/A. I cannot allow my starfighter to fall into enemy hands.

The navigation computer shows there's a space dock with friendly forces where I can make repairs on the outskirts of the system. I've just got to figure out how to get there with my ship intact. I begin using the navigation and mission computer to get the calculations needed for getting me safely to the allied forces space dock. I plug in the coordinates for the enemy space platform and the friendly space dock as the first step in analyzing the threat situation.

### *Threats*

The radio is blaring with the local system's defense force wanting to know who I am and what I'm doing in their system.

With a bit of tactical deception, my response to the local defense forces is to "declare an emergency". I do this by transmitting the code 7700 in my interplanetary transponder for 1 minute, followed by the code 7600—this indicates that my communications are out (radio out) or in starfighter terms, NORDO. This may buy me a few minutes while I get my shields charged. With the space dock programmed into the navigation system, I start moving in that direction. With my shields fully charged, now I start charging my weapons.

I continue to get hails from the defense force directing me to their control station. They me a bearing to fly while telling me to comply because I'm in violation of their sovereign space. I continue transmitting the NORDO code. However, they know I'm an enemy starfighter and I know they will soon attempt to intercept me.

I get the mission computer working with the navigation computer to calculate an interceptor's (A-Wing) time/distance to intercept me. Not knowing what interceptors are at the enemy defense platform, the A-Wing [7] would be a worst-case scenario for me. My initial situation assessment (Figure-1) below indicates if launched immediately an A-Wing will intercept me at a point before I can out run them to the allied space dock.

## Initial Situation Assessment

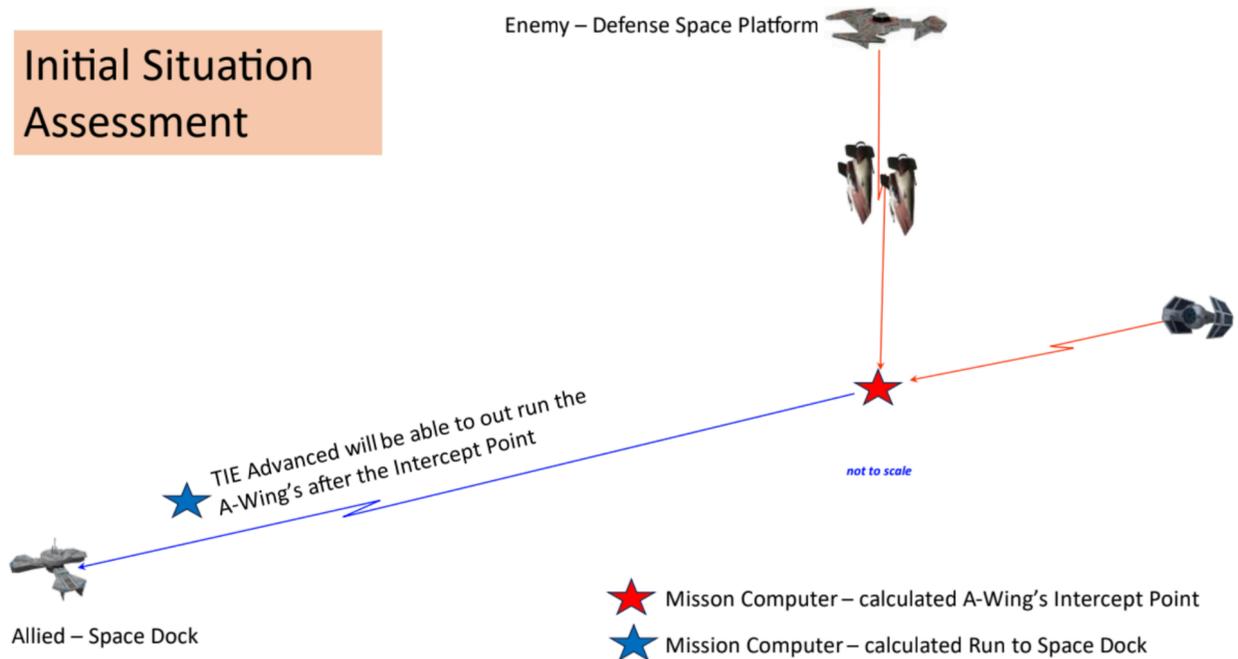


Figure-1

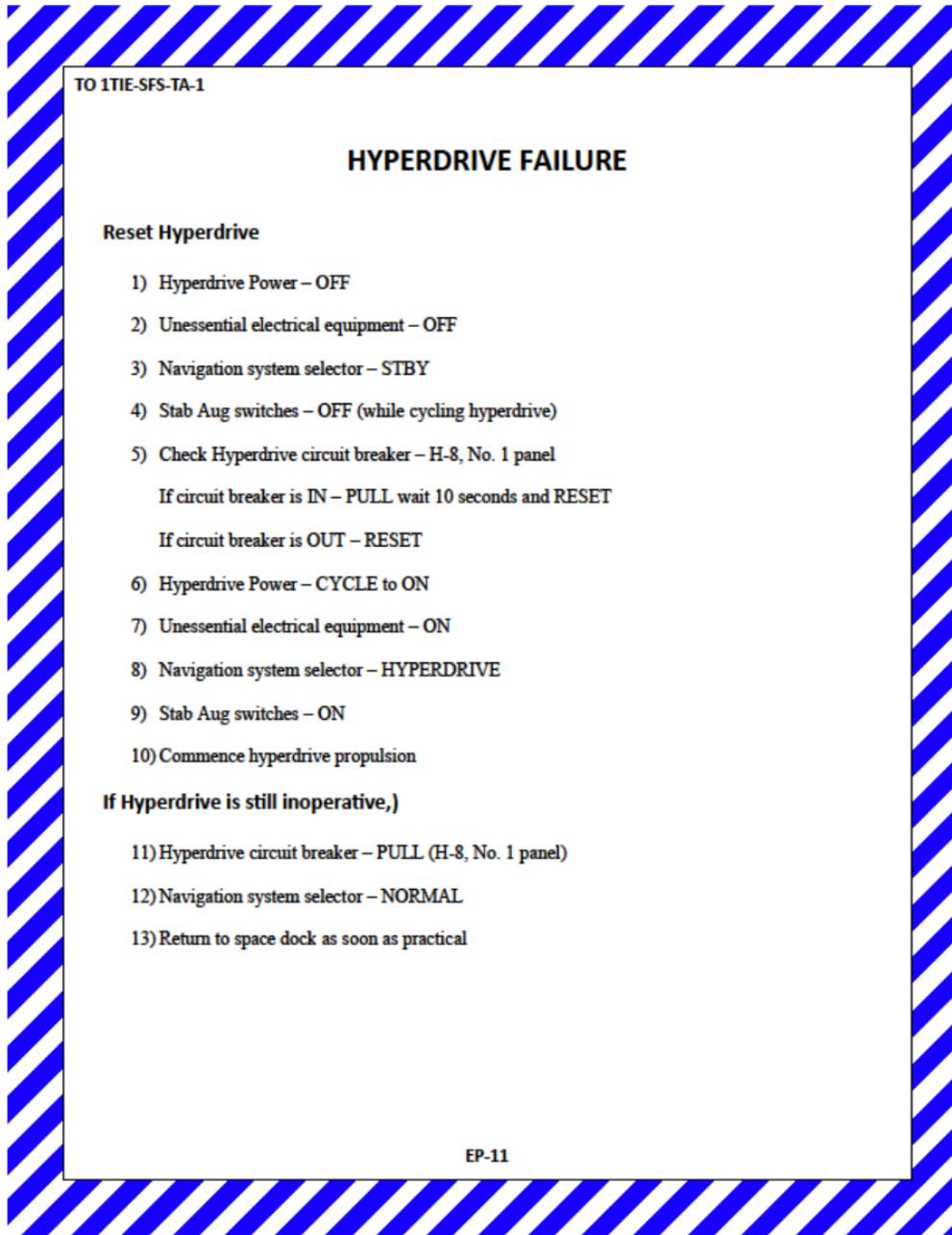
As I've analyzed the situation, it is indeed precarious. I've got my shields fully charged and weapons fully charged. Now I put all my power into the engines with a direct course set for the allied space dock. My plan is to make a run for the friendly forces and that makes the next priority to try and reset the hyperdrive—time for action!

### Section IV - Take Proper Action

The hyperdrive failed due to a technical malfunction, improper maintenance or a manufacturing defect. Emergency repairs without facilities or spare parts in deep space is extremely challenging. The emergency checklist (EP-11) has a procedure for an attempted repair/reset.

I quickly went through the T.O. checklist but the hyperdrive would not reset after the procedure. Now I've got a big problem with the defense force continuing to hail me. I can't hold them off much longer.

Just as I finish the Hyperdrive EP Checklist, my threat warning system indicates 2 x A-Wing's on an intercept course. Did I mention this would be worst-case and there are 2 of them to contend with. Not being cocky, but I've done a lot of 1 v 2 scenarios when I attended the premier course of starfighter combat training; IWATS [6] Starfighter Weapons School. So, I'm not overly worried, but at the same time you never underestimate your enemy.



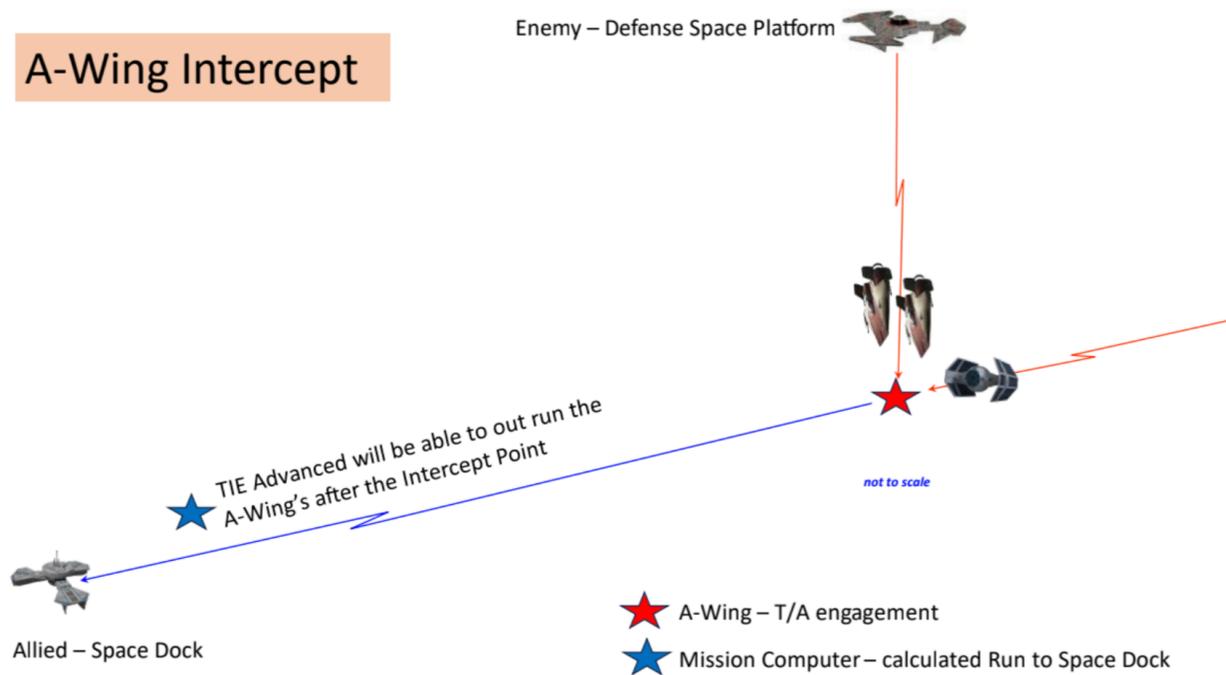
**Figure-2**

### *A-Wing Intercept*

My initial assessment has become reality (Figure-3) and I must fight my way out of this situation. There are 2 A-Wings on an intercept course.

My mission computer calculates the A-Wings are 3 minutes out and they'll intercept me before I can possibly out run them will trying to reach the space dock. I rechecking that all my systems are

## A-Wing Intercept



**Figure-3**

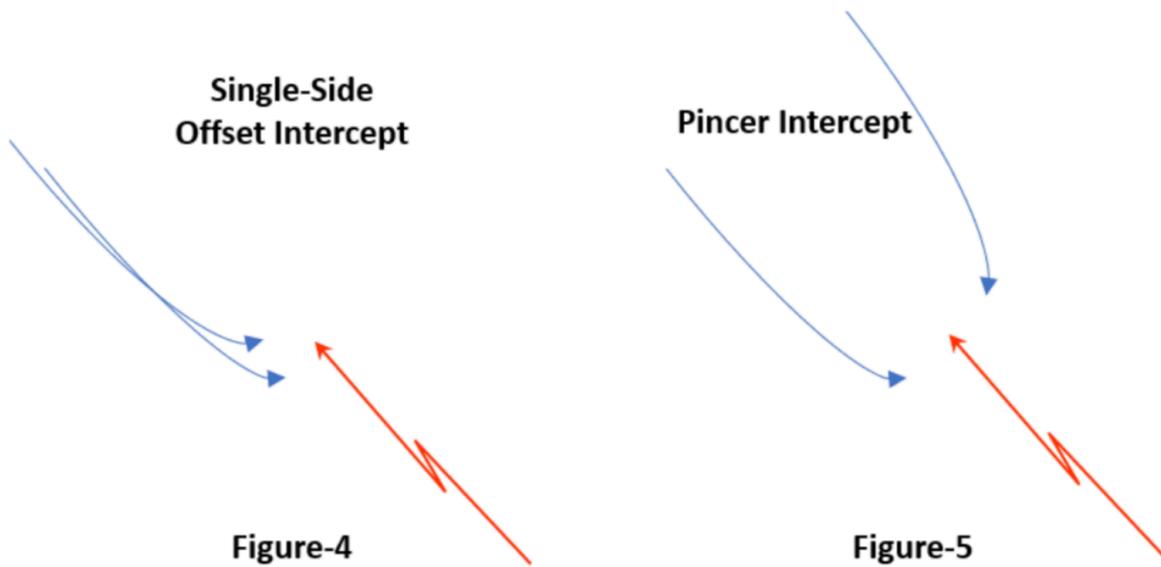
green (except the hyperdrive) and I've got weapons, shields, and engines fully charged—I'm ready to fight. I run thru my pre-dogfight checks:

- Stab Aug switches – OFF
  - Note: allows for max maneuverability
- Missile's Armed – GREEN (load out is 4 x concussion missiles)
- Laser Cannons – CHARGED
- Laser Cannons – SINGLE, DUAL, or LINKED
  - Note: I prefer dual for increased rate of fire
- Shields – FULLY CHARGED
- Master Arm – ON

I'm ready to fight!

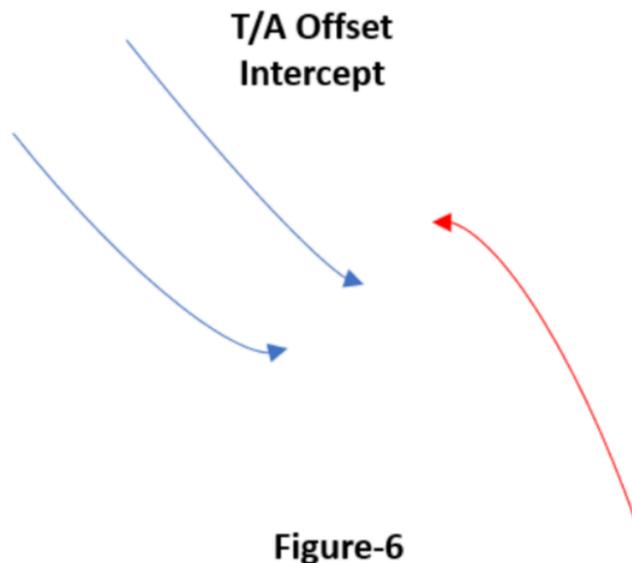
### *Dogfight*

Two minutes out, I've got the A-Wings on my primary sensor monitoring their intercept approach. I'm expecting either a single-side offset (Figure-4) or a pincer intercept (Figure-5), as these are standard Rebel intercept procedures. [8]



They're still together in a single cell at this point. I keep monitoring them and begin maneuvering to work my own intercept geometry—I have no choice since I'm single-ship but to do a single-side offset [8] for my intercept on the A-Wings. I must control the intercept geometry for an optimal entry to the merge—I'll attempt to enter at 150° aspect angle. This will allow me to attempt to take one A-Wing out pre-merge with a missile or at least have it occupied

defensively while avoiding the missile. I quickly see they're attempting a pincer intercept on me, which makes sense since they'll try to split my attention in two directions. I can't let that happen, so I work my intercept geometry (Figure-6, T/A in red) to offset their pincer attack. This also allows me to keep the 2 A-Wings slightly separated for a bit and deal with them individually. It worked, that 2 minutes goes by fast and I enter the merge at my desired aspect angle in missile firing parameters



I shoot one missile at the near A-Wing and he immediately goes into a hard defensive turn. My plan is to kill him fast before his wingman can get into the fight. I wanted a front aspect laser shot, but he turned too fast trying to avoid the missile. But his hard turn gives me a perfect entry as I lead turn him to get into laser firing position. He's in a level turn, that tells me he's not very experienced. Otherwise, he would have been doing some type of spiral defensive maneuver giving the missile and me a much harder problem. The missile took out about 50% of his shields, but the A-Wing is still intact. He's now maneuvering hard against my laser attack. I'm keeping watch on his wingman, who's trying to work toward my six. I get 2 good laser shots off and I've now got him hurting. I manage to shoot another missile while lining up another laser shot. I kill him with my 3rd laser shot at the same time the 2nd missile hits him. Scratch one A-Wing.

I immediately check for his wingman again and there he is at my left 7 o'clock position. My missile warning is blaring. I deploy countermeasures and make a hard turn up and left. The other A-Wing is coming fast. Too fast and he overshoots. I immediately use a quarter-plane maneuver to take advantage of his mistake. Using ALL axis for dogfighting is a MUST. The quarter-plane is a drastic move in the Z-axis and provides you more options than if just maneuvering in the X & Y axes. The combined defensive maneuver and countermeasures sent the attackers missile flying harmlessly away. Looking down on the A-Wing, I start working an entry to get behind him. He's aggressively maneuvering to do the same for me, but the quarter-plane gave me a slight advantage. We make a couple of 360° turns in a typical lufbery dogfight with each of us attempting to gain the upper hand. This opponent is more experienced than the first A-Wing and I'm working hard to gain the advantage. I suddenly hear the threat warning system go off and it indicates another 2 A-Wings were dispatched and are headed toward me. As I see the A-Wing perform another vertical maneuver, I decide to extend away with max throttle to gain some distance from him. I don't extend far, just enough to quickly turn back and fire a volley of 2 missiles at him (reminding myself that I'm out of missiles) forcing him to react. Now I've got him doing defensive maneuvers and it allows me to reposition and make an entry for a laser pass. He's smart and also fires a missile at me. I watch the missile and wait until the last second—countermeasures and a hard right turn defeat the missile. I see my first missile impact the A-Wing and it momentarily spins out-of-control. That allows me the advantage I was looking for and I get a great laser pass on him to finish him off. Scratch another A-Wing.

## Dogfight >> Escape

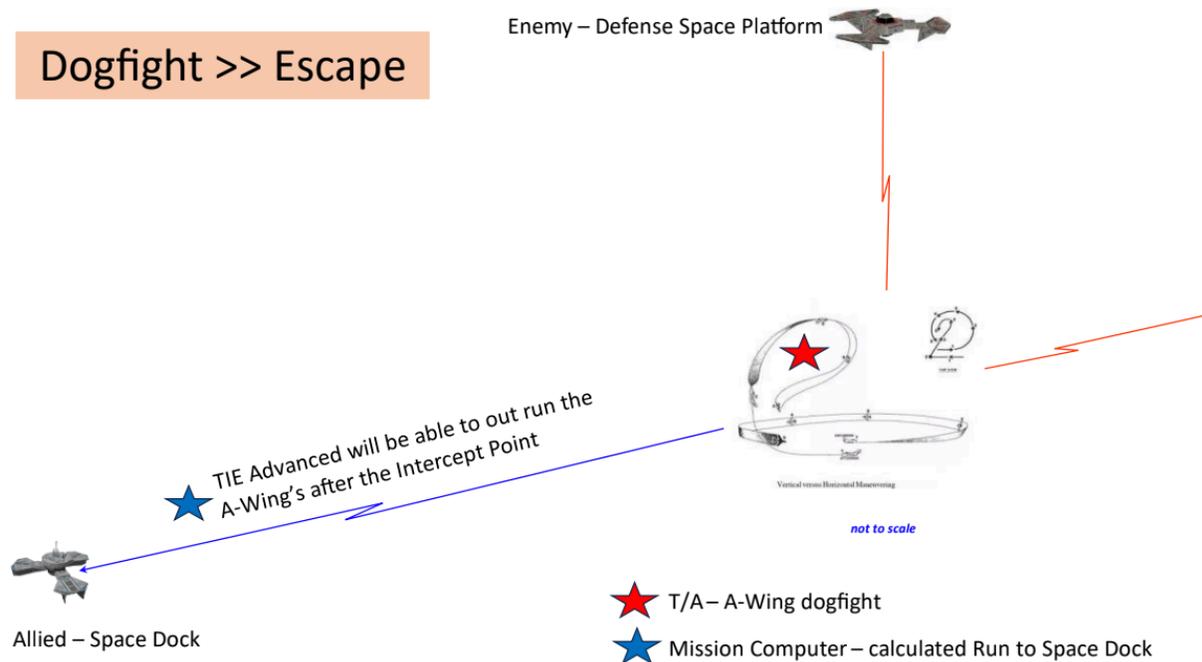


Figure-7

### Escape

No time to gloat in the victory with 2 more A-wings on the way. My initial plan was to quickly dispatch the A-Wings (Figure-7) given no choice but to dogfight them. Now it's time to make a run for the allied space dock. I reassess my situation by having the mission computer and the navigation computer recalculate the distance and time to the space dock as compared to the next A-Wing's time to intercept. Based upon my current position, it's 32 minutes to get to the allied space dock and I'm about 4 minutes ahead of the A-Wing's. Ample margin for me to escape. I push it up to max throttle and I get the T/A to 131 MGLT which is good enough to outpace the A-Wings running at their max of about 120 MGLT. Just the same I take no time to relax. The enemy defense force continues to hail me and of course I ignore them. I'm on max alert while running. My mind races thinking of all the possible things that could go wrong. I do not relax while in enemy territory and until I've got the T/A safe and secure in space dock.

The pursuing A-Wings are no longer an immediate threat as I continue to gain distance on them. About 1000 km out, the allied space dock launches a 4-ship of TIE Interceptors in my direction. I pass them my IFF code and they acknowledge my ping and inform me they'll escort me to make certain the A-Wings will be no problem. I land safely at the space dock and hand my T/A over to the trustworthy maintenance crew who begin immediate repairs to my hyperdrive unit. I head over and debrief with the Chief of Station Operations and get him to message the ISD Hammer of my status and expected time of return. I finally breath a huge sigh of relief knowing the valuable TIE Advanced is safe and secure to fight another day for the Empire!

## Section V - Evaluation

I took the given scenario and made many assumptions and fictionalized some parts to come up with a rational storyline and response. My response to the hyperdrive malfunction is based upon my real-life experience flying the F-4 Phantom (10 years), in addition to the Star Wars fandom games—the original X-Wing, TIE Fighter PC games and the current game I'm playing in VR, Star Wars Squadrons. I've also studiously been taking EH Imperial University courses to broaden and further my knowledge of the Star Wars universe.

The scenario placed me in a T/A as a "single-ship", i.e. without a wingman. Fighters seldom fly alone, instead fly with the mutual support concept of a Flight Lead / Wingman. We almost always flew as a minimum of 2-ships and more commonly as 4-Ships, called flights. We were allowed to fly some training missions single-ship, but never in combat. Prior to the T/A unexpectedly coming out of hyperspace, I would likely have been in a flight of Avengers.

Suddenly coming out of hyperspace is definitely an emergency procedure. Emergencies are not uncommon for fighter pilots and they handle them as calm professionals. An emergency in a combat scenario takes it to another level with many more factors to consider. I've embellished a bit and added some fiction to demonstrate how I would have handled such a situation with my personal knowledge and expertise while trying to stay true to the Star Wars lore.

I look forward to the EH Training Office comments on this TIE Advanced Escape from Rebel Capture thesis. ■

## Appendix A - Hyperspace/Hyperdrive

The hyperdrive [5] was a propulsion system that allowed a starship to reach lightspeed and traverse the void between stars in the alternate dimension of hyperspace. As a consequence, the hyperdrive was a key instrument in shaping galactic society, trade, politics, and war.

The hyperdrive functioned by sending hypermatter particles to hurl a ship into hyperspace while preserving the vessel's mass/energy profile, and required a functional hyperdrive motivator to do so. The vessel then traveled along a programmed course until it dropped back into normal space—realspace—at its destination.

A hyperdrive only functioned to keep a vessel in hyperspace, and should a hyperdrive be forcibly deactivated or destroyed during transit, the ship was violently and instantly pulled back into realspace.

Being short-range craft, most starfighters lacked a hyperdrive. This was notably the case with the Galactic Empire's TIE fighters, which had to be ferried to combat zones aboard larger ships. However, the X-wing and A-wing starfighters used by the Rebel Alliance were fitted with hyperdrives, allowing them to make long-range jumps.

Upon entering hyperspace, a ship emitted cronau radiation, which was possible to detect with specialized sensor suites.



## Hyperdrive Reactor

Large objects in normal space cast "mass shadows" in hyperspace, thus hyperspace jumps required accurate plotting to avoid collisions, which were often fatal.

Later technologies could pull vessels out of hyperspace. For instance, interdiction fields created gravitational shadows, simulating mass, in the path of an oncoming vessel, yanking the vessel out of hyperspace. Imperial technologists developed the widely used Interdictor vessels and their various sub-models, some of the most effective interdiction technologies. Hyperdrives consist of two basic parts: a navigation computer and the actual reactor assembly—also known as the hyperdrive generator. The navicomputer calculated a safe path through hyperspace by comparing the pilot's desired path with known hyperlanes and dangers already present along the way such as supernovas and asteroid fields to ensure a safe journey, while the reactor handled the work of generating enough power to perform a jump without straining the ship's main reactor.

Most modern hyperdrive reactors had a main chamber coated in coaxium, which significantly improved their efficiency. Larger models functioned by stacking several stabilizer plates on top of each other and channeling hypermatter through ultra-thin effect channels passing through them. Hypermatter, whose energy output was controlled by the navicomputer, reached the ship's main engines and charged the ions already present there, powering them for the jump to lightspeed; a hyperdrive motivator controlled the jump based on sensor output and ensured a risk-free trip and return to realspace. Smaller ships such as starfighters or bombers ditched the hyperdrive reactor altogether and instead relied only on the motivator, with power provided by the ship's standard reactor. Examples of standalone motivators were the R300-H hyperdrive motivator of the BTL-A4 Y-wing and the GBk-585 hyperdrive motivator of the T-65B X-wing.

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# THE VALUE OF A GOOD EDUCATION

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THESIS FOR THE GRADUATE OF LETTERS & ARTS

VICE ADMIRAL [LOCKE SETZER](#)

14 MAY 2024

In the hangar of the ISD-II Challenge, a Trandoshan growled at a Delta-class DX-9 transport.

Lieutenant Commander Kieran Yoyo would have made for an odd sight on such a ship elsewhere in the Empire. But on the Challenge, he hardly garnered much notice.

It was a crew that had long since become accustomed to odd sights.

“Good morning Lieutenant Commander!” a chipper voice declared. The Trandoshan turned around to find himself looking down on the face of his Battlegroup Commander, Vice Admiral Locke Setzer.

His cargo for today’s mission.

“It is a morrrning.” Kieran growled.

“And a fine one at that! Are you ready for our mission?”

The Trandoshan tried to stop himself from growling.

“It is not a misssion. It is a glorrified errand. Why can’t you do it yourself?” Kieran was aware his tone was not exactly what this human would have considered respectful, but they had been squadron mates once, before this one went and got himself exalted. He knew the “admiral” was more than capable of flying this ugly brick.

“Protocol, I’m afraid.”

That time, Kieran did growl. There was nothing worse than protocol. If he didn’t love flying TIEs so much, he’d never put up with it.

“What’s wrong? Not a fan of flying transports? I always found it to be a nice change of pace, personally.”

“I am offended to have to fly anything sssso ugly!” the Trandoshan declared.

Locke took a look at the transport. “Ugly? Perhaps a bit utilitarian... and I don’t know that the blue stripe really meshes with the natural tones of the titanium hull... but then again, color theory was never really my strong suit.”<sup>1</sup>

Kieran bared his teeth. “Are you sssurre you cannot do this alone?”

“I’m sure.” the admiral said, extending his arm towards the transport. “Shall we?”

The Trandoshan bowed his head begrudgingly. He was already sure it was going to be a bad day.

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The Delta-class transport blazed through hyperspace at a speed that was incredibly fast, yet felt painfully slow. The Lieutenant Commander shifted in his seat, uncomfortably. Clearly not made with Trandoshans in mind, there was no way for Kieran to sit comfortably while piloting a transport. And while they didn't have far to travel, they were still three hours away from their destination. With nothing to do but wait. And engage in what humans described as "small talk."

"So... Darth Vader vs. Count Dooku. Who you got?"<sup>2</sup>

Kieran growled.

"No interest in recent Sith history? What about ancient history? Any thoughts on Freedom Nadd? Oh, or what about their artifacts? Ever heard of the Essence Stealer?"<sup>3 4</sup>

Kieran changed tactics, and tried saying nothing.

"What about the Royal Guard? Ever see any? Heard of them? Seen a Death Pike?"<sup>5</sup> "I don't know anything about hisstorrry!"

"Really? I mean, you have to know something. You're making it right now! Sure, maybe you haven't heard of the Infinite Empire or the Ruusan Reformation, but you've lived through the Galactic Civil War! Surely you have some thoughts on something major, like the Battle of Hoth?"<sup>6 7 8</sup>

Kieran clenched his jaw, showing his teeth. It had been an hour of this already. It may as well have been an eternity.

The Trandoshan didn't even understand why the battlegroup commander had to go on this mission. It was nothing more than a negotiation with a parts dealer. Sure, it had to do with components for the SLAM engines used by Missile Boats – highly difficult to obtain these days – but still seemed something better left to bureaucrats than someone charged with commanding a battlegroup.

Even one as ridiculous as this particular Vice Admiral.

"What about Mandalorians, know anything about them?" Locke asked, persisting. "Maybe some thoughts on Mandalore the Vindicator vs. Mandalore the Preserver?"<sup>9 10</sup>

"I know nothing of Mandalorrians..."

"Not even anything recent? Heard of Fenn Shysa?"<sup>11</sup>

The Trandoshan went back to trying to ignore the human.

"Any interest in political philosophy? Wanna talk about the failures of the Tarkin Doctrine?"<sup>12</sup>

Before Kieran could respond, the ship suddenly lurched out of hyperspace, back into real space. Clakkons began blaring immediately.

“What is this?!” Kieran exclaimed.

“Gravity well.” Locke responded, already at the console controls, reviewing detected ships and sensor readings.

“I do not see any Interdictorrrrs!” the Trandoshan protested.

“No, but we’ve got a Modified Strike Cruiser nearby. It’s a Rebel class of ship, equipped with their own gravity well projectors.

“Not forrr long!” Kieran declared, slowly turning the Delta-class transport towards the capital ship.

Locke switched the targeting system over to warheads. “Warhead launchers are armed with... space bombs?” Locke questioned.

“Of courrrse. They’re the most powerrrrful!”

“Well, yeah I guess, but rockets are the premiere warhead. We could have fit twice as many rockets as bombs, which would be more effective. Did you ever get a run down on ordinances? Two rockets is actually more powerful than one space bomb, so by loading rockets instead of bombs you can actually pack more of a...”<sup>13 14</sup>

“No time for lecturrres! Targeting the Modified Strike Cruiser!”

The modified Strike cruiser became visible from the cockpit of the transport. Locke promptly flipped off the targeting computer.

Kieran’s nostrils flared. “What arrre you doing?!”

“We’ll dumb fire them. It’ll make it more difficult for the capital ship to pick up on them. We’re going to need all of them to hit if we’re going to wreck this ship enough to escape.”<sup>15</sup>

Kieran wasn’t familiar with the term “dumb fire”, but didn’t want to admit it. He simply growled at the Vice Admiral, then switched weapon control over to the co-pilot.

“Firing now!” Locke announced, as the space bombs flew out into space, fired in the direction of the cruiser without any homing capabilities.

Kieran pushed the ship away from the target, but then immediately became reacquainted with just how unmaneuverable these transports could be. This was going to be close.

“Currrese this ship’s pathetic engines!” Kieran yelled.

The space bombs began to explode, hitting their target... and more.

The transport shook as alarm bells fired, notifying its occupants that the shields had just dropped.

“I’m calculating the jump to hyperrrrspace!” Kieran yelled over the alarm.

“No time!” Locke exclaimed. “Looks like there’s a pair of fighters on our tail... probably with murderous intent, considering what we just did to their command ship. Crazy Eights, now!”<sup>16</sup>

“How am I...”

“It’s easy! Just throw your joystick to the left corner and then...”

“I know how to do a Crrrazy Eight!” the Trandoshan protested, angrily. “How am I supposed to do it in this brick?!”

“Just try!” Locke said, while flipping around power controls.

The Trandoshan did his best to push the DX-9 transport into the difficult maneuver, avoiding fire. After a few moments, Kieran cut the engine power, letting the X-Wings get a few shots in, but not without flying past the transport. Kieran fired his lasers directly towards one of the X-Wing, hitting the engine’s fuselage and causing the starfighter to explode immediately.

“Guess we weren’t the only ones to take damage when those space bombs exploded.” Locke observed.

“Still one morrrre left to destrroy!”

“Not anymore. Look!” Locke pointed out to the cockpit, where the remaining X-Wing soon blinked out of existence, jumping into hyperspace.

Kieran growled.

“No time to be upset about the one that got away.” Locke advised. “And no point in calculating a route back home. Looks like our hyperspace engine is down.”

Kieran pressed a few buttons, begrudgingly. “Distrrresss beacon activated.”

“That’s not all. Our life support systems are failing fast. Probably best to try to find a place to land. Where are we anyways?”

The Trandoshan started to flip through the screens, but Locke was already ahead of him.

“Sascina system... Nothing great. Couple planets out here colder than Eos... a planet covered in water, pretty similar to Osiris... I think our best bet is this planet here. Til. It’s has a Type Two atmosphere, but you should be fine, and we have some breathers in the back for me. Kind of like Frigg if it was just the jungle parts and didn’t have the water.”<sup>17 18 19 20</sup>

Kieran didn’t understand hardly any of what Locke was saying. “Type... two?”

“Type Two.” Locke repeated. “Enough for me to breathe with a bit of difficulty, but not something I’d want to do long term. Type One is normal for humans, no breathers needed. Type Three, we’d likely both struggle to survive.

“What about Type Fourrr? Kieran asked.

“At Type Four... we’d be dead.”

Kieran nodded, setting a course for the planet in question. He did not relish being marooned on a random world... but maybe an extended ordeal this would get him out of transport duty long-term...

---

The Trandoshan brought the transport down in a clearing of what appeared to be an expansive jungle. They probably could have managed in the transport for hours longer, but the life support systems were definitely damaged, and there was nothing to be gained by waiting up in space when they could safely land and potentially do some repairs.

“I don’t think there’s much we can do to repair the hyperspace engine.” Locke said, his voice slightly muffled by the breather covering his mouth. “It’s amazing the sublight engines held together. No wonder stormtroopers love this transport model so much.”<sup>21</sup>

Kieran growled. “I would prefer to fly a block of durrrasteel! It would be more maneuvrrable!” He kicked a rock on the ground. “Bessides, what do stormtroopers know about flying??”

“You’d be surprised. Hammer’s Fist has their own Aviation Brigade. Sure, it’s a lot of atmospheric flying, but that certainly presents its own challenges as well.”<sup>22</sup>

The Trandoshan said nothing; instead, he simply kicked another rock.

“I do not like this place.” he finally said

“Really?” Locke asked, surprised. “All things considered, it’s not so different from Trandosha.”

“I do not like Trandosha!” Kieran exclaimed, upset. “I like cities. Technology! Space! Not this... naturrrre.”

“Fair enough.” Locke was about to say more, but their conversation was suddenly interrupted by the unwelcome appearance of a blaster bolt.

“Take cover!” Locke yelled, as the two TIE Corps members dove behind their transport. More blasts followed, hitting the other side of the transport.

“Sniper!” Kieran declared.

“No... if it was a proper sniper, we’d be dead.”<sup>23</sup> Another few blasts fired at them, again hitting the transport. “No, by the sound and firing rate of it... I’d wager it’s a BlasTech DH-17. Powerful, but not a weapon for long distance.”<sup>24</sup>

“It’s morrrre than we have!” Kieran protested. “Our weapons are in the ship!”

“No ability to perform suppressive fire, I agree... but maybe we can still rely on shock and overwhelm tactics.”<sup>25</sup> Locke extended his hand. “I’m going to count down to five with my fingers.

When I close my fist, let out the biggest bellow you have, and throw that rock there as far in the opposite direction as you can.”

The Trandoshan nodded, picking up the large rock next to him. Locke moved to the opposite end of the transport, then began to count down, silently. Once his hand formed a fist, Kieran let out the loudest possible Trandoshan war cry he could muster, and then flung the rock off into the distance at a velocity no human could hope to match.

The firing became erratic for a second, intensifying on the transport, before going off into the other direction towards the rock, until it began to turn around again briefly, right before Kieran heard a loud thump.

For a moment, things were quiet. Then Locke reappeared behind the transport, rifle in hand.

“Thanks for the distraction. Clearly up against someone who’s never had to face an enraged Trandoshan before... probably gave him the shock of his life.”

“Are there any otherrrs?” Kieran asked.

Locke shook his head. “I don’t think so. Looks like a scout. Probably with a group of pirates or scavengers - if he was following Imperial or Republic doctrine, he’d never have tried to engage us on our own. Probably panicked.”<sup>26</sup>

“What ssshould we do?”

Locke handed the rifle to Kieran, then walked back into the transport. He came back out quickly with a transmitter device and a small handheld blaster with a holster, which he wrapped around his waist. “Our distress beacon seems to be intact, so we should expect some kind of rescue in the next few hours. So, it’s a short term escape and evasion scenario.”<sup>27</sup>

The Trandoshan paused, then said, “Meaning... what?”

“Meaning it’s best if we keep moving for the moment, before any more people show up.” Kieran pointed towards the jungle. “I’m not walking in therrre!” he protested. Locke smiled. “Who said anything about walking?”

---

Kieran hated the speeder bike the moment he saw it.

He hated it even more once it started moving.

The Trandoshan had no idea how to work the contraption that appeared to be more like a death trap than a vehicle, forcing him into the unceremonious position of sitting behind Locke Setzer and having to hold onto the Vice Admiral for dear life.

“An Aratech Z4-Z speeder bike! Classic! I wonder where they stole it from!”<sup>28</sup> Locke declared, clearly having a much more enjoyable time than Kieran was.

“I would rrratherrr we be flying!” Kieran growled, his voice barely audible above the roar of the speeder’s engine.

“There’s more to life than just flying TIEs, Lieutenant Commander!”

“Nonsenssse!”

A sudden beeping cut through the noise, seemingly coming from the main console. “Two others nearby!” Locke yelled. “I’ll try to swing away from them.”

The Trandoshan held on as the speeder quickly veered to the right. But before long, more beeps started to come from the console.

“I think... we may have found their base.”

Kieran looked up, and suddenly found himself face to face with what appeared to be an all-out military depot. He wasn’t very familiar with land vehicles, but even he could identify the two large AT-ATs flanking the entrance.<sup>29</sup>

“Look at that!” Locke exclaimed. “AT-ATs up front. I think I see a few AT-PTs back there too, next to that Century Tank.”<sup>30</sup> Locke slowed down the speeder, then pointed off to another bizarre vehicle in the distance that looked like a mechanical spider. “They even have an MT-AT!”<sup>31</sup>

Kieran looked up in disbelief at the spider-like armored transport. “That cannot be rreal.”

“Oh, it’s real. And it’s supposed to be restricted to the Hammer’s Fist. I wonder how they managed to steal one of those.”

Kieran looked at the console. Lights were coming in from all directions.

“I think we’re surrounded. Time to switch tactics. And I think I know the perfect place to hide...”

---

The cockpit of the MT-AT was only designed for two, but at least it wasn’t as cramped as the cockpit of the DX-9. Whoever had designed this craft clearly had intended it to be manned by a wider variety of body types.

“I do not like thiss.” Kieran hissed.

Outside, several speeder bikes had parked next to some of the makeshift buildings nearby. A large number of people were exiting the buildings and grouping together, towards the center. Some were arguing, while others were running around, seemingly searching for something. Or someone.

“Doesn’t seem like the most organized crew.” Locke observed. “We may manage to hide out here until evac arrives.”

“And if not?”

Locke shrugged. "I'll fire up this walker and we'll see how far we can get blasting our way out of here. It's a beast of a vehicle, but I've been trained on it, I should be able to pilot it. We can set the leg guns on semi-automatic - you should be fine to handle the main gun on your own. Believe it or not, this thing can put up quite a fight. And besides... I get the sense that the people here aren't capable of manning this force they've amassed. Seem more like... middle men. Handlers. Resellers."

"Verrrrmin." Kieran observed.

"Perhaps. For now, let's keep our eyes open. Gather some HUMINT. Could be useful for later."<sup>32</sup>

Before Kieran could ask what HUMINT was, a shadow descended over them. It didn't take long until it was clear what was happening.

An Indulgent-class Luxury Liner had just arrived and was making a landing.

---

"Would someone PLEASE explain to me how the Modified Strike Cruiser I just spent two months pursuing and no less than sixteen bribes to obtain somehow managed to explode less than one hour after purchase?!?"

Kieran and Locke watched from the cockpit of the MT-AT, careful not to say a word.

There was no sight of any of the earlier chaos - now, the whole crew was arranged in rows that were orderly, if not quite up to military standards. In front of them was the new arrival who had stepped off the luxury liner, a man in a suit so shiny and bright that it was impossible not to notice, even from the cockpit of a terrain vehicle. Even his breather seemed to glow.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Leonore." A man from the front row walked forward from the first row. "We were performing system tests, just as you instructed. The crew activated the gravity wells, and without warning, pulled in some kind of military transport."

"What class?" the shiny man, apparently named Leonore, asked. "What class of transport?" "A Delta-class DX-9 Transport, sir. It crash landed in the jungle; we've managed to recover it."

The shiny man paused, for a moment. Then, he proceeded to reach back and slap the man speaking to him across the face.

"A DX-9? A DX-9?! You're telling me that my new, top-of-the-line, Modified Strike Cruiser, was destroyed by a single, transport? And not just any transport, but the most common and rudimentary military transport in the entire galaxy?"

Another man stepped forward. "We detected the detonation of a series of space bombs..."

The shiny man immediately ran over to face the one who spoke. "Oh no, space bombs? Really? Well then, whatever could you do? It's not as if you didn't have twin quad laser cannons that were perfectly capable of absolutely shredding those bombs the moment they were launched. It wasn't as

if you were facing the slowest possible warhead that even the most basic of automated tracking systems can destroy? Oh, wait. Excuse me. No, I take that back. You had a capital ship with a fully automated defensive system perfectly designed to destroy any warhead that might be fired upon it, much less the slowest and largest and easiest warhead possible for it to blow up!”<sup>33</sup>

No one else volunteered any additional comments.

“Have you at least managed to kill the ones who did this?”

The crew responded with silence.

“Milton!” the shiny man screamed.

The man who had been slapped earlier stood back up, bowing his head. “We don’t know how many there are, but at least one of them managed to incapacitate one of our speeder bike pilots and steal a speeder. We cornered them to this base, but... we haven’t located them yet.”

Leonore shook his head. “Led them to our base, more like it. Do you at least have any idea of who they are?”

The man named Milton nodded. “Imperials, it looks like. Some faction called the Emperor’s Hammer.”

Leonore seemed to take a step back, then sighed. “My afternoon appointment.” Kieran turned towards Locke.

“*Thissss* is who we were supposed to meet?”

“Apparently.” Locke observed. “Leonore wasn’t the name I was given, but... not uncommon for someone wealthy to work through an intermediary. Or under a false pretense. We... may have a problem.”

“Janet.” Leonore said, quietly enough that Kieran barely heard him. A woman seemed to appear from behind him, datapad in hand.

“Yes, Mr. Leonore?”

“What was the name of the officer we were scheduled to meet with? Selling SLAM engine parts, if I recall correctly?”

“Let’s see... a Mr. Locke Setzer, sir. Rank, Vice Admiral.”

“Wonderful. Thank you Janet.” Leonore walked through his crew, standing in the middle of the encampment, extending his arms out as if in greeting.

“VICE ADMIRAL SETZER!” he yelled. “Would you be a DEAR and please reveal yourself? I believe we have an APPOINTMENT for some NEGOTIATIONS.”

Locke pointed to the rifle on Kieran’s back. “Let me have that.”

Kieran handed it over. Locke placed it on his own back, then carefully moved the holster containing his small blaster so that it wasn't immediately visible on his side. Then, he turned back to the controls, quickly fiddling with them.

He pointed to a button, but didn't press it. "Keep low. If things go south, press this button, then fire at the ground around one of the AT-AT's legs. Not the legs themselves, do you understand? Then, see if you can take out that depot building. After that, just wait for my signal and fire on anything that moves. Except me, of course" He handed Kieran the transponder, then pointed to a different button. "Keep this on hand - should signal that we're friendly if the cavalry arrives while I'm out there - or, worst case scenario, help you calculate a jump back home if you can steal a ship. Otherwise, when you get my signal, press this other button, then get out of there. Make sure you do it in the right order, or we're going to have problems"

"What do you think you are doing?" the Trandoshan asked.

Locke grinned. "Negotiating."

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Locke stepped out of the cockpit of the MT-AT, then carefully climbed down. He unlatched the rifle he had captured earlier, and threw it in the distance, as if to signal his surrender.

"Vice Admiral Setzer here, good to see you!" Locke spoke loudly enough that Kieran could still hear him from the MT-AT cockpit.

"I don't believe I've had the pleasure of meeting you before though." Locke continued. "In fact I don't believe you were the one I was scheduled to meet with at all."

Leonore bowed, slightly. "Apologies, Vice Admiral. I prefer to work through intermediaries when negotiating with military entities. It keeps things... tidier. But, under the circumstances... I think a direct negotiation is perhaps a better fit."

"Under the circumstances, I'd have to agree."

Locke kept near the legs of the MT-AT, while Leonore was back towards the front, his crew behind him, and his AT-ATs sitting in the background, menacingly.

"I believe you intended to offer a certain amount of money for the parts, yes?" Leonore said. "I will cut to the chase and tell you now that I would have taken your money, of course, but would have also required that you deliver to me a pair of ships. A Missile Boat, specifically. I'd have liked a TIE Phantom too, but that was open for negotiation. Perhaps a TIE Praetorian instead? It's hard to know how you evaluate value for some of your possessions."

"Unfortunately, I don't believe that's a deal I would have been able to make."

"Doubly-unfortunate, because I now require another deal, and you have no choice but to make it. I will require a Missile Boat, a TIE Phantom, and a replacement Modified Strike Cruiser to

compensate me for the destruction of my personal property. In return, I will allow you to live, and perhaps negotiate in the future for the SLAM engine parts you desire so much.”

From his vantage point, Kieran couldn't make out the Vice Admiral's expression. He couldn't imagine that comment would have gone over well though.

“Even if I was inclined to agree, what makes you think I can obtain a Modified Strike Cruiser?” Locke asked. “That's a Rebel ship, and not a particularly capable one at that. No insult intended, of course.”

“I'm not insulted by your opinion on New Republic warcraft, but I can't help but be a touch offended that you would assume me to be so naive as to your little remnant's operations. I'm well aware of your collection of New Republic ships, and their use in covert operations. I happen to know for a fact that a Modified Strike Cruiser was spotted in operations, perhaps even under your direct command. Don't toy with me, Vice Admiral.”

“Very well. Why should I go along with any of this? You have a nice collection... but it doesn't amount to much in the way of force. Not when compared to the full weight of the Emperor's Hammer.”

“This? A collection?” Leonore scoffed. “It's nothing more than a mere shelf in a vast archive, the size of which you cannot comprehend. Nor, I think, can you understand the vast wealth and influence that Leonore Luxury Liners Incorporated commands. That I command. Let me try to help bridge the gap for you, Vice Admiral. All communication in this system is controlled. No one is coming to save you. Your only avenue of escape is through me. I will allow you to order the ships I require under a false pretense with a skeleton crew to a system of my choosing. Considering most of your lines of battle are barely operated by skeleton crews, I cannot imagine it will be much of a stretch. Once my associates ensure that the goods are under my possession, I will allow you to leave. The deception will likely cost you your career, but I would imagine your life is more valuable, yes?”<sup>34</sup>

“Probably.” Locke admitted. Then, without warning, he reached back, grabbed the blaster he was carrying, and fired, flinging himself to the ground in the process.

If he had been aiming for Leonore, he missed by at least a foot. His blaster bolt also appeared to fizzle out, indicating that perhaps the rich collector was in possession of a personal shield.<sup>35</sup>

But that was all the signal the Trandosha sitting in the MT-AT needed. He pressed the first button, and immediately the armored spider-like transport roared to life, leg blasters firing indiscriminately at anything and everything in front of them, other than the Vice Admiral laying in the dirt directly underneath the craft.

Panicked screams immediately shot out throughout the camp. As instructed, Kieran turned the main gun towards the ground near the legs of one of the AT-AT, firing immediately. Almost instantly, craters began to form where the lasers hit, and before long the unmanned AT-AT lost its balance, toppling over, directly into the other AT-AT next to it. As the two AT-ATs hit the ground,

Kieran turned the chin lasers towards the building depot, which only managed to take a few hits before exploding into a fireball of its own.

Sensors warned that someone had fired from below the MT-AT. Since only Locke was in a position to fire directly below, Kieran took that as the signal. He opened the cockpit of the MT-AT, then pressed the second button. The MT-AT began to lurch forward, leg blasters still firing forward. Kieran leaped down from the back, relying on his superior Trandoshan physical abilities to land safely from such a large height. Only after he made the leap did he consider the possibility that the blasters could have been turned towards him, but Locke appeared to have prepared for that scenario, as the automatic leg blasters seemed more focused on what was ahead of them than anything behind them.

The Trandoshan quickly found the Vice Admiral starting to stand up, covered in dirt. “What now?” Kieran hissed, another explosion occurring in the background. “Now? We steal some collectibles.”

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The two TIE Corps officers ran through all the chaos, headed in the opposite direction of where the MT-AT was continuing to wreck havoc on the collector’s abode. Before long, they found themselves at a small hangar, with a series of alphabet fighters carefully arranged, as well as a few fuel canisters, bombs, and other devices laying around that Kieran didn’t recognize.

“Why couldn’t he have collected TIEs?” the Trandoshan whined.

“I’m sure he does; we’re just not lucky enough to find them here.” Locke ran over, checking the cockpit of an A-Wing first, then a B-Wing. He hurried over to a fuel line, plugging it into the B-Wing.”

“The A-Wing’s fueled up, it can go at any time. The B-Wing will need some fuel. Not sure if we have time for that, but I don’t think we have any other options.”

“What about the other sships?” Kieran asked, pointing to a nearby Y-Wing, E-Wing, and pair of X-Wings.

“We won’t get far with them. X-Wings, Y-Wings, and E-Wings all need astromech droids, especially for hyperspace navigation. In fact, that model of E-Wing needs an R7... and I doubt there’s any hanging about here that would be happy to help.”<sup>36 37 38</sup>

“And thesse don’t? Which one am I supposed to fly?”

Locke grinned. “A-Wing and B-Wing have their own navicomputer. So we’re clear to steal them... it’s just a question of whether or not you’d rather be fast and cramped or slow and comfortable?”<sup>39</sup>

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The Trandoshan groaned. He knew the answer. But that didn’t mean he had to like it.

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The A-Wing burst out of the docking bay. Locke had told Kieran to treat it like a broken TIE Advance, which proved to be sound advice, even if Kieran detested the craft immediately.

Locke was still on the ground, fueling up, but he had ordered Kieran to go ahead. A ship launching might be a distraction, and the faster he could calculate a jump back to Emperor's Hammer space, the better off they would both be - even if he had to leave the Vice Admiral behind.

It didn't take long after Kieran had broken atmosphere and returned to space that his sensors indicated he was being followed.

"Some X-Wings launched after you." Locke said over the encrypted radio line they had set up between the two ships. "Ignore them if you can. They can't outrun you, especially not if you throw your shields and lasers into your engines."<sup>41</sup>

Kieran wasn't sure that his A-Wing would hold together with even greater speed, but he went ahead and started pumping laser energy into his engines to give them a bigger boost. The X-Wings were still following, but no longer closing.

New spots appeared on his sensors though, entering from hyperspace. "Four T-Wings just joined the parrrrty!"

"Ignore them. You can outrun them too. I'm launching now... have those hyperspace coordinates ready, before more of Mr. Luxury's goons show up!"<sup>42</sup>

Kieran pushed his starfighter up, performing a climb that momentarily allowed both the trailing X-Wings and T-Wings to close in, before things leveled out and both enemy groups found themselves well behind him.<sup>43</sup> He checked the navicomputer to see how much longer it needed to plot the jump back to friendly space. "Jusst a few moments... almosst therre..."

The sudden appearance of an Interdictor made that countdown immediately useless. The Trandoshan let out a curse in Dosh.

"Watch your language." Locke said over the radio. "Interdictors are a problem, but they're pretty lousy in a fight. I'm in space now - heading right towards it!"<sup>44</sup>

"Lousy against two starrrrfighterrrs?"

"When piloted by members of the Emperor's Hammer? You bet!"

"Besides..." Locke continued. "It's not just two starfighters. It's one A-Wing with a great pilot and one B-Wing with a pretty massive surprise..."

Kieran's sensors reported more fighters launching from the Interdictor. This time though, it wasn't another assortment of alphabet ships. It was something even faster than Kieran's A-Wing.

A trio of TIE Advanced.<sup>45</sup>

Kieran cursed in Shirywook.<sup>46</sup> “Don’t curse!” Locke tried to say in reply, although Locke’s attempt at Shirywook sounded less like a Wookiee and more like a Bith with a bad cold.

“Easy for you to sssay!” Kieran said in response. Either the TIE Advanced trio didn’t see Locke’s B-Wing, or they had just decided that an A-Wing would make an easier target, because all three were heading right for Kieran’s direction.

“Fire off a few linked shots when you get within 1.7 clicks, then make sure to juke out of the way.” Locke ordered.<sup>47</sup> “I promise you those pilots have never had to fight a TIE Advanced before - they don’t know its weaknesses like you do! Stay fast, stay loose, and let them get overconfident!”

“And what about all the other fighterrrs on my tail?”

“We’ll be gone before they even get close.”

The Trandoshan wasn’t sure he believed that, but right now he didn’t have any better options. He directed his A-Wing towards the trio of TIE Advanced quickly racing towards him. In need of energy now, more than speed, he started charging his lasers up, sacrificing a little shield energy to get them powered up. As soon as he was almost in laser range, he fired off a few linked shots, just as instructed, then started juking and erratically dodging, aiming to keep the TIE Advanceds right out of firing range.<sup>48</sup>

He knew from experience that A-Wings could be pesky targets to hit, due to their small size. He also knew it didn’t take more than a couple solid quad blasts to make them explode, so he found himself being more cautious than needed. It didn’t matter - one TIE Advanced attacking him badly compensated for his maneuvers and accidentally collided into another TIE Advanced, causing the two TIEs to spin out of control. The remaining TIE Advanced quickly flew by him, which gave Kieran a chance to cut his speed and bring his ship right behind the TIE. Before the pilot could even react, Kieran fired off quick single laser shots, determined to bring down the Advanced’s weak shields before they could recharge.<sup>49</sup> The pilot tried to maneuver out of the way, but it was too late - the Trandoshan had a beat on him, and quickly finished off the TIE Advanced.

Two left to go.

Whether out of fear, orders, or an effort to be strategic, the two TIE Advanced that had collided into each other had abandoned their assault on him and were instead heading for Locke’s B-Wing. Kieran threw all his power into his engines in an attempt to chase after them. He was pleasantly surprised to see that he was closing in on them - either these pilots didn’t know how to manage their energy, or they were overconfident about the TIE Advanced’s capabilities. Either way, it gave Kieran an opportunity.

Once in range, he threw power from his shields into his lasers, and fired off a few dual shots, hitting both TIE Advanced. Both TIEs panicked and ran away immediately. Kieran adjusted his power to be more balanced, and was about to take off in pursuit of them, until he made visual contact with Locke and saw what he meant about a “massive surprise”...

His B-Wing had its S-Foils closed, and appeared to be carrying some kind of cargo. Kieran's eyes widened as he realized what it was.

Locke's B-Wing was towing a Y-Wing.

"What arrre you doing??" Kieran asked over the radio.

"Special delivery." Locke replied. "Keep those TIEs off of me!"

The Trandoshan didn't have time to argue. He quickly found one of the TIE Advanced chasing after Locke. He managed to fire off a few more shots to scare the bogey into retreating, then immediately fell into evasive maneuvers, assuming the other TIE Advanced was coming up behind him. His instincts proved correct, and he managed to avoid some laser fire as the T/A shot past him. He cut back his engines for a second, then fired on full blast at his would-be pursuer, causing the attacker's ship to immediately explode.

One left.

The remaining TIE Advanced was again heading towards Locke, but he was now within the range of the Interdictor as well. Suddenly, the Y-Wing detached from Locke's B-Wing. The momentum started to carry the Y-Wing towards the Interdictor, slowly.

Kieran watched as Locke used the distraction to open his ship's s-foils and fire off a few shots at the TIE Advanced at the pass. The fighter was too damaged from its earlier collision and Kieran's previous shots, and couldn't take further damage; it fell into a fiery spin, then exploded.

The Y-Wing continued on its slow course towards the Interdictor, which was firing at both Locke and Kieran's ships, but not the Y-Wing.

"It can't sssee it." Kieran realized. "The enginesss are off."

"You got it." Locke confirmed.

Suddenly, it came together for Kieran. "What did you put in therrrre?"

"Oh... about as many space bombs as I could fit. You might want to keep your distance for this part."

Kieran immediately turned his A-Wing away from the Interdictor and the Y-Wing crawling towards it, speeding off as fast as he could. Locke did the same, but just before he was out of range, Kieran watched as the Vice Admiral spun his B-Wing around and fired a laser blast at the Y-Wing, just as it was about to hit the Interdictor.

Kieran felt his ship shake as the series of space bombs began to explode.

"Oya!" Locke exclaimed as the Interdictor burst into flames.<sup>50</sup> The A-Wing's navicomputer chimed in that the hyperspace engine was back online, free of the effects of the Interdictor's gravity wells. Kieran didn't waste any time, immediately transmitting over the coordinates his nav computer had calculated.

“Received!” Locke said, confirming receipt. “Let’s beat it before this collector shows up with a World Devastator!”<sup>51</sup>

Kieran didn’t know what that was, but he had had enough of this ship, this mission, this system, and this day. He threw his A-Wing into hyperspace, and moments later the sight of stars was replaced by the comforting vortex of hyperspace.

Time to go home.

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After some interesting conversations and exchange of several passcodes and passphrases, Locke and Kieran were able to dock onboard the Challenge with their stolen ships. Another pair of craft to add to the Infiltrator Wing’s vast arsenal.

The Vice Admiral met up with the Trandoshan as he was squeezing himself out of the small cockpit of the A-Wing.

“Well, not exactly the mission you were given... but you managed to adapt to it well. Excellent work out there Lieutenant Commander!”

Kieran bowed his head slightly in acknowledgement.

“Now, if you don’t mind... I have one heck of a debrief to write up. Going to be quite the challenge to make it sound believable...”<sup>52</sup>

“What about the collectorrr? Leonore?” Kieran asked.

“Another enemy of the Emperor’s Hammer, I’m afraid. And one less person we can deal with. Fortunately, we don’t have much of a need for luxury liners. And I don’t think we would ever have been able to meet his terms. But now we know. And the enemy you know is a much smaller threat than the enemy you don’t.”

Kieran couldn’t argue with the logic. Both men paused for a moment. There was something else Kieran wanted to ask... he just wasn’t sure how to say it.

The Trandoshan opened his mouth to speak, but then closed it, unsure of how to phrase the question.

The Vice Admiral noticed it, however. “Something you wanted to say, Lieutenant Commander?”

Kieran barred his teeth and released a breath. A Trandoshan version of a sigh.

“You seem to know many things. Many that are verrry useless. But some... usseful. Verrry usseful. Where does one learn so many things?”

Locke smiled. “There’s only one place in the universe where you can go to learn everything about anything...”

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Lieutenant Fowler practically jumped out of his chair at the sight of a tall Trandoshan walking towards his meager desk. Even though the Emperor's Hammer was full of non-humans, it wasn't often that Lieutenant Fowler had to encounter someone quite as intimidating as a Trandoshan in full Imperial uniform.

"Welcome to the Imperial University!" Fowler squeaked, his voice suddenly higher than normal. "How can I help you?"

The Trandoshan handed over his Imperial ID.

"I wish to enrroll." he growled.

"Very well." Fowler nervously took the ID, scanning it to ensure everything was in order. "What would you like to enroll in?"

The Trandoshan leaned closer, looking Fowler directly in the eye. He gulped, uncontrollably. "Everrrrrrything."

"Come again?" Fowler asked.

"EVERRRRRRRRRRYTHING!!!" the Trandoshan bellowed, as Fowler fell out of his chair.

The Imperial University's newest student had apparently found a sudden passion for a good education. ■

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# THE DICHOTOMY BETWEEN DARK AND LIGHT AN UNEARTHING OF DARTH REVAN DOCTRINE AND THE POSSIBILITY OF AVOIDING PAYING THE PRICE OF THE DARK SIDE

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THESIS FOR THE GRADUATE OF THE DARK ARTS

LIEUTENANT [ROSH NYINE](#)

8 JULY 2024

## Introduction

The Force has been studied by multiple practitioners across the ages. Starting back to the origins of the Jedi Order, we have always seen the morality of the Force, and the powers it grants to those with enough connection to it, as what we call the Light Side and Dark Side. However, through the study of the Dark Arts, there seems to be a weak point in these views, as we can observe the effects of each side not fully delivering what the students of the Force expect to achieve.

How many practitioners of the Dark Side have we lost following firm beliefs deeply rooted in the past, and amongst them, how many question their effects, and how can they escape the price to pay?

This study analyzes this price, looking back at what history has taught us, and proposes a radical and possibly heretical path to follow which logically thought, could potentially avoid this price while still adhering to the core of the Dark Side values.

## The Sith Code

Most practitioners of the Dark Side follow, or at least are aware, of the Sith Code. It is a promise of freedom for all those who follow through, a promise that if we look closely at it, fails to deliver the expected results.

"Peace is a lie, there is only passion.  
Through passion, I gain strength.  
Through strength, I gain power.  
Through power, I gain victory.  
Through victory, my chains are broken.  
The Force shall free me."

This is the Code as we know it, and we can see the promise of strength, power, victory, and, most importantly, freedom. However, if we study the psychological effects of the Dark Side on its practitioners, does the Dark Side truly deliver freedom to those who follow through their passions to the extreme, in an endless struggle to obtain more power?

Within the halls of our own Shadow Academy, we learn of the falsehood of the Jedi Code, and how it binds those who follow to a life of restraint, unable to follow any desire that provokes in them any strong emotion. We know that the Jedi are not free because they cannot pursue their will without risking falling to the Dark Side, but are we Sith different once our path starts distorting our thoughts, sowing paranoia, anger, fear, and all kinds of emotions that would otherwise be non-existent within us?

It seems reasonable to question if the Sith Code gives us an edge over the Jedi Code, or if on the contrary, it guides us to the same lack of freedom that the Jedi exhibit, albeit in a different way.

## Darth Revan

History gives us multiple examples of those who have followed both sides of the Force, through their lifetime. Anakin Skywalker was the hope of the Jedi Order on the last days of the Old Republic, and under the astute schemes of Darth Sidious, was guided to the Dark Side, only to revert to his old self in the most crucial moment of our recent history: the death of our Emperor under his hands. If we keep going back in time, we have Freedom Nadd, who, wronged by the Jedi by denying his knighthood, escaped their teachings after slaying his master, and turned to the Dark Side.

However, if we try to find study subjects that have fully embraced the Dark Arts and have completely turned their back on it, we have very few documented cases, with Darth Revan being not only one of the most special cases but also the one which can give us a better insight on how to achieve true freedom.

Darth Revan was, initially, a powerful Jedi, a general who, defying the desires of the Jedi Council, turned the tide in the Mandalorian Wars and emerged victorious from them, ultimately defeating Mandalore at the Battle of Malachor V. While exploring the Unknown Regions, Revan rediscovered the Sith Empire with his friend and apprentice, Alek, later known as Darth Malak, and they both were corrupted and turned to the Dark Side. He went on after these events to become one of the most powerful Sith Lords in history, establish his own Empire, and wage war against the Republic he had previously saved, almost taking it to its knees.

Thanks to Bastila Shan, Revan escaped paying the price that the Dark Side always claims to its practitioners. Apprehended, the Jedi Council wiped his mind, though his connection to the Force led him to follow, once again, the path of Light.

Defeating the Empire he had helped create, Revan married Shan and then seems to disappear from official records for a long time after those events. He would reappear years later, looking for answers only to be found on the Dark Side, and eventually being captured and tortured for years.

These events led Revan's mind to split in two. His persona, divided into Light and Dark sides, attempted from one side to become one with the Force, with the other half clinging to life and effectively not allowing this to pass.

While Darth Revan died, his legacy served other Sith Lords in refining the Sith philosophy, which led to the Rule of Two developed by Darth Bane many years later. His life and teachings advocated for control of one's passions instead of fuelling them, forming the basis of this thesis.

## On The Cosmic Force And Its Influence Over Destiny

While we manipulate the Living Force, the Cosmic Force cannot be manipulated, only felt and looked upon. Jedi and Sith have theorized about the relationship between both, but there is a point where all scholars agree. The Living Force contains our future or many versions of it, and while it is in constant change, it strives for balance.

The Sith Empire, the Republic, the Galactic Empire, and the Jedi Order. All of them have met their demise through fate and destiny. In all cases, the Force has put forward champions to bring balance whenever the Dark or the Light side was too powerful and threatened to extinguish the other side.

As a collective, we need to ensure that balance remains if we are to survive in the future. Shouldn't we curb a complete and total victory over our enemies while tipping the scales toward the Dark Side, we would suffer eventual defeat to restore balance. It's not hypothetical that the Cosmic Force would produce another champion or organization that would destroy us.

For this reason, our mastership over the Dark Side needs to be tamed and studied while we pursue our quest for total freedom.

## The Dark Side Unchained

So far, I have exposed the reasons why there is a need for this thesis and the path it proposes, as well as a prime example of mastery over the Dark Side on the figure of Darth Revan and how he managed, albeit accidentally, to avoid being affected by the cost of embracing it.

What is the way that we should adopt to follow in his footsteps? Taking all our Force-sensitive members and wiping their minds is not the correct answer, though I would encourage further experimentation on this procedure in extreme cases of Dark Side corruption where the body is not able to work as expected, or dementia is settling in.

The example of the Jensaari, who walked the line between both sides, seems to be a correct approach to mastering the Dark Arts. However, if we turned our philosophy away from the Sith teachings, we would risk losing the freedom the Sith Code claims to achieve.

We cannot stray away from the Sith teachings, but we can decide not to rush in mastering the Force. We need to embrace our passions, but we don't need to drown in them. A more balanced phrasing of the Sith Code would go as such:

"Peace and passion work together.  
Through unity, I gain strength.  
Through strength, I gain power.  
Through power, I gain victory.  
Through victory, my chains are broken.  
The Force shall free me."

Please note that this is purely theoretical. While this thesis proposes changes or alternatives to established philosophies, moving toward a practical field could be considered heretical, and rightly so.

## On The Stages Of Corruption

It is hard to establish stages that could define the physical and psychological changes that Dark Side practitioners undergo through their path towards mastery over the Force. However, to theorize about the required nuances on how to approach and help in each case, I have divided the corruption suffered over time into four stages:

*Stage 1:* At this early stage, the user manifests only slight changes that may go unnoticed except for their inner circle. Minor comments that the user will consider normal behavior may surprise others with more rigid morals. While empathy is very much there, at times, the user could forego any feeling toward other living beings and their existence. Logic doesn't seem to be able to provide any solution to this, which could be considered a state of freedom for the most part. To channel the Dark Side, one must commit to it, and to curb one's emotions at this point would only display a lack of commitment to this path, and, therefore, an inability to channel it.

*Stage 2:* Physical changes are still not visible, but psychologically, users start losing control over their actions. Irritability and anger are common, and empathy declines perceptibly. At this point, the Dark Side user must realize that not exercising control over their emotions will lead to further damage and a possible lack of rationality when making decisions. It is important to note that this doesn't mean that the Force users should stop losing their free will by restraining themselves, but short daily meditations should help to identify which decisions were rational and which came as a result of following the Force. If we use logic to understand our past and believe what history can teach us, this method should allow us to get stronger without advancing to the next stage of corruption.

*Stage 3:* Physical manifestations of the use of the Dark Side show up. Some of the most common ones are the change in the color and shape of the pupils and an unhealthy paleness. Psychologically, at this stage, all morals are brushed aside in a quest for more power, like more mundane addictions. At this point, records make us believe that Darth Revan underwent the mind wipe process by the Jedi Council and recovered from both the physical and psychological downsides of the Dark Side, so those of us already suffering this stage would likely need to either stop using the Force completely and practice introspection constantly, or, in a more dangerous manner, use more radical methods to erase the part of our psyche linked to the Force. This stage warrants a study in depth, should someone dare to go further and investigate possible solutions and have access to a

candidate, willing or not. It is doubtful that such studies will ever be approved by the Dark Council, due to their heretical nature and the dangers involved.

*Stage 4:* The best example of stage 4 corruption is Darth Sidious, our former Emperor. At this point, the body withers, the voice becomes almost unnatural, and only the strongest wills can fight dementia. There is not enough evidence of Sith Lords at this stage ever recovering from a total surrender to the Dark Side, and we should not question that, albeit incredibly taxing, those who managed to achieve this status in the past shaped the history of the Galaxy.

## Conclusion

Currently, we don't have any examples of Sith Lords who redeemed themselves and became powerful enough to reach the later stages of mastery over the Dark Side. Most of those who ever recovered usually walked the path of the Light Side afterward, casting aside the Dark Side of the Force. If we managed to produce a single Force user that successfully mastered the Dark Side while following the altered Sith Code proposed in this study, and maintained a steady power growth curbing their emotions, we would likely produce the ultimate Sith, who could rival all Sith Lords of the past and could usher a new era of dominion over the Galaxy without the Cosmic Force needing to intervene to restore the balance. It is, however, for the Dark Council to decide which path we should follow, and I remind any prospective student of the Dark Side that, unless sanctioned, we should not engage in the practical side of this study.

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