

Competition: Battles... IN SPACE!

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[DarkHawk's Snapshot](#)

[Fiction Prompt: Using CNS fleet ships in lieu of my own]

The capital ship of Clan Naga Sadow the Perdition along with her support ships completed their security patrols near the boundaries of the Orian System and Wild Space. Out of nowhere pirate raiders made the jump out from hyperspace looking to loot the mining shipments from Sepros. Moff Simonetti, CNS Fleet Commander had his more discrete informants leak some misinformation regarding CNS supply routes. The ruse worked.

Simonetti ordered the fleet to move in and around the pirate raiders. Two Cumulus-class Corsair led the pirate entourage. Along with a couple of freighters to haul away their spoils. They may have bit off more than they can chew today. X-Wings began to launch from the pirate ships. Simonetti was impressed, normally they would turn tail and run. "They must be desperate," he thought. Without hesitation he gave the command to launch all fighters.

Warhost X-wings positioned their flight behind the enemy. The flight dove in for the attack and the warcry of ion engines pierced through the vacuum of space. The X-wings bore in on the enemies below undetected. Singling out the trailing enemy fighters, the flight lead Lieutenant Zeyphr Vinderius was first to pull his trigger, shredding a TIE before the pilot could react. Shrapnel and system gasses from the hull billowed out plumes of smoke as one last burst from the four KX9 laser cannons sent the fighter tumbling away. Deafening explosions echoed inside Zeyphyr's cockpit as he veered away.

Pulling up from his attack run, the red Zeltron could see the rest of the enemy fighters scattering away. "Perfect, I have you all right where I want you." Latching on to the tail of another enemy fighter, Lt. Vinderius grinned at the thrill of the chase. Expertly balancing the yoke and throttle throughout his pursuit. As he jockeyed for positioning, he placed his finger over the trigger, eagerly waiting for the moment when his enemy would fly into the killzone. Suddenly a frantic voice broke over his comm's, "Lead, you have a bandit on your six!"

The Zeltron laughed as he pulled the yoke into his gut and slammed the bottom Etheric rudder. At such high speeds, his ship rolled over causing his pursuer to overshoot zooming past him. Catching sight of another target of opportunity, a flight of three TIE fighters below at his four o'clock. Vinderius decided to bank in at their aft. "You lot are really making this all too easy for me."

"Target the last craft in the formation" was the current thought in Vinderius's head as he adjusted his controls, soaring in for the kill. Three quick bursts from his weapon knocked the trailing craft out of commission. Muscle memory took control as he quickly dodged away from the debris. Incredibly, another TIE fighter raced out in front of him. A second kill was achieved in a span of mere seconds after he instinctively pulled the trigger, dispatching the enemy fighter in

seconds. Diving back into the thick of the fight, the Lieutenant latched on to a new target, however, his lack of a wingman left him exposed. A sudden alarm fills the cockpit as he sees the red dot of an enemy on his HUD at the 6 o'clock position.

Breaking to the left, the Zephyr rolled and juked his ship to avoid any target lock, but this enemy refused to give up. This TIE/SF pilot was far different from the others he had encountered and he had a feeling that his skills would be put to the ultimate test. Now surprisingly, the Zeltron found himself struggling to shake the enemy fighter, a situation that almost never happened to him. Despite his best efforts to drive the enemy's dive away from him, the TIEt still stayed hot on his tail. Sweat poured from the Zeltron as the enemy inched closer to him. Thinking quickly, he attempted a last resort risky maneuver that he had only practiced a handful of times.

Again snapping the yoke into his abdomen he hit full bottom, the Zeltron then threw the yoke full forward again to neutralize the maneuver. It was an aggressive deployment the academy named an inverted-vertical reversement. By snapping the yoke in tight, it temporarily reduces the ship's lift. Then once the ship is ruddering down, it immediately drops the nose. The torque of the maneuver twists the craft counterclockwise while pushing the yoke full forward neutralizes the effect and levels off the craft. However, only the most confident pilots would even attempt such a maneuver, a bold move to say the least. "Whoooooo-Hooooooo!" Lt. Vinderius barked as he quickly executed the daring maneuver, disappearing from his pursuer in a fraction of a second.

Still in the middle of the frenzied melee below him, Vinderius spotted one of his flight members with some unfriendly company. Rolling his ship over, he dove in to rescue his companion. The Lieutenant was ready to strike. He came in above and behind his enemy for a perfect kill. As soon as his targeting reticle glowed red, he fired off multiple bursts of laser fire. The lasers danced across the backside of the enemy craft. Watching joyfully, the Lieutenant's joy was short-lived. Surprised at the sudden attack, the TIE pilot broke off his pursuit and pushed his nose down into a drastic dive. Vinderius maintained his angle of attack, drawing the TIE in closer. As soon as he locked on to his target, the Lieutenant fired once again sending the TIE careening out of control. His third kill of the fight.

Lieutenant Vinderius regrouped with two of his wingmen and the three headed back into the mix. One of the wingmen caught sight of two enemy TIE's flying in opposite direction below them. Not about to let the enemy bug out, Vinderius and his wingmen execute a split S and pull out directly behind the two TIE fighters. The Lieutenant's port wingman draws first blood of the exchange by downing the trailing TIE.

The X-wings flew in a close Vic formation, with the lead at the apex and the rest of the flight in echelon to the left and the right. The remaining TIE went into immediate evasive maneuvers. The X-wing's maintained their formation as they chased down the TIE. Pushing the throttle wide open, Vinderius closed in on the enemy leader. Now, at just nearly seventy five meters away, the Lieutenant pulled his trigger. The X-Wing's lasers barked to life before burning through the TIE's starboard wing strut. The TIE's solar array wing ripped away from the strut

as Vinderius watched with great joy.

The last of the Pirate forces now turned tail and headed back to their mothership. The order to destroy the supply ships was given. As Warhost fighters began lining up to make a deadly strafing run against the cargo ship's, the Corsairs and the supply ship's began making the jump to lightspeed to escape.

Simonetti raised an eyebrow, "Cowards" he spat. "Bring the fighters home and launch the combat patrols from the *Bloodline*" he ordered. "Tukata Squadron, if you so much as seen any unauthorized ships on your patrols, you are cleared to engage."

"*Tukata* flight lead to *Perdition*, copy last we are on the hunt."