**Imperial-II Star Destroyer Colossus**

**Emperor’s Hammer Space**

**20 ABY**

Nu Squadron had completed another mission. Their commander, Andrelious J. Inahj, had excelled since his appointment. There was talk that Inahj was among the best pilots; he was tipped to one day take command of Wing VIII itself. He had only days before received a Silver Star of the Empire from Battlegroup Commander Mell Kerrigan.

“Good work, Silent Stalkers.” Andrelious broadcast as he landed his TIE Advanced. The rest of the squadron, some flying Advanced, some flying XM-1 Missile Boats, landed moments later.

Usually the Commodore of the *Colossus*, Rear Admiral Gunman, would be waiting to congratulate Nu squadron on another mission well done; today, however, the welcoming party consisted of Gunman flanked by Admiral Vladet Xavier, the Emperor’s Hammer Security Officer.

Andrelious saluted Gunman as protocol dictated, but the Rear Admiral did not return the salute. Instead, he pointed at the smaller human. “Arrest him!” he ordered.

“Commander Andrelious Jongstram Inahj, you are under arrest.” Xavier hissed. “You are accused of espionage, defection, theft of Imperial property and treason. Do you have anything to say for yourself?”

Inahj was shocked. He had given his very life for the Empire. The Emperor’s Hammer had just been the latest leg in his career, and now the Imperials were accusing him of treachery. “Only one thing, Admiral. Never arrest a pilot next to his ship,” the now ex-Imperial answered, snatching an E-11 blaster with Jedi-like reactions. Using the stolen weapon, he shot at another two Stormtroopers, stealing a second E-11.

As the remaining *Colossus* troopers shot desperately, Andrelious jumped into his TIE Advanced, pulling the throttle immediately.

Andrelious J. Inahj was now on the run. The Emperor’s Hammer would chase him down..

Twisting and turning his TIE as he fled the *Colossus*, the Commander considered turning back and handing himself in. He had sworn to serve the Empire, even after it began to fragment. If he fled, any chance of proving he was innocent of the crimes that he had been accused of was gone, as was any future service to the Empire he’d given nearly two decades of his life to. His life, as he knew it, was over.

*I can’t go back. Even if I know I’m innocent, the Hammer’s justice system doesn’t care about things like that. They’ll execute me without giving me so much as a trial*.

Evading a bolt of laser fire from one of his own former subordinates, who were now rapidly giving chase, Andrelious keyed in some coordinates, praying that the navcomputer wouldn’t take too long. As it beeped away calculating the most efficient jump to the requested destination, the former Imperial continued to evade laser fire, even having to use his own lasers to destroy a warhead that had been fired in his direction. He found that the Force was guiding him in his movements to a degree far greater than he had expected. He made a note to look into that once he had escaped his present situation.

With a louder beep and a flash of green on its readout, the navcomputer indicated it was done. Andrelious smiled under his helmet, and pulled the hyperdrive’s activation lever without any hesitation.

**Mimosa-Inahj Homestead**

**Mountains of Selen**

**39 ABY**

“So where exactly did you go?” Kooki asked, noticing that her twin daughters were staring at that father in a way that made it look almost as if they too were listening to Andrelious’ tale.

“I stopped off at a civilian space station for a few days, just to gather my thoughts and check on a few things. Like just how strong I was in the Force. Turned out that the Hammer’s pathetic imitation Brotherhood were holding me back. I just didn’t know how much until later on. Then I moved back to Corellia. Lived with my parents for a while. Helped my father out.” The Warlord explained, noticing Kooki was starting to lose interest in his rather long winded story.

“And you’re genuinely proud that you fled from the Empire that day? After pledging yourself for life?” the Alderaanian asked, a mocking smile upon her lips.

“Of course. If I’d stayed as an Imperial bootlicker for the rest of my life, I’d never have met you. Or any of the others,” Andrelious responded, hugging his wife. The twins cooed gently as their parents embraced.

“And if they came back right now? And offered you more than what you have here?” Kooki queried.

The ex-Rollmaster shook his head. “I’m *never* going back. The Empire are the past,”