**Authority Data Centre**

**Orron III**

Alarms blared throughout the building. The loud wailing indicated to all that security had been breached. In one of the Data Centre’s many computer rooms, a father and daughter crouched behind an upturned durasteel table, glaring at each other in an accusatory way that simply said ‘you did that!’

“Was this part of the plan, dad?” Saskia Ortega-Inahj asked as she took cover from the increasingly numerous blaster bolts.

“You’re so quiet when things go well, yet when things go wrong, you’re always there to criticise,” Andrelious snapped back, returning fire. The Warlord’s accurate shooting cut down the nearest Espo, but the group of Taldryanites were still heavily outnumbered.

Andrelious Mimosa-Inahj had been given a simple, but important task. He was to head to Orron III and infiltrate the Authority Data Centre. Once inside, his goal was to locate any intelligence relating to recent attacks on Taldryan’s home system. Given full command over the operation, he had insisted on his daughter, Saskia, an expert slicer accompany him as his second. Also in the team were Talon Drear, who was acting as the team’s close combat man, and several members of Taldryan’s armed forces. Andrelious and Saskia were still new to the Clan, having defected from Arcona just a few days before the attacks had begun, but were already proving useful, having provided their new friends with information that led to the silencing of many of the spies that the Shadow Clan had placed across their enemy’s forces. That one act alone had been enough to silence many of the doubters, but suspicion remained.

One of the soldiers, a Human in a Sergeant’s uniform, picked off another enemy. “We’re going to get slaughtered if we don’t move soon!” He yelled.

“We’ll be slaughtered if we move too quickly!” Andrelious warned. “Just make sure you cover Saskia’s retreat! We can’t lose her!”

Saskia had already sent the datafiles that she had successfully sliced from the Databanks back to their contacts on Karufr, but chose to say nothing. She wasn’t about to risk giving up the protection that her father provided, especially in such a tight combat situation.

“Right, now, GO!” Andrelious ordered. Talon led the way, stabbing the nearest three Espos in quick succession with his emerald bladed lightsaber. Saskia followed, using one lightsaber to defend, and the other to attack. Her skill in her preferred Jar’Kai Niman form had improved markedly since Andrelious had last seen her fight, to the point that he no longer felt such a strong need to keep his eldest child safe – she could clearly do so on her own. Instead of focusing on Saskia, the Warlord extended his arms outwards towards a cluster of four enemies, blasting them with a wave of Force lightning. Following it up with a second blast, Andrelious smiled as he saw the Espos drop to the floor, writhing in pain. The former Imperial moved swiftly over to his wounded enemies, executing them with his black-hilted lightsaber. He was clearly in no mood to deal with prisoners.

“Status, Lieutenant!” Andrelious demanded of the lead soldier.

“We lost two men in that fire fight. Privates Second Class Barbreck and Levro,” Lieutenant Evwi Braxingford declared. The Karufr native hadn’t been too pleased to be selected to lead Andrelious’ support group, having briefly come into contact with the Warlord during his Arconan service. On that day, Mimosa-Inahj had killed Braxingford’s superior almost wordlessly. Now she had to follow his orders without question.

“Very well. How far to the exit? And what defences are we looking at?” the Sith questioned.

“We’ve got to fight our way back to the turbolift, before facing anything they’ve left for us in the entrance hall. Expect to face their most advanced defences. No heavy infantry, though. They won’t want to damage their own databanks,” Braxingford responded as a medic confirmed the two deaths with a grim shake of his head.

“Then we’ll have to get back to our ship. Which we’ll never get back past the orbital defences. Your false IFF code won’t be any good now,” Talon added.

“You underestimate our slicer, Drear. Saskia, did you get the new IFF codes?” Andrelious queried.

Saskia opened her mouth to answer, but the sound of further blaster fire cut her off. More Espos had arrived and begun to fire upon the assembled Taldryanites. The soldiers quickly dived for cover and returned the favour, whilst the three dark Jedi were forced to block several shots with their lightsabers.

Andrelious stood firm, offering another bolt of Force lightning that hit the nearest pair of Espos and left them convulsing on the floor in pain. Saskia and Talon charged forwards and dealt with other enemies, whilst Braxingford and her men offered covering fire with a little more precision than before. This time, the Espos were defeated without any additional Taldryan casualties.

“We’re relatively fine in here, but once we get out to that corridor, we’ll have less cover. How do you suppose we get out?” Braxingford stated, pointing at the room’s exit.

Andrelious nodded. He could already sense the presence of further enemies outside.

“Saskia. Is there any way that we could make the Authority believe that they need to evacuate the building?” the Warlord asked.

“No. I’d have done it when I first got into their system if I could. They were smart enough to make sure their databanks have no control over their security systems. And to not put any way of accessing the security systems anywhere like this,” Saskia replied emotionlessly.

The Cirran’s father smirked. “Alright. Then here’s what we’re going to do.”

**-x-**

Gregor Homtab watched the door that currently hid the Taldryanites with a beady eye. He’d sent two waves, admittedly of newer, greener Espos, into the room, knowing that they had little more than the advantage of numbers. His briefing had warned him that the enemy inside were dangerous, but he hadn’t gambled on just *how* dangerous.

“Get ready, men! They’ll have to pass through here soon. Once they’re out in the open, let them have it. I want the FC-1s aimed at their Jedi, everyone else on their support. Don’t try and fire blaster bolts at anyone with a lightsaber – they can easily block it,” Homtab commanded, pointing his own FC-1 Flechette Launcher squarely at the door.

As the door opened, the Espos’ trigger fingers began to move, but the majority pulled away when faced with an unarmed, chestnut haired female, who was raising her hands to indicate surrender.

“We surrender. We’ve got wounded in there, please help us!” Saskia pleaded.

“This better not be a trick, Missy. Let’s move in!” Gregor spat, clearly believing the Battlelord’s lie. He simply did not care about any wounded enemies.

Saskia waved her raised hand slightly, staring directly at the senior Espo.

“You trust me completely. You’ll come in alone to negotiate,” she said in her usual monotone voice.

“Wait here, men. I trust this girl completely. I’m going to go in alone to negotiate,” Homtab answered almost robotically.

The aging male followed Saskia into the room. Inside, he was presented with the scene of several dead colleagues. He craned his neck around, trying to find any survivors, or the injured enemies that he had expected to see. As he turned to the left, he came face to face with Andrelious. As the Warlord knocked Homtab to the ground with the butt of his E-11, Talon Drear closed the door.

“Keycard! Now!” Andrelious demanded, pressing his blaster’s barrel onto the Espo’s forehead.

“I was hoping you’d be a little more than petty thugs,” Homtab spat back as he tossed his keycard to Talon. The Warrior quickly locked the door.

“We’re far more than petty thugs. Just I don’t take too kindly to the way you talked to a member of my family. Missy indeed!” Andrelious hissed.

“Family?” the Espo questioned.

Saskia moved to stand next to Andrelious. “I see you’ve met my father,” she replied simply.

“I’ve never met a man who’s shorter than his daughter before..”

“She gets the height from her mother. Now, shut up with the frakking poetry. You’re going to help us get out of here. If any more of my team get hurt, you will pay for it, do I make myself clear?” the Warlord warned, switching from blaster to lightsaber. He pointed its crimson blade at Homtab’s nose, close enough to allow the Espo to feel its heat. The captive simply nodded, a wave of fear silencing his usually sharp tongue.

The group were interrupted by a loud banging on the door.

“Sir? What’s going on in there?” a voice asked from the corridor.

“Tell them you’re fine.” Andrelious whispered harshly.

“Everything’s fine in here. I’ll be out shortly with our prisoners!” Homtab answered, glancing at his captors as he obeyed Mimosa-Inahj’s instruction.

Lieutenant Braxingford boredly stared at the exit, her blaster in hand. She wanted to be fighting her way out, not waiting with an enemy captive who she suspected that her dark Jedi masters would be executing soon, anyway. She knew that Andrelious, in particular, didn’t tend to take prisoners, especially on missions such as this, and wondered exactly what the former Imperial had in mind.

“They won’t wait forever, you know that, don’t you?” Homtab stated. “They’ll figure out that I’m not negotiating your surrender. And the men out there will be a little tougher than the ones I sent in after you before,” he continued, glancing ruefully at nearest dead Espo.

“He’s right. We can’t just sit here. I’m not about to let you throw men away,” Braxingford added.

“Lieutenant. One word from me and you’ll be a Private on permanent latrine duty. Consul Cantor gave me command of this mission. If you’ve got a plan, I’ll hear it, otherwise, I suggest you be quiet,” Andrelious snapped. The situation had gone awry enough that the Warlord was feeling quite stressed. He had expected a fairly simple infiltration, and was already faced with having to explain losses to his new Consul. If he cost the Clan a senior officer such as Braxingford, he lacked the political clout to avoid the unpleasantness of an enquiry.

“I did have one idea. If we threw a smoke grenade into the corridor, then immediately rushed the Espos, we’d negate most of their positional advantage. Of course, we don’t have our breathing equipment, so you’d have to lead the way,” the female declared, beckoning at a nearby Corporal who was evidently her team’s explosives man.

“A little bit of smoke won’t bother me,” Talon stated.

“Very well. Drear, get the door open. As soon as it’s open, get the smoke screen up,” the ex-Imperial demanded, grabbing Homtab by his shoulder. “And YOU are staying with me. I want some insurance in case this goes wrong,”

Sliding the door open with ease, Talon charged forwards, followed moments later by a smoke grenade hurled from Braxingford’s man. The device immediately started to fill the corridor with acrid black smoke, totally obscuring the view beyond the doorway. Andrelious and the others could hear a lightsaber swinging about, as well as a number of blaster shots. Death cries indicated that Drear had engaged the enemy.

“Forward, now!” the Lieutenant commanded, leading her men to positions around the doorway. They fired their blasters almost blindly into the smoke. Andrelious joined in, guiding the barrel of his E-11 with the Force. After a few tentative seconds, the screen began to clear, exposing the Taldryanites. Immediately both sides began to exchange fire far more effectively. Homtab’s warning had been accurate; these Espos were older and had seen far more combat. They had taken cover in other doorways along the corridor, whilst others hid behind objects that lined their position. Talon had done a good job at cutting a swathe through his enemies, but had become bogged down under heavy fire and was reduced to parrying blaster bolts away with his lightsaber.

Andrelious now stepped into the firing line, using his captive as a shield to ensure his safety. Saskia hung back, slightly amazed at how her father would use his fellow man so callously.

With such heavy fire from the enemy, several of the Taldryan soldiers were cut down. Braxingford cursed each loss under her breath, but continued to fire her own blaster, trying to outdo the Warlord next to her who seemed to almost effortlessly manage to fell target after target.

Glancing outwards, Andrelious saw that he and his team had cleared half of the corridor. Talon had managed to extricate himself from the situation he had been in, thanks in part to good shooting from both Sith and soldier alike. The Warrior was once again engaging Espos, focusing mainly on isolated targets rather than trying to take on larger groups.

“We need to move forward, Lieutenant!” Andrelious ordered, stepping into the corridor proper, forcing Homtab to move in front of him. Braxingford followed, a little reluctantly, trailed by the surviving members of her team. They all quickly took refuge in the nearest doorways, kicking fallen enemies out of the way, not caring if they were dead or just wounded.

The fire fight continued in earnest. The Taldryanites tried their hardest to move forwards, but were constantly forced back into cover by the Espos, who used their better positions to dictate the tempo. Andrelious, whilst taking cover from a particularly heavy wave of fire, began to study the floor. It was made of a fairly thin durasteel alloy, easily able to withstand the weight of day-to-day activity, but was already noticeably damaged from the fighting. As he continued to look, Saskia, who had joined her father in his safe haven, noticed what he was doing.

“It’s one way to escape, I’ll give you that. Think you can get the rest through the hole before they get picked off?” the Cirran questioned.

“I thought you knew me by now. If they make it, they make it,” Andrelious replied coldly, beginning to cut a large hole in the floor. As he had hoped, the durasteel was thin enough that it did not put up much resistance.

“We’re getting killed here!” a nearby soldier cried, falling seconds later to enemy fire. Father and daughter could hear and sense the battle going on around them, but ignored it as the crimson blade of Andrelious’ lightsaber continued to melt its way through a circle. Sparks flew up, forcing the pair to turn their heads away, but nothing was going to stop the Warlord, even if he and Saskia were the only two survivors.

With a final thrust, Andrelious finished cutting the hole. A severed disc of durasteel fell to the storey below with a loud crash.

“You first!” the Warlord demanded, hauling his captive through the hole. Homtab, having not been given any time to prepare for the fall, landed roughly on his feet, letting out a pained cry. His reaction indicated that whatever was below wasn’t occupied.

Lieutenant Braxingford, who had fallen back a little, noticed what Andrelious had done. She edged out of her cover spot, before preparing to run across the corridor to drop through the newly made ‘dropshaft’. As she crossed in the open, an enemy shot slammed into her upper thigh, felling the Taldryanite officer. Her training allowed her to turn the fall into a somersault that continued to move her towards the hole, but as she tried to get back to her feet, she realised that she had been scorched by a direct hit – her leg was now badly burned, making standing incredibly painful.

“Sir, I don’t know if I can make that jump with my leg as it is. Orders?” Braxingford questioned, trying her hardest to hide just how much pain she was in.

“Have one of your medics do what they can. If it’s that bad, there’s not much I can do for you. We don’t exactly have time on our side, Lieutenant,” Andrelious responded coldly, jumping through the hole himself. Saskia glanced stoically at her fellow female, following the Warlord.

On landing, Andrelious immediately recognised the room as a kitchen. It appeared to be deserted, aside from Gregor Homtab who leaned against one of the units, his arms crossed.

“Even on a mission you end up in the kitchen. Want to take a sandwich back for Kooki?” Saskia quipped. Andrelious’ wife had not been available for the mission: she was needed elsewhere. The Warlord frowned at his eldest’s comment, the frown stiffening further when he noticed Homtab snickering.

Taldryan soldiers began dropping through the hole. Andrelious counted eight survivors – that was about half of the original team. Braxingford had not yet joined them. One of her men, a Sergeant, approached Andrelious and Saskia.

“We’ve got a medic on the Lieutenant. We can’t just leave her,” the Sergeant declared in a military tone that belied any personal feelings.

“We can’t just sit and wait in here to see if she can make it, Sergeant. She signed up to give her life if necessary. She has two minutes to make it here, then we go on. That’s an order,” Mimosa-Inahj hissed.

“What’s the plan now, then, dad?” Saskia asked, a little surprised that the Warlord had given Braxingford such a large window.

“It won’t take them long to figure out where we’ve gone. I want three of you guarding the hole. Anything in brown that comes down, kill it. The rest of you, get ready to secure the next area. This whole building’s on red alert right now,” Andrelious commanded, pointing at the three he wanted on the hole. They saluted and headed off, whilst the others analysed the room. There were two doorways. One likely led to a large refrigeration unit, whilst the other would lead to the serving area.

“You.” Andrelious continued, pointing his blaster at his captive again. “How far back to the main entrance?”

“From here? Don’t count on it. Red alert means we’ll throw everything at you until you’re neutralised,” Homtab explained, smirking.

*I’ll wipe that look off your face.* Andrelious thought.

“Right. Now I have that information, I have no further use for you. Come with me!” the Warlord snapped, jabbing his weapon into Homtab’s back. He led the Espo towards the refrigeration unit. Seeing what her father was doing, Saskia moved ahead of the pair and opened its door. The cold air breezed in, chilling the group to the bone. Homtab realised what his captor was doing.

“You’re seriously going to lock me in there? What a tough fighter you are, Jedi,” Gregor hissed.

“I’m no Jedi,” Andrelious spat back, shoving Homtab in. Saskia quickly shut the door and pointed at a nearby set of controls. The Warlord quickly adjusted them, cooling the refrigeration unit even further.

“Having fun?” a female voice asked. Glancing over, Mimosa-Inahj saw that it was Lieutenant Braxingford, who had clearly made her way to the hole. Flanking her was a field medic.

“Ah, welcome back, Lieutenant. Let’s hope you can get to the ship,” Andrelious said.

**-x-**

Andrelious and his team stepped tentatively out of the kitchen. The eating area was just as deserted, but the building’s alarm system nonetheless rang loudly as a constant reminder that security had been breached.

“If that brown shirt was right, we’re going to face heavy resistance. I’m sure you all saw those droids when we came in. They’ll be our greatest danger. Or so they think. Saskia, what can you do about them?” Andrelious began.

“We’re in luck. When I was downloading the information we came for, I happened upon the droids’ specifications. They’re all slaved through a single control circuit. If I can get to that, I can completely alter their targeting. Couldn’t find where it’s located though. That file was a little too well secured,” the Cirran answered, her cheeks burning a little red.

“So that’s why the alarm went off! Your damn daughter couldn’t leave things alone!” Braxingford snapped.

“Lieutenant. I’m beginning to lose my patience with you. Don’t your intelligence files mention what I *normally* do with wounded allies?” Andrelious hissed.

“Forgive me, sir,” the soldier answered, clutching her thigh in an exaggerated gesture as if to try and blame her injury for her lack of tact.

“So our next goal is to find the droid control circuit, and see if we can gain ourselves a few more allies. Just make sure Saskia gets there in one piece!” the Warlord yelled.

“That’s a little risky. Wouldn’t we be better just heading for the exit?” Braxingford questioned.

“We don’t have the manpower for that, Lieutenant. We can do it, but I suspect that Drear, Saskia and I would be the only ones to survive. And the Consul wouldn’t like that,” Andrelious explained.

The debate was interrupted as the dining area’s large doors opened to reveal a large cluster of Espos, backed up by a pair of combat droids. They quickly dispersed into the room, hurling a grenade in the general direction of their quarry. The explosive was neither particularly powerful, nor hard to avoid, but it didn’t need to be: it was a tactical move to force the Taldryanites to scatter.

Talon led the charge, again blocking multiple blaster shots as if it were child’s play. He was backed up by Andrelious, who fired short bursts of Force Lightning at anyone unfortunate enough to find themselves in range. Saskia, acting as a rearguard, could sense that her father was beginning to feel the fatigue from such intensive use of the dark side, but put that at the back of her mind as she slew an Espo who had attempted to engage her in close combat. Lieutenant Braxingford limped into cover behind a table that had been overturned in the chaos, unable to help with the fighting.

Reaching one of the combat droids, Andrelious studied his mechanised opponent for a few moments, trying to figure out what model he was facing. He made a note to ask Saskia once the fire fight had died down, before unleashing even more lightning. The droid fell to the ground, its circuits easily shorted out by such a large amount of current.

The second droid had pinned three Taldryan soldiers down, having made short work of a fourth. It fired its weapons ruthlessly in the direction of its targets, completely uncaring about any damage it was causing. Talon Drear, having finished off the final Espo, approached the droid, deftly dancing around the oncoming plasma. With a powerful arc of his lightsaber, the Warrior cleaved the automaton’s arms off, rendering it useless.

“Impressive work, Drear. But we need to get moving. Expect more of those droids,” Andrelious ordered, moving to exit the room through the door where the previous attack had come. Despite the kills he and his team had made, he could still sense a lot of enemies.

“Sir! We know where the droid control circuit is. Towards the turbolift. Fourth door on the left!” a Corporal declared.

“And how did you find that information?” the Warlord asked, sceptical of the news.

Lieutenant Braxingford limped into view. “It helps if you don’t just kill everyone. One of the people you electrocuted told us in exchange for his life,” she stated.

“You spared an enemy? You had no right!” Andrelious snapped.

“He’s wounded, sir. I thought that you were a military man. Surely you have some idea of battlefield etiquette,” the Lieutenant answered, shocked at just how cold her superior was.

“Only death makes certain. Even a wounded enemy can be a threat. Look at yourself, Lieutenant. You’re hurt, but you’re still capable of firing a blaster and coordinating your men,” the former Imperial stated.

Saskia, clearly bored of the conversation, began to walk towards the turbolift.

“Careful!” Talon warned.

The Warrior’s shout was proven accurate seconds later as two of the doors closest to Saskia opened, revealing several more Espos and droids. The Cirran spun on her heels and sprinted back towards her allies as the new arrivals opened fire. Andrelious slipped forward, using his lightsaber to help cover the Battlelord’s retreat. He parried and blocked various blaster bolts, but found the enemy fire was intense enough to prevent any chance of a counter attack.

“Sir! There’s too many!” Braxingford complained, having taken refuge in a doorway. She and her men returned fire as best they could, but found themselves pinned down.

Ignoring the Lieutenant, Andrelious slowly moved forward, carefully steering his blade to fend off the enemy attack. Talon followed on behind, doing the same. Saskia trailed the pair, too, but she had something a little different in mind. Reaching for a small round ball that had been attached to the waistband of her trousers, the female tossed it at the largest group of enemies, a quartet of Espos who were giving her father trouble with their Riot Guns.

“Get down!” Andrelious yelled, almost pulling Drear to the ground. The pair hit the floor just in time to see that Saskia had thrown a grenade. It exploded, wiping out the four Espos. The Warlord craned his neck and shot a quizzical glance at the Cirran.

*Save the questions for later*! Saskia’s voice echoed in Andrelious’ head.

Even with the grenade having reduced the number of enemies a little, the Taldryanites were still in a difficult situation. Talon and Andrelious charged, first as one, before splitting as they reached their enemies. Talon slew several Espos to the left, whilst his ally engaged and destroyed a pair of combat droids. The Warlord chose not to use lightning – he was feeling a little fatigued from having used it previously. Instead, he relied purely on his mastery of the Dun Moch form to guide his lightsaber into a sweeping arc that easily slashed through anything it met, metal or flesh.

“Your father’s certainly a good fighter. I just wonder if any of us will survive this one,” Braxingford said to Saskia.

“He will. And I will. Anyone else is a bonus,” the Battlelord replied stoically. The Lieutenant chose not to continue the conversation. She had tried to strike up a discussion with Saskia en route, but had found her particularly cold and emotionless, even lacking in any real feelings for her father. She had, however, clearly displayed a strong loyalty to the man as the mission wore on.

With an emphatic drive of his lightsaber, Andrelious cleared a path as far as the turbolift.

“Let’s take those droids!” the Warlord cried.

**-x-**

A young, lean man frowned. Four of the facility’s eight droids had been rendered inoperative. Furthermore, the small detachment of Espos that usually guarded his workroom had been sequestered to attack whoever it was had broken into the Data Centre. From what he had heard, the Espos had managed to pin the intruders down, but had taken many losses.

With a hiss, the door opened and a short male Human, who appeared to be in his mid-40s walked in. He wasn’t dressed in the brown of an Espo, but appeared to be completely unarmed. Climbing to his feet, the man behind the control panel approached the new arrival.

“Can I help you?” the younger Human asked.

“I’m just looking for somebody. I believe I’ve got a bit lost,” the other man responded.

*We’re under attack and I have to stand here and deal with some wandering civilian?*

“This is a restricted building. I very much doubt who you’re looking for is here.”

Andrelious J. Mimosa-Inahj smirked. “Don’t be so quick to dismiss me, boy. Perhaps it’s *you* I’m looking for. In fact, I’m certain of it.”

The technician shifted a little on his feet. “I’ve got no idea who you are. Why would you be looking for me?”

With one movement, Andrelious slipped forwards, stabbing his lightsaber through the man’s stomach.

“Because you were in my way,” the Warlord hissed, as his prey lay dying. He sent a quick mental signal to Saskia, who arrived moments later.

“I thought you were going to convince him to help us, dad,” the Battlelord said, actually looking a little disappointed.

“I felt this would work better. Now, how long before you can get into their system?” Andrelious queried as Saskia started inserting computer spikes and tapping away at the console.

“Have a look,” Ortega-Inahj responded.

The Warlord stared in amazement. His eldest child had taken mere seconds to break into the network. He peered at console’s primary monitor.

*WARNING! DATA CENTER UNDER ATTACK!
EMERGENCY PROTOCOLS ENGAGED*

*SELECT AN OPTION:*

1. *CANCEL EMERGENCY PROTOCOLS*
2. *EXAMINE SECURITY DROID TARGETING*
3. *DOOR & TURBOLIFT OVERRIDE*
4. TURRET SYSTEM CONTROL
5. LOG OUT

“You know what to do,” Andrelious stated. The usually stoic Saskia smiled.

“I see she has the Inahj smile. Just not when she’s killing things,” Talon commented.

“She’ll be killing plenty, Drear. She’ll lock those bastards into their rooms, and override everything so it’s firing on *them*. We should be in the clear, now,”

Saskia pushed several buttons. The alarm system stopped blaring, much to everyone’s relief. Moments later, blaster fire and cursing filled the air.

“All done! Let’s go!” the Cirran declared, climbing to her feet.

The Taldryanite Jedi, along with what was left of their soldier detachment, made their way out of the Data Center. They had lost many of their number, far more than would be easy for Andrelious to explain away, but they had managed to acquire the data that they had come for. Their escape from Orron III still relied on the new false IFF code acquired by Saskia working, but the hard part was over.

*FIN*