Imperial Academy Four

It had always been a dream for Lucyeth to be a part of the Galactic Empire and be a part of something more in his life. Ever since he killed his family and ended up in the bowels of Judecca, his desire to something in the empire was something one could only imagine in a dream but Lucyeth would make it come true. He walked up to the large entrance way to the imperial academy. It was a large campus and the ornate structures just made it more of a scene for Lucyeth. The young palatinaean felt like a tourist as he roamed the grounds of the academy until he saw a crowd of cadets. He was ready to go forward with this as a servant of the Empire. There was no other life for him and he was going to excel to the top slots until he was in something as prestigious and secretive as the Emperor’s hand. There was nothing more honorable than being a part of the hand and the palatinaean was going to make it a goal.

On the following day, the cadets had already begun simulators for training of all purposes within the imperial military. Lucyeth started on the flight simulator first thing and he took in the learning experience rapidly. The tie fighter was an easy ship to maneuver and the palatinaean destroyed the fighter escort and disabled the pirate freighter in record time. The instructors were most pleased with the results as was Lucyeth. The palatinaean had never thought of becoming a pilot but his ability to enter the top ranks said otherwise. Lucyeth completed the marksmanship earlier in the day. He was proficient with a blaster but the marks were nothing compared to his natural skill in flight. The instructors recommended the fighter corps at the end of the day. Cadets were splitting up and classes would become much smaller as the academy continues on. Lucyeth accepted the recommendation for the fighter corps with pride. Although he wanted to be something more like the Emperor’s hand, if the fighter corps was were Lucyeth would be a better servant to the Empire then that is what he would do.

After Lucyeth’s first few days in the Imperial academy, he was now in the fighter corps taking classes in the morning and flight in the afternoon. He was always busy and his studies left the palatinaean with no spare time to lay back and relax for even a moment. It was not just knowledge that the academy was teaching you but it was also a mind game. The stress that took a toll was eating at Lucyeth but he kept on going on day after day. The amount of studying from the day’s lecture on top of flight was many tasks to handle at once. The academy instructors did it on purpose so cadets can learn time management as well as ways to deal with stress. Lucyeth went to the fitness center when he had spare time. It was the best solution to deal with his stress and he felt better when it was over.

Flight was the best that Lucyeth had going in the academy. He was doing great in his classes but he was in the top five in flight and Lucyeth had every intention of becoming the top pilot. The instructor put Lucyeth up against a fellow classmate rather than a droid in the pilot seat. Lucyeth was excited to go up against a real pilot and couldn’t wait to get out there but the happiness dropped quick as he realized the student against him was the top pilot in the class. Lucyeth was really nervous but he knew he had to do it and do the best he possibly could and he would make sure that his opponent got a good fight. He got into his tie fighter and raced into the sky with his opponent right beside him. They got the go ahead to proceed over the comm and they were after each other as soon as it broke off. Lucyeth banked hard right as he pulled on his yoke. His opponent was on him but Lucyeth moved too quickly for him to get a lock. The Palatinaean dove down towards the ground and his classmate followed him and the pair screamed past the academy complex and out into the foothills. Lucyeth had to do something to end this. His future depended on this battle and he knew it. This dogfight would determine whether a top spot is defended or a new classmate takes it. Lucyeth obviously hoped for the latter as he barreled his tie fighter left to avoid a lock. His opponent still failed to lock on which was good as Lucyeth can still win this fight. He pulled hard on the yoke and cut the thrusters at half power. He watched as his opponent roared past his fighter and Lucyeth gunned the engines to follow. He didn’t have much time as he brought up the locking computer. The fighter cockpit beeped as he got the lock. It was a challenge but Lucyeth managed to prevail. He and his opponent landed each of their craft with the clapping of their class mates in the background. The instructor put his hand up for silence and handed them both a sheet of paper. Lucyeth opened it right away and couldn’t believe what he just received. He was to transfer to the ISD Warspite to watch the screaming eagles squadron do routine training. This was the chance for Lucyeth to learn and a prime opportunity to be a part of the division and even potentially the squadron someday. A pilot of an interceptor would be almost everything Lucyeth would want to be in the military of the empire. He looked at his instructor and accepted the invitation with such pride on his face. He was unable to contain himself for the excitement. He walked back to his bunk to pack up things with a wide smile on his face.