*Distinguished Visitors*

 The crimson and jade landing lights illuminated the flight line of the *Dynasty II* as the three TIE Interceptors came into view of the Cardan station. The lead pilot, MAJ Fenn, winced as the station’s lights caught his eyes. “Flight Two, attack formation”, ordered the Flight Leader as the following star craft adjusted their trajectory.

 Silence. No intercom signal flashed, no warning shots fired, nothing. “Damn, pull up on my mark!” Fenn was furious. The trailing TIE Interceptors followed the lead and cut their acceleration before pulling into the hanger bay. MAJ Fenn opened his commlink transmission, “Dynasty II flight control, what is going on in there? No landing signal, no request for docking, no warning shots at our approach?”

 Black silence and an audible pop-hiss of a commlink going hot finally reverberated back. “MAJ…my apologies…we are on a skeleton watch rota…” Fenn thumbed his commlink off as he pulled his helmet off. “Good patrol Wraith Five and Wraith Six. No debriefing tonight…I have a feeling the flight officer is either asleep or drunk” The trio walked out of the bay and broke off to separate locations. The two pilots shook hands and scowled in the direction of the single maintenance worker on duty and the dozen or so others imbibing ales and spices.

 The first sight Fenn gathered in the hallway was that of slightly intoxicated and red cheeked petty officers and junior enlisted staff walking slowly with their hands on the bulkheads for support. The anger jostled Fenn, and the Corellian picked up speed as he swiftly made for the nearest turbolift. The outdated yet expansive *Dynasty II* was understaffed, yet the amount of guests visiting for the holiday festivities had made the normally direct route crowded with carousing personnel.

 Approaching the turbolift, the Major sighed and caught his breath. The feeling of compressed air and a change of cabin pressure assured Fenn that the lift had arrived before the young Ensign bumped into him as it reached the floor. “Major, sir, great party…I…um…”

 Anger now swam through his veins, aching for an outlet. “Ensign Voss, sadly someone had to be on actual duty tonight. Tell me, where my plans for the festivities carried out exactly?” Fenn waited for the answer as he held the turbolift. The Ensign appeared incredulous as he calculated his response, not wanting to let on to the infractions that were clearly being taken during the evening.

 “Sir, the Emperor and his entourage arrived hours ago to much fanfare. The ice sculptures were arranged throughout the hallways. The hanger bay had all the bunting, pyrotechnics, and dancers you had flown in readied. The feast…sir, the feast! Every type of ale, meat, and pastries Ohmen City could provide. You clearly outdid yourself on this one!” The Ensigns exuberance was clearly helped by the lubrication of alcohol.

 Fenn entered the lift and turned to face the Ensign once more. “And, Ensign Voss, were there any…complications?” The young officer appeared perplexed, not ready to be so questioned while on a liberty status. “Sir, why, no?”

 The turbolift lumbered topside, levels disappearing with each second. Finally, the lift stopped and Fenn walked out to the level that connected the massive briefing room where the party was in full swing, and the smaller ready room where Wraith Squadron flight three now assembled and tried to stay awake. Allowing himself to finally smile, with a sense of relief washing over him, Fenn turned and walked towards is fellow pilots.