**I AM BECOME PEWPEW, DESTROYER OF BADGUYS**

Keirdagh watched his displays lazily as he saw the ambush taking place in front of him. He’d been tailing Omega’s sad excuse for a freighter for some time now, counting on the custom installed stealth platforms in his X-Wing to keep him off the radar. Generally, these missions were best left to his members, but every so often a Consul could fabricate an excuse for a leisurely flight in the old snubfighter. As it stood, the situation probably looked a lot worse inside the dilapidated freighter’s cockpit than it it did from the outside looking in, but Keirdagh supposed he could forgive his members for the waves of girlish fear and panic that emanated from the *Ar’Kell.*

“Hah, amateurs. I’d better go save their asses” muttered Keirdagh as he powered down the stealth systems of *Corel’s Rage* and powered up the engines. It was really just a mediocre pirate ambush, what was likely a squadron of old Z-95s, being supported by a squadron of ancient Vulture droid fighters. In all likelihood, the Vultures were actually slaved to the Z-95s, as without any visible droid ship in system, it was clear they weren’t taking orders in the traditional way.

What the motley crew of pirates lacked in fearsome hardware, they apparently made up for with discipline. Someone had obviously noticed the sudden appearance of a military grade T-70 X-Wing trailing their quarry, and a full two flight groups of Headhunters and Vultures veered off to confront the Imperial Ace. *Hah, you don’t know it yet mercs, but you just pulled the short straw.* Even after all the years outside of the Navy, Keirdagh could recognize a militarily trained pilot versus one who had learned how to fly in the hardscrabble to get off whatever Force forsaken planet they spawned on. This crew tried hard to look like they had training and unit cohesion, it was obvious to a veteran like Keirdagh from the slight wobble to their stabilizers in the banking turn, and the imperfect spacing and nearly unconscious fidgeting on the stick that these were more thug than warrior.

Keying his comm unit to active, Keirdagh toggled the setting from Taldryan encryption to open broadcast. “This is Taldryan Expansionary Force X-Wing designation Taldryan One offering one chance to the pirate Forces engaged in hostile manoeuvres against the poodoo hauler *Ar’kell*, break off at once or be destroyed. This is your only warning.” The stunned silence from the pirates was nearly palpable, and Keirdagh savoured the moment as long as he could. When he felt like the inevitable angry response was just about to slip out, he broadcast again. “Cantor clear.”

It was obvious that no pirate gang in the universe would be able to back down from a challenge like that, especially not when the odds appeared to be so far in their favour: and that response was just fine with Keirdagh. Snapping his own stabilizers into attack position, Keirdagh raced in on the outgunned and archaic fighters arrayed against him.

It took nearly all of his considerable skill at the start of the fight, and he had to admit that if he were up against a more disciplined adversary, he never would have survived. The rust of flying a desk had accumulated too much, but the Force was on his side, and as he started to thin the numbers against him, rage and fear took hold of the enemy pilots. Despite suffering a few glancing hits to his shield, and having one of his four lasers disabled, Keirdagh had dealt with 9 of the ships attacking him before the rest turned and ran. Their allies which were swarming the *Ar’kell* followed in their ion trails.

As Keirdagh watched them retreat, he opened his comm again with the usual Taldryan encryption, intending to make some sort of snarky remark about how daddy had taken care of the kids once again, but his own grandiosity was rudely interrupted by yet another surprise visitor dropping out of hyperspace, directly in the middle of an asteroid field *and* the enemy formation. With a much put upon sigh, Keirdagh muted his comm again and instructed his R4 unit to begin the calculations for lightspeed home again, the guttural warcry of “OHHHHHHH HOWIEEEEEEEEEEE” still echoing in his ears.

-Yacks, Pin 83, Way too many medals