

It was yet another nightmare, both different yet familiar. Definitely more savage, more brutal than anything he had witnessed before. No mercy. No rules. Just straight up slaughter, such bloodlust. It got so bad the ground could not soak up the blood anymore, it in turn running like the most vile of streams, all away from the battlefield yet constantly being fed by new additions.

In the meantime, above and beyond he could sense hundreds and thousands crying, cursing, battling for their lives, some brightly being snuffed out and others, dim, fading away or leaving.

He was joining them, half broken. He was almost physically pushed and sent away, carrying the Treasure of the Wookiees with him. The start of something new, something priceless. He remembered Lilka's words, his verbal last will and testament really. Safeguard their treasure. Carry them away. Make their sacrifice worth it. Above all else, protect those that could not protect themselves.

The Wookiee took heart, resolve settling in like steel. He may have done some rather questionable things to get here, to this system of caves that as yet stayed hidden from the forces of the Dark Jedi. He had beaten quite a few of them at their own game, staying in the shadows, striking when least expected, the full gamut of his remarkable infiltration and combat skills being put to the ultimate test. One particularly skilled group of soldiers had almost overwhelmed him and he had no choice but to burn them all down with Force lightning, something that he had learned how to use from his former Master but never felt *right* when using it, being as tied into the Dark side as it was.

Still, he had made it and made contact with the Treasure of the Wookiees. They all quickly boarded, and he made contact with the escort.

"Diamond Leader, this is Diamond Null. Ready for departure. Over"

"Diamond Null, this is Diamond Leader. I'm afraid we're short some, everyone is screaming for help and we couldn't wait. It's just me and Diamond Two. Over."

A flash of helpless annoyance, but it went away as quickly as it came. "Diamond Leader, this is Diamond Null. Nothing you can do about it. Departing now. Form up, we're going to make this as quick as possible. Over."

"Diamond Null, this is Diamond Leader. Copy all. Out."

The flight path was punched in and shared amongst the navigational droids amongst the flight. It was simple, they were going to cover a few hundred kilometers hugging the ground until they reached the mountain range, then gun it for open space and jump out as soon as they cleared the gravity well of the planet. On the plus side this gave them plenty of cover and sensor shielding from the enemy forces on planet, but the instant they cleared the mountain range they would light up on all enemy ship sensors, possibly ripe for the picking. Even worse, the shortest

path out of the gravity well would take them past the outskirts of the huge capital ship battle that was currently going on.

The Wookiee tried to not think about that and gunned it. The Force would guide them now.

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The ship shuddered as yet another volley of turbolaser fire bracketed the ship. They were more than holding their own, but with the other Clan assets being seriously engaged by the enemy fleet and with losses to the line of battle, the *Victory-class Star Destroyer II Endor's Triumph* had moved up from the flanks to the main line of battle, and was taking a terrible pounding.

"Sensors, status on that frigate."

"Sir, frigate is gone, that last volley snapped its' spine. However, we have a flotilla of corvettes moving in to screen the survivors, and an assault frigate is right behind them, already firing ranging shots."

Captain Manawek frowned. He could have taken on those corvettes if they had stayed in range, but that assault frigate would be a beast. It would have to go down.

"Guns, status."

"Sir, we've lost two heavy turbolaser batteries and one ion cannon array," Lt. Commander Elayne Dolomar stated, wiping away a smidge of blood that had been trying to drip its' way into her eye. She had earned that cut on her forehead when the previous frigate had managed to punch a proton torpedo through their shields, but luckily their armor had held.

"Shields?" the Captain asked.

"Sir, coming back up, but the projectors took a pounding, so recharge rate will be slow."

He grimaced. He turned to the flight ops station, "XO, have the fighter screen come in and form up, I want them escorting the bombers in. I want the bombers to hit the assault frigate from the flank, concentrating on turbolaser batteries if at all possible."

The XO, Commander Leilani Aasa, nodded, "Yes sir, transmitting orders now." She didn't have to add that they had lost half their bombers on the previous run and a quarter of their fighter screen. Still, they were holding their own, just barely. They all knew that the Mark II Assault Frigate had somewhat less firepower than they did, but were about equal in terms of speed, but compensated for that with being far more nimble and having better shields. It was going to be a slugging match.

The range counted down, far quicker than they had wanted. Then it was time.

“Guns, fire at will.”

“Aye sir,” Dolomar confirmed, and on her tactical headset ordered the guns to fire. “Concentrate on their turbolaser batteries if you can,” she implored them.

From their viewport vast streaks of green suddenly erupted, an emerald display of raw firepower.

“Helm, keep station here, I don’t want the frigate to slip past us and hit our battle fleet on the flanks. They won’t pass here!” the Captain stated, firm in his resolve.

Incoming enemy fire begged to differ.

Although not coming in at the same time as they had managed, bolt upon bolt of turbolaser fire hit them, gnawing away at their shielding. Then it happened.

“Sir, bow shields are down!”

“Reroute power to them!” the Captain exclaimed, still yet with an unconcerned tone.

“Sir, the shield projector in that section is gone.”

A flash of anger. More jolting and jostling about from the incoming turbolaser fire that was now impacting the hull. “Helm, come about ninety, mark zero. Prepare to roll the ship if that sector also goes down, don’t wait for my command. Guns, I need more!”

Dolomar sweated some more, and kept directing her people. “We’re moving the ship ninety, mark zero, so stay on target. Target change, turbolasers, concentrate on their bow. Ion cannons, continue going for their batteries at will.” They all replied affirmative, but at the bow the status lights for some of her lighter guns were starting to wink either yellow or red. “Sir, forward guns are starting to take some damage.”

The Captain nodded, “Just get me that ship, Guns.”

“Aye sir,” just as a rather nasty volley hit them. Two of her heavy turbolaser batteries winked to red on the port side. Damn it. “Ions, what’s the deal? I don’t see you shutting down their guns as fast as I want.” She got a report that they had gotten a few but the ship kept maneuvering slightly so that their firing solution kept changing. She cursed to herself, knowing the ship was being helmed quite expertly. With a brilliant flash, another one of her heavy batteries winked out. She glanced at the board, and reported. “Sir, twenty five percent of our guns are damaged or out.”

The Captain, unmoved, "Aye Guns, just stay on them," just as the ship started to roll on its' horizontal axis to present fresh shields to the enemy.

Then Dolomar realized the mistake and knew the Captain had realized it at the same time. By turning the ship ninety degrees the ship had unwittingly drifted just enough apart from the main line of battle that it was isolated from fire support from another Clan ship. The assault frigate immediately changed course for that window and relentlessly poured on fire, raking the ventral portion of the ship, concentrating on the sectors with their shields down.

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The Wookiee growled, and dodged fire. That in turn apparently angled the guns on the ship just enough that the gunner was able to line up the shot and take down the enemy fighter. One down, only a billion more to go, the Wookiee growled again to himself.

Their escorts had been narrowed down to Diamond Two, Diamond Leader buying it after taking out a pair of TIE Defenders that were seriously causing major headaches. Diamond Two polished off the TIE Advanced fighter that was lining up for a shot at Diamond Null, and suddenly they were clear for a few hundred kilometers.

Looming ahead of them, however, was a sight to behold.

The Wookiee, of course, knew each of the Clan ships intimately. He had trained on each one, gotten to know a good portion of each of the crews. They were all good people, if somewhat lacking in experience. However, the ship that was in front of them, the *Endor's Triumph*, was in trouble. An enemy assault frigate got in close, raking hellish fire on the ship, the *Triumph* itself only able to train precious few batteries back at it. Both took enormous amounts of damage, but clearly the *Triumph* took more than it gave out. Clearly the Star Destroyer was out-maneuvered and out-classed.

The Wookiee was far more interested in that ship more than most. His thoughts with one person in particular briefly flashed before his eyes, and he searched for their presence on the ship. Yes, right where they should be, anxiety, fear, courage, desperation, daring and anger all swirling about.

However, with a flash of insight granted to him via the Force, he knew things were about to go terribly, terribly wrong.

A brilliant flash lit up the darkness. Instantly the Wookiee knew that the ship was mortally wounded. Pieces of the main engine array were blown away and the brilliant flash was the main reactor blowing. They'd have some reserve power but effectively she was out of the fight. With no power for weapons it was just over.

This, of course, didn't stop the bloodthirsty assault frigate. She continued to pour in firepower into the ship, clearly bent on erasing it from existence. Come on, the Wookiee told himself, get out of there.

Finally, after three lifetimes, he started to see them. Escape pods. Relief at the fact that the crew was finally abandoning ship.

Exactly twenty seconds later that relief turned once again to horror.

The frigate, still pounding the Star Destroyer, started to pick off escape pods. One moment there, the next moment just a cloud of superheated plasma and debris floating away in an ever expanding formation.

The Wookiee didn't remember doing anything, but he must have startled Diamond Two because he got a comm call, "Diamond Null, Diamond Two. Why did you change position? You're headed towards the battle! You won't last more than a few minutes against that frigate! Over."

The Wookiee snarled, and replied, "Diamond Two, Diamond Null. Break off and make a torp run towards that frigate. We're making a combat search and rescue mission! Once your torps are gone, get out of here. There are no more enemy fighters out here, we don't need you. Over."

A pregnant pause. "Diamond Null, Diamond Two. Copy that. Commencing attack run. Stay safe, stay sharp, good luck. May the Force be with you! Diamond Two out."

The Wookiee cleared the channel and switched over to the emergency channel, setting his sensors towards the emergency beacons of the escape pods. So many, but the frigate were killing them fast, as they had stopped firing at the *Triumph*. They also saw the Wookiee and the X-Wing escort inbound, and it was clear that they were almost in range to start firing on them.

One pod. Three pods. Five pods. More and more, destroyed. Murdered. No remorse. Rage and frustration, he was almost there. The frigate fired on him, but the Wookiee started evasive maneuvers, easily dodging out of the way at this extreme range. He glanced at the sensor board, seeing more pods being destroyed. On the board he saw one wink out, but it didn't register as destroyed, which puzzled him.

Then he got it. The frigate was using the emergency beacons as targets. Utter rage now. He was about to turn to engage the frigate, but out of the corner of his eye he saw a pale blue pair of lights streaking in towards the frigate. A few degrees off that azimuth there was another pair. A second or two and a few degrees more difference one final pair.

He had seen them many times in the past.

Proton torpedoes. The frigate reacted almost instantly, fire towards him dropped and anti-torpedo fire towards the torps increased, while rolling to present what should be the strongest shields against the torps. One torp was destroyed, a ball of plasma rolling in space, instantly consumed.

Then one more from the second pair.

Then the first one hit. A heartbeat. One more. Another heartbeat. Then the last pair.

His sensors told him that the shields had dropped, but it was over, the X-Wing having exhausted its' payload of torpedoes.

Then, unexpectedly, blaster cannon fire towards the frigate, Diamond Two clearly engaging the frigate with its' blaster cannons.

Hull plates bubbled and sizzled off at the impact, but the frigate had plenty of hull strength left. Fire intensified, the X-Wing dodging but clearly overmatched and the Wookiee knew it was a matter of time before it got blotted out with a hit from something heavy.

Unexpectedly, more blue streaks, impacting directly away from Diamond Two's axis of attack. More proton torpedos! A pair. Four. Six. All impacting, blowing a gaping hole in the frigate, the other torps burying and exploding deep within. It shuddered hard, then a gout of flame from the opposite end, almost tagging Diamond Two, itself angling away from the sudden attack.

Then the answer hit the Wookiee. They must have been torps from the remainder of the bombers and X-Wings from the *Triumph*, exacting their revenge. The assault frigate shuddered horrifically, then blew.

The Wookiee had stopped observing then, the threat gone. He desperately began to start the search again for any escape pods from the *Triumph*, but they were all gone.

Wait.

He rewinded the sensor data, and checked that one pod that had disappeared but didn't.

He computed a ballistic track, and followed it, his own sense skills within the Force narrowing down that vector.

Sensing. Searching. Finding.

There. He brought the ship in, activated the emergency tractor beam, and docked with the docking ring. He pointed the ship towards the nearest edge of the gravity well, and told the droid navigator to jump when they were clear.

Then he ran.

He knew it. He sensed her relief, her pain, her anger.

She was alive. That's all he cared about.

The other five crewmen all stumbled out, all in various degrees of hurting. She, being the senior member of the pod, finally stumbled out herself, clearly exhausted and her arm at an unnatural angle.

But she was *alive*.

She saw him, smiled, then fainted.

They jumped. They were safe.

The Treasure of the Wookiees was also safe.

One day, these children of the Wookiees would start anew, all of them free to live their lives, to honor those that gave their own to safeguard them.

Lambow, the Wookiee, would ensure that they knew of their heroic sacrifice.

But for now, he had fellow Clan members and his Dolomar to attend to.

END

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## **CHARACTER SHEET**

Lieutenant Commander Elayne Dolomar

Gunnery Officer

VSD II *Endor's Triumph*

Clan Odan-Urr Navy

Clan Odan-Urr

### **Physical Description**

A Human brunette with mid-length wavy hair, she had a typical Naval officer build but with more muscle definition, thanks to an increase in her hand-to-hand combat practice. Dark brown eyes, the Tythonian female is normally seen in typical Naval attire, with her off days usually spent in practical clothing. Until recently deemed to be attractive, but with weary eyes that had suffered much.

### **Weapons Loadout**

Typical naval officer's sidearm assigned to her by the Clan navy. She also is rather skilled with knives (Especially throwing them) and usually has several hidden about her person.

### **General Aspects**

Due to the loss of her entire family due to war she usually keeps people away at length, afraid to get close to anyone. This makes her distant and unapproachable to almost everyone. Usually a very somber mood or entirely business while on duty.

### **Personality Aspects**

Ever a consummate professional, Dolomar was marked as an officer to watch, earmarked for promotion and eventual command opportunity when the chance opened up. The relatively small amount of casualties amongst the fleet and lack of an ongoing war until the Dark Brotherhood attacked meant little opportunity to get promoted.

After the attack she is one of the most senior surviving officers remaining, and a shoo-in for a command.

### **Combat Aspects**

Acceptable but not outstanding marks with blaster pistols, but above average for hand-to-hand and edged blade combat. She also has a distinct feel for gunnery, rating an expert with blaster rifles, slugthrower rifles, and gunnery aboard ship.



## **Skills**

Adept (+4)

Gunnery: Turbolasers/Ion Cannon

Blaster rifles

Slugthrower rifles

Proficient (+3)

Hand to Hand combat

Bladed weapons

Tactics: Capital Ships

Strategy: Capital Ships

Trained (+2)

Astrogation

Pilot

Athletics

Leadership

Tactics: Starfighters

Strategy: Starfighters

Learned (+1)

Diplomacy

Survival

Medicine

## **Knowledge**

Languages: Basic

Languages: Droid Binary

Lore: Clan History and Lore

## **Specialization**

Primary Martial Art: Echani

Secondary Martial Art: Close Quarters Battle

Warden Lambow (Jedi) / Battle Team Knights Of Allusis of House Hoth of Clan Odan-Urr [SA:  
V] [INQ: IV] #3155

SCx3 / ACx4 / DCx10 / GN / BNx6 / Cr:2R-6A-9S-6E-7T-1Q / CFx96 / Clx22 / DSSx2 / SoFx2 /  
LS / SoLx2 / S:5M-2R-3AI-1C-4Rm-4P-5U-4B-3Cr-1Rv

{SA: MVF - MVH - MVL - MVLD - MVS - MVW}

## REFERENCES

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