The Revenge

As she strode into the hangar, the gathered troops stood to attention. She passed along aisles of men and women and eyed them critically as she went. As troops went, these were some of the Clan’s best. They had survived many a battle and some she recognised from her previous forays into war. War had once again struck plagueis as the Ascendant Fleet had been targeted by unknown forces and obliterated in a matter of minutes before a counter attack or defences could even be arranged. The foe had then disappeared into hyperspace, hoping to give no chance of being followed. They had made a grave mistake that day and Plagueis had discovered their location. Now, Plagueis ships were in orbit around the enemy’s planet and troops had been organised to transfer to the surface to begin an offensive and kill or capture the enemy. Those captured would wish they had been killed on sight, as a worse fate lay in store for them as they were interrogated by the Inquisitors.

The Right Wing of dread reached up and pulled the hood of her robe down from around her head as she swept by, letting all catch a glimpse of her fiery red hair. They all knew the sight; when Taranae let down her hood, she meant business. A small platform had been set up in front of the craft they were to take to the surface and stood behind the raised dais that she now mounted the steps of. Slow, purposeful strides took her to the top of the platform and she stood, facing the assembled mass of troops. Glancing around, she saw other, similar scenes around her as other ground force Commanders gave there prep talks to their soldiers. She leaned forward and put her hands on the topmost rail of the platform bars and stared hard.

“All of you know why we’re here,” she shouted, her voice amplified by the huge space in the hangar, “and you all know what is expected of you. I have had the pleasure of seeing some of you in battle before and I am proud that you will fight under me once more. A number of you will not return from this fight.” She glanced around to make sure everyone heard her. Sure enough there were murmurs here and there.

“Others will continue on to fight again. The truth is we are at war once more. We know not who the enemy is, but we know what they have done. Our fleet is gone, our numbers thinned due to the loss of good men, women, pilots and more who were aboard those ships. Luckily for us, we had craft on the surface of Aliso, but unluckily for them, we knew where they went.”

A cheer rose up from the crowd with shouts of “Adapt, ascend, avail!” being heard around the hangar. As she listened, she could hear silence from the other groups, as all listened to her. Every other soldier and commander in the hangar had stopped to listen to her speech.

“Today we fight for justice, for revenge for what the enemy has done to Plagueis. We fight for every man, woman and sentient that lost their lives due to an act of cowardice! Today, the enemy will pay dearly. We will be the avenging angels of the Clan and we will cut down everyone who stands between us and victory! Long live Plagueis!”

She stood back from the rail as cries of “Long live Plagueis!” echoed around the hangar and she smiled. She knew that these troops were loyal and would fight to the end. She leaned to her Lieutenant and said, “Load ‘em up. Let’s get through that battle onto the ground.”

“Yes, Lady Rhode!” he barked and rushed off, shouting orders. Everyone seemed to move at once as other commanders also gave the signal to board and troops filed onto the waiting ships. She waited until the last soldiers had entered her designated ship and climbed in herself, hitting the button to raise the ramps as she went. Inside was a buzz of excitement and the noise level as the engines ignited were deafening, but she sat in her chair and smiled. Today would be a good day. Once the mastermind behind this attack was found, she would personally remove his head. She laid her hand on the hilt of her saberstaff and grinned evilly. A slight growl rose in her throat as she thought about the battle to come.

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The battle raged around the hip as they exited the hangar and headed out of orbit into the atmosphere. Plasma was all around as shot after shot lit up the view screen and the ship had to jink and roll to avoid being hit.

“Brace yourself,” ordered the pilot, “we’ve picked up a tail.”

The ship bucked as shots passed by the hull by inches, forcing the pilot to adjust his course to fly on a route taking them around the edge of the fire fight. Suddenly there was a loud explosion as the pursuing fighter was taken out by one of Plagueis’ own fighters. The ship carried on down towards the surface and Taranae moved to the cockpit to see what the situation was on the ground. She could see a narrow pass and troops engaged in fighting on the ground between two huge outcroppings of rock.

“Set us down on top, I have an idea.” She shouted at the pilot over the noise.

The pilot was skilled enough to bring the ship around without taking fire and landed above the fighting on a ridge. The ship touched down and the whole ground shifted underneath as it too the craft’s weight. Taranae grinned. This would be perfect.

“Squad, fan out around the top of the outcropping but keep a minimum of ten metres back from the edge, twenty if possible.” She said. Without a word, the troops filed out and took up positions away from the edge with weapons drawn. Some of the force users also arranged themselves between the formation as backup once the fight became fierce. Taranae peered over the edge and saw that their forces had been all but routed as some fled and others lay dead or injured. She knew what she had to do. Standing back, she reached out her senses and felt the power within her body build. She focused on the outcropping itself and mentally pushed.

After a short moment, the floor began to crack in front of her. The crack began mall but began to spread from right to left across the top of the cliff. The rumble it gave off made Taranae hope that she could accomplish her task before the enemy below realised what was about to happen and she pushed her whole being into the task. Slowly, the cliff began to crumble and started to slowly move forward, gently collapsing towards the narrow pass through which the enemy troops were moving. Suddenly, shouts of horror came from below as the situation became clear to some of the more intelligent commanders in the group below and panic ensued. Everyone ran. A huge mass of bodies raced along the tight passageway that they were trapped in as the sides of it came towards their heads, falling in to fill it as Taranae fuelled its advance. The whole ledge suddenly collapsed with a loud rumble and the enemy troops screamed as they were buried alive under tons of rock and dirt.

Taranae dropped her arm and sagged. The feat had taken the fight out of her for the time being and she would need rest.

“Go!” she shouted. “Get down there and finish any survivors!”

The troops rallied at her call and scurried down the scree formed by the fall. Any straggling survivors were soon put to rest as the troops efficiently put them to death. Meanwhile, Taranae opened her communicator.

“My Lord, the enemy forward lines are broken. The way is clear for our attacking force.”

“Good work, Rhode.” Came the reply. “Forces are en route.”

She closed communications and gathered herself together. She may be drained, but she still had a job to do. Reaching o her belt, she unclipped her saberstaff and ignited it. She leaped down the scree and swung, beheading one last enemy and she smiled. Yes, this would be a good day.