**Hangar**

**Taldryan Great Hall**

**Karufr**

**1 day before the *Suffering’*s attack**

Two identical toddlers, dressed in purple tops and black leggings, studied a docked TIE Advanced as their father held them in his arms.

“Sharp! Sharp!” they cooed.

Andrelious J. Mimosa-Inahj smiled. He knew that Kooki didn’t particularly like the fact that the Warlord exposed their twins to his Imperial history, but he felt there was little else that he could share with them.

“That’s it, girls! Sharp. Shoot,” the Sith said warmly.

“Sharp. Soot!” Poppy and Etty chorused, giggling.

Kooki stalked quickly into the hangar, her long black and purple hair blowing about in the breeze that wisped its way into the room.

“It’s time we went home! Before your father gets any ideas about taking you flying in that thing,” the Alderaanian declared.

Andrelious sighed quietly. He’d had his ship, *Sharpshoot* for many years. Unlike many of his Imperial colleagues, the Sith had, over time, developed a closeness to his personal starfighter almost akin to that of a Republic pilot.

*Sharpshoot. The one constant in my life long before Kooki*, the Warlord thought.

**22 ABY**

**Hangar**

**Arcona Citadel**

**Selen**

“You managed to get a TIE Advanced past the defences of an entire Imperial Battlegroup. That’s no mean feat, Inahj,” Jonathan DeLuce declared.

“They weren’t *entirely* ready, of course. I’d have had no chance if they’d managed to get the Interdictor online in time. I just hope that they weren’t tracking me,” Andrelious answered.

“Our own flight corps aren’t amateurs, Inahj. We’d be able to hold them off for long enough for Soulfire to deal with the situation,” DeLuce stated.

*Everyone mentions that frakking squad. Seems like they’re a winning team. Perhaps I picked the wrong house,* Inahj thought.

The Arconan Starfighter Corps commander placed a hand on the TIE Advanced’s hull. “So does your ship have a name?” he asked.

“Do I look like a Rebel? *Nu 1* was always good enough before. Names are for people, Mr. DeLuce. Not objects, even ones as elegant as this one,” Andrelious hissed.

“Well, you’re wanted by the Empire. Sort of. Does that count?” DeLuce ventured.

“Arguing with a Sith. You’re a brave man, Jonathan DeLuce. And you’re right. The Empire’s turned on me. Perhaps it’s best if I bury at least some of my past. I’m no good at names. Let’s call my ship…*Sharpshoot*,” the Sith responded.

**JV-7 Escort Shuttle *Tseb’si’tsaerb III***

**Deep Space**

Emotions were very raw among the Mimosa-Inahj family. The twins, though far too young to understand exactly what had happened, had spent most of the time since the *Suffering’s* attack cuddling into or feeding from Kooki.

Kooki herself was reeling from the loss of another home. The Alderaanian’s coping mechanism was to throw herself into being a mother. Andrelious felt pushed away, but he realised there was very little that he could do. Instead, he buried himself in looking after the family ship.

Though Andrelious and his family had escaped from Karufr relatively unscathed, the Warlord couldn’t help but feel an incredible sense of loss.

*Sharpshoot* had been destroyed.