

[DC] Rogue One: Fiction

It had started as a normal week; Rins'zler was going about his business, tidying things up after his last job and making sure the money had been transferred correctly from the guild. He was looking forward to a nice break...but The Empire had other plans.

While he was relaxing at one of his Uncle's many facilities dotted around the Galaxy he received a Holocom call. This was unusual, his location was not known by many, if any. Quickly donning his mask he allowed his com system decrypt the call. A white faced Imperial officer appeared on the holopad,

"Are you the Bounty Hunter known as Rins'zler? Please provide verbal confirmation to allow me to continue this call"

Rins'zler looked at the image before him, curious as to what this call was about.

"Yes I can confirm that I am Rins'zler, what is this call about?"

The Imperial looked down; the Hunter assumed that there was a control panel close by,

"I am transferring the call, please hold"

The image faded out only to be replaced by another...Lord Vader.

"Rins'zler Sang-Kalinor, I assume that you are alone. What I have to say is for your ears only"

Rins'zler nodded, somewhat confused and in awe. Lord vader was talking to him over the com, this was not his usual type of caller.

"Yes Lord Vader, I am alone. I must say I am surprised to receive a call from you...."

Lord Vader cut him off.

"We have no time for pleasantries... I need your services for a job. A shuttle is on route to your location, I advise you board it. I will provide you with more information when you arrive."

The call ended, Rins'zler was somewhat stunned. Lord Vader wanting him, now that was an interesting situation. He made his way with haste to the private armoury he kept at the facility, one of many similar areas found at his Uncle's facilities. In it he had one of his many sets of armour along with his favourite weapons and equipment. He took the Mandalorian armour from

the rack and removed the under suit from the drawer beneath it. It had been months since had used this specific armour, it would be nice to wear it again. Piece by piece the armour went on. He removed his mask and set it on its shelf along with the various other ones he owned. The mask was one of his signature items. During training he was encouraged by his parents and his uncle to create something that would make him stand out from others. The mask was it. It was built in a similar fashion to the Mandalorian helmet. A was a two piece design comprising of a front face mask with an armour weave cowl and hood along with an optional back section that mag attached to the front. However when heavy combat was a possibility, he preferred his helmet. The last piece to go on was his lightsaber.

He had geared up just in time. Outside he saw the distinctive landing jets of an Imperial shuttle, its thrusters making the dust fly around on the landing pad. Making his way outside he walked towards the shuttle. The ramp was lowered as he approached the craft, a dozen Stormtroopers and an officer marched down the ramp towards him. Their weapons were readied at the sharp order from the officer however Rins'zler just laughed and walked up the ramp his droid, Number 2, following close behind him, past the Imperials and headed towards a seat. He removed his Jetpack and placed it into a storage compartment and then after casually checking out the seating arrangements, sat down. The Imperials looked bewildered at his brazen actions and the officer spun on his heels and marched towards him,

“How dare you enter this vessel without addressing us, I am Captain.....”

Rins'zler held up a hand to silence the Imperial mid flow,

“I care little for your procedures and your threats. If I been a danger to you, you would all be dead by now and I would have myself a nice free shuttle. The situation is that Lord Vader has requested my presence and I am here to answer that request. Now you can either continue to berate me and make us late or you can order your men to stow their weapons and get us in the air. The choice is yours...Captain.”

The Captains face was red with rage, he was about to say something, but he held his tongue. Behind him Rins'zler could see the troopers were wobbling in their armour. It didn't take a genius to realise they were laughing while trying to retain their composure. The Captain waved his hand at the troopers and as they filed into the seating. Blustering he then made his way into the cockpit and ordered the crew to take off.

The journey was carried out in near silence. Rins'zler communicated occasionally with Number 2, and the Captain stormed round the shuttles interior, his face still red with rage. The crew had attempted to put a restraining bolt on Number 2, not only did the droid, in no uncertain terms, threaten to cave the techs skull in if he did, Rins'zler put his saber blade between the two of them, the threat was clear.

The shuttle began to slow, wherever they were heading for, they were close. The Mystic could feel the shuttle manoeuvre and stretching out with his senses, he picked up a multitude of people around him. The rush of landing jets signalled they were here, wherever here was. The ramp opened and the troopers filed out. The Mandalorian got up from his seat, strapped the jetpack back to his armour and made his way down the ramp. On the deck below he saw dozens of troopers waiting for him, along with at least three officers. One of them spoke,

“Rins’zler Sang-Kalinor, your presence is required by Lord Vader immediately, please follow us. Deviation from our route will result in your immediate termination”

The Mystic laughed, he had received scarier threats from his parents when he was a child. However he followed them, he was curious to know what Lord Vader wanted him for.

The route took them through the bowels of the ship. It didn’t take the Hunter long to work out that this was the Executor, Vader’s Flagship. His escort stopped outside a pair of double doors. One of the officers inserted his rank cylinder into the lock, the doors opened and he beckoned Rins’zler to enter. The Mandalorian walked through the doors and closed behind him, the hiss of pneumatics lingering in the air. There before him lay a hyperbaric chamber. He could feel the room was pumped with filtered and cleaned air, kept at a steady level of humidity and temperature. With a hiss of escaping gas, the chamber opened to reveal its occupant, the black armoured form of Lord Vader himself.

Without warning Vader motioned with his hand and from two hatches situated behind the chamber emerged four combat droids. Number 2 quickly boosted himself into the air to avoid any fire and began feeding info to Rins’zler. The droids quickly moved to surround him, acting like experienced warriors. They were Asp droids, usually found as labourers. These droids were different, they had been outfitted with lightsabers and armour. Clearly this was a test of some form. The Grey Jedi reached out with the force and shoved two of them into each other, they stumbled and fell before picking themselves up. In the meantime the other two began to close on him, their lightsabers humming with intensity. Rins’zler had his lightsaber in his hands, it had been some time since he tested his skills with his blade, this could get messy. He parried a series of well aimed slices and was able to blast two of the droids with his lasers, the high intensity bolts punching through the armour like it was paper. The Hunter realised that if he wasn’t careful this fight could go bad very fast, as such he wanted this over quickly. He activated his jetpack and leapt into the air throwing his lightsaber through the air. It’s purple blade carved a beautiful arc through the air, cutting through the remaining two droids, their armour providing no protection at all, slicing them in half. Rins’zler landed gracefully on the other side of the droids, as the remains crashed to the floor. Lord Vader was stood up, despite the mask; Rins’zler could tell that the Dark Lord was pleased.

“Well done, your skills have not been exaggerated. Interesting that you have abilities with the force, I presumed rumours of you carrying a Lightsaber were simply made to increase your image, I see I was wrong, you have clearly received excellent training.”

Darth Vader moved over towards Rins'zler and thrust his saber towards the Grey Jedi, his reflexes kicked in and he quickly avoided the swipe. However the blade stopped, inches from where it would have taken off Rins'zler's head. The Grey Jedi stood, surprise was obvious in his pose. Lord Vader then continued to talk, his raspy voice, sending a sense of dread through the Mystic's body.

“Had this been any other situation I would have had you executed, the Emperor does not like Jedi, Sith or any other force users to be left to roam around. However you I suspect would have been far more difficult to kill. I can sense the Dark Side in you, it flows through you yet does not control you..... But enough talk, you want to know why I summoned you here, don't you?”

Rins'zler nodded,

“Yes Lord Vader, I will admit, your request has me puzzled, especially as you were unaware of my force sensitivity”

“I need someone for a specific job, someone I can rely on to get the job done. While the Emperor's armies are a fantastic bludgeoning tool, I require more of a scalpel. The rebels have been traced to Hoth. They have fortified a small area on the planet. I intend to remove them from the planet and destroy as many of them as I can. I would like an agent on the ground who can assist with this destruction with skill and precision. Such an agent would be well compensated for their services to me, I trust that you are such a person?”

Rins'zler bowed,

“It would be my pleasure Lord Vader, when do we begin?”

Vader returned to his hyperbaric chamber. The test had clearly interrupted his session. As the dome closed with a puff of escaping gas, Rins'zler took the time to adjust his armour and weapons and have a look around the chamber. Time seemed to pass very slowly within the room, it was a basic space, a com screen on the wall and a holopad on the floor below it, but that, the room was fairly featureless.

The doors opened, breaking Rins'zler from his reverie with a start. From the corridor outside an Imperial Officer entered. Lord Vader's chamber opened once more and the officer stood before him. Data flashed up on his HUD, a General Veers if Rins'zler's data was correct, a decorated combat veteran. The general glanced towards Rins'zler for but a moment but quickly returned his gaze to Lord Vader.

“What is it, General?”

“My Lord, the fleet has moved out of lightspeed. Com-Scan has detected an energy field protecting an area of the sixth planet of the Hoth system. The field is strong enough to deflect any bombardment.”

Vader was clearly angered by this news, Rins'zler could sympathise. Whatever idiot they had in charge on the bridge had brought them out of hyperspace far too close to the system. Vader responded, his tone of voice bore more menace.

“The Rebels are alerted to our presence. Admiral Ozzel came out of lightspeed too close to the system.”

The General tried to respond but Vader quickly cut him short

“He felt surprise was wiser.....”

“He is as clumsy as he is stupid. General, prepare your troops for a surface attack.”

“Yes, my Lord”

Lord Vader turned to his com screen and called the bridge. The faces of Admiral Ozzel and Captain Piett emerged onto the view screen. Admiral Ozzel was clearly happy with the situation and began to explain to Lord Vader what was happening.

“Lord Vader, the fleet has moved out of lightspeed and we're preparing to.....”

Rins'zler watched as The Dark Lord reached out with the force and began to choke the life out of Ozzel. Rins'zler huffed, the Admiral was lucky, if it had been him, he would have beheaded the Admiral on the bridge in front of the crew and left his head as a reminder of what happens to those who fail.

“You have failed me for the last time, Admiral. Captain Piett?”

“Yes, my Lord?”

“Make ready to land our troops beyond their energy field, and then deploy the fleet so that nothing gets off the system. You are in command now, Admiral Piett?”

“Thank you, Lord Vader”

The now Admiral Piett looked nervous as he gestured for the now dead Ozzel to be removed from the bridge. The ended the call, Vader turned to Rins'zler,

"Now you see the problems I face. I am surrounded by incompetence. This is the precise reason why I require someone of your skill to assist me"

Two figures, both clad in black. Fear and intimidation surrounded them as they emerged from Lord Vader's chamber. The Dark Lord followed closely by Rins'zler with Number 2 hovering at his side. No one dared even mutter as they walked the corridors towards the turbolifts and then to the bridge. Rins'zler was surprised, if anything he got more respect from these Imperials than he did from members of his own Bounty Hunters Guild. The journey to the bridge took a few minutes. The Mandalorian was impressed by the efficiency of the Turbolift system, he made a note to take more Imperial jobs, their kit was better and they paid well.

Lord Vader strode from the turbolift, through the security corridor and onto the Bridge; Rins'zler could see people visibly shrink away from him, the Dark Lord's presence enough to scare most people. He hung back. He could see that Lord Vader was discussing something with the newly minted Admiral. Despite the distance, Number 2 was still able to catch snippets of the conversation. Rins'zler busied himself by looking around the bridge and security corridor, crew gave him curious looks but did nothing to interfere with him. The plan was to land forces outside the shield perimeter and try and cut their way through. The primary target was the main generator. Once this was taken out the reels defences would fall. Look Vader look in his direction and without a single move the Mystic knew that he was being summoned so he walked over.

"My Lord?"

The Admiral turned and looked at The Bounty Hunter, a degree of contempt and confusion was apparent on his face. The way Rins'zler had spoken to Lord Vader had caught the Admiral off guard. He had spoken with confidence and no fear of the Dark Lord, almost with a sense of admiration. Lord Vader either did not notice or did not care and simply responded swiftly.

"Rins'zler Sang-Kalinor, I am granting you the rank of Major within the Imperial Army and the privileges and support that comes with such a rank. You are hereby commissioned to aid our forces in digging out the rebels on this frozen world. I have assigned a detachment of troopers to you along with an atat walker."

Vader directed Rins'zler's attention to a young Bridge officer.

"This Lieutenant will take you to the drop bay, I wish you luck and good hunting, but do not fail me...."

“Failure, Lord Vader, is not something I am versed in, these rebels will die, and I will make sure we have enough corpses and prisoners to satisfy your requirements.”

The Admiral was clearly about to voice something either concerns about using a Bounty Hunter for such a task or a comment of some such, but Vader simply turned to him. This was enough to silence the Admiral, he clearly did not wish to end up like the ship's former commander.

The Lieutenant, whose name was Krax, led him to the landing bay and pointed him towards a waiting AT-AT walker. Two Snowtroopers awaited him outside and they had with them, an equipment crate. Rins'zler thanked the lieutenant and walked over the suspended walkway to the Walker. The Troopers saluted him and one indicated that the box contained equipment courtesy of Lord Vader. The three men entered the walker with the crate and the door slid down behind them.

Rins'zler had never been inside an Imperial Walker before, it was a marvellous design. Two floors with seating and equipment racks, four speeder bikes in the rear and two swivel guns to provide covering fire for the egress. He was directed to a section on the lower deck and the troopers then left him alone. The crate lay before him. The hunter opened the latch and swung the lid up. Inside was a thermal body suit along with a thermal generator and associated power pack. It was of Mandalorian design, specifically made to attach to the armour he was wearing. Such units were very rare, even among the clans. Where had Vader manage to acquire such items? He dragged the crate over to a suitable area and began the process of adding these layers to his equipment. Around him the troopers busied themselves within the confines of the walker prepping gear and readying weapons.

The new fittings gave his armour more bulk but he could feel the heat benefits already. The Hunter took the opportunity to head to the cockpit. The vehicle commander, a Captain Jarvis, turned and saluted him. It was a bizarre feeling for Rins'zler, all this saluting and being called Sir. He put the thought behind him and simply reminded himself of the crazy amount of credits Lord Vader was paying him for this job. It had been many years since he had simply taken a job that was simply killing the enemy, it would be good practice, a chance to stretch the old warfare skills. The view from the cockpit was awful, but it mattered little. The Hunter scomp-linked his HUD and the sensors of Number 2 into the walker's external viewers. He was rewarded with the same view as the pilots and the commander. There was a sudden rumble and the walker juddered, Rins'zler activated the mag locks in his boots so as not to fall over. The walker was leaving its mooring and backing up, ready to make its way to the drop transport.

The journey down to the planet was not the most comfortable of trips. There was a storm drifting over the northern tip of the landing site and the turbulence was horrendous. The walker, despite being secured to the deck felt like it was going to topple any second, it was a blessing when the transport finally landed. The walkers were ushered from the giant transports. Ground crew guiding the ponderous metal beasts from their resting places. Each machine took its place in the

formation and striding speed was ordered. The great walker Rins'zler stood in began its journey. The end goal, the rebel base. The newly minted Major took the time to brief the troopers of their objectives. The General would head towards the power station with the goal of destroying that and bringing down the defensive shield. Their detachment was to head to the Rebels Ion cannon. Both he and The General suspected that the rebels planned to use it to cover their escape. It had been well hidden, only careful scans of the sensor reports had spotted it. Once their they would form the left side of a pincer movement designed to surround and crush the rebels as they lay hiding in the ruins of their base.

The trip was long, very little to see. His Blizzard Force troopers, despite their excellent training, were getting restless, even the door gunners looked bored. It wasn't long after that the Generals group encountered resistance. The rebels had anti-vehicle laser cannon emplacements along with a network of trenches. These weapons would barely scratch the paint on an AT-AT, this didn't stop them trying. Rins'zler watched the video feed from a viper probe, that was shadowing the group. Seeing that their emplaced weapons were not working, the rebels had deployed speeders against the walkers. The Hunter laughed, their blasters were just as pathetic as their defensive weapons. It took him a few moments to realise that the rebels had thought of this, the rebels had a plan B. They were using tow-cables to trip the walkers, wrapping the durasteel cables around the legs, forcing them to crash to the ground where they became easy prey. It took the crews of the Generals detachment too long to realise the plan and react to it. The AT-AT gunners were able to down several speeders, but at the loss of three walkers and their troopers. Rins'zler had to think quickly, he had speeders bearing down on his detachment. The answer hit him at lightspeed, he rushed to the cockpit,

“Driver, drop this atat to its knees and com the rest of the detachment to do the same.”

The driver looked at the Major and then to his Captain, Rins'zler shouted, using the Darkside to add more threat to his voice,

“Don't look at him, do it now, or we are all dead.”

The walkers dropped to their knees just in time. The Rebel speeders flashed past them, blasters sending streaks of energy towards them. It did them no good, unable to use the same tactics as before, the rebels had no chance; their smoking vehicles littered the snowy plain, their cockpits crushed as the detachment rose and continued its march.

Before them lay their target, the Ion Cannon, a giant sphere with the tubular weapon sticking out the top. The cannon was firing. Two transports and freighter were attempting to leave the world, this could not be allowed. The major was impressed with the detachment, without a single order, the gunners were quick to target the escaping ships. The Laser and Blaster cannons of six AT-AT walkers made short work of the transports, they came crashing down. The smoking wreckage leaving great scours in the snow and ice. Rins'zler despatched two of the walkers to

recover any survivors. Lord Vader wanted prisoners, alive was his only condition. Frustratingly the small freighter was able to get away, its pilot had just enough skill to avoid the gunners shots, with luck the orbiting fleet would deal with it as it left the atmosphere. The remaining four walkers targeted the armoured shell of the Ion Cannon. Rins'zler dropped his hand and the captain gave the order to fire. It was a beautiful sight to behold. The blasts from the eight laser cannons and eight Blaster cannons punched through the armoured shell like it was made of flimsiplast. The resulting explosion ripped a gaping hole in the side of hole in the rebels base. Beneath his helmet, The Grey Jedi smiled this would be his entrance.

The walkers stopped and the drop hatches opened, door gunners strafed the shattered ruins of the Ion Cannon control centre. The blasts further damaged the area and guaranteed that no survivors could ambush them. The troopers showed that their training was excellent. They each in turn dropped to the ground with ease and immediately began assaulting the newly formed entrance. Blaster fire and explosions filled the air, but it wasn't long before Rins'zler's com crackled to life.

“Sir, we have the breach, some light resistance, zero casualties”

“Excellent work Captain”

Rins'zler stood on the egress platform. He admired the view below him. The frozen and shattered remains of the Ion Cannon and the gaping gashes its death had created in the walls of the carefully excavated facility were before him. To his eyes they were works of art, the art of destruction on the canvas of battle. Pushing such sentimental thoughts aside he leapt into the air and triggered his jetpack; he flew in an arc towards the waiting troopers, landing on the ruins of the Ion Cannon.

He and the troopers made their way into the base. The Mandalorian took the lead. They met very little resistance. The area around where they entered was littered with bodies and wounded from the explosion, most were beyond interrogation were executed, those that may yet live long enough were left alone, they were not going anywhere. A few brave, or some would say foolish, individuals decided to make a last stand. He roasted two rebels who were foolish enough to try and ambush them from a side room, their charred remains slumped to the floor. Three others tried to assault them with thermal detonators, the Mystic reached out with the force, grabbing one and throwing him with little grace into a side corridor, he did the same with the second. Their stunned faces looked back at him, it was then that they realised the explosives they held were armed. Rins'zler and his troopers back off. The resulting explosions killed both of the rebels and burying them, along with a group of rebels trying to escape.

Wandering through the maze of corridors seemed to take forever. Resistance was met every so often. He lost one of his troopers to a lucky shot from a rebel, the fool didn't last long enough to take any more shots, his blaster riddled corpse now lay slumped against the wall. In one room

he found several rebels trying to pack equipment into crates. These would make excellent prisoners, and without even a second thought he reaching out with the force he threw his throwing blades, expertly pinning the fools to the frozen walls. He laughed as they struggled to free themselves but just in case he ordered two of the troopers to watch them. The remainder of his unit eventually met up with what was left of the other detachment. The Hunter was surprised to see Lord Vader there. He was standing, General Veers knelt before him, hands wrapped around his own throat.

“General, I am most displeased by you. I have uncovered information that shows you were aware of the weakness employed by the rebels. More damning is the information that you deliberately suppressed such information.”

The General struggled to reply, barely able to breathe.

“L... Lord Vader.... I did only what I saw was best for the Empire.”

Vader leaned over, his helmet almost touching the General’s head,

“Is that so. Well in that case I won't kill you.”

The General gasped for breath as Vader released him.

“Thank you Lord Vader, I won't fail you again.”

Vader turned and walked away, nodding to Rins'zler as he passed him.

“You are correct General. You won't. Rins'zler, deal with this man. I will see you on my shuttle once you have cleaned up this mess.”

“As your wish my Lord.”

Rins'zler needed no more encouragement; he took his lightsaber from his belt and ignited it. Its purple blade highlighting the horror on the General’s face. The horror remained, frozen on his features as his head rolled along the icy floor. The Mystic barked at the Snow troopers,

“Preserve that head and get rid of the rest of this fool.”

With that the Mystic turned and left, heading towards Vader's shuttle. Once up the ramp he was greeted by the Sith Lord.

“You did well, far better than I expected. Only three ships were able to escape the planet. We have put into place plans to retrieve them. I congratulate you on your quick thinking, unlike Veers, you gave us a victory today. Your actions also allowed us to recover a number of prisoners, with these we will soon have the location of the rebel fleet”

Rins'zler simply bowed.

“It was an honour my lord. I trust payment has been forwarded as agreed?”

“A mercenary to the end. Yes your payment has been transferred. I assume that any mention of your aid will remain a secret”

“Lord Vader. I have the greatest respect for you and would never wish to anger you. If you wish my involvement to remain a secret, a secret it will remain. On that note I will bid you goodbye. While it has been a pleasure working with you, I have seen enough of this frozen hell to last me a lifetime. My services however, will always be available to you”

With that the pair parted company. Rins'zler was returned to his uncle's facility, his credit accounts brimming. Perhaps now he could have that rest he had been waiting for. Or perhaps not, the thought vanishing as the com chimed.

“Oh in the name of the force. What now?.....”