**Imperial Shield Generator Bunker**

**Forest Moon of Endor**

“Sir, there’s something about this Inahj that gives me the creeps,” Major Hewex stated.

“The Emperor’s orders are clear. Give Inahj the room he needs. He’s apparently a vital part of our operation here,” Colonel Dyer replied.

Andrelious J. Inahj had arrived just hours before. The Human, in his mid-forties, had quickly set about examining the bunker and the surrounding area to assess the situation. Rumour had it that he had the same mystical powers of the Force as the Emperor and Darth Vader, but the rather short man seemed like an oddity rather than an object of fear.

“Colonel Dyer. I have a number of concerns about your defences. The front entrance to this bunker is well defended, but there’s a secondary entrance. If the Rebellion finds out about that, they’ll attack that way,” Andrelious declared.

“We’ve been assured that the information on the shield bunker itself was not part of what was leaked to the Rebellion. We don’t feel that an approach from that direction is likely, given how dense the trees are. Only a small team would be able to get through,” Dyer answered.

“Are you sure? The area’s clear enough for an AT-ST walker. If one of those can get through, I’m not convinced that the Rebels wouldn’t be able to bring their own heavy guns that way. Remember, Colonel. They are fanatics. They’ll gladly wipe their whole team out if it destroys this bunker,” Inahj explained.

“Major Hewex. Have the route to the back entrance mined. Have some of the nearby trees cut down, as well. Make that approach as unnavigable as possible,” the Colonel ordered.

“Triple the guards on that entrance, too, Major! We can’t take any chances!” Andrelious added.

Hewex saluted and marched away to carry out his orders.

“Are you sure we’re not overestimating the Rebellion? They’ve been pretty quiet since our victory on Hoth,” Dyer observed.

“That is why I am so concerned, Colonel. A terrorist movement is never truly quiet. They’re going to put a lot into this operation. They know the Emperor is here. I am sure I don’t need to explain just how important the Emperor is. The Rebels know this, too. Those Rebels are going to try to kill him, Colonel. That’s reason enough to have the Empire’s *entire* military strength. Not just the one legion that we have,” Andrelious said.

A black protocol droid ambled into the room.

“Sir, we have just received word from the *Executor*. The Rebels are about to land on here on the forest moon,” the droid announced in an almost unpleasant tone.

“Remember, Colonel. We mustn’t interfere quite yet. We need the Rebels to think that they have a chance,” Inahj explained.

“I don’t know why the *Executor* didn’t just blast the Rebel ship out of the sky. Intelligence were quite clear that they will not be able to broadcast anything back to their fleet,” the Colonel stated.

“I had the same idea. Lord Vader wanted to make sure they landed. I didn’t think it wise to question him,” Andrelious replied.

**Secondary Entrance Approach**

“Keep on cutting those trees down! I don’t want anything larger than a trooper able to get through!” Major Hewex commanded.

On duty Stormtroopers were acting as lumberjacks. Hacking at the largest trees with vibro-axes, they quickly made the once largely clear route near impossible to navigate.

One of the Stormtroopers, a little further away from the bunker than his colleagues, noticed a trio of the small, furry natives of the moon of Endor watching him work.

Ignoring the natives, the white armoured soldier finished on one tree. He was already moving to find another suitable tree when the three small creatures approached, chattering away in their own language. Moving almost as one, the aliens jumped the Stormtrooper, hitting at his armour with a set of small stone axes. At first, the Stormtrooper wasn’t impressed, but, to his horror, the impact of the axes was enough to knock him backwards.

“I’m under attack!” the Imperial cried, trying to reach for his E-11. On seeing their target go for his weapon, the natives re-doubled their efforts, their primitive weapons seeming enough to dig large gashes in the man’s armour.

Falling to the ground, clutching a large wound on his neck, the Stormtrooper was soon finished off by the aggressive natives, who looked towards the rest of the assembled Imperials.

The death of a comrade spurred the Stormtroopers into doing what they did best. They fired their blasters at the natives, easily killing the first pair. The third, shocked by the sheer power of the blasters, dived behind a fallen tree just in time to avoid being killed himself, before running away, screaming in fear.

“Looks like the natives don’t appreciate our re-modelling,” Hewex observed.

“Orders, sir?” a senior Stormtrooper asked.

Andrelious arrived, having heard the commotion over his comlink.

“We need to retaliate, Major. Have your men destroy any native settlements within twenty klicks of the bunker. Clearly you have underestimated their ferocity!” Inahj commanded.

“They’re just a primitive tribe of tiny aliens. We didn’t think that they’d even understand what we were doing,” the Major stammered.

“You are fortunate that the Emperor and Lord Vader are busy with other matters. They would not have let you get away with such incompetence. As it is, consider yourself warned. If I find any more evidence of lax security or overconfidence, I will be holding you and Colonel Dyer personally responsible. Now, tell me, did your men get the mines in place? The trees block the way, but I’m not taking any chances. Especially if those natives come back,” Andrelious explained.

“Nothing’s going to get through there. The safe route will be transmitted via our Stormtrooper’s helmet HUDs. I didn’t think it would be prudent to blow up our own men,” Hewex replied, a little more calmly.

“I’m placing you responsible for this secondary entrance, Major. If there’s any breach, you will find yourself before the Emperor,” Inahj warned, re-entering the bunker.

**Bright Tree Village**

In his 42 seasons as the Chief of his tribe, Chirpa had seen a lot. Recently, however, the arrival of the strange white creatures, along with their tall, furless companions had disrupted life for the Bright Tree tribe, as well as those surrounding the area.

A few of the tribe had even heard about tales of these white creatures slaying Ewoks that were unfortunate enough to come across them. The most fearsome stories talked about strange weapons that shot red-hot fire and death.

Chirpa tried his best to ignore the stories. The threats to his species were many, and had long forced the Ewoks high up into the trees of their homeworld. Rumours of new threats made the tribe uneasy, but Wicket, one of the tribe’s scouts, seemed remarkably calm about everything.

As he contemplated recent events, Chirpa was jolted out of his musings by an unfamiliar mechanical sound, followed by panicking screams of members of his tribe. Looking downwards towards the forest floor, the chief was horrified by the sight of what appeared to be a pair of giants, attacking the lower reaches of the village. The giants were flanked by dozens of the white creatures, all carrying the weapons of fire and death that Chirpa had heard of.

The village’s warriors began to counter attack, blowing on their horns to announce to other, nearby villages that they were going into battle. The suddenness of the attack, combined with the apparent power of the giants, left Bright Tree Village at a large disadvantage, but the plucky Ewoks hit back as hard as they could.

Grabbing his own weapon, Chirpa charged into battle, jumping at one of the giants. Landing on its head, he started to hit his enemy with his axe, but found the giant’s skin was impervious to such attacks.

**Shield Bunker**

“Sir. We have a report that Major Hewex’s men have engaged a native settlement. They’re primitive, but they’re resisting us heavily,” Colonel Dyer stated.

“Keep an eye on it, Colonel. Even a primitive species cannot be allowed to resist the will of the Emperor,” Andrelious ordered.

“I saw one of those pests. They’re millennia behind us,” a Lieutenant interjected.

Inahj frowned. “That kind of complacency is why the Rebellion have been allowed to become such a threat, Lieutenant. You called them pests. It’s time that they were exterminated!” he hissed.

A junior officer approached Andrelious.

“Sir. We’ve just had word from the Death Star. The Emperor would like to speak with you,”

**Private Office**

Andrelious knelt before the hologram of Palpatine. “I heard you wished to speak with me, your Majesty?”

“Inahj. I hear that the natives on the Forest Moon are being dealt with? What of the Rebels?” the Emperor questioned.

“All we know is that they have landed. There has been no attempt to attack this bunker, as yet,” Andrelious explained.

“There is an entire legion of my best troops down there. Now that you’ve overseen an adjustment in tactics, I have further use for you. Take a shuttle. I would like you to witness me bringing the son of Anakin Skywalker into our fold,” Palpatine ordered.

“Of course, your Majesty. I will be with you shortly,” Inahj responded.

**Throne Room**

**Death Star II**

Andrelious arrived as the Emperor was watching the ships of the Imperial Navy arrange themselves behind Endor, ready to spring its trap when the Rebel fleet arrived.

“Inahj. I have become very concerned with Lord Vader. His obsession with turning the son of Skywalker is starting to cloud his judgment,” Palpatine declared, without turning around.

“I heard that this Skywalker believes himself to be a Jedi. I thought their kind was wiped out long ago,” Andrelious answered.

“He is all that they have left. I do not know why Vader is so determined to recruit him. But I will have the last laugh. Lord Vader is fast becoming a burden. When I have turned Skywalker, his first task will be to kill him,” the Emperor hissed.

“So where do *I* fit into this?” Inahj queried. The Emperor had trained him on the quiet for the past decade, but this was the first time that Darth Sidious had expressed serious doubts in his apprentice.

“You are my contingency. Vader’s emotions are unstable lately. If he, or his son, show any signs of insurrection, I’ll need you to back me up. Do this, and it will be *you* who takes the place by my side,” Sidious stated.

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The battle of Endor was now in full swing. The Rebel fleet was trapped in the vicinity of Endor, and the Emperor had unleashed the surprise that the Death Star II’s superlaser was already fully armed and operational. The deflector shield still held firm, preventing the Rebel’s fighters from completing their part of the plan. Nobody on board was sure as to what was going on down on the Forest Moon, but the Imperials remained hopeful that the Rebel strike team would fail.

Things were not going well for the Emperor. Vader, though he had duelled at length with Luke Skywalker, who had turned out to be his own son, was struggling with the young Jedi, whilst the Emperor’s words were not as effective as Inahj, who was observing quietly to one side of the room, had expected.

Lunging forwards, Skywalker chopped Vader’s right arm off, stopping as he noticed that the severed limb was prosthetic, much like his own.

Andrelious was a little out of earshot, but he moved forwards as he sensed the conversation was not going as the Emperor would like.

“And now, Skywalker, you will die!” Sidious cried, barracking the Jedi with his trademark Force lightning.

The young man cried out to his father, begging him to help. At first, the wounded Vader didn’t appear moved, but, after further attacks from Palpatine, sprung into action, scooping the Emperor up in his remaining arm.

Recognising the danger, Andrelious leapt forward, activating his lightsaber. Charging at Vader, the much shorter man plunged his crimson blade into his target’s leg, knocking Vader to the floor. Palpatine crashed down, too, landing nearby as his Force lightning continued to stream wildly from his fingers.

“I have worked in your shadow for years, Vader. I have watched as you’ve wasted countless Imperial resources on turning this pathetic Jedi, only for you to fail, right now. The Emperor was right. You should have killed him!” Inahj spat, creating a wave of lightning of his own. Vader’s suit, already damaged from Palpatine’s lightning, started to fail completely. Meanwhile, the Emperor was back on his feet, and resumed torturing the younger Skywalker.

With one final slash of his lightsaber, Andrelious Inahj finished off the injured Darth Vader, his lightsaber cleaving the now former Sith Lord’s breathing apparatus in half. Almost simultaneously, Palpatine increased the intensity of his lightning, knocking Vader’s son out cold.

“Well done, Andrelious. You have saved my life *AND* dealt with the aging Lord Vader. The last Jedi is our captive,” Palpatine rasped.

“I merely did my Imperial duty, your Majesty,” Andrelious replied, kneeling before his Emperor.

“Welcome to the Sith order. From henceforth, you shall be known as Darth…*Colossus*!” the Emperor declared.

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The battle of Endor had turned out to be a complete disaster for the Rebel Alliance. On the Forest Moon, the strike team, unable to find a suitable approach to the shield bunker, were intercepted on a suicide run bravely led by Leia Organa. The Alderaanian female had befriended a native, but on arriving at his village, found that the Empire had beaten them to it. With little other option, Organa sacrificed herself, with many of her most fanatical supporters following suit. Han Solo, captain of the famous *Millennium Falcon*, was in Imperial captivity, whilst his long term companion, Chewbacca, had fled.

With the Death Star’s shield remaining intact, the Rebel fleet failed, too. The Death Star’s superlaser proved ineffective once the Rebels moved closer to the Imperials’ Star Destroyers, but the might of the Imperial Navy soon finished the remaining ships off. Many Imperial ships were lost, too, but the Rebellion was almost completely wiped out.

It was a very, very good day for the Galactic Empire, its Emperor, and his new apprentice, Darth Colossus.

***FIN***