# Fictional training week one

The shuttle was on final approach, its hull was dented and there were signs of blaster fire on the back fuselage. Flanking the shuttle were a pair of dilapidated Z-95 Headhunters. Horus Blackheart sat in the cockpit of the fighter taking the left flank, the mission was meant to be a blue milk run. Just escort some vip’s to some “super important” and highly classified diplomatic conference on some backwater planet.

Everything had been just peachy till that last jump. Originally there had been a full squadron assigned to protect the shuttle. Some stuffed shirt in imperial remnant decided that A full squadron was “not in the operating budget.” Horus tried not to show irritation during that conversation. The **Bureaucrat was some naval attaché, the man was overweight and slightly taller than Horus, the man was defiantly not used to having his assessments questioned.**

**“you will make use of the resources I provide General Blackheart; this mission is standard escort and I don’t expect any problems. I devised the plan myself.”**

**Horus tried not to wince at the shrill nasal assault on his senses as the man was speaking. They had pulled him out of retirement for *this?* Horus knew the remnant was falling apart after Grand Admiral Thrawn’s death, but to see it first hand was like a punch to the gut. Horus kept his reply to an expected “Yes Sir”. He did not have time to educate this fool, not to mention the effort would have been wasted anyway.**

**“Excellent” the fat man exclaimed convinced his instrument had been suitably cowed. “You may go and prep for launch. Oh, one more thing I took the liberty of moving up the time table you launch in fifteen minutes.”**

**The General tried not to show his annoyance he snapped a quick salute and stormed out to the pilot ready rooms on the other side of the station. Once there he made his way to the assigned locker. The flight suit that awaited him was not standard issue, it looked like something freelancer would use, not to mention it reeked as if it had been there for decades. No doubt this was another reminder from the fat man to keep people in line. Horus thought about taking a quick shower but given the state of affairs on the station dismissed the idea just as quickly.**

**At five foot nine Horus realized the suit would be a little tight, but he managed he checked the fit in the nearby mirror, it would be adequate. The flight helmet was another matter, it looked dented in places not enough to compromise it but it was disturbing all the same. Not to mention it stank, Horus held his breath and put it on securing the straps and checking the fit. It was a good thing that he had kept in shape, as the suit was not a comfortable fit. It had taken eight minutes to suit up and get to the hanger, that left barely enough time for preflight checks. Upon reaching the hanger the general found an old beat up, Junker of a z-95 headhunter, or as he liked to call it a flying coffin. *I guess this is my ride.* The old veteran mused as he strapped himself in to the cockpit and began running preflight. There was not enough time for the full systems check so the older pilot ran the emergency check list instead. Surprisingly the Junker checked out, *well I might not get fried after all.* With that passing thought it was time to check in with his wing-man and charges. The general flipped the coms switch on. “this is primarch, I want a com check now come back over?”**

**A younger voice came over the com: “Roger Primarch, this is war hawk, Coms and systems are green”.**

**“acknowledged War Hawk We will launch in two minutes”. Satisfied Horus switched to the frequency used by the shuttle.**

**“Diplomatic shuttle. This is General Blackheart, report status over.”**

**The response was clipped: “Uh acknowledged General, this is Mother Hen All systems in the green.”**

**“Roger Mother Hen. From now on all craft will switch to the secure frequency provided in your briefing packets, please do so now then destroy the packets.”**

**There was a slight pop as the frequency switched over. “All right. We will do this by the numbers. Command thinks this will be a routine mission but I don’t want anyone getting sloppy, keep your formation tight and don’t sneeze till I say so.”**

**The acknowledgements came back. The Veteran pilot switched to the frequency for hanger control: “Hanger control This is Primarch requesting clearance**

 **to depart over?”**

**“Affirmative Primarch you have clearance for immediate departure.”**

**With that the hanger doors opened and the general got a view in to open space. Horus eased up on the throttle easing out the old Junker till he was safely clear of the hanger and any traffic. “Alright gentlemen form up on me and head to the nav buoy, keep sharp out there.”**

**A few moments later Horus’s vision was filled with the star lines of hyper space. His orders were to take a convoluted route making several jumps to confuse anyone that might take an unhealthy interest. Security was tight but leaks happened particularly now with things falling apart. There was no time to dwell on the politics he had a mission and if any trouble was coming they would know soon enough.**

**The three-craft exited hyperspace, first jump was complete. Horus flipped on the com: “Flight sensor sweep please, looks clear but let’s not risk it, I don’t want us to be caught with our asses hanging out.”**

**“primarch, this is War hawk, nothing on sensors.”**

**“Mother hen to leader sensors look clear.”**

**The older pilot stroked his well-kept mustache. So far so good he thought, but something was gnawing at him, ever since they left the station His guts felt like he has swallowed fiber glass and his head was throbbing. *Come-on get it together* *stay alert troubles coming.***

**Roger flight: leader confirms sensors clear moving to next jump.”**

**The small group jumped back in to hyperspace. This pattern continued for what seemed like hours. All the while the pain was getting worse Something was going Horus made a mental note to go medical and get checked out when they landed. Then the flight leader felt the most intense feelings yet His mind screamed and he thought it was going to snap: *Betrayal! They are coming.***

**At that moment, A pair of corvettes escorted by four R-41 Star chasers jumped almost on top of them. War hawks voice came over the com, it was even but tense. “bogies right on top of us Sir. What do we do now? We don’t have to fire power to keep them off the shuttle long.”**

**Old instincts kicked in as the older pilot answered: “keep your head solder it looks hairy but we can still get out of this, we have to take out the fighters or at least keep them busy till the package jumps. Switch to missiles and try to take the closest pair out as they are coming in. We might catch them napping. Whatever you do keep away from those corvettes, looks like raiders but something is off stay sharp.”**

**“Roger”. Was the reply, Horus switched to concussion missiles and looked on the closest fighter. His targeting computer indicated a solid lock. The man pressed the firing stud and sent two warheads streaking towards the target. A second later he switched to cannons and hit the throttle. The missiles found their mark as the star chaser tried to evade. Horus fired four shots in to the wounded foe. His efforts were rewarded with an explosion.**

**His wing man was having a tougher time of it. War hawk was in a knife fight with the lead R41. The remaining fighters were braking off and going after the shuttle.**

**This was not looking good, flashes of blue lanced out at the shuttle. The shuttle pilot was doing his best to avoid the fire but the shields were taking a beating. The fighters where using ion cannons. Horus grimaced, it was a snatch and grab operation, or was made to look like one. There was no choice, Horus opened the throttle shifting some power from the shields to the engines, just enough to close the gap between his craft and the shuttle.**

**The veteran locked on with his remaining warheads and fired. This caused the fighters to stop the assault on the shuttle. Unfortunately, they were now focused on him. There was now no room for error and the older pilots mind was screaming more than ever. *Brake now they are over confident.* Time seemed to slow down, both fighters fired at the z-95 shots that should have blown it out of the sky sizzled past the canopy. Horus was flying on pure instinct or whatever this was. There was no time to second guess. He fainted to the right before going up and to the left. This allowed him to get behind one of them. With grim satisfaction Horus pressed the firing stud, he was rewarded with a fire ball.**

**Then his mind screamed as the other fighter got some shots off taking his shield to 25% along with some hull damage. The general started going though evasive maneuvers. At least the shuttle had some rest bite from the assault Warhawk had Managed to dispatch his attacker and was moving up to join the new firball.**

**Between the two wing-men they were able to see off the last r-41, but their issues were Fr from over there was still the corvettes to get past. There was no way the small group could take on those ships even at full strength.**

**“Alright we got though this part, we can’t take on those corvettes, everyone jump to hyperspace as soon as you can.”**

**“Roger General.”**

**With that the beat-up craft entered the safety of hyperspace. There was something odd about that engagement. It looked like a typical raid but there was more to it Horus just had that feeling.**

**“Look control, I’m an imperial general my flight just got out of a firefight and we need to land sometime today, I’ve gave you my Clearance three times now I told you what happened.”**

**The voice on the other end seemed like Another paper pusher:**

**“I’m sorry sir but we don’t believe a group of your side could fight your way out of a situation like that. You will just have to wait till security clears you.**

**“control I don’t have time for your bureaucratic nonsense, I’ve told a button pusher Far more than regulations require already. This is an Aurek level order I want clearance now is that understood?**

**There was a long silence lasting at least 10 minutes then the response came back, the speakers voice had lost some of that bluster.**

**“Clarence to land granted general the director will want to see you as soon as you land.”**

**“Roger control.”**

**A short time later Horus was out of his flight suit and in the director’s office. The director was an older man with a gaunt leathery face. He was A tall slim man with not a trace of fat on him. As Horus stood there in his formal imperial uniform the man spoke to him. “General, now is it? How did you manage to swing that one? We lost contact with you after the battle of endor. Horus just shrugged. “sir with all respect we have more pressing matters to discuss than me.”**

**“yes, it seems we do have a song bird in our ranks this officer has been selling our operational plans for years now, we finally have what we need to deal with him Thank you “general.” I do want to have that chat with you later but for now you are dismissed.**

**“yes director.”**