

AAF Designation: Fleet Air Base (Special Purpose)

Code name: "Sneklair"

Location: Lone Atol Somewhere in Selen Equatorial Waters

Description:

A lonely island sitting upon a tectonic seam line, the island upon which FAB Sneklair is located seems rather unassuming to the public eye and that is fully intentional. Instead, however, of trying to mask every facet of its true nature, other means of camouflage have been implemented to masquerade the island as something it is not.

To the casual observer, the island is a luxury resort for the super-rich, with a short private runway for pleasure craft and an extensive, if secluded, hotel built partially within the volcanic mountain that forms the tropical island's core. Pristine white marble, shaped in the style of neo-Corellian designers, mingle seamlessly with rows of lush palm trees and pools of clear, turquoise water for the island's occupants to enjoy. A rich bounty of oceanic produce along with fruits from the fertile foothills, grown in the fertile volcanic ash, provide sustenance to the stationed detail, while geothermal power further ensures self-sustainability.

However, hidden behind this thin, yet thoroughly authentic-looking facade are numerous sophisticated weapons and surveillance systems that can detect, warn of and engage any intruders whether by air, surface or sub-sea. Intelligent proton mines, concussion torpedoes, quad laser cannons and turbo-laser batteries all form a tight defensive net which is utterly inconspicuous to all but the most sophisticated of sensors and designed to fool an organic observer into thinking any residual signatures arise only from common holiday attractions and communications suites.

If visitors happen to set foot upon the island, they would never suspect a thing to be awry. The occupants, all specialists chosen for their particular sets of skills to serve Arcona and her needs, have been thoroughly trained to assume cover identities, such as rich heiress, enigmatic but highly successful lekwarmer designer, wealthy scion, retired master surgeon for the super wealthy, affluent beneficiary, recovering holo-pop star, loaded successor or Wookiee mechanic. In addition, all the furnishings, down to the high-quality hand soap and moist towelettes have all been planted in their expected places to convince any would-be guests that nothing untoward is taking place. Beyond the obvious bacchanals.

Once the visitors have departed, however, the base can show its true colors. Hidden behind life-sized paintings of each of the illustrious team members lies a sophisticated ramp and slide system which they can use to swiftly and conveniently be transported to the ship waiting at the bottom of the installation. A number of clothier droids will also exchange their garments during this transport period so as to relieve them of any civilian attire and ensure they arrive upon the vessel in mission-specific clothing.

(Malfunctions of the re-clothing type have been reported to be very occasional. And no male crew members have ever complained of this lack of functionality.)

Sitting upon a reinforced launch-pad, held in a brace cradle that allows the vessel to stand upright is a Charger c70-class warship, codename [REDACTED], which also functions as the team's base of operations when on mission. Thanks to the innovative workings and deployment of powerful repulsor fields and heat-shielding, a launch window for the craft may be opened within the core of the volcano itself, allowing it to take off and land in an almost vertical fashion.

This allows for an even greater amount of secrecy, since no-one would be insane enough to pilot a vessel of such size inside an active volcano, let alone land there. Hence, if the ship is ever traced back to the island base, it is more likely that any observers might instead assume their readings to be faulty than believe the ship landed inside the volcano. As an added bonus, the radiant heat acts as a great way to delouse the ship of any listening devices or alien matter which might cling to its hull post-mission.

Further facilities found within the base are; a squadron of interceptors, launched from the runway via a hidden hangar bay behind the sheer cliff-face to which the runway ends, a state-of-the-art medical facility and containment pens with enough occupancy for the entire [REDACTED]'s crew, a submersibles pen with a selection of watercraft both surface and sub-surface, a high-powered communications and surveillance suite with full holonet broadband access and a dedicated workforce of droids to keep the place running in the absence of the organic masters.

=====

AAF Designation: Electronic Warfare Command

Code name: "The Box"

Location: Sub-surface, undisclosed location, Selenian sea

Description:

Sitting in the bottom of the Selenian ocean, hidden from prying eyes and scanning equipment, lies a smooth-faced duracrete bunker. The shape of the installation is convex, a large disc much like a saucer and some four hundred meters across. The shape makes the installation withstand the crushing oceanic pressures much better and also hides its presence as over time a deal of natural seabed has accumulated upon it.

Leading to this remote and clandestine location is a singular umbilical, dug deep into the ocean floor and away from listening devices or attempts to tamper or hijack it. Along this tubular line, no thicker than a man's thigh, race countless vacuum pods that ferry data crystals to and fro. The other end of this tube is said to be somewhere in the basement of the Selenian Citadel, but other locations have also been quoted, along with the AAF, DDF or DIA headquarters.

So isolated and remote, 'the Box' is a perfect place for conducting clandestine electronic warfare and signals analysis. Without outside interference or direct connection, encrypted messages can be deciphered, computer viruses examined and developed and new codes developed without fear of interception or tampering by hostile forces.

During the recent conflict with the Collective, it was said that during the latter stages of the war, the code-breaking experts at 'the Box' were able to deliver clear-worded transcripts of enemy fleet movements to the Shadow Lady's desk faster than Collective Admirals could decipher them themselves.

Although remote and outwardly a most inhospitable and unwelcoming place, the inside of 'the Box' is surprisingly pleasant. Based on Kaminoan architectural sensibilities, the halls and corridors are a bright white with smooth, organic curves. The atmosphere is kept cool, but the air recycled by efficient scrubbers to maintain the crew's alertness at all times. Hololithic images are also projected in faux windows to give the illusion of a larger space than the occupants are actually in, all helping to stave off the encroaching claustrophobia that is not helped by the need for secrecy.

Various code smithies, slicing workshops, technical assemblies and encryption dens are placed in concentric circles around the base's center, the only physical access point to the outside world. A trio of specialist deep-sea submersibles service 'the Box' on a quarterly basis, providing a means to rotate crew and bring in supplies, spares and other provisions, while extricating expired data, organic matter and crewmen.

The ships themselves are specially built to be as stealthy as possible and undergo rigorous scans before being allowed anywhere near the final destination. Five specialist delousing stations are located around the base proper, each sub having to visit at least three of them before being allowed to dock. The same procedure is to be repeated in and out.

In the case of an emergency, no escape pods are provided, but the entire base is rigged to implode. The reason is not technical, although the crushing water pressures would have made the use of escape pods rather difficult, but rather one of secrecy. In case the base were to be compromised, it has been deemed better that all its secrets be lost with it, than potentially fall into enemy hands. All those working in 'the Box' have been made aware of this reality.

The base draws power from the volcanic core itself, eschewing the use of conventional hypermatter annihilation reactors and thus reducing a need for refueling and emissions. The waste air, mostly carbon dioxide, is vented by special ceramic piping into undersea volcanoes, where the bubbles mix with the naturally occurring steam and thus become untraceable. The thick layers of reinforced duracrete and specialist anti-magnetic and acoustic coatings further prevent any signals from coming in or out of the base, thus isolating it entirely from the rest of the world and making it totally independent.

One peculiar thing about the base, however, is its utter lack of droids. Every task, no matter how menial, is done by a sentient crewman or a wholly automated system that does not rely on droid logic. This was decided to be a superior solution due to the necessary secrecy required and the known security issues with letting droids venture into restricted areas for maintenance or cleaning purposes. As such, the base's manning constitutes a rather significant drain on the Arconan resources, but has been deemed necessary by those in charge due to the invaluable services it provides.

Trivia:

- Although all personnel is made aware of the fact that in an emergency, the base will be self-destructed without means of escape, it is not disclosed that the official designation for the facility is "Deepsea Listening Post Mk IV", owing to three previous occasions during which that failsafe has been activated.
- The DIA is not seen as a humorous organization, nevertheless, some operatives have come to call the facility 'the Lady's Box', in an effort to alleviate the stress of their extremely demanding tasks. Command has thus far turned a blind eye on such remarks as "visiting the Lady's Box" or "Hot Boxing it", when referring to having a message decoded as an urgent priority. Sometimes the decrypted message crystals that arrive from the Box are called 'embryos'. Even in official doctrine, the code for beginning the base's self-destruct sequence is "the Box has been penetrated".
- Since Kordath Bleu took office as Proconsul, the administrative expenses for 'the Box' have increased by 12.7% due to two main factors. Firstly, a lengthy period of around three months immediately following his appointment, during which Kordath expended every effort in order to gain ingress to 'the Box', only coming to an end after a fake installation could hastily be erected and a cover story built to satiate his desires. Secondly, upon learning of the encryption services provided by the operatives in 'the Box', the newly-minted Proconsul has eagerly been flooding his own personal 'feeds' for encryption. The contents of these feeds are not discussed, because everyone involved is a professional, however, mental health expenses have taken a dramatic increase along with employee churn and sick-days.
- The Box takes its name from the first, "Deepsea Listening Post Mk0", attempt to build such an installation in the bottom of the sea. The construct was, as the name would suggest, cuboid in nature due to the retired Imperial architect who had been assigned to oversee the project. Unfortunately for those involved, the engineer had never heard of hydrodynamic forces and ambient pressures and thus the sharply angled and flat-faced construct crumpled once dropped to target depth, lost with all hands.