

**ALISO SYSTEM**  
**ALISO**  
**THE PINNACLE**

Sweat had begun to roll down his forehead, dripping onto his recently pressed uniform. Gaius stood crouched behind a boulder, trying desperately to catch his breath before being forced to charge forward once more. Blaster bolts whizzed by each part of his body, seemingly never ending, and more accurate as the exercise progressed. He took one last shallow breath and emerged, pistol in hand, prepared to proceed towards the target. In one instant, he could see the flash of a blaster, and then nothing but darkness, followed by a loud buzz.

“Training simulation terminated. User killed in action. Overall mission success rate: sixty-five percent,” came the programmed voice of one of the Plagueis training droids. Commander Caesar knelt in exhaustion, tired from his fifth bout with the new training regime put together by [General Benzayn](#), Commander of the Ascendant Legion. After the events that transpired on Nancora, the [Dread Lord](#) had remanded Caesar back to the Legion in an attempt to better his basic military training. He was to achieve a mission success rate of greater than ninety percent in order to return to his former position in military intelligence, in particular the interrogation unit.

“Droid, initiate training sequence!” The Commander gripped his rifle tightly, awaiting a new start.

“Initiation failed. Maximum number of attempts per day reached. Have a good day, Commander.” The droid returned to the corner of the training hall, and powered itself down.

A training officer emerged from the doors and proceeded towards the old man, who had remained on one knee. The officer extended his hand, “Commander, your scores. I would suggest you take the evening to review your debriefing notes to each of the five attempts, and return in the morning, fresh and ready to go.”

Gaius stood and snatched the datapad from the hands of the much younger officer, and stormed off with his weapons slung over his shoulder or tucked safely away in their holsters. The Commander thought the entire situation was ridiculous, and now it was more of a nuisance than anything else. Prior to even participating in the training simulation, Gaius had to pass a rigorous physical. Caesar had seen his days on the battlefield, when he was a younger man. After his capture and torture by his former Master, Gaius returned to Clan Plagueis [stripped of his ability](#) to connect with the Force, and openly accepted into the Loyalist order. The Commander had spent the better part of a year perfecting the craft of torture, establishing himself as a well regarded asset of the Clan.

He made his way quickly to his temporary dormitory and slammed the door, in sheer anger for having to live amongst the slaves for another day, at least. He quickly threw his weapons onto the racks, and proceeded to change into his workout gear. The shorts and short-sleeve shirt made it easy for him to move, but stood out as extremely uncomfortable to the old man.

Nonetheless, he proceeded to the makeshift gym he established in the room, and began to exercise rather viscosly.

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The next day arrived, and Gaius quickly found his way back to the training hall and activated the droid, ready to get the exercise done and over with.

“Droid, initiate training sequence!” he boomed.

The room turned a bright white color, as the mission instructions flashed above on the ceiling.

*Your mission is simple, lead a small squad on an attempt to overtake an observation post, which is heavily armed with rebel fighters equipped with blasters, and vibroswords. Your success rate will be graded upon number of enemy soldiers remaining at the end of the time limit, or upon your death. Successful completion of the mission will be when the detonator at the top of the observation tower is pressed, destroying all remaining forces inside the post. Mission begin in five... four... three...*

The Commander gripped his rifle tightly, more prepared than the last time. The countdown had commenced, and the room around him had changed into a battle ground, similar to that of a desert planet. In front of him was a heavily fortified observation post, with a single guard tower, with a visible enemy force of twelve soldiers. The squad was programmed to follow pre-designated orders set by the Commander, which led him to a a snipers trench a few hundred meters away from the target. He perched his rifle against the ground and knelt in the trench and gave the signal for his squad of heavy weapons specialists to fire on their marks.

Blaster fire erupted, as Gaius looked through the scope of his rifle. He quickly saw one soldier fall from the effectiveness of his squad. He scanned to his right and unleashed a quick series of three shots from his slugthrower, landing all three shots as killshots. He slung the weapon over his back and quickly ran from the trench. He knew the guard tower would have had a clear shot on him. He focused his breathing while running to allow him to move a tad bit quicker than normal. Still, with his squad in front of him, with no casualties, he found himself standing behind a large boulder, on the right side of the guard tower, about a hundred meters away. He took a quick breath, and brought his rifle to his shoulder. The scope was covered with dirt, but his skill behind the weapon was far stronger. He inhaled and fired off another three shots. Two had landed on their targets, both in the tower.

He took cover behind the boulder once more and observed the tower to see if there were any more targets left. No movement in the tower meant that the path was almost clear. He slung the weapon over his back once more, and took off running, with his [Emperor](#) in his right hand. He reached the wall, with the remaining members of his squad.

“I’m taking that tower. Cover me.”

He stepped away from the wall, and climbed through the hole in the fence that the squad had made. Blaster bolts continued to fly all around him, but he was determined to complete this mission. He grabbed the handrail and quickly ascended up the flights of stairs to the guard tower, while shooting his pistol at those beneath him. He reached the top, unsure if any hostiles were remaining in the tower. He reached to his belt and pulled his only grenade, activated it and threw it through the window of the tower. Before he could duck for cover, the door flew open and an enemy soldier had charged out with their vibrosword. Quickly, Gaius unleashed a single shot, well aimed at the man's chest. The shot had thrown him back a few feet, just as the grenade detonated.

The Commander quickly regained his footing and barged into the smoke filled tower, his eyes dead set on the detonator switch. The old man crouched, as not to be the target of any remaining enemy snipers, and made his way to the switch. In one swift motion, he uncovered the switch and flicked it, setting off a chain reaction of explosives in the compound. The room had turned white once more.

“Training simulation terminated. Mission success rate: one hundred percent.”