33 BBY
Outer Rim
Eriadu Manufacturing Shipyards

Sparks floated dimly through the cold void of space, erupting in gouts here and there. The dock was thick with droids, shuttles, and workmen flying around in swarms tending to the ship. Like surgery on a massive scale, the Consular-class cruiser's innards were split open and slowly transformed into a weapon of war.Void

"When will the ship be ready to leave dock?" an old, grey man said looking out at the scene. His voice was rich and thick, but strained. The medals on his clean pressed uniform shined under the harsh synthetic light as he turned around to face the foreman. His face was tired and weary, marked with the lines of age just as surely as stress.

"We've experienced some delays with installing the forward turbo-lasers —"

"How. Long."

A tense pause passed between them.

"Four weeks." The foreman narrowed his eyes and winced as he delivered the news. It was always a shame to have to deliver bad news to a client, but the Outland Regions Security Force was his best customer. He'd hate to lose business over some simple delays. The old man turned around back to the window and was silent for a long moment.

"Unacceptable. You'll have it done in two."

"Two weeks?! I apologize, Captain Solari, but we just don't have the resources—"

"Money is no object. Senator Tarkin has ordered me to have the ship ready in two weeks, and it will be ready." Solari reached into his pocket and pulled out a personal dataslate. He entered a few short commands and said, "I've wired you money from my *personal* account. Use whatever you need to have the ship complete, but be aware, both I and the Senator will be watching you, Foreman," His glare would brook no argument. Satisfied that his orders would be followed, Captain Solari turned to leave the small office.

"Captain wait!" The foreman called after him, his mind still spinning from the encounter. Captain Solari stopped in his tracks, peering irritably over his shoulder. "The ship still needs a name."

"Doesn't it already have one?"

"The Republic Diplomatic Corps registered it under the name *Voidstar*, but I still need the new owner to confirm the designation"

Captain Solari frowned at the mention of the Republic. He pulled his lips in tightly and narrowed his eyes.

"Call it *Voidbreaker*," he said at last, "We'll show those Republic fools a thing or two about diplomacy."

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2 ½ Weeks later
33 BBY
Outer Rim

"Check it again."

"Captain, we've checked five times—"

"So you won't mind checking one more time Mr. Davies."

"...Aye aye Captain," Davies grumbled, turning back to the navigation console. With a few quick commands, he began to run the navigation computer through a systems check, carefully searching for any anomaly. Satisfied, the Captain turned around and walked over to the weapons station, no doubt to bother him as well.

The Captain had been making a habit of this ever since the ship left the yard just a few days ago. Constantly he was having the crew pick over every inch of the ship looking for any small imperfection or problem with the systems. Not for nothing, either, as they'd discovered a number of problems resulting from the rushed job the shipyard had done. The *Voidbreaker* was ready for combat, but she was no masterpiece.

He was particularly up in arms today. The entire ORSF was gathered by direct order of Senator Tarkin, and only the Captains were privy as to why. The ship was loaded for war, carrying full platoons of ORSF soldiers. It wasn't hard to guess that the Senator had some sort of operation in mind.

"Captain!" Mr. Uhara, the communications officer shouted, "We're receiving a communication from the *Invincible*. General Tarkin has ordered us to jump to these coordinates on his signal!"

"Battle-stations!" The captain shouted, making his way to the command chair, "Prepare for transition to hyperspace, patch me into the intercom."

"Aye aye Captain!" The bridge chorused, setting about their duties with diligence as the Captain continued speaking.

"Attention all crew and passengers. By order of General Tarkin, we are now warping into combat against the vile pirates of the Stark Combine. For months, these treacherous scum have harassed the Trade Federation, stealing bacta shipments, and profiting off the suffering of others. The Republic has done nothing to stop them, so we of the OSRF have been forced to take matters into our own hands! Today we stand as the first, and last, Army of the Republic and these criminals will learn to fear our name!"

Navigations officer Davies half-listened to the captain's self-important bluster, focusing instead on his navigation console. The coordinates the *Invincible* was transmitting appeared to be correct, but the diagnostic he'd started earlier was showing some anomalies.

"Captain, the navigation computer appears to be malfunctioning, I'm having trouble getting a clear solution"

"Restart the computer and clear its memory cache. Quickly, Davies, We are not missing this jump!"

"Aye Aye!" Davies tapped a few quick commands into the computer, clearing the cache and restoring the system back to its last backup. The irregularities disappeared entirely as soon as the system came back online, and he was able to get a clear course laid in.

"Ready to jump captain!"

"Engage on the General's signal."

In moments, the blackness of the void was replaced with the bright white and blue of hyperspace all around them as the ship transitioned. Captain Solari couldn't help but smile, with the full might of the OSRF these pirates would crumble.

The Battle of Qotile would go down in history as the first victory of the new Army of the Republic!

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http://starwars.wikia.com/wiki/Stark_Hyperspace_War

http://starwars.wikia.com/wiki/First_Battle_of_Qotile