

The comms in his helmet was alive with constant chatter. Derek switched channels to those of the smaller units nearby. The Invasion had started the previous morning and the the entire operation was botched from the start. Units were ambushed as soon as they landed on the beaches of the [ENTER NAME OF LAND MASS]. The Scholae army pushed forward but pockets of resistance remained and supply lines were stretched thin.

The sunrise had seemed to have calmed the fighting, But units begging for supply and reinforcements filled the communication channels. MEraxis forces seemed to have either retreated or were in hiding. Intelligence gathering was spotty at best leading to more confusion.

In the middle of the night Derek was woken up by one of the guards shaking him awake. Alara Deathbane had called him into the command center which was only a little more than a tent with communication and tracking equipment.

“The Invasion has started off horribly, the Empress has ordered the houses to send their members to different sectors to help turn things around.” Alara had said unfazed

“Since when do we take order from her highness?” Derek challenged

“Alara looked up from the clutter of maps and reports and glared at the young Sith. “We may play by different rules but ultimately our loyalties lie with the Clan.” She said calmly. He wasn’t happy with the answer but Derek could sense the warning in her tone so he didn’t pursue it further.

“Where am I assigned?” Said Derek as he moved the conversation back on topic.

“]INSERT LOCATION HERE].” Alara said as she pointed at a map. “Commander Adan Enz is in command of the 2nd Regiment.”

“Commander?” Derek asked. “In charge of a Regiment.?-AT was destroyed. Commander Enz assumed command.”

“Under whose authority?” Derek said exasperated. “And isn’t he the slime that got half his battalion killed in a single assault?”

“I don’t know the answer to that but yes he is the same person.” Alara said rubbing her temples.

“What’s my mission.” The [YOUR RANK] asked after a brief silence.

“You’ll be replacing Kolton as commander of the 204th and you’ll be under his authority since he is the acting Regimental Commander” Alara said, emphasizing the chain of command.

“Under that nerfherder?” Cinn exclaimed “Please, just give me command of the Regiment. That scum will have the Regiment half strength by the end of the week if not earlier.”

“I CAN'T DO THAT.” Alara shouted but restrained herself almost immediately, “You have a job, I have given you what you need to know, now go and accomplish your task before I send someone else.”

Derek bowed slightly and proceeded to stomp out into the warm air outside. Looking back Derek knew it was foolish but his frustration still remained. He had arrived at the forward staging area for the 204th to find the wounded and dead lined up in disturbingly neat rows. Mechanics and repair crews worked feverishly to get the armoured vehicles combat ready and we no doubt up all night. Supply sergeants were arguing over which company would be assigned the last pallet of rations until a lowly lieutenant ran over to resolve it.

Derek could only shake his head as he headed to the command tent. Upon entering He noticed how silent it was. Only some muted murmuring and whispering could be heard as well as the distant chatter of the communication equipment towards the back. He stood, fully armored with his helmet in his hand observing the scene.

One Lieutenant finally noticed the armoured boy and looked up.

“Can I help you?” He asked slightly confused. Derek could tell he was confused. For one he was looking at a 14 year old boy but on the other hand this boy was fully armoured with a pair of DC-17s holstered at his hips.

“I’m the acting Battalion Commander, Derek Cinn but you can call me sir.” Derek said with the most firm voice he could muster.

“Staff, Atten-Hut.” He shouted. The others in the tent rose suddenly as they stood straight at the position of attention. The radio still chattered in the background.

“I want the Company Commanders and Company Senior Enlisted together in 5 minutes.” Derek ordered, “At ease.” He turned and walked out as the sun was beginning to pour through the surrounding trees.

Derek walked into the tent once more and was pleased to find everyone he had asked for.

“My name is Derek Cinn, I’m replacing Commander Kolton. As of now I’m in charge. Any questions?” The room stayed silent. “Good, I need a status update on your companies and that

means personnel strength, combat supplies, Rations, vehicle status, and any intelligence you may have.”

5 Hours later

“Sir we have made contact, requesting reinforcements.” a voice crackled through his helmet.

“Copy, stay engaged, AT-STs are inbound.” Derek replied back

Derek knew he had a tough job ahead. Commander Kolton’s decisions had resulted in half the AT-ATs suffering from major damage and half the AT-STs were either destroyed, too heavily damaged, or their crews dead. Luckily the AT-MPs were barely touched and the line companies had not been as heavily involved in the fighting.

The Battleteam Leader turned to the trooper on the radio. “Corporal, call the 202nd, relay the enemy position to them and tell them we need concentrated fire on those positions.” The trooper nodded in reply.

The enemy had created a series of hidden defenses that intelligence hadn’t picked up on. The initial landings were only concentrated but deadly ambushes on troop columns. As the Legions advanced they would fall back to fortified positions and wait.

Simple yet ingenious, Derek had thought as the scouting reports filtered in. He had turned one of the AT-ATs into his mobile command center located only about mile from the front line units. He had told the company commanders that the best bet would be to locate these fortifications one by one with designed thrust with the infantry and then supporting armor and artillery units would take them out. It was a simple enough plan but slow, yet Derek knew it would save lives.

“Sir Commander Kolton is contacting us.” The trooper said as he reached out the hand mike. Derek sighed deeply and he took the mike.

“This is Cinn.” He said coldly

“WHAT IN BLUE BLAZES IS TAKING SO LONG!” Came a loud voice through the speaker. “Just send in the AT-ATs and blow them out of their holes.”

“Sir,” He said trying to hid the mocking tone he was using, “Our units are depleted and the best way to ensure unit stability and strength throughout the operation, slow and steady progress is necessary. We are still making good progress.”

“NO, You will listen to my orders immediately, If by the next hour your AT-ATs are not marching towards enemy fortifications I will relinquish all artillery support and halve your men’s rations AM I UNDERSTOOD?!?!?” He demanded angrily.

“Loud and clear, I understand what I must do.” Derek said coldly before handing the mike back to the trooper.

2nd Regiment HQ

Derek walked towards the regimental HEadquarters. The tropical heat was was at full strength but Derek strides didn’t shorten. His lightsaber was in his hands as he strode into the Regimental headquarters which was formally the home of the village leader. Commander Kolton sat at an old yet beautiful table. A large cooked animal sat in the middle surrounded by a number of other foods and drinks.

“Who are you to be barging into my Lunch unannounced!” He shouted. Derek’s scowl was hidden under his helmet.

“I’m the one who’s men’s lives you threatened today.” Derek said coldly as he walked closer to the gaunt faced commander

“Ahhh Cinn, and I’m sure you’re here to apologize for your insubord.....” He sentence was cut off as the Battlemaster pierced his stomach with the vibroblade attached to his gauntlet.

“You showed your true colors and the Scholae military thanks you for your services but has decided to discharge you.” He said softly, “We genuinely hope you enjoy retirement.”

The officers watching made no move to stop what was happening, even they knew the reasoning and even if they didn’t, they didn’t dare to speak up against the young boy who was wiping the blood from his blade on the sleeve of Commander Koltan (ret.).

“Derek looked around and saw the Battalion Executive Officer. “You.” Derek said forcefully. “You are in command. Get security details on the supply routes and replenish all the units. We’ve lost to much already, be cautious, Its the only way we get out of this alive.” The middle aged man nodded and glanced back at Commander Kolton who now was slumped, his head dunked into the bowl of soup in front of him.