Electronic Eradication

Rite of Supremacy: Meridian, Phase III
https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/competitions/14304

Peacekeeper Dael Provect (Jedi) / House Hoth of Clan Odan-Urr [SA: IX] [GMRG: I] [ACC: Q] [INQ: VIII]
SC / Cr:4R-3A-7S-8E / Clx47 / CGx31 / DSS / SoF / S:10Wr
{SA: MVHL - MVL - MVLD - MVLO - MVPH - MVW - DPE - DPV - SGHL - SVHL - SVL - SVWP}
https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/character_sheets/7693

https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/14717/snapshots/1262/2486

Sitrep

> *"As you can see, the Clan's combination of dedicated strike teams has managed to breach the prison's central security hub. Following the objective sent out to all Brotherhood agents, we were able to aid in the disabling of the stations shield generators."*
>
> *"Similarly, the prison's ventilation systems have been cycled to replace the dioxis gas with breathable atmosphere. This has allowed a manual override to be initiated, unlocking all prisoner holds across the stations multiple cell blocks. Lastly, please be cautioned: our intelligence indicates that not just Brotherhood POWs were being kept in containment. The Technocratic Guild is known for their...experiments."*
>
> *— Ness'arin Ohnaka, Director of the Inquisitorius*

Objective 3: Eradicate

> *"Hit the Collective where it hurts. Take what resources you're able to, but set the stage for the destruction of the space station. Hit the Collective where it hurts, and give them a taste of their own medicine."*
>
> *(Your objective, through either planted explosives or other creative means, is to destroy Meridian Prime space station so that the Collective truly loses a major asset. If this objective is chosen, be mindful of recovering the data core of the space station...if you're able to extract it in time.)*

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away….

Zirael Base, Kiast
35ABY

The odd geography of Kiast made it a strange mix of fun and danger, natural beauty and planetary turbulence, risks and advantages. Thankfully, the positive side of this dichotomy of a planet made it possible for people like the Vitali Empire and Clan Odan-Urr to settle and maintain strongholds. They were safe and secure in the galactic scene, but also on the planet. Specific, strategic valleys and regions made this possible.

One specific strongholds was Zirael Base, also known as Camp Zirael in some circles, the former home of new recruits to the clan. It was near the oceans where hardened crystals used to be harvested - while it was a difficult process, it made for excellent parts for a certain person's life's work.

Dael had trained as a Jedi here on Zirael and Kiast. He had been on New Tython a while back, but was here since the beginning. The memory of his friend and mentor Xolarin leaving the clan for the Dark Side was one of the freshest things in his mind. He did not dwell on it, and, as a good Jedi, never let it consume him. But it was there, in his past, and somewhat always in the forefront.

More relevant to recent events, Dael had been working at Zirael during the recent war as well as the new conflict with the Collective at Meridian Station. New tech was being worked on, intelligence was being gathered, and loads of cyphers and codes and databanks needed processing. Twas a good thing Dael and his small team were made for this.

"Peacekeeper Provect," came a booming voice from the entryway to their main lab.

Dael remained calm and focused and finished his work on his own eye piece. "Yes?" he said as he put down his tool and turned around.

"Dael, you know better." It was Ranger Tarvitz, who made trips to Zirael once in a while to check in on things.

"Yes sir," Dael said, standing and giving a more formal bow of his head towards the superior.

Ka grinned. Formalities did not bother him that much, but some of the others in the clan cared about that sort of thing. And during war, it was critical to be more aligned with one another.

"You have new orders," said the guardian. "Better slicer skills are needed in the field. At this point in the game, we need you, one of the best."

Flattery never worked for Dael, but the truth did. And he was indeed becoming one of the best technologists in the clan. His sheer remote work during the current Meridian ordeal proved it. But now, going into battle, that would be a game changer.

"I figured that would come eventually." The sentinel turned back and grabbed his HUD device, clamping it on his belt where he normally kept it. "Where's the field?"

Ka paused before answering. "Meridian Station. Orders straight down from the colonel and Aura."

This was definitely a game changer - this was a life changer, really, and Dael had to take it in for a second. This was not just battle or cyberwarfare or intelligence, this was a punch in the gut of the Collective and the Technocrats. A kick in the pants to one of the Brotherhood's nemeses of the last year or so. Even without any details, he knew this was beyond critical and that the stakes were becoming VERY real to the success and survival of the Brotherhood.
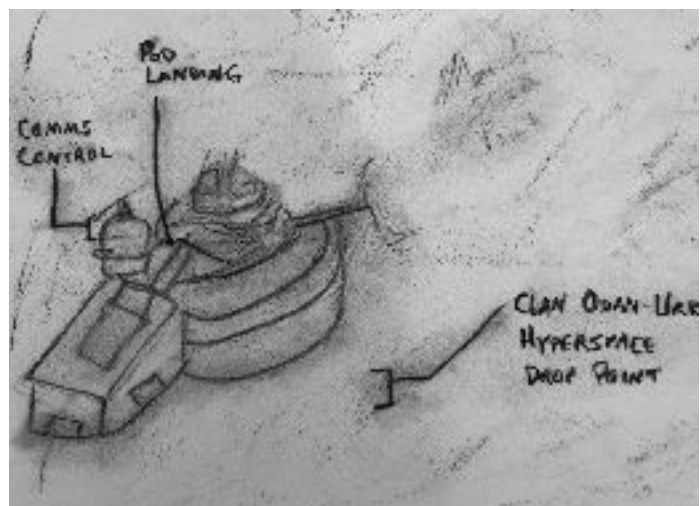
And even without the details, and only pausing for a few seconds, Dael chortled and gave a nod in the affirmative. "Ok, when do we go?"

Meridian Station
35ABY

A Gunship, the Carrack Cruiser, several corvettes, and several squadrons of B-wings and a variety of TIE squadrons had just exited hyperspace. As other clans had begun their own efforts and were thwarted in some ways and perhaps successful in others, Odan-Urr had some work to do.

Immediately upon entering the system, with Meridian Station nearby, a modified escape pod shot out from the Gunship, followed by B-wings and TIEs. It was shot at an extreme velocity where inertia and g-forces could kill the passengers. This was because it had a target - the main communications core, which would give Dael all the access he needed, with less resistance than other critical systems.

The squadrons barely made their way through, blasting a path clear of turrets and creating a distraction to the defensive fighters of the Collective. The pod landed with a thud and scraped along the hull of the station, landing almost spot-on near the comms tower. The

initial plan Dael had drawn out - on a scratch pad as usual - had worked, thanks to brilliant strategists and pilots, and notable Odanites who just gave their lives for the mission.

And as soon as Dael sent the signal that the pod connected to and breached the hull, the Odanite fleet zipped out of the sector as quickly as they had arrived. A single fighter was accidentally left behind, only to be knocked off by the defenses.

On the station

Dael grimaced, stretching his body and muscles, not quite prepared for the fast trip on the pod. "Unnnh," he moaned.

"Oh, you're fine, sir," said one of the Jedi with him. They had a small task force of Jedi and soldiers. Although their infiltration was intended to be as inconspicuous as possible, their pod's arrival would not be a surprise. At least not for long.

Dael shook his head. "But it huuuurrrts," he whined like a child, then gave a curt grin. "Let's go."

The sentinel and slicer extraordinaire navigated the halls thanks to all the intelligence they had been gathering over the last days and weeks. The schematics were not 100% correct, but they would be enough to get them close to their ultimate target.

Suddenly, above the red glow of the stations alert status, louder klaxons blared. That was not a good sign and Dael had hoped they'd be further along before they were detected. "Come on, we've no time to lose."

The group hastened their pace until they got to the main center area of the comms tower. Dael nodded to the group and pointed down at his datapad. "Ok, this is where we split. Stay here for one minute, but then head back to defend the pod right after. I'll rendezvous there."

The team knew of Dael's abilities, and began to settle in for that minute. His Jedi companions would no longer sense Dael nearby due to his connection to the Force, and he would begin to prepare conjurations of visions and illusions for anyone he came across.

Dael moved slowly at first, but then picked up his pace. The concealment and illusions seemed to work on most of the guards he passed. There were a couple moments where he had to remain still with a cloak of the Force on him, but he slid by unnoticed. He was a bit surprised.

The core was just ahead now, but the guards were thicker. Dael sighed, giving up on his concealment and instead altering his own appearance using the Force. He took on the appearance of one of the guards and began to walk towards the core. He tried to be confident, but his nervousness showed through as he walked awkwardly to the men.

"Hello, sirs," he said. "I just need to uh… check the core here. Make sure the intruders have not gotten in yet."

One of the guards shrugged, another did not react at all. But the other few came towards him. "Really?" said the lead. "Why you and not a technophile?"

Dael's eyes looked up for an answer out of nowhere. This is part of the mission for which he had no plan. "W-well," he stuttered, finally remembering another trick up his sleeve. He waved his hand slightly at the three and then spoke. "They sent me to do a basic diagnostic, which is perfectly ok with you."

There was a long pause, sweat beginning to form on Dael, luckily hidden by his soldier uniform illusion. "Well, then, I guess get to it," said the lead guard.

"You should do a quick patrol at the exits," Dael added.

The dank guard furled his brow, barely visible with the helmets, and seemed to respond only half-way convinced. "Uh, not sure we need to, but it couldn't hurt. C'mon guys." The three of them left for the outer corridor while the other two guards stayed put.

Dael got out his large computer spike, datapad, and sensor kit, and plugged them all in to the computer core. It really was an amazing core for the station of the barbaric Collective.

"Ok," he began muttering to himself, the guard uniform illusion beginning to fade. "If I can just get in here, these ports should come down and I can…" The slicer went on like this for several minutes until he noticed the klaxons had stopped making so much noise. Things were still glowing red, and Dael had to look at his surroundings. He was now wide open in sight and in the Force, although it would probably be a couple minutes before the guards noticed. He acted fast.

The Peacekeeper picked up his pace and worked his way through most of the protections on the system. But it was still

taking too long - he would miss his window, or merely get shot soon enough. He finally took off his gloves and put his hand on the console, letting his mind focus on the keys and the strokes and commands that had entered it recently. His psychometric connection gave him just the edge he needed, and he began to enter his code into the system.

"C'mon, c'mon…" he said to the computer.

Not a moment later and a shot rang out from across the room, striking the console and sparking the main interface. His computer spike flew off the input, obviously burnt out, smoking and hot. "Damnit!"

Another shot rang out before he could check the progress and he had to take cover. The three guards had returned and he had to figure something out. Luckily he had an unknown friend - one of the Jedi companions stayed behind, sneaking up behind the three of them and slicing through two of them in one stroke, Force slamming the other against the wall.

"Woo!" he yelped, prematurely. The two guards nearby aimed their rifles at him. Before they could fire, Dael almost instinctively moved his hands together in a motion, causing two wall panels to spark off the wall and smack right into the guards, knocking them to the ground.

"Oops!" he said comically to himself. Dael quickly went to the console and checked on the status. "Ok wow, it worked - payload delivered. Countdown initiated. Hope the POWs and troops get out in time."

Provect turned and saw the other Jedi racing towards him. "Thanks, Dulas. I owe you one."

"You owe the others a few as well - we've got injured." Dael nodded, and the two got on their way.

Back at the pod

The team rendezvoused as planned, but indeed with injuries. It would not be a pleasant boost back to the fleet, which was set to arrive any second. They were not sure if the code would work, nor if they could return to the Gunship. But they had done what they could.

Dael patted a couple on the knees or shoulders. "Nice work," he said in a bit of an awkward voice. It was all he was capable of doing in the area of reassurance.

The fleet arrived, this time on the other side of Meridian Station, and the pod fired up its burners. Soon they would be landing, rather rough and jumbled, back on the main gunship. The fleet would be moving into hyperspace with only a few fighters deployed this time - they would not get to see first hand if Dael's package did what it was supposed to.

The Jedi didn't want to think about any of the death, both on the Collective side and within the clan. But it was the right thing to do. Hopefully the other fleets got the POWs out… hopefully the other forces were able to get out in time… hopefully the damage would be what Dael had planned…

The sliced payload was a servo of fake protocols to mask the true program that would go in and make changes to a variety of systems. Dael did not want the entire station to blow, but some of life support, artificial gravity, power, and even defenses would go on and off. There would be minor explosions, some deaths, and a decent amount of damage. Their entire computer core would also be cryptographically scrambled, and they would have no choice but to abandon the station. Could they recover it eventually? The Technocratic Guild probably could. But was it worth the liability of leaving it there? Probably not.

So Dael's job was done, and the tired Jedi rested on the Gunship, still inside the pod, on their way back to the Kiast system. Perhaps this would put an end to the front of the Collective this time around...

~Fin~