

Objective 3

Dek

The Valle Yllareten stopped short the the wide-spread wreckage. The scatterings of durasteel and metal showed a previous firefight had occurred here. The information that lay in the field would become necessary to fight The Collective once again. If anyone could find such an item, it would be Dek. His shorter stature and life support mask fit snugly as he felt absolutely comfortable in the situation they were in.

“Dek will power down to Shadow Form,” the Gand spoke in his native tongue, tapping his hands across the pilot’s console.

“Of course,” Nyx responded in one of the two backseats, the other being occupied by Goga.

The Valle Yllareten powered down all systems and coasted on thrusters in a backwards motion. Nyx lifted his hand and started feeling out for other entities.

“I sense something, but nothing concrete. The entities are either too far away...or powerful,” the Kaminoan lackadaisically rested back into his seat, unable to find a place to place his long neck.

“I should buy you a new head rest,” Nyx started, “These ones are too uncomfortable.”

“Irrelevant,” Goga spat out of both mouths, “the black box is what we need, we should enter the wreckage, find it, and head out.

The Gand continued to look out into the wreckage. Some chunks were still intact, they could be a good place to hide, or a good place to find someone hidden. No matter, Goga was right. They needed to get in and get out before some form of cavalry arrived.

“Dek and you all will go into the wreckage. Nyx continue seeking, while Goga puts hands on weapon’s control.” The Gand’s distinct robotic voice spoke out instructions to his friends.

The Valle Yllareten powered up and briskly thrust into the wreckage. Dek’s gloved hands moved over the controls, scanning the areas around him. They moved from chunk to chunk, until they came upon a large former engine husk. A beep was heard on the console.

But Nyx spoke first, “People. Entities. Ships.”

“Is that the black box?” Goga grunted at a beeping device at the edge of the husk.

“Yes,” Dek replied, “Confirmed by the ship.”

Dek turned a knob, preparing the small cargo entrance for loading of the device. He looked at

Nyx, "Can you pull the device inside us?"

"This looks like a trap," the white-faced alien responded, ignoring Dek's question.

"I'm prepared to fire," Goga said, grasping the controls of the guns on his side of the ship.

Dek simply turned back around and held the controls firmly, spinning the ship so the back faced the black box. The thrusters slowly backed up to the edge of the husk.

Dek was focused, but interrupted his actions with a phrase: "Now."

Nyx reached out when Dek was a meter from the box, shooting the box into the cargo bay. Engine roaring sounds were heard from all around. The Valle Yllareten sped off as Dek turned the knob for the door closed. Goga immediately fired at the edge of the husk, stopping the couple ships from immediately barraging them with fire at the edge of the engine husk.

"Rose Squadron," the Kaminoan grunted under their breath.

"Dek will get us out of here," Dek quipped.

Goga flashed a few more volleys into the husk, as the ships inside dove between the fire and went full ahead towards the Valle Yllataren. Just then, five more ships dropped out of hyperspace. The comms lit up, on board the Firespray, "Inquisitorious ship," it was the voice of the famed Emory Rose, "surrender your ship or be destroyed. This is your only warning."

Nyx placed a hand on Dek's shoulder, "Dodge to the left."

Dek knew to listen to Nyx's advice, careening to the left as instructed. Just then a quick moving piece of wreckage whisked by them. The Gand spun in and out of pieces of wreckage. The sensor beeped again.

Dek received information of two missiles in coming. "Tractor beam," the Gand ordered.

A volley of fire came from behind them, forcing Dek to dodge again. When the missiles came close, Goga activated the tractor beam temporarily, sending the missiles off into a different direction. The Squadron of X-Wings close in on them, Dek spun the ship around on thrusters and fired a full spread of missiles and weapons fire at his pursuers, immediately spinning the ship back around and cutting frontal shields, hull integrity, and life-support, immediately setting in the coordinates for a jump to hyperspace. They launched, feeling the blue and purple wash over them.