**JV-7 Escort Shuttle *Tseb’si’tsaerb III***

**Cantonica Space**

**99 AFE (80 ABY)**

“I told you not to try that trick!” Bretang Grantin shouted as the Shuttle wheezed away from Cantonica.

“I didn’t think they’d notice! My grandfather never once got caught doing it!” Mostynn Mimosa-Inahj answered.

“Did he ever actually *USE* it anywhere? From what I was told, he knew the tricks, but never used them!” Bretang responded.

The forty-four year old shrugged.

“Will you boys stop bickering! What’s important is getting this ancient heap of junk back to Coalition space before the authorities catch up with us!” Tree’ka snapped.

“Just be glad that Dad didn’t hear you say that! He’s had this ship longer-“ Mostynn began.

“Than you’ve been alive! We know!” the Twi’lek female finished.

“Seems to take that long just to calculate a hyper jump too! What’s taking it so long?” Grantin demanded.

“Warfare does that! There’s so much debris everywhere,” Mostynn sighed.

“Three fighters closing in!” Tree’ka announced.

Mimosa-Inahj peered at the sensor readout, which was flickering on and off.

*I really need to get a new ship. Saskia can’t keep patching this thing up.*

“Come on, Most! We need to get out of here! This ship can’t hold those fighters off!” Bretang panicked.

“We’ve not even got the shields up!” Tree’ka added.

Mostynn pressed a switch on the control panel. The entire panel appeared to go dead for a few moments, but eventually came back online.

The lead fighter fired its lasers. *Tseb’si’tsaerb* III’s shields absorbed most of the attack, but a small amount of plasma scorched the underside of the hull. Seconds later, as the Canto Bight security force closed in a little more, the Escort Shuttle accelerated into hyperspace.

“These escapes are getting too close. That was only a local security group. I’d hate to think what would have happened if we’d been in enemy territory,” Grantin commented.

“Perhaps you’ll listen to me and get a *modern* ship? Let your Dad keep this if he wants. We need something that was designed in *THIS* century,” Tree’ka stated.

**Coalition of Empowered People Headquarters**

**Corellia**

“You do know that your grandfather would have never used that trick in a real game?” Andrelious J. Mimosa-Inahj asked.

Mostynn could feel his parents’ disapproval. He shifted around on his feet as though he were still a small child rather than a grown man in his forties.

“I don’t think it was the trick that annoyed them. I think it was the fact that you pulled a blaster on everyone. What have I tried to teach you about being subtle?” Kooki added.

“I guess I just take after Dad. Well, except in height,” the younger Mimosa-Inahj answered, shrugging.

“It just means we will need a more direct approach. I will arrange for the twins to visit Canto Bight. Along with the *Quick Fix.* It’s going to be rather more messy than Lord Tassima would have liked,” Andrelious declared.

Kooki frowned. “I don’t really care what Tassima thinks. She’s in the way,”

“Mostynn, my boy. Take our ship to your sister. Tree’ka told me you were fired upon. I want to get it checked out,”

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Saskia Ortega-Inahj ran her hands all over the *Tseb’si’tsaerb III.* She was incredibly familiar with the ship, having been its regular technician for the best part of four decades. Unlike her father, however, she did not possess quite the same emotional attachment to the Escort Shuttle.

“Yep. Looks like there’s some minor damage to the armour plating. I told Dad that the shields aren’t up to much anymore,” Saskia stated.

“He insists on using this ancient ship. How old’s the design?” Mostynn questioned.

“The JV-7 design is from the Galactic Civil War. The one that started over eighty years ago. Problem is, Galactic Empire ships are notoriously hard to retro-fit. Getting the right parts is near impossible,” the female explained as she worked the damaged armour panel free.

“Well, you know Dad. Anything from the Galactic Empire. I’m amazed we convinced him to ditch that old TIE Defender,” the male sibling said.

“You’re more like him than you think. You’re just as scared of Vosakia as he is of your mother,” Saskia quipped as she examined the damaged panel.

Mostynn blushed. His penchant for powerful women was one of the most obvious things he had inherited from Andrelious, along with his short chestnut hair and a seemingly endless talent in the cockpit of a starfighter. Father and son differed in height; Mostynn easily had six inches on the elder Mimosa-Inahj, and the two also had very different ways of performing tasks out in the field.

“Interesting. I’ve just checked. This panel was the last stock component anywhere on the ship. At this point, it’ll be entirely replacement parts. It literally will not be the same ship anymore,” the female declared as she placed a brand new armour panel over the exposed wiring.

“That would explain why we’re having such trouble with it. It’s not one ship anymore, it’s the remains of dozens of dead ones,” Mostynn answered.

Andrelious wandered into the room, joined by Saskia’s son, Rogaar.

“*Buir*. How’s it going in here?” Rogaar questioned, turning to his uncle and greeting him with a simple nod.

“If you’re here, that can only mean your grandfather needs you. Are we proceeding with Operation Reshuffle?” Saskia questioned.

“We’ve brought *all* of the family in for this one. The twins’ children arrived an hour ago. Mostynn, it’s a big day for Merralyn. Her first big mission,” Andrelious explained.

“She’s ready. You’ll be impressed with how well Vos and I have trained her,” Mostynn answered.

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The political state of the galaxy had been unstable for decades. With the Clone Wars, Galactic Civil War and the conflict between the First Order and the Resistance, the galaxy at large had stopped trusting in the idea of a large, galaxy-wide government.

Instead, thousands of independent governments existed across the galaxy. Mainly in the core worlds, systems stood independent, whilst others were part of sectorial or regional governments.

In spite of the distrust of larger government, several factions were beginning to take control of large swathes of the galaxy. Remnants of the former Republic, as well as those of the First Order were making gains, but the core was starting to be unified under a new group, the Coalition of Empowered Individuals.

Officially, the Coalition was an alliance of various interests, with the definition of an ‘Empowered Individual’ left deliberately vague.

The reality was much different. Taking its cues from the legends of a Sith Empire, a group of dark siders presided over the Coalition’s affairs. The need for a little secrecy was due to the fact that Force users were seen as mythical, whilst Jedi and Sith were dismissed as nothing more than ancient, long extinct cults.

Warfare was still commonplace, but the majority of the action were skirmishes at the borders between different factions. The further one got into a faction’s space, the safer it was. On a planet like Corellia, firmly near the centre of Coalition space, things were relatively calm.

Andrelious and Kookimarissia Mimosa-Inahj, although in their eighties, were both part of the Coalition’s leadership body, the mysterious Coalition Committee. In charge of that Committee, and the Coalition’s de facto head of state, was Praelia Grask, who answered only to her title, Lord Tassima.

The Coalition Committee met at least once a day, and Andrelious and Kooki were headed to the latest of those meetings. However, they were not usually accompanied by their children, their grandchildren, and their children’s spouses. The ancient Escort Shuttle *Tseb’si’tsaerb III* was almost at its full capacity, with the family patriarch in the pilot seat that he’d become so comfortable with over the last four decades.

“So you’ve all been brought here because we are ready to perform Operation: Reshuffle,” Kooki began.

“And we’re doing it with *THIS*?” Poppy, the elder twin asked.

“We used to play here when we were little!” her sister, Etty, added.

“It was old when *I* was a baby,” Merralyn, Mostynn’s teenage daughter complained.

“Enough. She’s served us well for over forty years. If today goes well, I’ll think about retiring her. For good,” Andrelious answered as he sensed discontent growing.

“The age of this ship’s hardly going to matter,” Kooki snapped.

Mostynn’s wife, Vosakia, raised an eyebrow. “Alright. So we’re going to crash the Committee?”

“Dad’s not planning this one. So it’ll be little more subtle than that,” Mostynn observed.

“Lord Tassima would expect something like that. She knows our father too well,” Poppy mused.

“Just make sure you’re all ready! You all know when to act!” Kooki commanded.

**Coalition Committee Hall**

**Corellia**

The latest Committee meeting had already started by the time Andrelious and Kooki entered the hall and took their seats. Lord Tassima was halfway through a speech regarding the recent actions on Cantonica.

“Ah. Lord Colossus. Lord Moeder. Nice of you to join us. I’ve just been informed our esteemed colleagues of the mess your son made at Cantor Bight,” Tassima declared.

“Yeah. And his sisters sorted it out. So don’t try to make us look bad.” Kooki replied icily.

“It still drew unwanted attention to what we’re doing. We’ll never get the galaxy united under our banner if all of our agents were so clumsy,” Tassima shot back.

“We’ll never get anything united if we don’t stop arguing with each other. We’ll become like the Republic,” a Twi’lek named Lord Sogik interjected.

“That brings And…Lord Colossus and I to something we wanted to bring up, actually,” Kooki announced.

“Must be serious if you’re not calling him Lady Moeder,” Tassima quipped.

“Oh. We’re very serious. About dealing with you, Grask,” the Alderaanian hissed, her lightsaber suddenly in her hand. She pointed its amethyst blade straight towards Lord Tassima.

Meanwhile, the Mimosa-Inahj family burst into the room, each carrying their lightsabers.

“According to Article 50 of the Committee convention, I declare that I no longer have confidence in Lord Tassima’s leadership,” Andrelious announced, his own lightsaber aimed at the nearest member of the committee.

“I second Lord Colossus’ proposal,” Kooki said simply.

“You think you’re so clever, don’t you? Having your entire family in on this. But I will not stand down. The committee will not stand for such behaviour,” Tassima snorted, activating her own lightsaber.

The majority of the committee remained unmoving, apparently unsure as to which side to take.

“Come on, Lord Colossus. For once, be a man. Face me. Right here, right now. Or haven’t you read the smallprint of Article 50?” Tassima demanded.

“We *designed* Article 50. If the sitting leader of the Committee accepts the challenge, the proposer may nominate a stronger member of the council to fight for them. Of course, nobody else on this council would ever admit to being weaker than their colleagues. Except me. I know Kooki’s stronger than me,” Andrelious explained, drawing mirth from the crowd.

“Pathetic little man!” Tassima roared, charging towards Andrelious. The Mimosa-Inahj family moved to protect their patriarch, led by Kooki who blocked the fuming Tassima’s path. The two females immediately engaged each other, with the sheer ferocity of the fight sending several of the Committee into an immediate retreat.

“Stay back. She’s mine!” Kooki ordered.

“Well. I think it’s clear why Grandma wears the trousers in your house,” Meralynn said to Andrelious.

“We need to be ready for if this goes wrong,” Andrelious replied, though he doubted it would.

“You and your little bitch aren’t going to survive this!” Tassima roared, putting her strength into an almighty slash. Kooki blocked the attack with a confident ease, and countered with a powerful sideways attack that forced her to take a couple of steps back. Feeling that she had the momentum, Kooki stabbed her lightsaber directly forwards, forcing another desperate defensive motion from Tassima.

“Does she even *LET* your father do anything? Other than the housework?” Vosakia questioned.

“He has his moments. Just like I do,” Mostynn answered.

“We’ll see about that later!” Vosakia teased. Meralynn’s faced contorted with disgust.

Kooki continued to push Tassima back. Spotting a nearby exit, the now ex-leader of the Coalition of Empowered People offered a quick counter to give herself a few moments of breathing space, then turned to sprint away.

“Frakking coward!” Kooki roared, but Tassima was already speeding away, far too fast for the ageing Alderaanian.

“We’ll deal with her. And those who choose to support her. But for now, as according to Article 50, this Committee submits to your leadership, Lord Moeder,” Andrelious stated with obvious delight.

“And as my first order of business? Let’s do away with this Coalition nonsense. From now on, we’re going to be a lot more honest about who we are,” Kooki declared.

“FOR MIMOSA-INAHJ! FOR OUR EMPIRE!” the entire family chorused.

With their leader gone, the remaining members of what had been the Coalition Committee had little choice but to accept their fate. They were outnumbered, and some had even continued to honour the commitment they had once made to not carry weapons into the Committee hall.

­Kooki took Tassima’s seat with a superior smirk on her face.

Soon, the galaxy would belong to her, and her family.

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