Take Advantage of the Chaos Caused by the Attack on Lyra

Corsair Kanal O’Neill

2200 Hours – Aboard the XS Stock Light Freighter “O’Neill’s Gambit”

Kanal sat at the helm of his ship, his very own ship. He had been part of a crew before, but he had never owned ship a ship before. Joining Clan Vizsla had been very a fortuitous event for him. In the short time, he had been with the clan he had already made enough money from a job to buy his ship. It wasn’t much, but it had it where it counts. The Mandalorian stared at his readouts repeatedly. Checking every inch of space for enemy forces that may want to take his new prize.

There was a blip on his screen. Then there was another and another. Within seconds he was surrounded by ships marked Principate. Kanal has been told that the Brotherhood didn’t want to start any problems with this group, mainly because of their sheer size. It wasn’t much longer before he received a hail from the lead ship.

“This is Commander Borschak of the Principate Forces,” he stated firmly, “what is your name, and who are you with?”

Kanal cleared his throat as he opened the channel, “This is Corsair Kanal O’Neill of Clan Vizsla. Do you have a bounty you wish to have filled?” He thought to himself that presenting himself as a potential employee to be used in the future would be best for relations with the daunting force sitting outside of his window.

Clearly befuddled by the request for work the Commander responded, “No, that won’t be necessary at this time Corsair. Why are you in this area of space by yourself?”

He had to think quickly on his feet, “I am sorry for the intrusion into your space. I was following a mark into the area and lost him when my scanners failed. I stopped to make repairs.”

“Interesting, who was this mark?” The Commander inquired.

“He is a Captain in the Collective Forces. We have been at war with them for quite some time, and this was the closest I have been to him in months.” Kanal said. “I will lose around one hundred thousand credits if I can’t claim him. Have you seen him? He was flying in an old YT-1300 Freighter named Bloodhound.”

The Commander nodded. “We have seen his ship. He stated he was running from someone but wouldn’t say who. We let him go on his way because he didn’t show any aggression towards us.” Borschak finished.

“That is not good Commander,” Kanal continued, “I was sent after him because he was assigned a mission that we found out about.”

“What was his mission?” The Commander asked.

“To sow mistrust within the Principate, and to make them think that the Dark Jedi Brotherhood wanted a war, which we do not. I need to find him. His ship was loaded down with explosives and he was heading to a shipyard to cause some major chaos.” Kanal explained.

“Thuvis Shipyard is the only one in the area.” There was static as the Commander stepped away from the comm unit. He came back a few minutes later. “Corsair, we have reports from Thuvis that a small YT-1300 has just rammed into hangar bay one and is now being boarded by our forces. We appreciate you informing us of his mission so that we can stop ……” The Commander started yelling in the background, as such his comments were not able to be heard by Kanal. “O’Neill! He self-destructed his ship within the hanger bay and caused massive damage to the surrounding superstructure. Our war council has been notified and they are preparing to go to war with the Collective. Your assistance may be required. You are to board my ship and we will head to Thuvis.” The Commander cut the transmission abruptly.

Kanal thought to himself, “that sounded a lot like an order.” Sure enough, the closest Star Destroyer moved into position over-top of his freighter, and he could feel the force of a tractor beam bringing him aboard. “Yup, that was an order.”

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Meanwhile at Thuvis Shipyard – 2230 Hours

An explosion rocked the hanger bay as the YT-1300 Freighter exploded into a ball of fire and metal. It was a suicide attack meant to cause harm to the Principate forces. The shipyard Commander was barking out orders. He was trying to get repair crews to the hanger as soon as possible to save the rest of the station from an explosive decompression event. The hanger itself would need to be completely rebuilt. There were finally techs in space suits out in the hanger trying to seal the inner doors so that they didn’t lose air pressure. One of the techs floated by a piece of debris and saw the logo of the Dark Jedi Brotherhood on it. They brought this to the shipyard commander’s attention.

“Get me in touch with Commander Borschak immediately!” The commander yelled.

The communications officer relayed the message quickly.

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Aboard the Principate Star Destroyer

“I understand. Continue the plans against the Collective forces.” Borschak said as he cut communications with the shipyard. “Thank you for alerting us to that man’s treachery. We can see this as the beginning of a good friendship between our peoples if things work out as it has here.

“I am sure my leaders will be pleased to hear that Commander,” Kanal said with a smile. “Shall we continue to the shipyard?”

The Commander nodded and looked at his helmsman. The fleet disappeared into the swirling white and blue of hyperspace as the stars faded into nothingness behind them. The trip would take a little while so Borschak invited Kanal to the ship’s mess hall to learn a little more about the fight with the Collective forces. It was information that the Corsair would be only too happy to turn over to his new friends as they begin on this campaign to fight against the Collective.